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		Page
1	Scenes in the House of Commons	3
2	Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's Tragedy	8
3	The Manse and its Inmates	17
4	Misadventures of a Lover	26
5	English Sonnets	36
6	The Rivals	42
7	The Bridal of Maworth	50
8	On the Comparative Happiness of the Sexes	56
9	Half Hours	60
10	A Dream	64
11	The Watch-Tower of Koat-Veu	65
12	The Klingel Chapel (by Mrs. Richardson)	73
13	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE—Historical Recollections of Hyde Park—Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous—A Sketch of the Medical Monopolies, with a Plan of Reform—A Dissertation, Practical and Consolatory—Tales of Fashion and Reality—Library of Anecdote—Remarks on the British Relations with China—The Metropolitan Journal, Part II.—Proposals for an Intellectual Franchise—Schloss Hainfeld, or a Winter in Lower Syria—The Cotton Manufactures of Great Britain	75
14	Theatrical Intelligence	94
15	Fine Arts	98
16	Varieties	99
17	Literary Intelligence	100

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received our Bedford friend's communication, and Recollections of Poverty.

Lines by T. D., and M. M. I., lie at the Office, Warwick Square.

ERRATA.

Page 555 of the June Number, *for* Zogaro Vouni, *read* Zagaro Vouni.

SCENES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE two Houses of Parliament still continue in collision. The Commons refuse to accede to the amendments of the Lords, on the Irish Corporation Bill; while the Lords are understood, up to this date (the 27th), to be resolute in their determination to make no concessions to the Commons.

We are not without hopes, however, that the Peers, when the question is regularly brought before them, will see the folly and the danger of holding out any longer, and that rather than let the existence of their order be exposed to the most imminent peril, and the country convulsed from one extremity to another, they will yet approach the Commons in a spirit of conciliation.

We have, in the Monthly Magazine for April, May, and June, discussed the question of a collision between the two branches of the legislature so as to leave nothing new to be said. Before the appearance of our August number the question will be either finally set at rest by a peaceful adjustment of the differences between the parties, or the country will be in the agony of a crisis of unparalleled importance.

Nothing of any special interest has occurred in either House of of Parliament during the past month. No great measure has been brought before either the Lords or the Commons; and, as the session is now drawing to a close, nothing of great importance is to be expected to take place for the remainder of it, other than the debates and decisions relative to the measure of Corporation Reform for Ireland.

In the Lower House, the only things which now seem to attract attention are the private squabbles between Members, which have of late become of such frequent occurrence. One of these alike discreditable to the parties engaged in them, and to a House which tolerates them, took place on Tuesday the 14th. Mr. O'Connell had been attacking Mr. Walter, the Member for Berkshire, in his capacity of a proprietor of the *Times* newspaper, when the following scene occurred:—

Mr. WALTER and Mr. KEARSLEY rose to order. In reply to the general call of the House,

Mr. KEARSLEY proceeded to address the House. Sir, said he, if his Majesty's

servants, for they are Ministers no longer (laughter)—I say, Sir, if his Majesty's servants can submit—if they are so humiliated as to submit—to the bullying conduct of the Honourable Gentleman, I shall not submit to it (laughter). I wish to know, Sir, is this proper conduct in this House (hear! and laughter)? I'll divide the House upon it (continued laughter).

Mr. O'Connell: I wish the Honourable Member for Berkshire joy of his ally (laughter). There could not be two more completely suited to each other (laughter). I may, perhaps, indeed be permitted to express my astonishment at this; what an excellent constituency it must be that is represented by the Honourable Member for Wigan (hear! and laughter)!

Mr. Richards called the Honourable Member for Kilkenny to order. An attack was made upon the Honourable Member for Berkshire as if he were connected with *The Times* newspaper, when he (Mr. Richards) contended that the Honourable Member for Kilkenny had not shown any connection between the honourable Member for Berkshire and that paper. The Honourable Member for Kilkenny could not be permitted thus to browbeat and ruffianise, if he might use the expression; it was not consistent with the order of the debate (hear! and cries of "Order").

Mr. O'Connell: The Honourable Member for Berkshire has reason to rejoice in his second defender (hear! and laughter).

Mr. Walter: I do not wish to interrupt the Hon. and Learned Gentleman; I only ask the favour of being permitted to reply (hear, hear!).

The Speaker considered it would be most desirable if Honourable Members would only refer to what occurred in the course of the debate.

Mr. O'Connell: Certainly; and therefore I only wish to congratulate the Honourable Member for Berkshire upon his second defender (laughter). I think nothing can be more flattering to him than the first—except the second (laughter); one, too, so especially remarkable for his exceeding delicacy and extreme polish, which make him shrink from anything that belongs to the kennel (laughter).

Mr. Richards: I rise to order, Sir. It is not right to bring into this House the manners of a blackguard, instead of those of a gentleman (long-continued cries of "Order!")

The Speaker was sure that the House must agree with him in thinking that expressions had been used on both sides which were not proper to be used in that House. He would conjure the Members, for the sake of that House, not to indulge in language inconsistent with propriety.

Mr. O'Connell: I care not for his expressions. As to mine, I only talked of hopping over the kennel, and I think it was not inapplicable to the occasion (hear! and laughter).

Mr. N. Fitzsimon: I think that the debate cannot continue. The Honourable Member for Knaresborough has used most offensive expressions. He has made use of a word which I am almost afraid to repeat, but which you, Sir, I am sure, must have heard, as every Honourable Member near me has heard it. I must, then, request of the Honourable Member for Knaresborough to withdraw, before this House, his exceedingly offensive expressions (hear!).

The Speaker observed that words had undoubtedly fallen from the Honourable Member for Knaresborough which ought not to have been used. The inference was that, if they were not directly applicable to the Honourable Member for Kilkenny, they were intended to apply to him.

Mr. O'Connell: Oh! I do not remember them.

Mr. Richards: I hope that upon all occasions I shall bow to the Speaker. I understood the Honourable Member for Kilkenny to say that the words used by me were brought from the kennel ("No, no!" from several Honourable Members, in which Mr. O'Connell joined). Understanding it so, if he did not use the word kennel, I withdraw the expression.

The Speaker stated that he understood the Honourable Gentleman to have said that the words savoured of the kennel.

Dr. Baldwin remarked that in the first instance the Honourable Member for Knaresborough had used the word "ruffianise." He left it to the House to say whether that was a proper expression to be used.

Mr. Richards: If the word was not applied to me, in the manner I understood it, I withdraw the expression.

Mr. N. Fitzsimon: I think that the Honourable Member for Knaresborough has no right to enter into a compromise upon this subject. I think he should be called upon at once to withdraw the offensive expression as indefensible (hear, hear!).

Mr. O'Connell: I do not do so, feeling the compliment that has been paid to me by the Honourable Member for Knaresborough.

Dr. Baldwin: But the other Irish Members do feel it. I call upon the Honourable Member to explain the expression ruffianise.

Colonel Peel: The Honourable Member, I am sure, will withdraw the expression; but I appeal to the Honourable Gentleman opposite whether the tone in which he has conducted this debate is not calculated to call forth angry expressions (hear, hear, from the Opposition Members).

Mr. Richards: As it appears to me I must have been under a mistake, in the application of the word kennel, I am at once ready to withdraw the expressions objected to.

Mr. O'Connell: I was arguing upon three points introduced into his speech by the Honourable Member for Berkshire; one on the Poor-laws, the other the Church, upon which he has voted against his colleagues; the third is the real question before the House, and I was proceeding to comment upon it, when I was called to order by the Honourable Member for Wigan, who was very disorderly in doing so, and who sat down extremely quietly, as he usually does when he is in the wrong (laughter). I was then next called to order by the Honourable Member for Knaresborough, who got into that species of language which is so familiar that, until it was proved to him, he did not know it was improper (hear, hear! laughter and cries of "Order!")

Mr. Scarlett rose to order. He really considered this manner of arguing a question, and this species of conduct, was the best excuse that could be offered for the repeal of the Union (hear, and cheers from the Opposition Members). He appealed to Honourable Gentlemen sitting on the other side whether it was possible that language of this description could be permitted to be used; when an Honourable Gentleman in speaking used language which was repudiated by the House, he was immediately told it was language so familiar to him that he did not know it was improper (hear! and cheers from the Opposition Members). He called upon the Speaker. He begged for his interposition, and to use his authority at a time when he perceived that Honourable Members were becoming disorderly.

Mr. O'Connell: Behold! a third advocate. Another cause for congratulation to the Honourable Member for Berkshire! I do not believe a fourth could really be found in this House (laughter). The Honourable Member for Knaresborough makes use of offensive expressions, I say that I do not require any apology for them, whereupon the Honourable Member for Northwich—

Mr. Goulburn: It is not for the purpose of making a commentary that I now rise to order, but I submit to you, Sir, whether if this species of discussion is continued it is calculated to ensure respect to this House (cries of "Order, order").

Mr. O'Connell: I have done with the subject. I thought, indeed, that a fourth could not be found. I forgot the Right Honourable Gentleman. I forgot that in this House a fourth could be found (laughter, and cries of "Order"). If any gentleman calls me to order I shall immediately sit down—to find a fifth is impossible (hear! laughter, and cries of "Order"). And now, Sir, I hope I may be allowed to go on.

Mr. Sergeant Jackson here rose to order.

Mr. O'Connell (pointing to Mr. Sergeant Jackson): Oh, oh! (loud laughter, and cheers.)

Mr. Sergeant Jackson, having waited for the cheers and laughter to subside, said that he took the liberty of submitting to the Speaker whether such conduct as this should be persevered in (cries of "Order"). If it was he should certainly move that the House should adjourn the debate.

Lord John Russell: I must agree in what has fallen from the Right Honourable Gentleman, that any personal expression is, in itself, irregular, and ought not to be persevered in (hear, hear!). No interruption of the kind ought to be permitted, but the debate should be allowed to proceed. Now I cannot help remarking that the last time the Honourable Member for Kilkenny met with an interruption it appeared to me that he was about to proceed with what is the proper subject for discussion (hear, hear!")

Matters were at length smoothed down, and the debate was permitted to be resumed. But what shall be said of such a scene in a House which arrogates to itself the credit of being the first assembly of gentlemen in the world? Why the proprietor of a pot-house, if not abso-

lutely ashamed of it, would be afraid, were it to occur on his premises' of its causing him the loss of his license.

And yet the Commons, in the face of such scenes, call themselves a deliberative body. Was ever term more glaringly misapplied? Deliberation indeed! Truly if it be, it is an Irish kind of deliberation.

We admit that there is a great deal of cleverness—much of quick and happy retort, in some of the scenes of this kind which so often take place on the floor of St. Stephens. A better piece of broad farce is not often to be met with than that afforded by the exhibition to which we have just called the attention of our readers. But then it is to be recollected that we do not select our representatives for the purpose of displaying their capabilities at broad farce, or at any other sort of farce: we send them to Parliament for the purpose of legislating for the benefit of the nation, and not to figure as actors of farces. When we want to see a farce performed we go to Drury Lane or Covent Garden, or some other place specially appropriated for such exhibitions; but we have no wish to witness the antics or the humours of "Irish Tritons," on the floor of the House of Commons.

A few nights after the occurrence of the scene to which we have referred, another of a rather hostile nature took place between Colonel Sibthorp and Sir John Cam Hobhouse. We cannot afford space for it; but there is something which so strikingly exhibits the deliberative character of the representatives in the one which occurred between Mr. Kearsley and some others, on Monday the 20th, that we cannot refrain from giving a part of it:—

Mr. Roebuck having denounced the *Times*, the *Age*, and *John Bull*, and strongly advocated the repeal of the taxes on newspapers,

Mr. KEARSLEY said, The speach of the Member for Bath was the most disgusting one he ever heard.

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. Bernal) was quite sure the Honourable Member could not be aware of the word which had just fallen from him [a voice from the Ministerial side of the House, "Make an apology"].

Mr. KEARSLEY: Sir, I am quite aware that I might have used language stronger than the circumstances required. I admit that the language was strong; but I must say, that a more disgusting speech I never heard (loud cries of "Order, order!").

The CHAIRMAN: I am really very sorry to call the Honourable Member's attention again to the words which he made use of, but I must beg to repeat it, and in doing so I am in the hands of the committee, to be corrected if I am wrong, that the language which fell from the Honourable Member was such as was never permitted to be used in this House (loud cheering).

Mr. KEARSLEY: I am very sorry that the Honourable Member for Bath having charged me with what is not true, I cannot characterize his speech by other terms (loud cries of "Order! Chair, chair!").

Mr. ROEBUCK then rose, and, as well as we could hear, said: I trust the House will permit the debate to proceed, and make allowance for what must be looked upon as

an infirmity of the Honourable Member opposite (cries of "Hear, hear!" and "Order!" "Chair!").

Mr. METHUEN rose, amid loud cries of "Order," and "Chair!" I think, said the Honourable Member, it is due, not only to this House but to the country, that the Chairman should declare whether the language of the Honourable Gentleman opposite (Mr. Kearsley) is such as should be addressed to this House, or such as it is becoming in us to hear without reprehension (cries of "Order!" and "Oh, oh!"). I come here to do my duty to my constituents, and not for the purpose of listening to language which is unbecoming the dignity of this House (cries of "Chair!" and "Oh, oh!").

Mr. BERNAL rose, and, after saying a few words to those near him which were not audible in the gallery, resumed his seat.

Mr. KEARSLEY then rose, and assuming an extremely grave and earnest air, and placing his glass to his eye with one hand, and putting his hat under his left arm, looked very stedfastly across the House at Mr. Methuen, and exclaimed: Sir, when the Honourable Member for North Wiltshire thinks proper so precipitately to interrupt me, I am tempted to exclaim, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me!" (Here the whole House was convulsed with laughter, which continued for several minutes, and which was much increased when the Hon. Member left his seat on the second row of the Opposition benches, and walked down quietly to the floor of the House, where, after bowing twice, in a style the solemnity of which made it irresistibly ludicrous, he made two efforts to retire, but, being stopped at the bar, came back to his place amidst renewed shouts of laughter, and cries of "Chair and order").

The Chairman and Dr. Baldwin rose together. The Chairman gave way, and

Dr. BALDWIN proceeded to address the House in reprehension, as we understood, of the disrespectful conduct of the Honourable Member for Wigan, but scarcely an observation which fell from the Honourable Member could be heard in the gallery, from the loud cries of ("Order and Chair").

The Chairman and Mr. Walter then rose. There were loud cries for Mr. Walter, and the Chairman sat down.

Mr. WALTER said that he felt it his duty to address the House on a subject upon which he could give some practical information.

A scene of this kind continued for about ten minutes longer, when Mr. Kearsley eventually withdrew the offensive expressions he had made use of.

We believe that any thing in the shape of comment on the above, is unnecessary. We congratulate ourselves on the reform of the House of Commons, which the spirit of the age has extracted from the iron grasp of Tory corruptionists; verily there is much need of yet further reforms. There must be a Radical reform in the individual conduct of many of the leading Members before the House can expect that respect from the people of this country which it exacts of them. The Speaker has much in his power to prevent such discreditable exhibition. If he had only the energy to exert the authority with which he is vested by the House, it would be an easy matter to crush such scenes in the bud.

MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD'S TRAGEDY.*

The national literature of our own day, however high its reputation on some accounts may be, is not of an imaginative or poetical character. The calculating matter-of-fact element of the English character, the selfish money-getting principle which binds us down to a vulgar common-place existence, seems to have given a stamp to the literature, and to have bound down its votaries with the same chains that confine the rest of society. So few are the real children of song in our land that we feel almost justified in saying that English poetry has ceased to exist. The harps of Keats and Coleridge are for ever silenced by death; Wordsworth and Southey have long retired from their minstrelsy, contented with their well-earned fame; and the high behests of poetry—poetry in its highest and purest sense we mean—are but ill answered by the inferior qualifications of younger aspirants to the honours of the Muse. One exception, and only one, would we make to this seemingly sweeping assertion: we mean Miss Mitford, who, to an intimate acquaintance with the charming ties and more humble pleasures of social life in a modern age, unites a perfect knowledge of those high and turbulent passions whose true portraiture constitutes one of the criteria of consummate poetic skill. The exalted talents of this lady, whose social virtues in private life adorn her no less really than her mental accomplishments before the world, have not, as we think, been so highly valued and respected as they deserve; and it is a source of grateful pleasure to the writer of these few remarks that he is here enabled to pay a slight tribute of praise and respect to the authoress of *Rienzi*, a Drama equalled by only one or two, and second to none, that has been produced in England during the last quarter of a century.

Such was the train of thought that a short month ago we should fearlessly have expressed, and which the state of our literature would have fully justified. The appearance of the Tragedy of *Ion*, when announced as coming from the pen of the accomplished Sergeant Talfourd, was hailed by us with exclamations indicating our high and zealous expectations,—expectations which on the day of publication and representation were so far from being disappointed that we experienced from the perusal a very high and unlooked-for pleasure, in which we are desirous that our readers should participate.

The Tragedy of *Ion* belongs decidedly to the *classique* order, and carries us back to a state of society widely different from our own, as different as mingled associations belonging to the manners of the Teutonic nations were from those of the dwellers in Southern Europe, or as the florid architecture of the Normans differs from the chaste columns and entablature of a Grecian temple. It is not for us here to descant on the comparative merits of these two descriptions of dramatic literature. To produce a successful model of either requires a degree of talent that would gain for its possessor a high rank among

* *Ion*; a Tragedy, in Five Acts, by Thomas Noon Talfourd.

the poets of any day ; but the ability to produce a sublime representation true to nature of the tragic features of an *ancient* and *destiny-governed* life, particularly when the author is confined within the narrow limits assigned to a poet of the classic tragedy, marks Mr. Talfourd as the just claimant of the highest meed of praise that can be given to any child of song.

The play before us is fully worthy of all the praise that our contemporaries have bestowed on it. It is a production teeming with life and poetry,—with life, as it marks so truly and emphatically the strong and resistless passions of human nature when exposed to the vicissitudes of an all-compelling destiny,—and with poetry as those passions are expressed not only with truth but delicacy, and with all the embellishments that can be furnished by a lively fancy and powerful imagination. While it never sinks from the dignity of the tragedy of high life, it convinces us of its faithfulness of conception by the tacit comparison which every intelligent reader must institute with the feelings of his own breast.

The story of the Tragedy carries us back to that half-mystic period of Grecian history when the Dorian tribes were struggling to free themselves from the despotism of single rule. The city of Argos, ruled by the iron sway of Adrastus, one "of a race of rightful monarchs," but whose tyranny had disgusted his subjects with the very name of monarchy, is afflicted with a pestilence which priestcraft and superstition alike attribute to the wrath of Apollo, whose oracle accordingly, at Delphi, is consulted respecting the cause and remedy of the national misfortune. Meanwhile, however, the high priest of the Argive Apollo deems it fit to warn the proud, profligate, God-defying king ; but the hazardous honour of unbidden meeting the tyrant's glance is successfully requested by Ion, a foundling youth (as it would appear), under the high priest's protection. This request, and his parting with his aged guardian, are thus beautifully expressed :—

Ion O Sages, do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus ;—ye are wise,
And needed by your country ; ye are fathers :
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherish'd like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.
Medon. Ion, no sigh!
Ion. Forgive me if I seem'd
To doubt that thou wilt mourn me if I fall ;
Nor would I tax thy love with such a fear
But that high promptings, which could never rise
Spontaneous in my nature, bid me plead
Thus boldly for the mission.
Medon. My brave boy!
It shall be as thou wilt. I see thou art call'd

To this great peril, and I will not stay thee.
When wilt thou be prepared to seek it?

Ion. Now.
Only before I go, thus, on my knee,
Let me in one word thank thee for a life
Made by thy love a cloudless holiday;
And O, my more than father! let me look
Up to thy face as if indeed a father's,
And give me a son's blessing.

Medon. Bless thee, son!
I should be marble now; let 's part at once.

Ion. If I should not return, bless Phocion from me;
And, for Clemanthe—may I speak one word,
One parting word with my fair playfellow?

Medon. If thou wouldst have it so, thou shalt.

Ion. Farewell then!
Your prayers wait on my steps. The arm of Heaven
I feel in life or death will be around me.

His parting interview with Clemanthe, the Priest's daughter, the beloved companion of his youth, is throughout very beautiful; but we cannot trust ourselves to extract all that is beautiful for fear of trespassing on the Reviewer's licence. The haughty Adrastus, the too confident descendant "of a great race of kings, along whose line the eager mind lives aching," is introduced in the second Act; and to him Ion, supported by the strength of heaven and the nation's good cause, pleads for the people of Argos, and warns the tyrant of his speedily approaching hour of doom. As this scene contributes more than any to develope the plot of this noble Tragedy, and at the same time will give an excellent idea of the Poet's descriptive powers, we hesitate not to give a large portion of it to our readers.

Ion. King Adrastus,
Mail'd as thy heart is with the usages
Of pomp and power, a few short summers since
Thou wert a child, and canst not be relentless.
O! if maternal love embrac'd thee then,
Think of the mothers who with eyes unwet
Glare o'er their perishing children: hast thou shared
The glow of a first friendship, which is born
Midst the rude sports of boyhood, think of youth
Smitten amidst its playthings; let the spirit
Of thy own innocent childhood whisper pity!

Adrastus. In every word thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted; parents, brother, kin—
All that should people infancy with joy—
Conspired to poison mine; despoiled my life
Of innocence and hope—all but the sword
And sceptre—dost thou wonder at me now?

Ion. I knew that we should pity—

Adrastus. Pity! dare
To speak that word again, and torture waits thee!
I am yet king of Argos. Well, go on—
Thy time is short, and I am pledged to hear.

Ion. If thou hast ever loved—

Adrastus. Beware! beware!

Ion. Thou hast! I see thou hast! Thou art not marble,

And thou shalt hear me! Think upon the time
When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images
In sparkling waves; recal the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled
As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
Its happy being;—taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by etherial touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathy with one,
Grew bountiful to all!

Adrastus. That tone! that tone!
Whence came it? from thy lips? It cannot be—
The long-hushed music of the only voice
That ever spake unbought affection to me,
And waked my soul to blessing!—O sweet hours
Of golden joy, ye come! your glories break
Through my pavilion'd spirit's sable folds!
Roll on! roll on!—Stranger, thou dost enforce me
To speak of things unbreath'd by lip of mine
To human ear:—wilt listen?

Ion. As a child.

Adrastus. Again! that voice again!—thou hast seen me moved
As never mortal saw me, by a tone
Which some light breeze, enamour'd of the sound,
Hath wafted through the woods, till thy young voice
Caught it to rive and melt me. At my birth
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,
Lay hush'd, broke out in clamorous ecstacies;
Yet, in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foam'd with the choicest product of the sun,
And welcome thundered from a thousand throats,
My doom was seal'd. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-bought happiness,
Came forth, in hear-appalling tone, these words
Of me the nurseling—"Woe unto the babe!
Against the life which now begins shall life
Lighted from thence be arm'd, and both soon quench'd,
End this great line in sorrow!"—Ere I grew
Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
A second son was born, to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rifled: he became
My parent's hope, the darling of the crew
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth—
A prince's youth!—the workings of the curse;
My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me!

Ion. But thy brother—

Adrastus, Died. Thou hast heard the lie,
The common lie that every peasant tells

Of me his master,—that I slew the boy.
'Tis false! One summer's eve, below a crag
Which, in his wilful mood, he strove to climb,
He lay a mangled corpse.

Ion. Did they dare
Accuse thee?

Adrastus. Not in open speech:—they felt
I should have seized the miscreant by the throat,
And crush'd the lie half spoken with the life
Of the base speaker;—but the tale look'd out
From the stolen gaze of coward eyes, which shrank
When mine have met them; murmur'd through the crowd
That at the sacrifice, or feast, or game
Stood distant from me; burnt into my soul
When I beheld it in my father's shudder!

Ion. Didst not declare thy innocence?

Adrastus. To whom?
To parents who could doubt me? To the ring
Of grave impostors, or their shallow sons,
Who should have studied to prevent my wish
Before it grew to language; hail'd my choice
To serve as a prize to wrestle for;
And whose reluctant courtesy I bore,
Pale with proud anger, till from lips compress'd
The blood has started? To the common herd,
The vassals of our ancient house, the mass
Of bones and muscles framed to till the soil
A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it,
Or, deck'd for slaughter at their master's call,
To smite and to be smitten, and lie crush'd
In heaps to swell his glory or his shame?
Answer to them: No! though my heart had burst,
As it was nigh to bursting!—To the mountains
I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
My spirit's fever—struggled with the oak
In search of weariness, and learn'd to rive
Its stubborn boughs, till limbs once lightly strung
Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;
Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air
Headlong committed, clove the water's depth
Which plummet never sounded;—but in vain.

Ion. Yet succour came to thee?

Adrastus. A blessed one!
Which the strange magic of thy voice revives,
And thus unlocks my soul. My rapid steps
Were in a wood-encircled valley stayed
By the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely more than loveliness reveal'd,
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seem'd
Than happiness to spirit sear'd like mine.
With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
The body of her aged sire, whose death
Left her alone. I aided her sad work,
And soon two lonely ones by holy rites
Became one happy being. Days, weeks, months,
In streamlike unity flow'd silent by us

In our delightful nest. My father's spies—
Slaves, whom my nod should have consign'd to stripes
Or the swift falchion—track'd our sylvan home
Just as my bosom knew its second joy,
And, spite of fortune, I embraced a son.

Ion. Urged by thy trembling parent to avert
That dreadful prophecy?

Adrastus. Fools! did they deem
Its worst accomplishment could match the ill
Which they wrought on me? It had left unharm'd
A thousand ecstacies of passion'd years,
Which, tasted once, live ever, and disdain
Fate's iron grapple! Could I now behold
That son with knife uplifted at my heart,
A moment ere my life-blood followed it,
I would embrace him with my dying eyes,
And pardon destiny! While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us; seiz'd the child;
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep wave eddies: I stood still
As stricken into stone: I heard him cry,
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!

Ion. And the mother—

Adrastus. She spake no word, but clasped me in her arms,
And lay her down to die. A lingering gaze
Of love she fixed on me—none other loved,
And so pass'd hence. By Jupiter, her look!
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in 't. Bear with me—I am childish.

Ion succeeds in awakening the sympathies of Adrastus; and, gaining his consent to an interview with the elders of the city, returns in safety to the temple, where he is eagerly welcomed by Medon and his own beloved Clemanthe, in an interview which is interrupted by the arrival of Phocion, the high priest's son, with tidings from the shrine of Delphi. The scene of the interview between the king and the elders, and the announcement of the prophecy—"*Argos ne'er shall find release,—till her monarch's race shall cease,*" is very finely wrought. Ion's warning to Adrastus, and the king's reply, runs as follows:—

Ion. Nay, yet an instant!—let my speech have power
From Heaven to move thee further: thou hast heard
The sentence of the god, and thy heart owns it;
If thou wilt cast aside this cumbrous pomp,
And in seclusion purify thy soul,
Long fever'd and sophisticate, the gods
May give thee space for penitential thoughts;
If not—as surely as thou standest here,
Wilt thou lie stiff and weltering in thy blood.
The vision presses on me now.

Adrastus. Art mad?
Resign thy state? Sue to the gods for life,

The common life which every slave endures,
And meanly clings to? No; within yon walls
I shall resume the banquet, never more
Broken by man's intrusion. Councillors,
Farewell!—go mutter treason till ye perish!

A conspiracy is formed to liberate Argos from the sway of the guilty and now heaven-accused tyrant, in which heaven prompts Ion to take a share. Chance allots to Ion the post of honour and danger, as the king's destroyer, and he receives at the altar the knife consecrated "to untrembling service against the king of Argos and his race." Phocion's lot calls him to second Ion if he should prove faint-hearted. Meanwhile, by the agency of a slave, Irus, the proof of Ion's true and royal lineage is established, on hearing which Clemanthe, not ignorant of the conspiracy (for her fears had led her to track Ion to the rendezvous) wildly urges her father to stop or prevent the act of parricide, and prevails on him to seek the palace whither Ion was to strike the blow of death to Adrastus and freedom to Argos. The scene in which Ion wakes the sleeping monarch, and bids him prepare for death, and the recognition of Ion, through Medon, is, if we mistake not, the finest in the whole Play. Its earlier portion only is here given. Adrastus is asleep and Ion enters with a knife. We refer our readers to pp. 80—84 of the work.

Ion's purpose is stayed; but vengeance follows Adrastus from the dagger of another conspirator, whose parent had fallen a victim to the king's bloody tyranny. Ion re-enters, supporting his wounded father, and is pronounced "king of Argos" by his dying lips. A king indeed is Ion,—a king too, patriot enough to save his country by his own death. This high bearing and stern resolution to die for Argos disarms the enmity of the foes of Adrastus's race, and arrests the assassin arm of his friend Phocion. The scene in which this assassination is attempted is certainly one of the grandest passages that we ever read in any play, and affords scope for the highest powers of tragic representation.

[*Enter* PHOCION *behind, who strikes at* ION *with a dagger.*]

Phocion. This to the king of Argos!

[ION *struggles with him, seizes the dagger, which he throws away.*]

Ion. I will not fall by thee, poor wavering novice
In the assassin's trade—thy arm is feeble—
Phocion!—was this well aim'd? thou didst not mean—

Phocion. I meant to take thy life, urged by remembrance
Of yesterday's great vow.

Ion. And couldst thou think
I had forgotten?

Phocion. Thou?

Ion. Couldst thou believe,
That one whose nature had been arm'd to stop
The life-blood's current in a fellow's veins
Would hesitate when gentler duty turn'd
His steel to nearer use? To-morrow's dawn
Shall see me wield the sceptre of my fathers;
Come, watch beside my throne, and, if I fail
In sternest duty which my country needs,
My bosom will be open to thy steel,
As now to thy embrace!

Phocion. Thus let me fall

Low at thy feet, and kneeling here receive
Forgiveness; do not crush me with more love
Than lies in the word "pardon."

Ion. And that word
I will not speak;—what have I to forgive?
A devious fancy, and a muscle raised
Obedient to its impulse! Dost thou think
The tracings of a thousand kindnesses,
Which taught me all I guess'd of brotherhood,
Are in the rashness of a moment lost?

Phocion. I cannot look upon thee; let me go,
And lose myself in darkness.

Ion. Nay, old playmate,
We part not thus—the duties of my state
Will shortly end our fellowship; but spend
A few sweet minutes with me. Dost remember
How in a night like this we climb'd yon walls,
Two vagrant urchins, and with tremulous joy
Skimm'd through these statue-border'd walks that gleam'd
In bright succession? Let us tread them now;
And think we are but older by a day,
And that the pleasant walk of yesternight
We are to-night retracing. Come, my friend!
What, drooping yet! thou wert not wont to seem
So stubborn—cheerily, my Phocion—come! [*Exeunt.*

The last act of the play, especially in the parting interview with Clemanthe, exhibits very finely and boldly the calm but mighty struggle of the gentler and more tender emotions of his nature with his stern and unalterable resolution of self-sacrifice. This solemn moment arrives:—Ion is led to his throne by the priest; and after issuing a few orders to certain individuals, thus addresses the assembled nation:—

Ion. Prithee no more, Argives! I have a boon
To crave of you;—whene'er I shall rejoin
In death the father from whose heart in life
Stern fate divided me, think gently of him!
For ye who saw him in his full-blown pride
Knew little of affections crush'd within,
And wrongs which frenzied him; yet never more
Let the great interests of the state depend
Upon the thousand chances that may sway
A piece of human frailty! Swear to me
That ye will seek hereafter in yourselves
The means of sovereign rule:—our narrow space,
So happy in its confines, so compact,
Needs not the magic of a single name
Which wider regions may require to draw
Their interests into one; but, circled thus,
Like a bless'd family by simple laws,
May tenderly be govern'd; all degrees
Moulded together as a single form
Of nymph-like loveliness, which finest chords
Of sympathy pervading shall suffuse
In times of quiet with one bloom, and fill
With one resistless impulse, if the hosts
Of foreign power should threaten. Swear to me
That ye will do this!

Medon. Wherefore ask this now?
Thou shalt live long.

Ion. The gods approve me then!
Yet I will use the function of a king,
And claim obedience. Promise, if I leave
No issue, that the sovereign power shall live
In the affections of the general heart,
And in the wisdom of the best.
Medon and others. We swear it!
Ion. Hear and record the oath, immortal powers!
Now give me leave a moment to approach
That altar unattended. [*He goes to the altar.*]
Gracious gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now;—and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven;—to ye I offer up
This conscious being full of life and love
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows! [*Stabs himself and falls.*]

The death of Ion, the last of the race of Adrastus, we need scarcely add, propitiates the anger of Phœbus; and health and prosperity are restored to Argos.

The citations that we have made are somewhat copious: more so than is usual with Reviewers. The only apology, if apology be needed, that can be offered, is that this plan seemed on the whole better than that of expatiating on the particular points of beauty ourselves, where no corresponding sensation could be felt by those of our readers who had not read or seen the Tragedy. Though our remarks come forth with less pretence of criticism, we doubt not that we have as faithfully developed the beauties of Mr. Talfourd's play as those more ambitious writers who in papers, miscalled Reviews, express their own opinions with a boldness and dogmatism that concealment alone could sanction, and indulge a malicious spite or tedious garrulity, instead of fairly showing the merits and demerits of the work on which they are called to pass judgment. In reading the Tragedy of Ion, we have been so frequently reminded of the "Antigone and Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles" that we have been tempted to look into those Plays in order, if possible, to detect imitation. That the learned author has formed his style on the classic model there can be no doubt; and as little, we apprehend, that he has particularly studied the poetic mind of Sophocles: but with some diligence in the examination we have not been able to ground a suspicion, much less to substantiate a charge, of want of original genius in the author of Ion. That some envious eyes will search and seem to find passages to suit their purpose, in other poets of old and modern days, we cannot doubt: for if Shakspeare and Milton, and all their followers, met with such detractors, the works of a modern bard will not be treated with more respect. The play of Ion is not, we think, destined to the ephemeral existence of the pigmy poetry of the present generation. Its sterling qualities—overflowing, as it does, with deep emotion and intense passion, expressed as truly and delicately as the most vivid fancy could paint them,—must secure for it a high and permanent station amidst the poetic literature of England, as well as win for the author the unanimous praises of the candid and competent judges of dramatic poetry in his own day.

THE MANSE AND ITS INMATES.

(Continued from page 524 of vol. xx.)

Then Miss Watson and Hatty and Shatty must go to a Roman Catholic chapel and a Quaker's meeting, to the Magdalen and the Asylum, and to Rowland Hill's, to the Chapel Royal and the Jews' Synagogue, but the last was after sunset on a Friday evening; and, if there was little or no devotion in a crowd of women peeping through the grating of a gallery, Ruth's other faculties were soon absorbed in that of listening; she thought of the "sweet singers of Israel," and wished that, as well as the delightful voices of the boys who sang, she could also have heard some of the "daughters of Zion."

Sunday was Mr. Hurst's holiday, the day on which he thought himself entitled to a "mouthful of fresh air;" so he regularly, when there was no rain, mounted beside the coachman, and between the hours of service drove a little way out of town, any little cravings of the appetite being provided for by biscuits and sandwiches in the pockets of the carriage.

This family prided itself upon being a very united one; and certainly the worldly prosperity of each individual (and each had an ample share) gave great satisfaction to all the rest. Had any been unfortunate, the sympathy might have been affected, for they had very near relations whose early lives had been even more distinguished by the smiles of fortune than their own, upon whom, without any misconduct or imprudence on their part, the bitter blasts of poverty had descended, and they were left to the frequent fate of "poor relations," partially noticed indeed, because that could not be entirely avoided, but never as equals, never invited to share in those gaieties and indulgences so highly prized by themselves, and which their less wealthy cousins could no longer procure.

Equally engaged in the pursuit of pleasure and the attainment of wealth, had the laws of the country not forbidden these objects to be publicly engaged in on the day set apart by God himself, the exertions of Mr. Hurst and his sons-in-law would certainly have known no periodical intermission. As it was, it was not the *Lord's day*, it was *their* day; and, unless one of the married daughters happened to be confined, the whole family dined together at the different houses of each other in rotation.

To Ruth this was almost insupportable, and she never could comprehend the reasonableness of being compelled to make the thirteenth! to listen to the account given by the family in Lincoln's Inn Fields of their amusements and arrangements during the past week, and the equally uninteresting communications of Dolly and Dosy, and Penny and Priscy, in return.

All these ladies had children, but they were young, and went to bed at eight o'clock, and Ruth was soon tired of them and their nursery-maids. Then, Mrs. Dowling lived on Great Tower Hill, and she tired also of Trinity Square and the Tower Wharf, and Mrs. Dixon at Islington, and Mrs. Parkins at Lambeth, and Mrs. Prescott

at Kennington Common; and they had all little courts before their houses, with three poplars to keep off the dust, and a rhododendron in the middle, to show that they did not like any thing common, and long slips of gardens behind, with currant-bushes nailed against the walls, and the middle cut up into a great many little gravel walks and little flower beds, bordered with box; and she was unreasonable enough to tire of these too! poor Ruth!

Every year Mrs. Hurst and her daughters spent six weeks, during the pleasantest part of the autumn, at a watering place; they generally chose Margate, as being the most bustling. This year, luckily for Ruth, Priscy not being very well, and her husband, Mr. Prescott, really having the good taste to prefer Ramsgate, the Hursts and Prescotts took a house there in Effingham Place; while the Dowlings, &c., accommodated themselves at Margate.

Ruth had visited Ramsgate before with her kind friend Mrs. Somerive, who frequently spent the Midsummer vacation there; and so little was her company desired at home that notwithstanding every attention she received was looked upon with jealousy, and her superior *good luck* made a subject of reproach, as if it was an injury to Isabella, still she *dared* not have refused an invitation, even had it been disagreeable to her to accept it, because she never went home that, before the holidays were expired, she was not made to feel her being there as an expense and an intrusion.

Though Mrs. Hurst was as despotic in the Isle of Thanet as in the city of London, her regulations were much more agreeable; all lessons were forbidden—it was Harriot and Charlotte's holidays. They walked and bathed before breakfast, and Ruth being acquainted with the localities often directed their perambulations,—by the fields to Broadstairs, through the pleasant village of Dumpton,—to Pegwell Bay, where they procured shrimps,—to Manson wood and cave,—to St. Peter's, in one of the fields leading to which they found a neat small farm-house, where, on several fine evenings afterwards, they carried tea and sugar, and regaled themselves with country cream, bread, and butter. On the right hand of the public road to Margate they were attracted by the appearance of trees, and they found a delightful shady walk and a pleasant little hamlet called Northwood. These and many others were their morning excursions, not forgetting the fine sands, the east cliff, and the noble pier.

With Mrs. Hurst they lounged in the libraries, saw the fine views from the North Foreland lighthouse and the church of St. Peters, and took drives, not merely to Broadstairs, Kingsgate, and Margate, but to Sandwich, Deal, Dover, and Canterbury. They attended all the balls, went two or three times to the theatre at Margate, and had several donkey expeditions.

Ruth was very sorry when the six weeks came to an end; and very sorry also that they were not to return, as they went, by water; but she willingly conceded that Mrs. Hurst was right, when she saw the beauty of the road; and, staying two days at Rochester, visited the "Lines" at Chatham and Brompton, and took a delightful sail as far as Sheerness, admiring as they went Upnor, Gillingham, &c., so beautifully situated on the banks of the beautiful Medway.

Fortunately it was a fine day, and Sheerness itself looked pleasant, while the bold sea-view to the Nore—the very name of which calls up associations so interesting to all who love the naval glory of Britain—was never seen in greater beauty. It can scarcely be necessary to state that Mrs. Hurst did not quit Rochester without visiting the castle, the cathedral, and the oyster-beds.

At Gravesend and Greenhithe they tried to find something remarkable, but were not very successful. At Erith they were more fortunate: Lord Eardley's fine seat occupied them two hours. They gave a passing notice to the church and the steeple at Dartford, visited the model of Severndroog, or, as the people in the neighbourhood somewhat irreverently termed it, "Lady James's Folly," on Shooters' Hill, went through the whole of the arsenal at Woolwich (it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Hurst was dissuaded from visiting the convict ship, as she was informed that it was commanded by a captain of the navy whose family resided on board with him), dined at the Green Man at Blackheath, and reached Lincoln's Inn Fields at a late hour on a fine evening in October.

Kind as were Mrs. Somerive's intentions, and excellent as was her judgment, she had, in sending Ruth to Mrs. Hurst, placed her in a situation of great danger. It is true that to a disposition like hers, quiet, serious, and reflective, such a course of life was naturally distasteful; but she was also timid in the extreme, accustomed all her life to pay implicit obedience, grateful for kindness, and unwilling to give pain, with good dispositions to influence rather than fixed principles to guide her. Such being the case, had she remained in this family three or four years she would probably have fallen into their habits, and lost all taste or inclination for better things, or have become nervous, sullen, and discontented.

As it was, she was for a considerable time stupefied and bewildered; she felt herself under a yoke which it was impossible to shake off or even to question. Her mind was equally a stranger to exertion or repose. She felt herself becoming a mere machine; things were done because they must not be left undone, and, perfectly mistress of all she had engaged to teach, the business of instruction was performed with the most mechanical regularity. She wished to *think*, but she had neither time nor power; and often at night, when she stretched her exhausted frame on the bed and laid her wearied head upon her pillow, while ready tears flowed from her eyes, "at least I was thankful for my blessings while I had them," was all of complaint or consolation that her lips could utter before lips and eyes were equally closed in the heavy slumber of over-exerted powers.

She had been about three months in Lincoln's Inn Fields when a Scotch baronet, for whom Mr. Hurst had been professionally employed, paid a visit to London, for the purpose of closing the proceedings of a successful, and not unreasonably long, suit in Chancery. The solicitor was in high favour, the client in high good humour, and Mr. Hurst honourably seized the occasion to acquit himself of his promise to Mrs. Somerive.

Sir Kenneth Maitland had two little daughters, then under the care of a respectable preparatory governess; but as he resided constantly

on his own estate, disliking large cities, Edinburgh almost as much as London, and never going to either when he could possibly avoid doing so, it was his own wish, and that of Lady Maitland, whose health was delicate, to procure the services of some accomplished, well-educated, and well-principled woman to take the entire charge of them.

Sir Kenneth accepted an invitation to dine at Mr. Hurst's, and was much pleased with Ruth's appearance and manners. He waited upon Mrs. Somerive, who not only stated her recommendation verbally, but gave it in writing; and it was not till after this statement had been transmitted to Lady Maitland, and her perfect approval of it received, with an urgent entreaty to have the matter settled immediately, that the subject was named to Ruth. She had known so few people in her life and had lived so exclusively with them that she could not contemplate a residence among strangers and at so great a distance without fear, and considering it as a sort of banishment; but when Sir Kenneth, anxious to prevent her being deceived, and consequently dissatisfied, explained to her, with the elaborate earnestness of conscientious rectitude, how constantly they resided in the country, how quiet and uniform a life they led, and how entirely Flora and Diana would be confided to her charge, her reluctance vanished, and before Sir Kenneth quitted London it was settled that, having completed her twelvemonths engagement in Lincoln's Inn Field's and given a few weeks to Mrs. Somerive and other friends, that she should proceed to Scotland and enter upon her new duties.

Ruth felt as if she was about to quit the "house of bondage" for the land of liberty, a hard taskmistress for a haven of rest; and so great was her exultation, that her grateful and affectionate nature soon checked her transports, as unbecoming and unworthy, though they had been entirely confined to her own bosom. She was ashamed of being so delighted at the idea of leaving people who, if they did not stop to enquire what was her way of being happy, were always desirous of rendering her so in theirs. No reasoning or feeling could make her life with them agreeable, but it became advantageous as a mental discipline. She still felt the want of leisure for reflection, but she acquired habits of observation, by means of which she laid up in her memory a mass of materials for future meditation.

She was, now that she knew to a certainty the precise period at which she should cease to suffer from it, sometimes inclined to admire and sometimes to be amused at the restless activity of Mrs. Hurst. That lady, with her husband and the two principal clerks, always breakfasted at nine o'clock, but she was regularly down stairs at eight. Between that hour and twelve she arranged every article, even to the most minute, of her domestic economy, and made her own marketing. Mrs. Hurst kept no superfluous servants, but she took care that every thing was properly done, without exacting more labour than was justly due from each, and of this she was an excellent judge, with strong and healthy people. She could not be so safely depended upon for persons of a delicate constitution, and for regulating the labours and pursuits of the mind she was totally unfit.

She was strictly economical, but her economy had no taint of mean-

ness; while she forbade all waste she allowed no want, and her table was liberally, handsomely, and even tastefully furnished; yet she kept no housekeeper, and only what is called a "good plain cook."

Mrs. Hurst was the centre of her own circle, the governing principle of her own system, and her influencing power was sufficiently manifested, though in softened characters, in her daughters—Penny and Priscy had been Hatty and Shatty, and would be Dolly and Dosy, while all six were, in proper gradations, approximating to their mamma.

It was at the close of the Christmas vacation that Ruth had entered upon her engagement with the Hursts, and it was at the beginning of March in the following year that she took possession of her place in the heavy coach for the purpose of proceeding to "Caledonia bleak and wild!"

Larch Hills, the seat of Sir Kenneth Maitland, was situated in one of the most southern counties of Scotland, and there still existed in the country and inhabitants many signs of barbarism and want of cultivation, sufficient to show that border civilization proceeded but slowly.

The Larch Hills' carriage met her at the post-town, and, for the convenience of her luggage, empty. She had a solitary drive of about eleven miles, principally through muirland; and when she entered the leafless avenue and stopped before the entrance of the large stone mansion, on a dreary cheerless afternoon in March, about five o'clock, she felt a sense of desolation such as she had never experienced before. It was little to be wondered at. Ruth Watson was still a *cockney;* she had been to school at Wandsworth, where there are many rural walks, especially Dunsford Lane, leading from Wandsworth Common to the delightful village of Merton (rendered so interesting by having been the residence of the immortal Nelson), by the skirts of Wimbleton Park, the beautiful seat of Earl Spencer, where at certain seasons of the year one can hardly walk ten yards without starting a pheasant to surprise you in its turn with the noise and bustle of its apparently laborious and undesired rise, or look towards an open space without seeing half a dozen hares gamboling. She had resided eighteen months in a small town in Essex, where she saw only the said small town and turnpike roads leading to and from it, as she walked in procession with the children of the school, when they took their dull, formal, periodical, promenades. Brompton, with its neighbourhood, dressed like gardens and pleasure-grounds, and the Isle of Thanet, one cultivated corn country, were equally ill adapted to prepare her for what she now saw, and poor Ruth descended the steps of the carriage very much with the feelings of one who had come to the end of the world.

Sir Kenneth was engaged with his factor, and Lady Maitland and her daughters, not expecting her to arrive so soon, had retired to their rooms to dress for dinner, there being company in the house. The housekeeper ran upstairs to attend Miss Watson, but she would have thought it derogating from her dignity to have advanced outside of the door. As soon as Ruth appeared in the entrance hall

she respectfully tendered her services, and ushered her to her apartments. With the opening of the first door Ruth's feelings changed; she was no longer strange and uncomfortable. A spacious bedchamber, handsomely and commodiously furnished, with a large fire burning in the ample grate, opened into a neat dressing closet, which the housekeeper informed her communicated with the school-room, and that again with the young ladies' sleeping-apartment. Before Ruth could have thought it possible, her trunks were brought in, freed from the soil of travel, uncorded, and the cords neatly coiled up and laid beside them; nor was it long before a gentle tap at the door and soft voice requesting admission, introduced Lady Maitland herself, in her dressing-gown, anxious to see that her new inmate had been provided with every necessary accommodation, and to explain that any little deficiency was to be imputed to the absence of Christy, the girl who attended the governess and young ladies, she having obtained permission to be present at the wedding of a friend. Having ascertained that there was a good fire, plenty of water, &c., Lady Maitland departed to complete her own toilette, and when Ruth had nearly finished hers other gentle taps were heard at the door, which was immediately opened, and, blushing and smiling, Lady Maitland's very pretty daughters asked if they could fasten Miss Watson's dress, as Christy was not at home, and show her the way to the drawing-room, as she did not know it herself. Ruth availed herself of their kind attentions, and had a short conversation with Lady Maitland before the gentlemen assembled for dinner. From Sir Kenneth she received the frank, cordial, hospitable, welcome of his country; and who that has experienced the genial hospitality of a Scottish gentleman's mansion in the country could wish for more or imagine more possible?

There were no lady-visitors at that time staying at Larch Hills, and those who were there were merely friends or relations passing a few days in their way to or from London. But when, in addition to Sir Kenneth and Lady Maitland, Ruth found herself seated at the dinner-table with a duke, a marquis, two earls and an admiral, she was very thankful that her residence at Mr. Hurst's had rendered her familiar with the routine of the table.

Ruth was modest, in her character even *timid*, but, as I have before observed, not destitute of self-possession. She was rather pretty than otherwise, with a neat figure and pleasing manners; and, notwithstanding the fatigue of her journey, gratified her hearers by some excellent music, played a capital Scotch reel for Sir Kenneth, his daughters, and the duke to dance to, and went to bed happier than she had ever done in her life, excepting during the happiest period of her residence at Erlsburgh House.

It is not to be supposed that on this night sleep exercised its empire very early, or that Ruth desired that it should be so: novelty has always its excitement, and excitement is always agreeable to young and ardent minds. Her character, quiet and gentle as it was, had nothing of tameness, and its latent enthusiasm was not the less glowing because its heat never burst forth into any flaming exhibition.

She had much in the last few hours to look back upon with pleasure

not altogether unmixed with surprise. She wondered that she had never felt like a stranger, that she had been enabled, not only during the evening but even at dinner, to answer without embarrassment all the observations and questions of the company; but she soon recollected how easy this had been, and understood the benevolent politeness which had led the conversation upon subjects connected with her journey and other little matters easily discussed, as well as the value of that good breeding which secured to her, as a female, however humble in herself, at the table of Sir Kenneth Maitland the respect and attention of gentlemen of rank and high birth.

Ruth had lived more than four years with people of intelligence and knowledge of the world, and many of her pupils at Erlsburgh House were the daughters of noblemen; but it was the first time in the domestic circle that she had come into actual contact with nobility, and without any vulgar admiration of rank, or still more vulgar affectation of despising it, she had imagined it to be something more awful than she found it. From the contemplation of herself her thoughts passed to the individuals of the party. The gentle softness of Lady Maitland had a winning charm which went to the heart of Ruth; the unchecked but not boisterous hilarity of Flora and Diana, the high spirits of Sir Kenneth and the duke, the chess-board of the two earls, and the political discussion of the admiral and marquis, all interested her in some degree, and she closed her eyes at last with confused images of the whole floating in her imagination.

Her happiness continued, and before she had resided at Larch Hills a fortnight she wrote to Mrs. Somerive for her instrument and the rest of poor Miss Crofts' valuable and useful legacy, which, with many articles of her own acquisition, had remained at Erlsburgh House, owing to her scanty accommodations at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

It was here that, after a domestication of two months, Ruth first saw her future husband, the Rev. David M'Neil, as the tutor of Mr. John Maitland (the only surviving son of Sir Kenneth), and already nominated to the church of Kirkfillan, whenever the present aged incumbent should be gathered to his fathers.

Sir Kenneth and Lady Maitland had been the parents of another and an elder son, to whom Mr. M'Neil had many years conscientiously performed the duties of a tutor; but painful in the extreme was the return he met with; a love of low company and vulgar dissipation led to habits of early depravity, in the wretched gratifications of which health and respectability were equally sacrificed, and a brief and degraded existence was suddenly and distressingly terminated while travelling on the continent with Mr. M'Neil.

There were not wanting people who thought to flatter and console the afflicted parents by imputing the vices and their consequences to neglect or incapacity on the part of the tutor; but Sir Kenneth and Lady Maitland knew better, and they effectually silenced the calumniators by the course they pursued. The body of Edward Maitland was brought home and interred in the family vault, his brother John took his place as the pupil of Mr. M'Neil, to whom the reversion of the church of Kirkfillan was secured.

The improvement in Ruth's mode of life was soon abundantly

visible in her improved bloom, light elastic step, and almost sportive gaiety. Larch Hills taught her a lesson of which the bare possibility had never entered her imagination—that she could like any place better than Erlsburgh House. So however it was. With only two pupils, and those intelligent girls of thirteen and fourteen, the progress of instruction assumed a more intellectual, interesting, and endearing form than classes in a school admit of, and which she had never felt to be the case with Harriot and Charlotte Hurst.

Warm advocates for air and exercise, Sir Kenneth and Lady Maitland objected to any lessons before breakfast, and as the first bell, warning the family of the approach of that meal, did not ring until half past nine, there was sufficient time, even early as was the season when Ruth arrived at Larch Hills, for long and delightful walks. Then three little sure-footed ponies were kept for their use, and, with the example of the Misses Maitland and the instruction of the old coachman, Ruth so far improved upon her feats of donkey equestrianism at Ramsgate as heartily to enjoy not only a canter but a gallop.

Flora and Diana had been so accustomed to accompany their brother and his tutor on their rambles, and to take an interest in their pursuits, that they had insensibly acquired, not merely a taste for botany, but a considerable degree of knowledge on the subject; nor was it long before they had rendered Ruth mistress of all they knew themselves, and imparted to her the same desire to know more; so that she likewise learned to look forward to the time when the breaking up of the winter classes should set the young student and his tutor free from their attendance upon college, and Edinburgh be exchanged for Larch Hills.

The time at length arrived, and Lady Maitland was so kindly attentive to their gratification as to request Mr. M'Neil to allow her daughters and Miss Watson to be sharers in his instructions, when not inconvenient to himself or likely to interfere with the improvement of her son.

Mr. M'Neil readily consented, and many a morning and evening ramble was devoted to botany and mineralogy.

Mr. M'Neil was a good deal older than Ruth, for he was five-and-thirty when she first became acquainted with him; and, confined as she had in a great measure been to the society of her own sex, a less highly gifted person might perhaps have gained her esteem and admiration, but upon him she soon looked as the first of human beings. He inherited from nature a refined taste and a strong understanding—qualities not always united. His education had been of a very superior order; and, though the church was his own choice, having determined to see something of the world before he undertook the charge of a parish, he had spent several years on the continent as a travelling tutor, and had had under his care some young men of the first families in Scotland. His own family was good, and, having never known any but good society, he had the manners as well as the mind of a gentleman.

Such a man could scarcely reside in the same house with a young woman so amiable and agreeable as Ruth Watson without feeling

and appreciating her worth. He certainly would have preferred that a greater share of literary attainments had placed her more upon an equality with himself as a companion; but he liked her so well that when he quitted Larch Hills for Edinburgh with Mr. Maitland, in November, it was a settled thing, and understood by all the family that when he took possession of the manse of Kirkfillan she stood pledged to become his wife.

When this event took place Ruth had about half completed her twenty-sixth year, and, as the session already mentioned was the last that Mr. Maitland attended in Edinburgh, both she and Mr. M'Neil had ample time to ascertain whether continued domestic association was likely to increase or diminish their regard for each other. With so much real excellence on both sides the latter was scarcely to be apprehended; and Ruth's meek and affectionate disposition soon led her to pay as much deference to the tastes and opinions of her future husband as if he already held that character. Nor had Mr. M'Neil the want of sense to hold her cheap on that account; he honoured alike the purity that thought not of concealment and the confidence that was above suspecting misconstruction.

The living of Kirkfillan was worth something more than three hundred a year, and Mr. M'Neil was possessed of the sum of one thousand pounds advantageously invested, which he was able to leave untouched, because Ruth was mistress of three hundred pounds, which she was anxious should be employed in furnishing the manse, a neat and commodious dwelling-house, though neither spacious nor modern.

And how became Ruth possessed of this sum? for, though she enjoyed at Larch Hills the liberal salary of one hundred guineas per annum, her whole receipts during the seven years and a half in which she had relied upon her own exertions did not amount to four hundred pounds. By economy, Miss Crofts' legacy, and the active kindnesss of Mrs. Somerive. That lady had soon penetrated the characters and understood the conduct of the Watsons; and, stating that she had sometimes opportunities of employing money to advantage, had offered to take the management of Ruth's savings, and to be answerable for their security. No objection could be openly made to such an offer, and it was accordingly acted upon.

Lady Maitland took her daughters and Ruth to Edinburgh for a fortnight, where the latter procured the few additions she thought necessary to her wardrobe, and purchased such articles of furniture as could be better or more reasonably procured there than at the county town. The young ladies stocked her poultry-yard, and their mamma her linen-press. Mrs. Somerive sent a dinner and tea set, and her parents a silver coffee-pot. The Hursts contributed many little articles, more ornamental perhaps than useful, but showing good will. Mr. Maitland presented his tutor with an excellent horse, and Sir Kenneth made valuable additions to his library.

The warm and well-merited attachment of Flora and Diana to their governess was not to be satisfied with the little offering already mentioned; and it was equally demonstrative of the strength of their regard and the delicacy of their feelings that at their instigation it

was proposed that she should be succeeded by her sister. Ruth was not without her misgivings; but she knew little of Isabella, and however probable it might be that there had been some want of patience and forbearance, she never doubted her having been unfortunate in her situations.

Isabella and her parents had no fears, and she reached Larch Hills a week before the wedding, in high spirits, with as many gay clothes as the shortness of the notice had allowed her to collect, and a substantial proof of the favour in which her succession was viewed in Throgmorton Street, in the shape of a silver tea-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-bason, in addition to the parental present before mentioned.

The venerable father of Mr. M'Neil left his distant Highland home, on what he felt would be his last earthly pilgrimage, to perform the holy rite which was to unite an only and beloved son to the woman he had chosen as the partner of his life, bringing with him his young and amiable daughter.

All was delightful anticipation at Larch Hills.

"John," said Diana Maitland, the evening before the wedding, "you are to be *best man!*" "Yes. Who is to be *best maid?** It is time I should enquire," replied John, looking involuntarily at the beautiful Grace M'Neil. "Oh! all of us." "Indeed!" said John, bowing profoundly, "four superlatives! four times more fortunate than I supposed myself to be. How shall I quarter my devotions? Miss M'Neil, will you instruct me?" "Nonsense, John, *four bride's maids*, which of us would you be so cruel as to leave out?" asked Flora.

The day arrived.—Half an hour before dinner the solemn ordinance was performed in the drawing-room at Larch Hills. Ruth sat down to dinner Mrs. M'Neil, took possession of the manse in the evening, two days afterwards received her venerable father-in-law and the lovely Grace as her visitors for a week, at the end of which time they returned to the Highlands; she entered upon her domestic and Isabella upon her didactic duties.

(*To be continued.*)

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

CHAP. II.

(*Continued from page* 551 *of vol.* xx.)

The only daughter of Sir Robert S——, arrived on the 16th April, 182—, at the principal inn in one of the neighbouring towns. By chance I learnt several particulars respecting the young lady; and I ascertained, moreover, that her father was on the continent at the time, and that she had no other biped accompaniment than an ancient aunt. Report spoke of the baronet's daughter as a perfect beauty; as being heiress of an immense fortune; and as being withal remark-

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* *Best man, best maid*—Scottish terms for *bridegroom's man, bride's maid.*

ably affable and of easy access. Though the attribute of beauty had hitherto appeared to my mind as an essential ingredient in the cup of matrimonial bliss, I never thought the worse of any young lady because she had money. Indeed, as hinted in Chapter I., I had been so far lessoned in days that were past, as to the value of money, that I deemed a certain quantity of the circulating medium of paramount importance in journeying through life. On both accounts, therefore, I was most anxious to see the baronet's daughter, determined, in the event of my opinion according with the public report of her attractions, &c., to have a meeting with her by some means or other. I had read the week before "a full, true, and particular account" of the stratagems by which Edward Gibbon Wakefield contrived to get married to Miss Turner, and by which he gained an inestimable prize. (There was no word then of the prosecution and punishment which followed.) I meditated something of the same kind. In order, however, that there might be no hazard of being gulled touching her personal charms and prospective finances, I thought it best, before decoying her into a carriage, to have the evidence of my eyes as to the first point, and make under-hand enquiries as to the second. I knew there was no person in the inn who was acquainted with me. I therefore concluded I might without the least risk of detection assume any title, and play off any airs I pleased. Accordingly, I hired a horse and gig, and procured a confidential acquaintance, moving in a rather humbler sphere than myself, to whom I revealed my plans and views. He pronounced them "excellent," "spirited," and so forth, and at once agreed to personate the character of my body-servant. I took to myself the high-sounding title of Lord A——, thinking I would by that means have a greater chance of attracting the attention of the baronet's daughter. My servant and I entered the gig, which I drove with the spirit characteristic of the majority of young noblemen. In due time we arrived at the destined inn. We alighted—my servant first, who with infinite tact handed me down. I entered the inn, announcing my name as Lord A——. The intelligence that a nobleman had arrived spread through the house like wild-fire. Bows, curtsies, and every mark of obsequious respect were showered on me at every step. My servant once committed himself, and was likely to have committed me, by saying "Eh!" instead of "my lord." "Sirrah," said I, as there were several persons present, "I will teach you manners;" and so saying, I applied my cane with considerable apparent force to his person, but in reality very gently. He submitted to the physical correction with perfect equanimity, saying, with a tact which exceeds all praise, "I beg your pardon, my Lord."

I had not been many minutes upstairs when I learned that the heiress was "out" seeing some of the beautiful scenery with which the district abounds; but she was expected to return in a few hours. Lest our incognito should be discovered by some officious chance-person putting up at the inn, who knew me, I thought it advisable, instead of vegetating in the hotel, to go out an airing. I immediately commanded the hostler to get my horse and gig ready. The order was no sooner given than obeyed. In a second, self and ser-

vant were driving out of town. When we proceeded two miles, we came in sight of K— Abbey, an old venerable ruin. To have gone to it by the usual circuitous route would have been a distance of three miles: by crossing one or two intervening fields of grass, the distance would not have been a mile and a half. I have always hated round-about roads. I therefore decided in favour of driving through the fields. We had not proceeded above a quarter of a mile when, owing I suppose to too rapid and careless driving, we upset the gig by coming in contact with a fragment of an old broken turf dyke. The contents of course were "spilled." The contusion, in so far as I was concerned, was dreadful. The shock of a Lisbon earthquake could scarcely have been greater. For half an hour afterwards I lay horizontally on the ground, quite insensible. On partially recovering my consciousness, I found the gig lying in myriads of pieces all around me. A more striking picture of destruction I have never witnessed. No horse or servant was to be seen. Let the reader only judge of my feelings, when, in addition to my broken bones, a sense of what I had done broke in on my mind. My servant—the rogue was little hurt—my servant, I afterwards learned, took one direction, and the horse another. I was left "alone in my glory"—such as it was—to live or die, just as "sovereign Fate" was pleased to ordain. The four-legged animal was so much frightened that he galloped all the way at his utmost speed back to the inn; the biped blockhead, the two-legged animal, instead of waiting, as any man with an atom of "rumgumption" in him would have done, to put the best possible face on the disaster, ran home without ever halting, and without uttering a syllable to human being touching what had occurred. The dunce's notion doubtless was, that possibly nobody might ever learn that he had figured in the foolish affair which had led to the awkward and tragical catastrophe.

The alarm which the horse, half-harnessed and "raised" as he was, created among the inhabitants of F——, as he galloped up to the hotel stables, fairly defies description. In less than ten minutes the idea spread through the whole town that some accident—it might be a fatal one—had happened to Lord A—. A shoal of the good people set out instantly in quest of me. I was found on the spot alluded to, able to converse a little, but altogether incapable of walking. An express—a two-legged one, because no other was to be had—was sent to the inn, to procure a carriage to carry home the young nobleman. Orders were at the same time given to get a doctor with all possible haste. The solicitude as to the extent of the damage done to my person evinced by all present was extreme; they absolutely vied with each other in showing attention to me. The carriage was not long in arriving. I was put into it, and conducted to the hotel, on my arrival at which I had a world of kind offices shown me. There was only one doctor who then practised in the town of F——, and he was at that time unfortunately twenty miles from home on a professional visit. What was to be done? Without my knowledge, an express was sent to E——, the town to which I belonged, demanding the immediate attention, on Lord A——, of two medical practitioners. In an incredibly short space they were in my apartment. I

afterwards learned that, in the plenitude of his anxiety to give the nobleman the benefit of his professional skill, one of the doctors rode his horse so fast that the poor animal died in a few days afterwards. Judge of my surprise, judge of how queerly I felt, in more senses than one, when the two sons (my townsmen) of Esculapius entered the room. In a state of all but utter petrifaction, I lay on my bed before them. Conceive, reader, if you are fit for the task; conceive *their* astonishment and mortification when, on being ushered, with all the pomp and show of circumstance, into my apartment, they beheld, instead of Lord A——, *me* stretched before them! They first looked at me, and then at each other, for some time, alternately, as if they did not know whether they ought not to doubt the evidence of their own eyes. So stupid an expression of countenance as that then exhibited by these disciples of Galen, was never before witnessed under the sun. Their mutual impression, on a little reflection, was that a gross and grievous hoax had been played off at their expense (alas! the *expense* fell on me!), and therefore they determined, before prescribing any thing for me, or even making the slightest inquiry into the extent or nature of the injury I had received, to demand an explanation of mine host. They luckily expressed this intention audibly. Concluding that this step would only make bad worse, I explained the circumstances, so far, to them; taking special care to lay the best share of the blame on my servant in the article of upsetting the gig, and also accusing him of having invented and applied to me the title of Lord A——.

When the circumstances of this adventure became known in E——, they proved, as will readily be believed, the occasion of infinite merriment to my fellow-townsmen. My only consolation was—a small one certainly— that *I* was not the *only* person laughed at. Mine host, and the two physicians, all in short whom I had hoaxed in the business, came in severally for their share of public laughter.

I need not say there was nothing in the affair laughable to *me*. In so far as I was concerned, it was in many senses a serious matter. "It was long and many a day" before I recovered from the effects of the upsetting of the gig; but in addition to my calamities in this respect, and the mortification consequent on the awkward issue of my schemes touching the abduction of the baronet's daughter, there came sundry heavy bills against me; the first from the gig and horse hirer; the second from Boniface; but the last and heaviest of all were those which came under the title of "fees" from the brace of Esculapians, particularly the one from the "practitioner" who murdered the horse by his furious riding. To all these "disagreeables"—enough in all conscience—there were superadded severe daily and hourly lectures on my folly, read to me by my relatives. My situation, in one word, was insufferable: the mortal did not, nor does exist, who could have borne it. I left the town of E—— abruptly one moon-light evening. In ten days thereafter I was in the town of Carlisle.

CHAP. III.

I WAS very fortunate, as regarded pecuniary matters, on my arrival in Carlisle. One of my old and most intimate school-fellows had been settled there in a respectable way for several years. He at once procured a situation for me. Happily he had not heard of either of the love mishaps I have detailed. On entering my situation I determined to apply myself so closely to business as to keep out of harm's way; in other words, exclude me from all communication with young ladies. I had come to this determination from a conviction, induced by past events, that Fate had appointed I should never succeed in any matrimonial attempt. I knew, moreover, as hinted in the outset, that the love of the fair was a component part of my moral constitution, and that to be in a beautiful nymph's company was not only perilous in the extreme, but what is called certain danger. However, though fully aware of all this—no Christian could have been more so—one cannot walk the streets and high-ways with one's eyes shut. I lived a little distance out of town; and, in returning in the evening from the day's duties, had to pass some beautiful gardens. Sooth to say, I used very much to delight in dressing gardens with my own hand; and, if the reports of friends may be credited, displayed much more than the average taste that way. One of the gardens I had to pass in returning home of an evening, seemed to me the very *beau ideal* of good taste in the science of "laying out." I generally stood eight or ten minutes every evening looking over its wall—which fortunately was of no inconvenient altitude—admiring its beautiful contents. One evening as I popped my head over the garden wall, I saw a new flower—an exquisitely beautiful young lady, one of whom Milton would have written—"Herself the fairest flower." A deep blush tinged her supremely beautiful cheeks while her lustrous eyes met mine. I felt a momentary entrancement—I was glued to the spot on which I stood; but a recollection of Louisa, and the adventures connected with her, flashing across my mind, I succeeded, after a desperate struggle between prudence and love, in getting my legs to perform their duty in removing me home.

As will be readily credited, this charming damsel (name at this time unknown) had a liberal share of my thoughts that night. I weighed in my own mind whether, in the event of ascertaining that in addition to her personal attractions, she united respectability of character and station in society, I ought not after all to make an attempt on her heart, as she had already, without any seeming effort, conquered mine. The hearing of arguments *pro* and *con* robbed me of two or three hour's sleep. The opinion of Sir John Falstaff, that there is divinity in odd numbers, occurred to me, and I believe would have made me decide on seeking an interview had not the awkward issue of Jack's third visit to Mrs. Ford shot athwart my mind, followed by a painful remembrance of what had happened to myself in my two previous adventures. All this, it is right to add, was succeeded by a recurrence of the afore mentioned conviction that Fate had ordained I was never to be married. The interlocutor of my

judgment therefore was, that I would suffer unknown to, and unpitied by, the world, a universe of ardent unrevealed love, rather than run the hazard of making myself anew a laughing-stock to the public, and the butt of my acquaintances.

This then was a settled point. And so strictly had I resolved to act up to the letter of my resolution, that rather than be in temptation's way, I would submit to the ineffably great sacrifice of passing by the beautiful garden without casting a glance at it, lest that glance should encounter the exquisitely handsome form of the living flower I had before seen in it. For three days, evenings rather, I religiously adhered to my determination: she might each time I passed have been again eclipsing, by her presence, all the other beauties in the garden; but I saw her not. On the third day after, when returning home, I learned by the merest accident the young lady's name, who were her connections, and what were her character and station in society. On the fourth, while I was as usual passing by the garden on my way home, I observed her—Lavinia was her name—walking slowly, not in the garden, but on the road outside, as if coming directly up to me. She seemed contemplative: there was a touching pensiveness in her look; there was a book in her hand. We met, and were in the act of passing each other, when Lavinia, as if suddenly seized with sickness, quivered a little, and was in the act of falling. I caught hold of her before she swooned altogether: the book she held in her hand *did* fall.

"Pray, madam, are you indisposed?" enquired I, with much tenderness and concern.

"A little, sir," she softly answered, at the same time glancing a look at me which it is impossible to characterise, but which I must have been steel-hearted, indeed, not to have *felt*.

I lifted the book from the ground. I looked at it: it was a novel. The passage she had evidently been reading was indicated by the leaf being folded down. That passage told—told eloquently though briefly, of the loves of a young lady and gentleman; how they eloped together, got married at Gretna Green, and lived a long life of the utmost possible happiness. I could not—who could?—be blockhead enough to misunderstand this. I could not in any circumstances, far less in the circumstances of that moment, resist it.

"My dearest girl," said I, "will you meet me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, at the S——?"

"I will, with all my heart," was the brief answer she returned; and that answer was accompanied by a look more expressive a thousand fold than a whole world of books could have been, had such been written to describe the young lady's feelings.

We parted that evening. We met next morning at the appointed time and place. We set off in a coach and four for Gretna Green. Jehu was well paid: he did his duty admirably. We halted no longer than was necessary to change horses, until we reached a small town within ten miles of the destined place. On our way Lavinia disclosed to me how she had been struck by my appearance the very first time she had seen me looking over her father's garden wall; but a sense of the delicacy and reservedness becoming her sex prevented

her from revealing her affection for me, until the evening I met her on the road, when she found that keeping it any longer concealed in her breast was likely to endanger her life.

On reaching the small town just mentioned, Lavinia complained, and no wonder, of exhaustion, in consequence of the fatigues of that day, as well as of a sleepless previous night spent in concerting measures for making the elopement successful. She begged a little time might be allowed her to recruit her strength. I ordered a snatch of supper. We both ate heartily, having been well appetised by the length of the journey.

We had been in the inn about half an hour when Lavinia—addressing me of course—said, "My dear, I think we may go now." These words were delivered in a tone; they were accompanied by a look of affection, which I valued at the time as infinitely above all the riches of either Ind.

"Well, then, my darling, we shall set out instantly," was my reply.

I rang the bell violently. In about twenty seconds, in rushed a stout well-made man. "Waiter!" said I, in a tone which indicated that I thought myself a personage of some consequence; "Waiter! bring me the bill. Order the horses and carriage to be got ready this moment; and be sure, too, you don't—

A shriek from Lavinia interrupted me. She swooned away in the easy chair on which she sat at the time. I of course forgot the waiter and every earthly thing else, in the plenitude of my concern for Lavinia.

"Lavinia! Lavinia! my dear! my angel! what can be the matter?"

While in the act of addressing her in these terms of affectionate concern, and simultaneously grasping her snow-white hand, I felt some powerful fist take hold of and drag me back by the neck of my coat.

"What insolence, sir!" exclaimed I, thinking it was the waiter who thus intruded on us. So saying I turned about my face towards the vulgar ill-bred lacquey of the public, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld three fellows beside me.

"Come," said the intruder who first entered the room, and whom I took to be John, "come, let us carry her out!"

"The man who presumes to lay a hand on her will be as dead as a herring that instant," said I indignantly.

"Never mind the empty threats of the blockhead," said the fellow who had spoken already.

He had no sooner uttered the words than the vile paws of the villanous trio seized hold of Lavinia. I felt a kind of madness coming over my soul. I know I resisted with all my might; but what else occurred I cannot tell.

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Next morning I awoke as from a dream. I looked around in utter amazement. I fancied myself in a new world. While thus bewildered, while like a person out of his senses, Boots entered my bed-

room. I enquired where I was, and was answered, "The Duke of York Hotel, in the town of D——."

"The same," I ejaculated with myself, "the same as that in which Lavinia and I supped last night."

"And where," I asked, with an emphasis of which print can give no idea, "where is Lavinia?"

"Lavinia," exclaimed Boots, evidently ignorant of who I meant.

"The young lady I brought here with me last night," said I hurriedly.

"Adz, Sur, she was carried off by the three gentlemons who coomed in such haste in a carriage," said Boots, with an archness of look which denoted that Nature had intended the young rascal for the stage.

"The three gentlemen!" A recollection of the triumvirate of scoundrels who so abruptly and unceremoniously thrust their hated presence on us the previous night, darted across my mind. But what they were, whither they had come, where they were gone, what they had done with Lavinia, whether they had "Burked" her, or compelled her to marry one of their ruffian selves, were all matters as to which I was in a state of as total ignorance as the child unborn; nor could any person in the inn furnish me with information on the subject.

Boots withdrew. I rose, huddled on part of my clothes, and prepared for shaving. Has the reader a good imagination? If he have, let him conceive as he best can of my horror, mingled with astonishment, when, on looking in the glass, I saw my frontispiece so shockingly mangled and furrowed with deep scratches that there was scarcely a square inch of whole skin on it.

"In the name of wonder, what can be the meaning of this? How have I come by such a face?" were questions I asked myself. They were unanswerable by me. The matter was involved in as much mystery as the identity of the trio of scamps who wrested Lavinia from my arms.

What was to be done respecting my inamorato? what with my face? were two queries which now occupied my thoughts. A little sober reflection advised me that time alone could remedy the latter evil. As for my Dulcinea, I had at intervals a faint hope that she might possibly make her escape from the ragamuffins who had abstracted her, in which case I had no doubt of her return. But this delusion, indifferently pleasing as it only was at best, was of short continuance. The horrible hypothesis would every now and then suggest itself, that one of the three, most probably the first who entered the room, was some unknown rival; in which case there was no room for even the slightest hope.

However, as the state of my phiz disqualified me from being seen in public, I thought it the most advisable course to stay that day in the inn, to see what would turn up in the chapter of accidents.

The day passed; but not a syllable about Lavinia. Dante speaks of the ineffable miseries of those who have entered a certain place, on whose portals are written the words, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." *Their* misery! It must be happiness compared with

my then situation. I went to bed as night approached. How I spent the night I will not say—for this good reason, I cannot. Morning came. I arose. While pacing to and fro in my apartment, half apparelled and wholly unshaved, resembling more, in my conduct, a bedlamite than a rational person, Boots, who seemed to be an animal newly imported from some uncultivated district of the country, entered. "Sur," said he, "would ou like a read of *our* Paper, just prunted?" at the same time holding towards me a damp unopened broad sheet.

"Lay it down there," said I, unconcernedly, "lay it down there; I'll possibly look at it."

I took up and opened the broad sheet. I found it was the county Paper, newly issued from the press. I carelessly glanced over the inside surface. The head, "Elopement Extraordinary, being in large caps, was the first thing that attracted my attention. I read as follows:—

"On Wednesday" (the Paper was dated Friday), "On Wednesday, an elopement extraordinary took place from Carlisle. The young lady had only returned the other day from a fashionable boarding-school, where she had been Frenched, danced, taught music, the use of the globes, and, in fine, every thing that is deemed necessary to make a perfectly educated female. Of late she had been wondrously given to the reading of novels. The gay Lothario was one of the most sheepish-looking bipeds under the sun. The folks in the neighbourhood very emphatically characterised him as the 'chap as used to be seen popping a long nose over the garden wall, at the good people's daurter.' The fugitives took the high road to Gretna, of which place they were within one short stage when the young lady's brother, accompanied by two police officers, overtook the matrimony-aspiring couple, at the head inn. When the brother and assistants entered, they found the loving Miss and her clumsy-looking swain sitting quite comfortably at a table, on which, in beautiful confusion, were displayed the fragments of an excellent supper. When the young lady recognised her brother, she enunciated a very unique sort of shriek, and swooned away with a wonderfully good grace, in the easy chair she occupied at the time. Her clownish Lothario, who evidently mistook Miss' brother, when he entered, for the waiter, gallantly flew to the assistance of his Dulcinea; and on the intruding parties taking the fainted beauty by her taper waist, as if to carry her lovely person away, he swore that the first man who dared to touch her (they had touched her already, though) should in a moment, be stretched at full length on the floor. As if determined to suit the action to the word, the love-sick swain, in the phrenzy of the moment, seizing hold of a huge tom cat that was lying purring on an easy chair, and evidently unconscious of the nature of his weapon, brandished the animal about his own head, previous to inflicting a supposed mortal blow on that of his adversary. At this moment his inamorato's brother presented a pistol to the booby-lover's breast, exclaiming, 'Villain! presume to offer further resistance, and I'll blow your brains out!' The poor unfortunate wight stood stupified, resembling a man whose wits had all of a sudden taken to

themselves wings and flown away. The cat, smarting from the harsh gripe of the noodle, turned about by a sudden jerk of its body, and inserted its talons in sundry parts of the lover's frontispiece. The claret flowed profusely from divers fountains; and the poor fellow, like his heart's best treasure, also swooned away. He was afterwards carried to bed in an insensible state. Miss was taken away, put into a carriage, and carried back to Pa' and Ma,' who, it is hoped, will cure the young lady of her foolish passion."

Here, in this vile print, was too clear a solution of the several enigmas touching the three intruders, the absence and destiny of Lavinia, and the horribly disfigured state of my face. My eyes turned in their sockets before I got to the end of the odious paragraph. My whole frame trembled. All things reeled about me. The house appeared to be falling: I felt as if the world had come to an end.

It was long before my consciousness returned. When it did, my first intention was to cover my disgrace from myself and to end my earthly woes, by putting a period to my existence. What were the best means of accomplishing my purpose was the first query which demanded an answer. A razor? I had lost too much blood already, my face was too much mangled by feline talons to think of mangling my throat with a razor. To speak a truth, after what I had seen of gore in the case of my face, I had no wish to see more of that claret-looking commodity, whether drawn by a razor or any other instrument. Drown myself? That could not be accomplished without an ample supply of water; and where this was to be had I knew not, being a complete stranger in the place. "I might have enquired," the reader will say. Had the reader seen my face at that time, he would neither say nor think any such thing. *It* made it impossible for me to think of going out of doors in open day, on *any* errand. Besides, had I asked any body the way to a river, my face would infallibly have generated instant suspicion of what my intentions were, and consequently prevented their being carried into effect. Hang myself? The only objection, but it was an insuperable one, which I had to that mode of making my exit was, that all the off-scourings of society, every lacquey and chimney sweep who get tired of life, end it by means of a rope, a handkerchief, or some other suspender. At any rate, it is indubitably certain that no *gentleman* swings by his own hand. Pistols? Well, I concluded, blowing out one's brains is certainly the preferable mode of doing the business of any yet mentioned. But the evil of it was, I had no pistol: that had already proved my misfortune. It was the most grievous error I ever committed, that I omitted to take a pair of pistols with me when Lavinia and I quitted Carlisle for Gretna. Had I taken these implements with me, she and I had been by this time man and wife. I should, in that case, have instantaneously scattered in a thousand directions, the brains of a couple of the trio of insolent intruders, when they presumed to lay hands on Lavinia, and the third would, coward-like, have taken to his heels. But regrets were unavailing now; the question was how to procure a pair of pistols for my present purpose. I could not, for the reason already mentioned, venture out

myself in daylight to any shop to purchase the articles; and to have sent any other person would have awakened suspicions, and consequently defeated my purpose. I thought, in all the circumstances, the best way would be to wait until dark, when I might go out myself and procure the implements I wanted, taking care, while in the ironmonger's shop, to keep my face shrouded, by means of my pocket-handkerchief, from the unhallowed gaze of the shopmen. Evening came. I had left money to pay my bill, and was in the act of going downstairs to procure the instruments wherewith to execute my rash purpose, when I heard the sound of a coach horn. "Holla! Holla! Here's the London coach!" vociferated Boots to some hostler-looking figure at the door. The London coach, thought I. It is dark; no one will see or know me in the coach: I will go to London, where I am all but utterly unknown: perhaps I may after all, by observing a prudent conduct for the future, be a happy man. I ran upstairs for the money I had left, enquired how far on the way to London the coach would be by day-light, was answered, took my seat for that place, and set off. By confining myself in a room in one of the inns of the respective towns all day, and travelling all night, I reached the metropolis after four days' stoppages by the way.

J. G.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH SONNETS.*

The form of the Sonnet for the expression of poetical sentiments has of late become very popular in this country. Its origin is involved in obscurity. It is doubtful whether it was first invented by the Sicilians or the Provenceaux; but it is clear that the Italians were the first to bring it to perfection. The sonnet was first introduced into this country by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the year 1518. Mr. Housman maintains that it may now be considered fairly naturalized among us. We hold a different opinion. Nay, we have our doubts whether it ever will become, among the higher class of English poets, a favourite mode of expressing their sentiments. In the first place, the necessity of so many words rhyming together is not so well suited to the English language as it is to the languages of Italy and Spain, the countries in which the sonnet is most popular. In the second place, the restrictions it imposes must always be considered too burdensome to English poets of the higher order to lead them to adopt it. Limited of necessity to fourteen lines, and those fourteen lines divided into two quatrains and two tercets, it is obvious that few great geniuses would like to be so hampered in the expression of their sentiments. Nothing more than a single idea can ever be done justice to in the form of a sonnet. As for in-

*A Collection of English Sonnets. By R. F. Housman. Whittaker & Co.

cident, the introduction of that into a Sonnet, were altogether impossible.

For poets, of the third or fourth class, then, the sonnet, may answer very well, where only a detached idea is to be worked out; but no poet of the higher order of genius can ever resort to it without feeling himself moving in fetters, and without manifest injustice to his reputation. Following the example set by their contemporaries of Italy and Spain, with whom the sonnet was at that time quite in vogue, Shakspeare and Milton both tried their hand at sonnets. It is fortunate for their own reputation, as well as for their country, that they did not confine themselves to that form of expressing their thoughts. Had they never written any thing else than sonnets their names would have been unknown in the present day.

Let us not be considered as objecting to the sonnet in general; we are only endeavouring to prevent its becoming so popular in this country as to induce the higher class of poets to become unduly enamoured of it, and by that means divert themselves from taking that comprehensive range in the expression of their thoughts which so many other species of poetry afford them. Many modern sonnets are beautiful, and we believe we are among their greatest admirers; but still we hold that no one ever can infuse poetic genius into them, however gifted the mind from which they emanate.

The sonnet has invariably, as far as our observation extends, been hitherto confined to the embodying of some tender or contemplative idea; but Mr. Housman thinks it is equally adapted to subjects of a humourous or satirical nature. Here we differ from him; let the happiest sonnet writer of the present day only try his hand at the humourous or satirical in the form of a sonnet, and we will answer for it the result will be to make both the subject and himself ridiculous.

Mr. Housman deserves our best thanks for the labour he has undergone in selecting the best sonnets which have been written by English poets, from the time of Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, down to the present day—a period embracing the three last centuries.

We shall avail ourselves of his labours in presenting our readers with some of the best sonnets written by English poets at different periods. The first is from the earliest of the sonneteers—the earl of Surrey.

NIGHT.

Alas!—so all things now do hold their peace!
Heaven and earth disturbëd in no thing:
The beasts, the air, the birds their song do cease,
The nightès chair the stars about doth bring.
Calm is the sea; the waves work less and less;
So am not I, whom Love, alas, doth wring,
Bringing before my face the great increase
Of my desires, whereat I weep and sing,
In joy and woe, as in a doubtful ease;
For my sweet thoughts sometime do pleasure bring;
But, by and by, the cause of my disease
Gives me a pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what grief it is again
To live and lack the thing should rid my pain.

The following is from Sir Philip Sydney. It is on

SLEEP.

Come, Sleep! O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease *
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
O, make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me sweet pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

Edmund Spencer has a beautiful sonnet on

TRUE BEAUTY.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself you daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind, is much more praised of me,
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty, that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Deriv'd from that fair spirit from whom all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.
He only fair, and what he fair hath made;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

Next comes our immortal Bard of Avon. We select his sonnet on

RETROSPECTION.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired;
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see,
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find,

William Drummond, of Hawthornden, has a beautiful one

TO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Destroy my languish ere the day be light,
With dark forgetting of my care's return;

* Press.

And let the day be long enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let watery eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the troubles of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, fond image of my fond desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow!
Let never rising sun approve your tears,
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow;
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

We come now to John Milton. From several specimens given of his sonnets we select that

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask—but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies—God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

The circumstances under which the above sonnet was written give it a touching interest.

Of the sonnets written by Gray, Mr Housman only gives the following. It is

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD WEST.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire;
The birds in vain their amorous descant join;
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these ears require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles, the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warm their litttle loves the birds complain:
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain.

The only sonnet of Sir Egerton Brydges which Mr. Housman gives is that on "Echo and Silence." It is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the English language. We have much pleasure in transferring it to our columns.

ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As, mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,

Two sleeping Nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And lo, she 's gone! In robe of dark-green hue,
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew;
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away;
Not so her sister:—hark! for onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill!
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

Mr. William Lisle Bowles has a beautiful one on

TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence,
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense,
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile;
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient shower
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while;
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure.

Mr. Housman gives a great number of Wordsworth's sonnets. We select the one on

TWILIGHT.

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning Night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions. Ancient Power!
Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest
Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed. By him was seen
The self-same Vision which we now behold,
At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power! brought forth;
These mighty barriers, and the gulf between—
The floods—the stars—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth!

Several of Hartley Coleridge's sonnets are given. We have only space for that addressed

TO A FRIEND.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted;
Our love was Nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills.
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, asked not *why* it doted;

And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of Nature's treasure,
Of that fair Beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet Music which no ear can measure:
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

Passing over several other sonnets from contemporaries, we come to one which has much tender feeling in it. It is by Mr. Charles Strong, and is headed

DEATH.

They picture Death a tyrant, gaunt and grim,
And, for his random aim, temper a dart
Of bite so mortal that the fiery smart
Consumes, and turns to dust the stoutest limb.
Thus dire to meet, yet shrink not they from him,
Who walk, by faith, in singleness of heart;
The simply wise, who choose the watchful part,
Nor let their eyelids close, or lamps grow dim.
Nor always dark and terrible his mien;
As those who by the couch the night-watch keep
Have known, spectators of the blessed scene,
When friends, who stand around, joy more than weep,
As, with hush'd step, and smile of love serene,
In the soft guise he comes of gentle Sleep.

The last sonnet given by Mr. Housman shall be our last one also. It is by Mr. Edmund Peel, and is addressed

TO WINTER.

Thou of the snowy vest and hoary hair,
With icicles down-hanging, Winter, hail!
Not mine at thy authority to rail;
To call thee stern, bleak, comfortless, and bare,
As though thou wert twin-brother of Despair;
Rather shall praises in my song prevail;
Praises of Him who gives us to inhale
The freshness of the uninfected air.
So long as I behold the clear blue sky,
The carol of the robin-redbreast hear,
Along the frozen waters seem to fly,
Or, softly cushion'd while the fire burns clear,
Bask in the light of a beloved eye;
So long shall Winter to my soul be dear.

We are unwilling to find fault with an author whose labours have afforded so much pleasure. But we cannot part with Mr. Housman without asking him why and wherefore he has devoted so much of his space to certain of our contemporary poets, while he has not even given a single sonnet from others? Mr. David Lester Richardson has written several beautiful sonnets—though others from his pen are doubtless poor enough—and yet his name is not even mentioned. This, however, is an oversight which we could willingly overlook as probably the result of accident; but we hold it to be an unpardonable sin in Mr. Housman to have omitted all reference to the sonnets of

Sir Egerton Brydges, beyond that of giving a single one. Sir Egerton has not only written more sonnets than all the other poets of the present day, but many of them are among the best pieces of verse which ever appeared in the fourteen-line form. Mr. Wordsworth himself points out some of Sir Egerton's sonnets as not only the best of the present day, but the best to be found in the English language. The omission therefore on the part of Mr. Housman of all mention of Sir Egerton as a writer of sonnets, beyond the slight one we have noticed, is to us altogether unaccountable. It is a sin, moreover, which we deem unpardonable.

THE RIVALS.

During the last three years I spent at school two of my class-fellows and I cherished a very warm attachment to each other. In almost all our hours of relaxation from study we contrived to associate together, and always, in short, regretted the existence of those circumstances which imposed on us the necessity of even the most temporary separation. It was so ordered, however, in the oft-times arbitrary appointments of Fate, that I was to be at last parted from my two young friends for a long period,—if not for ever. By this time I had received all the education which the comparatively limited finances of my parents could afford to give me, and an excellent situation being offered me in a foreign clime, I signified my acceptance of it; and, after doing the utmost violence to all the feelings and susceptibilities of my heart, I tore myself from the clinging embraces of my friends—abandoned the endeared scenes of my earlier years and all my past happiness, and repaired to a distant land, where I knew no individual and was known to no one.

At this eventful and trying period of my life I was in my eighteenth year; and even so early as this I was not altogether unacquainted with the workings of what is emphatically designated the tender passion. There was *one* of the other sex—a young girl whose personal attractions were only rivalled by her intellectual accomplishments and virtuous dispositions—who had made a deep and abiding impression on my heart. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of the village of Ardmore, in the west of Scotland—the place in which my parents and those of my two schoolfellows already referred to resided. The latter were as intimately acquainted with Matilda Gordon (such was her name) as myself; but I had not the remotest idea at that time—would that I had never been apprised of the fact!—that either of them had ever felt towards her any other emotion than that of esteem, an emotion with which all must have regarded her who had an opportunity of observing the amiable qualities she possessed.

Such was the sincerity and ardency of my affection for this interesting young girl that but for the dependent nature of the situation for which I was about to depart, I would, even at that early period of my life, have made proposals of marriage to her. As it would,

however, in all the circumstances of the case, have been a matter of imprudence in me to have proposed immediate marriage, or to have solicited her hand against any future period, when the distance of space and time by which we were to be separated from each other placed us both within the probable influence of so many and such important contingencies which neither of us could control, I deemed it the wisest course for me to pursue not to divulge even to herself or to any other individual under heaven that I regarded her with any other feelings than those of common friendship.

It was in the month of June, 18—, that I set out for Hadlow, a small town in one of the States of North America. In the course of my voyage nothing of a striking or extraordinary character occurred; and, in something less than seven weeks from the day on which I left my native village, I safely reached the place of my destination.

As there were no incidents of a romantic nature associated with my residence on the other side of the Atlantic, it will not be necessary to detain the reader with an account of it. It may be sufficient to mention that during the eight years I was absent from my native country the image of Matilda was frequently before my mind's eye amid the ordinary occupations of the day, and was often present to my imagination, beaming in all its unrivalled loveliness, when fast locked in the embraces of Morpheus during the silence of midnight. Still, however, although I had frequent correspondence with the two young friends to whom I have already more than once referred, I carefully abstained from making any enquiries at them or at any one else respecting Matilda, simply because, as already mentioned, no second party in existence had any idea of the place she occupied in my affections. It so happened, therefore, that notwithstanding the deep interest I felt in Matilda I did not hear a single syllable in reference to her during the long period, more than seven years, I had been in a foreign country. About this time, however, I received a letter from my parents, in which, after mentioning several other matters of local intelligence, they stated, "Your old acquaintance, Miss Matilda Gordon, is well, and still unmarried." Those only who have felt the operation of a love at once ardent and honourable can form any conception of the supreme gratification this laconic sentence administered to my mind. It had to me a power, an eloquence, and a charm such as no other piece of human composition I had ever met with possessed. Frequent indeed were the perusals I gave it. I could not, in fact, withdraw my eyes from it; and every fresh perusal of it added a cubit to my happiness. Never before did I experience, never since have I experienced, and I feel an immovable conviction pressing on my mind that I never shall in future experience—I mean so long in this world—the felicity I then enjoyed. I had not, before I first gazed on the words which constitute the short sentence in question, any idea of how much bliss human nature, notwithstanding all the imperfections and infirmities which attach to it, is susceptible in this world.

A short time prior to the date at which I received the letter alluded to my employers had made proposals to me to enter into partnership with them, after the lapse of six months from the time at which

these proposals were made. From the extremely liberal terms on which it was proposed that I should be admitted to a share of my employers' business, I could not but accept of the offer, stipulating, however, which was readily agreed to, that before I entered into the concern I should be allowed to visit my native country, and spend a few weeks with my relatives and friends.

The receipt of the letter already referred to, from my parents, made me engage with additional activity in preparing for my intended journey; for I had fully resolved to marry Matilda, if no obstacles should occur on her part to frustrate my wishes. In a fortnight afterwards I set out, not for Scotland in the first instance, but for Ireland, in one of the districts of which I had some business of importance to transact for the benefit of my employers. I arrived in Dublin in eight weeks from the date of my leaving the place of my residence in America.

After three days' stay in the Irish metropolis, I left it on one of the stage coaches for the county of Limerick, at one of the towns of which I arrived in due course, and remained in it, principally engaged in business, for twenty-four hours. One of my most intimate friends in America had forwarded by me a letter to his relations, who resided about six miles from this place, extorting from me a promise, when setting out on my journey, that, as I was to be in the town of Romney, I should do him the favour of delivering his letter in *propria persona*. With the view of fulfilling the promise I had made my friend, I left Romney at six o'clock in the evening for the residence of his parents and relations. As the weather was extremely fine—it was towards the end of August—and I had got directions which I thought would render it in the highest degree improbable I should mistake the way to the place to which I was going, I set out on foot by myself, being desirous of enjoying the pleasures of a walk in the open country after so long a sea voyage. Part of my way lay through a rather unfrequented path, and just at the very moment at which I was in the most lonesome portion of it the sky, which but a few minutes before was as bright and beautiful as ever mortal eye gazed on, all at once assumed a most lowering aspect, an aspect which proved too portentous of the dreadful storm which the heavens were about to discharge on that portion of our earth. I looked above and around me, and, when I beheld the frowning appearance which nature had so suddenly assumed, I felt an emotion of terror come over me, such as I had never before experienced. With that instinctive desire of self-preservation which is the *last* as well as the first law of our nature, and which man feels in every situation, however perilous, in which he can be placed, I paused for a moment to consider in my own mind how I might best escape from the impending storm. Adjacent to a little wood, and situated by itself, I saw a small hut or cabin, about half a mile distant. As it was the only human habitation at this critical moment within the reach of my eye, I resolved on directing my steps to it. Just as I left the foot-path to cross a moor which intervened between me and the wretched-looking hovel, a vivid blaze of the electric fluid flashed across my eyes, and in a moment it was succeeded by a peal of thun-

der loud and long continued, the reverberations of which, in very truth, resembled the tremendous noise which one would imagine would accompany the crash of worlds. Then the rains descended in mighty torrents, as if, in fact, the canopy of the heavens above me had been one vast waterspout. Another and another flash of lightning broke on my vision, as if the whole horizon had been an immense sheet of fire, and another and another peal of thunder resounded throughout the heavens in rapid succession. One would have thought that Nature herself was at this appalling moment undergoing some agonizing operation, under which she was groaning in thunder and weeping in torrents of rain, or that she was experiencing the excruciating pangs of expiration. At one time I proceeded slowly towards the hut already mentioned; at another the war of elements was so violent, and the total wreck of matter seemed so certain, that I felt all my endeavours to proceed completely paralysed, and I stood motionless, scarcely conscious, in truth, that I was an animated being. In about half an hour the vivid playing of the lightning ceased and the terrible roaring of the thunder died away, and, though the rains still continued to descend copiously, it was with comparative moderation.

I was at intervals, as the degree of terror into which I was thrown, and the state of exhaustion to which I had been reduced would permit me, still creeping towards the cabin already mentioned, and when within about fifty yards of its threshold I saw a man standing beside it as if waiting to welcome me into it. On perceiving that I approached so slowly, he came hastily up to me, expressed his deep regret that I had been exposed to the fury of the storm which had just ceased, and, taking me by the arm, led me into his miserable cabin. There was a little fire on the hearth, and the stranger, with that hospitality so characteristic of the Irish, handed me in over a chair before it, on which he desired me to be seated. He then gave me a glass of whisky, adding, in a tone of much apparent sympathy with my uncomfortable condition, "Sure you have much need of the cratur." I decanted the glass, and in a few minutes thereafter found myself much refreshed. I then began to survey the interior of the habitation I was in, and such a deplorable picture of misery and destitution I have never before nor since beheld. It was sectioned into two apartments. In the one in which I was seated you would have seen nothing in the shape of furniture, if you except an article intended for a table, a pot, a jug, and the broken-backed chair on which I was sitting. In one corner of the apartment, if such it could be called, there were two pigs penned up. How they were fed in a place in which nothing but want and wretchedness stared you in the face is to me a mystery which I confess myself incapable of explaining. After I had sat above a quarter of an hour, a tall young man, with a countenance which bespoke a union of the stern with the melancholy, came towards me from the other apartment.

"You have been exposed to the rage of the elements I fear, young man," said he, addressing himself to me; and ere the words had died on his lips he sat down by the fire-side in a corner, on a block of wood.

I answered his interrogatory, for such I considered it, in the affirmative.

"And did you see any other person than yourself on the road since you were overtaken by the storm?" he continued.

"No one," was my answer.

Nothing further passed between this second stranger and myself, at this time. From the few words however which I heard him utter it struck me he was a Scotsman. There was, too, a certain something in his appearance and the manner in which he conducted himself that considerably excited in me a curiosity to know something more of his history. Still, in all the circumstances of the case, I did not deem it a matter of prudence to endeavour to gratify that curiosity by asking any questions in reference to his past life.

The stranger by whom I had been led into the hut now suggested to me that as I must be much exhausted with the fatigue I had lately undergone, I would better "lie down to rest," telling me at the same time there was a bed in the other apartment which I should be welcome to possess for the night. I thanked him for his hospitality, and intimated to him that I would gladly accept of his proffered kindness. I was accordingly shown to the bed, such as it was, in the other apartment. By this time it was past eight o'clock, and, though the rains had ere now entirely ceased, it had become somewhat dark in consequence of the shades of night beginning to fall. For about an hour and a half after I had stretched myself on the wretched pallet to which I had been shown my mind was so intently occupied in ruminating on the events of the past few hours that sleep deigned not to visit my eyes; but at the end of that time I fell into a partial slumber, from which, however, I was soon awakened by my imagination again bringing to my view the terrific scenes I had so lately witnessed.

The first thing I heard on awakening was a kind of conversation which the two strangers in whose cabin I was, were carrying on together in a low suppressed tone of voice. I caught one sentence quite distinctly, and that one was of fearfully ominous import to me. It was nothing else than the alarming question which the one put to the other, namely, "Whether shall we cut his throat or strangle him?" I could not, in all the circumstances of the case, doubt for a moment that I was the intended victim; and a feeling of the deepest horror came over me as the dreadful words fell on my ear. What was to be done?—Not a moment was to be lost, for the very next one might usher me into eternity. There was no window in the wretched apartment in which I was domiciled out at which I might make my escape, and to have attempted to get out by the door would have been equally fruitless, for, from the sound of their voices, I knew they were both at the door of my apartment. There seemed no possibility therefore of escape for me, and I considered my murder as a matter of certainty. A short pause to their whispering now ensued, during which I every moment expected to be hurried into the invisible world with all my sins and imperfections on my head. I even imagined, dark as it then was, that I saw my ruffian murderers, with the deadly weapon in their hands, standing by my bed-side and in

the very act of commencing the dreadful, the fatal operation. At this moment I heard distinctly another sentence escape one of them; it was the appalling question, "Are you ready?" An affirmative answer was instantly returned to it. The sound of the murderers' fingers opening the latchet of the door of the apartment in which I was situated then grated on my ears, and I imagined I already felt at my throat the keen edge of the instrument by which the fatal incision was to be made. O the horrors of that moment! I would not for ten thousand worlds endure a repetition of them. The exclamation and prayer was on my lips, "For Heaven's sake spare me!" when all at once a loud knock was given at the outer door, as if by some hard piece of wood, and I heard at the same moment the sound of several voices. One of the two assassins in the other apartment, whom I supposed from his pronunciation to be a Scotsman, instantly exclaimed, in half-frantic accents, "O God! I am a gone man!" And, just as the exclamation was uttered, I heard something fall on the ground, as if some sharp instrument of iron or steel. This was followed by the violent breaking up of the door by those on the outside, who immediately all, six in number, and well armed, rushed into the house, carrying a light with them. They swore they would instantly shoot the man who offered any resistance. Resistance indeed would have been madness; they both saw this, and therefore yielded themselves up prisoners. They were then handcuffed, and the party, officers of justice, who had come to apprehend them, were about to depart with their prisoners, when I, absolutely electrified with joy at so unexpected a deliverance at so critical a juncture, jumped out of bed, and, throwing on my trowsers, ran towards them and expressed my gratitude for their presence at such a crisis. The party were much surprised at seeing me under such circumstances, but a few words were sufficient to explain the whole matter.

I then flung on the rest of my clothes, wet as they were, and proceeded with the officers until we reached the place of my destination, which was in their way to the town of Dianey, and the road to which I had mistaken when overtaken by the late storm. Before I parted from my deliverers they stated to me that the two prisoners in whose hovel they had found me were apprehended on a charge of murder, committed in the neighbourhood of the place in which they resided, under circumstances of the greatest atrocity; that the murder in question had been committed that day three weeks, and that of the guilt of the prisoners there could be no rational doubt, from certain circumstances which had transpired. The prisoners themselves took no more notice of these observations than as if they had not heard them made.

I spent two days with the relations of my American friend formerly referred to, and then left their hospitable abode for my native country, which I reached in due course.

In the parish in which I had been born and educated, as in every other parish in the country, there was a church-yard. It was within a mile and a quarter of my father's house, the road to which lay close by it. In passing this repository of the dead, in which the remains of several of my relatives were interred, my attention was much ex-

cited by a young woman, who seemed as if amusing herself among the graves, principally by pulling and strewing on a particular spot small quantities of wild flowers and grass. She appeared perfectly unconscious that any stranger was present. I got two or three glances of her features, and felt persuaded, from the unmeaning vacancy of her looks, as well as from the wild incoherent ejaculations she now and then uttered, that she was labouring under the heaviest of all calamities—a bereavement of reason. In her features there were visible the remains of much former beauty, and from her manner, foolish as it was, it was evident that she had moved in rather a respectable sphere of life. It struck my mind most forcibly that the face of this unfortunate young woman had been formerly familiar to me, but still I could not identify her with any particular individual of my early acquaintances. Without uttering a word to the female stranger, I passed on until I met with an old man, one whom I had no recollection of having formerly seen when residing in the neighbourhood I enquired of him whether he knew any thing of the young woman in yonder church-yard, pointing to the Golgotha I had just passed. The old man answered, "O yes!—Poor creature!" he continued, "she was lately deprived of her reason by a mournful circumstance. She was"—

"To whom does she belong?" enquired I, interrupting my informant in the midst of his narrative.

"To a neighbouring farmer, Sir," was the answer.

"And pray what is the unfortunate's name?" I continued, feeling my curiosity to know the history of this young woman by this time wound up to the highest pitch.

"It is Matilda Gordon, Sir," answered my informant.

The words fell on my ears with a power I cannot describe—I felt as if a thunder-bolt had alighted on me; and, uttering a wild sort of exclamation, I fell back on a bank beside which I was standing, and for a few moments was unconscious of my existence. On partially recovering myself I arose and proceeded to my father's residence—feeling my joy at meeting with all my relations in perfectly good health strangely commingled with sorrow at what I had a few minutes previously seen and heard. In answer to the interrogatories I could not, though so long absent from them, help putting to my friends in relation to the recent history of Matilda, they informed me that the awful visitation which had bereft her of reason occurred about six weeks subsequent to the date of their last letter to me. That she had been married to my old acquaintance and class-fellow, Joseph Bennett; that some hours after the nuptial ceremony had been performed, and while the sound of charming music was delighting every ear, and all present at the marriage were pledging many a glass to the future happiness of the united pair, a person, wrapped in a cloak which covered the whole of his person excepting his face, and riding on a steed, knocked at the door of the house in which the solemn ritual had so recently been performed, and desired to speak for a moment with the bridegroom. A servant in waiting delivered the message, the bridegroom went to the door, when the stranger on horseback, without uttering a single word, plunged a dagger into his bosom,

and galloped off with the utmost speed. The bridegroom fell back on the ground; his groans were heard; a surgeon was sent for, but his skill was of no avail, the unfortunate man expired in five minutes after. The assassin had not then been discovered nor even so much as suspected.

On hearing of the dreadful occurrence the bride fell into a swoon, in which she continued for several minutes, at the end of which time returning consciousness once more visited her. It was only, however, to render her aware of the full extent of the calamity which had happened. The sun shone into her bed-chamber on the following morning, but ere his rays had alighted on the earth a dark cloud had enveloped the mind of the lovely bride—her intellects were deranged, her reason was gone. The murdered bridegroom was interred in the parish church-yard; it was on his grave, the grave of her lover—the grave of her husband—that the unhappy Matilda was strewing wild flowers and grass as I passed it that day.

When the agitation produced in my mind by the narration of the above facts had somewhat subsided, I made enquiry respecting my former most intimate acquaintances, and among the rest I enquired with peculiar solicitude what had become of my other associate and class-fellow, David Alshar. I was told by my friends that it was not in their power to give me any particular information in regard to him, that he had suddenly left his native village more than three months since, and that his relations neither knew the cause of his disappearance nor the place to which he had repaired. This intelligence gave me additional uneasiness of mind, and made me still more anxious to know something more of his mysterious history; but no one in the neighbourhood could furnish me with the desired information.

In about three weeks thereafter I read with horror in the Irish newspapers an account of the trial and execution of David Alshar, a native of the village of Ardmore, in the west of Scotland, for an atrocious murder committed by him and another individual, an Irishman, on a specified day in the neighbourhood of Romney, county of Limerick. The former of these murderers, I need not apprise the reader, was none other than the last survivor of the two bosom companions of my early life. The same Journal in which I first perused this horrible intelligence contained also a report of the confessions he had made to his jailor, on the night prior to his execution. It was by his hand that his and my early companion and friend, Joseph Bennett, had fallen. He had been prompted to the perpetration of the murderous deed when in a paroxysm of rage, produced in his mind by a mingled feeling of mortification and envy. He had solicited the hand of Matilda in marriage; she refused on the ground that she was already pledged to another. He felt so chagrined at the circumstance that in a few days thereafter he left the place, unknown to any body. On hearing—how he had been apprised of the fact does not appear—that she was to be married on a given day to Joseph Bennett, he made his appearance at the time, and the place, and in the manner referred to, and imbrued his hands in the blood of his rival friend.

He made his escape to Ireland, and had only been in that country a few days when he fell into company of the most profligate description. By these companions he was led on from one stage of criminality to another, until he and another individual committed the murder for which he was tried, convicted, and executed.

Such, I learnt on my return from America, was the fate of the three companions and bosom friends of my early life. I shall not attempt to describe the effect which the melancholy statement of their late history produced in my mind. Suffice it to say that, though a considerable period has elapsed since the occurrences in question took place, I have not yet recovered—and I fear never shall recover—from the shock my feelings have received.

J. G.

THE BRIDAL OF MAWORTH.

[We are enabled to present our readers with the following extracts from an unpublished poem under the name of "The Bridal of Maworth." When the work makes its appearance we shall call attention to its merits. The story is founded on historical truth, to which, however, the author had no regard in his catastrophe.—Ed.]

The chase is o'er, the stately hart lies low,
And far in silence weeps the widow'd doe;
Loudly, and long, triumphant bugles ring,
Hills call to hills, and woods to valleys sing;
The merry huntsmen, clad in sylvan garb,
Wind up the glade, and each on wearied barb.
All glorious to the west, declining day,
Effulgent rolls the tide of light away;
The flood of radiance on all nature breaks,
On streams, and mountains, towers, and craggy peaks,
Gilds the brown forests, beautifies the waste,
Tints the gray rock, and lingers there the last.
Thrice happy man! for whom all beauties shine,
Attun'd in mystic harmony divine:
Whose kindling spirit, with externals finds
Perfected concord, in harmonious minds:
The filmy cloud which floats in azure space,
Pure as a spirit, with a spirit's grace;
The varying blush of eve, the mountain's glow,
The long perspective sweetly spread below;
The songs of vocal groves, the peace which flows
From sounds of falling waves, and whisp'ring boughs,
Soft as the notes which murmuring caves prolong,
When gentle gales sigh forth their evening song;
These touch the soul; responsive to the hand,
Joy o'er its chords extends her magic wand;
To Nature's hand responsive; she alone
Thrills with a charm peculiarly her own,
Whose hand with chords melodious fill'd the breast,
She best can sound them, for she knows them best.
Is there, whose harsh, unorganized mind,
Acts but in discords? Such, alas! we find:
From earth's primordial, to the now which is,
The crimes of man have cancell'd half his bliss.

The chase is o'er, the stately hart lies low,
And homeward turn'd the weary hunters go;
They stop! What quarry opens on their view?
What means that cry? Oh! not the loud hallo!
But shrill and wild, from mountain cave to cave,
Black Horror shouts, and shakes the stern and brave:
Slow issuing from a fearful gorge, they bore
Two mangled corses! lost in wounds and gore:
In rude chamois, despoiled of every grace,
They knew their best companion in the chase,
Gils Beuth, whose skill and courage in the field,
Left age behind, and taught the bold to yield.
Close by his side his faithful squire they found,
Stripp'd of attire, and gash'd with many a wound.
Fast flew the tale, and soon an armed train
Mix'd with the group; the vassals of the slain:
They came, all burning for revenge, prepar'd
For that wild draught, to leave no deed undar'd;
Each madd'ning heart to double fierceness wrought,
Thus to behold the chieftain whom they sought,
He! the bright hope of an illustrious race,
Their youthful leader through the fight and chase,
Whose glowing ardour in the hour of strife
Scorn'd nature's bounds, disdaining thoughts of life;
And made age young, while warriors stood amaz'd,
And young hearts leap'd to manhood as they gaz'd.
Nor dreaded more than lov'd; for he had won
The common mind by feats of valour done;
And the frank bearing of an open soul
Had gain'd him those who seldom brook'd control:
And well to-day's unwonted stir has shown,
Who work'd his death, have cause to dread their own.

And whose the crime? Unknown that fearful vale,
But those around had told full many a tale
Of horrid import; deeds of that wild hand,
The outlaw'd serf, and his night-scaring band:
Him, they denounce,—no proofs are needed there,
The foe too hated, and revenge too dear;
Enough to know, in that detested glen,
The robber's haunt, perchance his secret den,
Was found their murder'd lord:—a trail of blood
Led to the spot where gush'd in one full flood
The warm life from his breast: around them lay
The signs of desp'rate, but unequal fray.
From thence, a wintry torrent's craggy bed,
To beaten paths, and op'ner country led;
And it would seem, his steps had been beguil'd,
By that rude track, too far into the wild.
The steeds away, the arms and vesture gone,
Alone betray'd what hands the deed had done.
High heav'd each burning breast, and words of flame
Burst wildly forth, all utt'ring Ranulph's name.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

As falls and rises ocean's azure breast,
When only inward sorrows break her rest,

In gentle undulation, slow and long,
Wave blends with wave, then sinks amid the throng,
Absorbing and absorb'd; each melts and dies
Like summer clouds in bright Ausonian skies:
So mov'd the notes, whose ceaseless changes grew,
To ears a spell, as ocean to the view;
Still reaching higher sweetness as they rose,
And gath'ring deeper pathos at each close,
Till dying off in low and plaintive wail,
More sweet than song of dove or nightingale,
Or Memnon's airy harpings to the day,
The last soft strain in music pass'd away:
Like the last wave which heaves upon the shore,
When the sunk pebble moves the stream no more.
The voice was mute, the music ceas'd to sound,
The heavn's were still, 'twas stillness all around,
The silent night-dew beauty's flower was sleeping,
The zephyr's slept; the happy lake lay sleeping;
Calm was the mountain; quiet was the vale;
Hush'd were the woods; and echo told no tale;
Sweet Peace sat list'ning in her lone alcove;
And gaz'd, and mus'd, her ev'ry musing love:
List'ning, she seem'd the breathless calm to hear,
Or sounds so faint they reach'd no ruder ear.

* * * * *

Array'd in beauty, sat within her bower,
The young enchantress of that pleasing hour:
Lovely as that half-heav'nly form, whose eyes
First smil'd at light in holy paradise.
Oh! who could look on Ada's eyes of blue,
Nor think of heav'n, from whence their light they drew;
Oh! who could gaze upon the bright blue skies,
Nor turn once more to look on Ada's eyes.

* * * * *

Pure as young Innocence, whose vision greets
With heav'nly light each gentle flow'r it meets:
A soul, alas! so buoyant in its gladness,
One trifling sorrow could o'erwhelm with sadness.
With head upon her bended arm declining,
With fond blue eye in dewy moisture shining,
She gaz'd upon her lover-chief, who sate
With folded arms, and looks disconsolate;
Thoughtful he seem'd, and, gath'ring o'er his brow,
Rose marks of feeling, deep'ning into woe:
And as she gaz'd the pearly drops which hung
Beneath each silken lash more faintly clung,
And, trembling, like two silver stars they fell,
And told the tale such meteors ever tell.
They fell unheeded; in her hand she took
Her harp once more, and joy illum'd her look,
And o'er its chords her fairy hand was flung,
As thus in happier strains her simple lay she sung.

* * * * * *

And Ada turns to meet her lover's smile,
Unmov'd, and clouded, he had sat the while;

And not a word, or look, or whisper'd tone,
Of his, assures her he is still her own:
And scarce forbears he—why she cannot tell,
To half avert the face she loves so well;
She kneels before him, and her glance is rais'd
To meet his own, as thoughtful down it gaz'd;
And o'er his brows her snowy fingers play,
Like sunbeams chasing darkest clouds away:
What! still no smile! Oh, thou some grief hast got,
Too long conceal'd, since Ada knows it not;
But I must know it—dars't thou to refuse,
Thou shalt not—come—thy own—thy Ada sues.
In vain:—whate'er his gloominess of heart,
It haunts him still, nor will again depart.
She rose—one moment viewed him as he sate,
She could no more—her heart was desolate;
Fast beat that heart, and quicker moved that breast,
Nor heeded more, whose much-lov'd hands caressed,
But in her robes she hid her deep distress,
And sobb'd aloud her bosom's bitterness.

"Ada! my own lov'd Ada!"—but her grief
Flows uncontrolled, nor will admit relief,
And fades to paleness now the rosy hue
Which late o'er face and heaving bosom flew,
And o'er her bends, with anguish on his brow,
The gloomy chief,—her anxious lover now:
"My love—my Ada—dearest—Oh, forgive
The sullen gloom which thus could make thee grieve.
So much these bold marauders have perplex'd
My hours of late, my harassed soul was vex'd,
And brooding how to rid me of the pest,
I scarce remembered I was Ada's guest.
Oh! Speak!—I would thy tongue had learn'd to chide,
That I might sit in penance by thy side.
Nay, cease to weep!—my soul's solicitude
Would make atonement for an act so rude.
Thou know'st, my love, how prone I yet have been
To hear the sadder voice of every scene;
Full oft thy playful fondness has beguiled
Thoughts dark as these, till grief in mirth has smiled;
And thou hast said, when such my mood of yore,
My melancholy made thee love me more.
My heart, like some dark rock, hath stood alone,
Thou the pale flower beneath its shadow grown,
The only verdure on a spot so bare,
But oh! how loved by him who finds thee there:
'Tis strange such tender purity should cling
To the drear rock, which chills each hardier thing.
Oh! smile!—it were the darkest of my doom,
To blast thy fair young beauties with my gloom."
He rais'd her drooping form—their mutual glance
Is beaming gladness in its happy trance.
Away, away, dark world of fears and cares,
Nor mar the one blest moment which is theirs.

And Ada smiles again like some bright stream
When fled the cloud which had obscured the beam:

"Nay, blame me not—I saw such sorrows sweep
Across thy brow, I could not choose but weep;
And much I strove to soothe—but all in vain,
It would not be—thy sadness came again;
And then I thought—in sooth, a simple thought,
'Twas fancy's dream—that thou didst love me not:
But thou dost love me? I could never live
Didst thou not love me—silly 'twas to grieve.
But oh! such care seem'd gathered on thy brow,
I knew not then—'twas strange—I wonder now.
More sorrow than their wont thy features wore,
And looks I had not learn'd as thine before;
And then I deem'd thee angry; but I know
'Twas not with me, for thou hast told me so.
But we are happy now—doubt not thy hand
Shall soon disperse the daring outlaw's band,
And soon in triumph shall my conqu'ror come,
And captive bring their fetter'd leader home;
And I will sit upon my turret's height
The livelong day, to see thee come at night,
And vengeance shall to thee and Heaven be given
On him! the excommunicate of Heaven,
Accurst! who slew—but why that sudden start?
So much thou dost abhor him in thy heart—
Who slew thy guest, nay more, thy friend approved,
For still the brave are by the brave beloved."
* * * * * *

Slowly, and stately o'er his form he threw
His sable cloak, and thoughtful thence withdrew.
The Squire's approach announced that ready wait
His num'rous escort mounted at the gate.
They ask his will. "For Maworth," briefly said.
In silence onward moved the cavalcade,
And soon around its echoing court-yard rung
The clang of hoofs and arms, as warriors flung
Themselves from horse. He bade his troops be drawn
In ready order with the earliest dawn;
Then once again retired, but not to rest.
Alas! repose was not for such a breast.

Around the faggot's cheerful blaze in swarms
The summoned foll'wers furbish various arms,
Or in carouse or converse wile away
The hours which part them from the coming day,
When hue and cry, and horn, and hound, and spear
Must hunt to slay the outlawed Borderer.
Far through the window, in the dusky night,
Is seen the balefires' melancholy light:
Apart, in groups, recounting many a tale
Of Ranulph, some sit, mutt'ring low, and pale;
The bold deride the weakness which would throw
Mystery o'er deeds themselves had power to do.
The curious wondering still of what none knew,
With added surmise, proved conjecture true.
"'Twas strange—what meant the gloom their chieftain wore,
Why liv'd he more retired than heretofore?
His halls were silent, and but seldom guest
Partook of cheer his coldness slightly press'd:

Ne'er altered much his fixed and constant gaze,
Save when remembrance changed it to amaze.
Why knelt he long, with arms in suppliance crossed,
Before the shrine in beauteous Lanercost?
Why had his hand such lavish wealth bestowed
To rear those walls so sumptuously endowed?
Alone he passed the solitary day,
Or with some holy priest retired to pray;
And nightly sought his chapel's dreary aisle,
Where rows of dead in ghastly sculpture smile.
There were who knew, but would with caution tell,
Lest that was proved which not to know was well.
But, on the night young Beuth was lost, the clang
Of clashing arms within the castle rang,
And through the gates, locked trebly fast and barred,
Dusk figures glided by the trembling guard.
Nay more, a body, dripping with its blood,
Two murd'rers bore away into the wood.
'Twas strange!—and then for these portents a cause,
Ranulph could long defy the warden laws
When Scotland's David and Earl Hen'ry came
Against their lord, to urge the Saxon's claim,
Gils Beuth's, whose sudden death had brought such change
As now they witnessed,—'twas to them most strange."
Thus circling on the busy whisper sped.
" But what to them what meddling Saxon bled?
Lord Robert sure his pleasure's will might do,
If not on friends, at least upon a foe;
They were his vassals, and whate'er his will
'Twas theirs to honour with submission still."

Such were the tales with which suspicion chained
His servants' ears, and long in pairs detained.
More darkly certain from each tongue they grew,
And repetition proved them wholly true.
First a stray word, with skilful bias sent
Wide of the mark, but true to the intent.
Then half a hint, but, lest revealed too plain,
With dext'rous double home it runs again:
Then more direct. " Strange words had struck an ear
Which chance intruded on his walks too near."
Thus plain, all's told, they wonder it should strike
Others the same—" how strange! all thought alike!"
What long had shocked some individual breast,
Told but to one, electrifies the rest;
And, since no hearer wishes to refute
His own belief, 'tis placed beyond dispute.

ON THE COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS OF THE SEXES.

The question has been repeatedly propounded for discussion whether the greatest proportion of human happiness falls to the lot of man or woman, taking each of the sexes in the aggregate. Our conviction is, that the male enjoys a greater measure of happiness than the female portion of mankind.

In enumerating a few of the grounds on which we rest our hypothesis, we shall advert to both sexes in the two great divisions of human life—the single and the married.

An unmarried woman, when mingling in society, invariably appears in an assumed character. She is bound hand and foot by those arbitrary laws of propriety which pass current in society. If she venture to express her indignation in ordinary terms at any real or supposed unjust usage she has received, she is looked on as a virago, and is pronounced a second Xantippe. She is restrained in the infinite majority of cases from divulging to any of her acquaintances those feelings which most powerfully actuate her bosom, lest in so doing she should be reposing confidence in a treacherous friend. Even in the ordinary matters of eating and drinking she frequently labours under an unpleasant restraint. The cravings of nature must be immolated on the shrine of a misnamed propriety. And when she constitutes one of a party for whose enjoyment the toddy bowl is placed on the table, or any kind of ardent spirits are to be quaffed, it is doubly necessary she should be on her guard, lest by gratifying her taste she should violate the rules which society has established on such occasions; and one slight abrogation of these rules in the instance in question. In other words, were she to evince the least symptom of intoxication, it would prove ruinous of her character and utterly destructive of her prospects in life; no extenuating plea would be admitted on her behalf. Girls are duly aware of all this; and hence are in a state of perpetual fear of falling into such error, and consequently must feel so unremitting an attempt to conduct themselves in consonance with the regulations of society a work at once of great difficulty and of much unpleasantness.

From these sources of unhappiness men are comparatively exempted. A man does not in any sensible degree lower himself in the estimation of society by expressing himself in any company with perfect freedom, provided there be nothing exceptionable in the terms themselves which he makes use of, respecting any actual or imagined just treatment he may have received at the hands of another. Nor does he endure a twentieth part of the infelicity which falls to the lot of the other sex from misplaced confidence, or from being obliged to conceal in his own mind what it would have afforded him relief to have revealed to a friend or acquaintance; for, in the first place, he has not a twentieth part of the secrets to communicate which woman has; nor, secondly, when he does make a confidant of another, is the

trust he reposes in such acquaintance so often betrayed as in the case of the other sex. In the article of victualling or banquetting, again, it is not necessary that he should subject himself to restraint, provided he be not a glutton altogether. The demands of nature and the views of propriety established in society are in this case, in so far as he is concerned, precisely the same. And as it respects drinking —to use the term in most common parlance—it is scarcely looked on as dishonourable in man, however great may be the devotedness with which he does homage to the bottle. Nay, the man who gets thoroughly inebriated six if not seven times a week, can hold up his head—such are the absurd rules and regulations on the subject of morals and manners among us—as boldly and unblushingly as he who never in this regard allowed his "reason to be taken prisoner."

There is another most fruitful source of infelicity to females, whether single or married, but particularly in the former case, namely, in the prevalence of calumny among them. Although it be a failing, to characterise it by no harsher name, in almost every female to indulge occasionally in sly insinuations, and sometimes to make unequivocal averments respecting the conduct of her acquaintances, all of them are most sensitively alive to any such remarks when made on themselves. Every one, in short, who knows any thing of the history of women, must be aware that, to use a homely but expressive phrase, they are almost constantly in a state of "hot water" in consequence of these derogatory remarks in perpetual circulation among them.

Men, in this regard, also enjoy a great advantage over the sex. It is seldom indeed, speaking comparatively, that they deal to any extent in scandal; nor do those of them in respect to whom derogatory observations are made feel an equally keen sensibility with women to such observations.

There is nothing more generally taken for granted by those who look only at the superficies of things, than that unmarried females derive much happiness from their dress. This is a grievous mistake. Notwithstanding the intense interest they obviously feel in every thing that relates to apparel, and the many hours they spend at the toilette, none of themselves who have any regard to the truth will pretend that their dress, on the whole, is a source of felicity to them. It does, on the contrary, in most cases essentially contribute towards the embittering of their existence. The most trivial disarrangement in their dress is of itself sufficient to neutralise all the pleasures of the ball-room or the party.

Our sex pay comparatively little attention to the apparelling of themselves, and consequently are proportionally less liable to be annoyed by any disconcertion of their attire. Add to which that from the very form and nature of their dress it is infinitely less susceptible of being soiled or disarranged.

But it is more especially in "affairs of the heart" that man has the advantage over the other sex. The tender passion, it is acknowledged on all hands, finds a much more congenial soil in the breast of woman than in that of man. From the time indeed at which she has attained the middle of her teens until she has reached the unfortunate side

of forty, her entire history is one of love. She generally centres her most affectionate regards on one object, and is doomed, from the etiquette of society to cherish her loves in the solitude of her own bosom, carefully concealed, not from the world merely, but from him also on whom her affections are placed—unless it should so happen that he had previously fixed his regards on her, and had seriously apprised her of the fact. And little, indeed, does the male world know, and less does it sympathetically think of the miserable existence which many a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished female is fated to drag out in consequence of cherishing emotions of ardent love towards some object, but which, though luxuriating in her own heart, she dare not either disclose to the object loved or to the world. Nay, so far from unequivocally developing to the idol of her soul the ascendancy he has obtained over her, she cannot even venture to convey to him an intimation that she is particularly partial to his company, and thus secure to herself even a distant chance that his heart also may be impressed with a conviction of her good mental qualities or her personal attractions. No: she must trust to the tender mercies of Fate whether she shall ever be even on a footing of intimacy with him she loves; and, even if this should be her good fortune, she can do nothing by words or actions herself; but must leave it entirely to his own caprice or fancy, or whatever else it may be termed, whether their acquaintance together shall ripen into love and be consummated at the Hymeneal altar. Were our sex more intimately conversant than they are with the history of the other, they would not need to be told that there are thousands of the best and most beautiful of womankind who brood over in the sanctuary of their own bosoms unrevealed and unrequited love, until the vitals of the constitution are impaired, and they have prepared for themselves a premature gave. Yes, indeed, it occurs with a painful frequency that a lovely female sacrifices by an invisible, but not less real process, her own life to the ardency and constancy of her regards to one who was perfectly ignorant that he had ever been the subject of one single thought of hers.

How different is the case with man when he has fixed his affections on any individual member of "the fairest of creation's works!" Though not hitherto on terms of intimacy with her, he can have no difficulty, provided there be no striking disparity between their respective stations in society, of forming a familiar acquaintanceship with her. And then it is his province to develope to her the estimation in which she is held by him, and thus by disclosing his love to her, most probably beget on her part a similar feeling towards himself. Or should it so happen that her heart had been previously gained by another, or that for any other reason she felt indisposed to encourage the attentions of the supposed suitor, then there is an end at once to the matter, his suspense is removed, and, instead of long ruminating over the disappointment, he will transfer his affections to some other object.

Witness again the advantages which the male possesses over the female sex in the most important of all human transactions—that of marriage. Man alone has the privilege of choosing who shall be his partner in life. He can range through the whole circle of his female

acquaintances, and then solicit the hand of her who to his mind is the *beau ideal* of what a wife ought to be; and, in the event of her rejection of the tender, he can make the same offer to the next one deepest in his affections. With a female the case is the very reverse. She is debarred from making any proposal to our sex in regard to marriage. She must wait until some such proposal is made to herself before she can utter a word on the subject; and then it is seldom indeed that she has sufficient time allowed her to come to an enlightened and judicious conclusion in regard to the matter. An immediate answer—one of acceptance or rejection—is in the vast majority of cases insisted on; so that the very haste in which she must decide as to the most momentous step of her life renders it probable that the decision will be a wrong one. If she have serious objections to the individual who proffers her his hand, those objections are often overlooked, lest by assigning them their due weight and rejecting the suitor, she deprive herself of the only opportunity which will be ever furnished her of entering into that state into which all of the female sex are most solicitous to enter. It often happens, on the other hand, that a young girl rejects the addresses of one lover under the erroneous impression that she will by and by be asked by another towards whom she feels a greater partiality; and thus declines the only such offer—it may be a valuable one—ever made to her at all. And the remorse and misery which such a female must experience when she learns either that he on whom she had confided has united himself to another, or that from other causes she has nothing but Old Maidship in prospect, will be better conceived than it were possible to describe them.

And if we contemplate the two sexes in the married state, we perceive abundant reason to adopt the conclusion that in it also the male sex is happier than the other. Women are pent up at home, and doomed to endure the same domestic monotony day after day — to prepare the food of the family and superintend a thousand other concerns connected with the house. Men, on the other hand, are always moving about and witnessing an agreeable variety in the affairs of the world. They have only, in most cases, to sit down at the table and masticate their victuals and then depart again without feeling the slightest concern, comparatively speaking, in domestic matters.

And, in the event of the married pair having children, almost all the trouble of bringing up these falls to the lot of the poor wife. It is hers to administer to their thousand little necessities, to hear their cries, and to sympathize with their distresses. She is, in short, the victim, if we may so express ourselves, of domestic duties.

To all this it should be added, that there are many circumstances of a physical nature which contribute in a great measure to the unhappiness of woman from which man is exempted.

On the grounds therefore to which we have slightly adverted, we rest our hypothesis that, taken in the aggregate, the male are much more happy than the female sex.

What then are the practical inferences which should be deduced from such a fact? Assuredly that, since Nature and circumstances

have conspired together to make women's existence in this world less happy than that of man, it is our duty to become the counseller and protector of the sex, and to exert ourselves to the utmost of our power to render their journey through life as smooth and agreeable as possible. But, alas! how often instead of this do we, by our unfeeling and reckless conduct towards woman, add immeasurably to those woes which Nature, and circumstances over which human agency has no control, ordained as her earthly portion.

† †

HALF HOURS.

[We are indebted for the Series of papers of which this is the commencement to a writer of distinguished reputation. We regret, for the sake of the readers of the *Monthly*, that our Contributor wishes in this instance to preserve the anonymous.—Ed.]

A GREAT deal of time is lost in considering and contriving how we shall employ the present half hour—that is to say, it seems hardly worth thinking about; therefore we are very apt to put it to no other use. The illustrious Peer who gave us a specimen of his "Hours of Idleness," has left on record no example concerning Half Hours, save what may be gathered in the way of moral, and by converse, from his later works, some of which plainly indicate that he had no very distinct sense of the fractional value of time. The half hours, the odds and ends of life, are manifestly the most difficult portions to manage, for you never knew a man yet in the habit of saying, "I will be with you in half an hour," or "I will do it in half a minute," who kept to his time. "Take care of your pence, and your pounds will take care of themselves," is a maxim full of wisdom. Hours are round and respectable sums, which we feel and know are not to be neglected with impunity. The laziest man living will not engage in broad day-light, and wide awake, to sit still doing nothing for an hour—conscience will not permit him! The "present hour" is, indeed, according to the moralists, even apt to hold *too* high a place in our estimation; but the present *half* hour, no one has hitherto, I think, taken into due account, nor written very strenuously either for or against. It seems to be considered too insignificant for mighty efforts, too short for completeness—the very *term* is a damper to enterprise; so we resign ourselves to vague speculations about it, and it slips away before we have made up our minds. Goëthe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," recommends that a man should first "make himself acquainted with his own aims, and then fix, and persevere in them;" on first reading which, it struck me to be something very odd and pleasant to suppose that any man did not know his own aims, or that this might possibly be a mistranslation of the German sage (whose language I was not acquainted with), having heard that foreign books are sometimes paged into English, dictionary-fashion, without the drudgery of an *apprenticeship* to grammars and idioms; but a somewhat painful examination into the history of half hours, as will be explained hereafter, has convinced me that Goëthe knew what he said, and that his translator knew

what he meant, with or without a German grammar. Never tell me that a man knows his own aims, that he has any one predominating interest in view, who can spend more than fifteen minutes contriving what he is to do next! I have known several very good natured well-meaning persons who invariably happened to do precisely what they did not *intend* to do; and, upon comparing notes with them (from some passages in my own life of a like enigmatical character), I became satisfied that they owed their mistakes, firstly, to not knowing their own aims, and, secondly, to employing too long time in endeavouring to find them out; whereby resolution became drowsy, and they stumbled the wrong way. The author of the "Sorrows of Werter," provides, too, for this dilemma, by advising that we should always do the work first that lies nearest at hand, which of course would put an end to the debate about precedency. The neglect of this rule is indeed a fertile source of confusion in the winding up of accounts; and I think it will be found that a great deal of unnecessary fatigue may be traced to this neglect, besides the squandering of innumerable half hours—inasmuch as a straightforward path conducts sooner to your journey's end than a zig-zag one. The German philosopher doubtless gave his advice in both instances from experience, and wrote feelingly. He would not have been in early life the advocate of suicide, and his hero weary of all things under the sun, especially as he was himself a passionate admirer of physical nature, if he had then been in possession of these valuable rules! With transcendent powers of intellect, and a tolerable gift of moral sensibility, he ranged the "mystery of the universe" (as Madame de Stael has it), during seventy years—sentimentalist, deist, atheist, dramatist, demonologist, theologist, every sort of ist, before he fixed upon the work nearest at hand—the knowledge of himself—and it was not till he found himself approaching the brink, towards the solution of his own share in "the mystery," that he began seriously to examine what might be his own peculiar and individual concern in the responsibilities of time, and to settle *his aims* with reference to something to come beyond it. To be sure, Lord Byron and Goëthe were both tremendous idlers of half hours, and utterly ignorant of their own aims, long after their minority! But it is beyond my grasp and purpose to analyse their gigantic eccentricities —as well might I pretend to acquaintance with the comet's path. Prudently retreating from "criticisms and comparisons," be it my humbler aim to draw wisdom from their experience, and to adopt forthwith the lesson afforded me by the latter. Years, not half hours, have I spent in considering what I should do next, without having either the genius or the variety of knowledge of those illustrious men to puzzle my choice. My own aims I am pretty sure about, though "persevering" in them I have found to be a difficulty; but I have always been haunted with an uneasy notion that idleness is a vice. Cotton Mather says it is "the most violent of all our passions." I am determined that it shall no longer lay hands on my half hours; and as I may not have many remaining, and can never get back the thousand and one I have expended in ruminating upon hints for tragedies, skeletons of fashionable life, novels, segments of

systems, theories concerning the origin of evil, and more especially a favourite glimpse I once had of a scheme for demonstrating *justice* to be the one supreme and inalienable principle,—something in the way of Leslie's "Short Method," but which I found too long to be written, as well as reflected upon, in half an hour, it is my intention henceforward to employ those much-neglected fragments of time, whenever they come upon me *suitors*, for employment, or, in other words, whenever I am at a loss what to do with them, in writing down the story or the cogitations of the half hour last past, which I hold to come within Goëthe's rule, being unquestionably as near at hand as the half hour just entered upon, and better secured against accidents. This plan of redeeming time will certainly, if any thing can, insure me against being "half an hour too late," a peril which has been well illustrated by a contemporary writer, one of the *few*, I believe, who have touched upon half hours—but I regret that, owing to a defective memory, I am unable to *thank* the sprightly individual by name to whom I am indebted for the salutary warning which I met with the other day when skimming the pages of fourteen of the little books called Annuals, a class numerous and volatile as the swallow tribe, with which they have several points of resemblance besides the term designating their periodical visitation; but these I need not point out to their ten millions of industrious readers. Eli Bates, for whose good sense, eloquence, and piety I entertain sincere veneration, has the only other written mention I can recollect concerning the half hour. In this truly Christian, philosophical treatise, entitled "Rural Retirement," which, I have the candour to acknowledge, those who are induced to look into my pages for instruction would have a chance of being still more edified by turning to, he has the following passage, which, as I long ago copied it into my commonplace book, I can take upon me distinctly to quote.—"Men in general had rather read twenty volumes, and hear many more sermons, than sit down half an hour to close solitary meditation." This remark does not indeed exalt the importance of the half hour, though it shows plainly the estimation in which it is generally held, by exhibiting it antithetically as the very *minimum* of man's idleness (I was directed to the meaning of this learned word by a laugh in the House of Commons the other day, which I mention because I do not profess learning, and therefore like to give my authorities), nevertheless, I am happy to quote an opinion bearing reference to the subject of my patronage from so excellent and plain-dealing a writer, inasmuch as it likewise includes the best apology I can offer for the loss to the world of letters of the thousand and one half hours aforesaid. All my life long have I been wishing and intending to immortalize myself by my pen, but was constantly deterred from performance by some ill-timed recurrence of the notion that close solitary meditation was a pre-requisite,—the above affirmed difficulty of which was heightened, in my instance, by my active and gregarious pursuits as a votary of fashion! "Solitary" was out of the question; and "close meditation" disagreed with the peculiar tone and with the autocratic revolutivenes of my imaginative faculty, which, to own the truth, bore in times past too lively a resemblance to the volatile and fly-feeding

tribe elsewhere alluded to. I mean no pun, which I detest, when I say that a passionate love of letters made me eagerly acquaint myself with the initials of every thing that came in my way; but I never could chain myself down to study; so that I can solemnly and conscientiously affirm my progress in drawing upon the wisdom of others has not been such as can reasonably endanger my claims to originality in any one department of literature, now that I have come to the resolution of setting up for myself. But under the delusion that study was necessary, and half hours insufficient for the maturing of wisdom, I should probably never have arrived at this resolution if it had been my lot to live in any other than the present "talented" era, in which I am mightily encouraged by example, seeing it to be morally impossible for much time or deep study to have been expended by many of our most popular writers, whose leaves outnumber Valambrosas, and that every body capable of handling a pen—and who is not?—takes to writing (as Madame de Sevigné says her daughter's country neighbours loved virtue) as naturally as horses trot. It may perhaps be hinted, when writers thus abound, that my lucubrations, so long delayed, could the better be spared; but as it was long ago agreed that no man was fit to depart this life who had not either performed some action worthy of being recorded, or written something deserving of being read, I hope I may be pardoned for presuming upon numerical authority, that between the horns of this dilemma the latter alternative has been concluded upon to be the easiest, and the best suited to the exigencies of this our day. It is quite evident, however, that nothing can be done where nothing is attempted. That man had a just respect for human nature, and I dare say no undue appreciation of his own powers, whose only doubt concerning his capability of playing upon the violin arose from his never having tried it.

The reproach I have so many years laboured under of doing every thing by halves will be appropriately and gloriously atoned if, before I go hence, I can succeed in rearing a beacon for other geniuses—the persons most apt to soar into miscalculations respecting the uses of times and things present, by calling their attention to this homely adage, that "half resolves, half measures, and half performances invariably mark the man who makes light of half hours."

Z.

A DREAM.

Our dreams—they are the ministers of some mysterious power
To prove that our most hidden thoughts have one unguarded hour;
They raise dead memories from the grave; they mingle time and space;
They haunt us with strange auguries whose source we may not trace.

We know them false, yet leave they oft some heaviness behind,
So swift and yet so life-like floats the vision o'er the mind,
So strangely in our slumber the heart's jarring strings agree,
My life, my love, my Adelheid, last night I dreamt of *thee*.

I stood within a thronged saloon—a rich and gorgeous scene—
Thyself, 'midst star, and gem, and plume didst shine, that revel's queen—
No bidden guest was I—a spell upon my heart was laid;
I stood, unheard, unseen by all—a spirit and a shade.

A stranger stood beside thee there—was it his sparkling eye
That made a thousand glittering forms sweep all unheeded by?
To the low murmur of his tone did the rich music fail?
Was it the flushing of his cheek that made thine own so pale?

Ah me! how writhed my captive heart beneath its strange control!
The chain which bound that hated sleep upon my struggling soul.
I could not speak—I could not move—I could but inly pray
That from my spirit the dark dream might quickly pass away.

He stood, and, bending, whispered thee, by all but me unheard,
So close, thy bright locks waved aside in the breath of each low word—
He led thee from the wassail throng—perchance it did appear
Too many gay ones hovered round his traitor's tale to hear.

He led thee where the myrtle wove a dim and green arcade,
Sweetly—oh, sweetly on the ear the distant music played;
And there he told of lordly towers, and lands the rich and broad,
And crowding vassals who would hail the princess of their lord.

His voice grew soft—he spoke of shades beyond the southern sea,
His native shades—the green, the fair, where only love might be.
And then I heard thee swear, in tones I knew and loved too well,
To seek that far and quiet home, with love and him to dwell.

And he did clasp thee—serpent-like his hated arm was twined
Around that white and heaving breast that once on mine reclined;
But then the weary dream was o'er—the chain in sunder flew—
I woke—I saw this token—and I *felt* that thou wert true.

W. H. S.

THE WATCH TOWER OF KOAT-VEU.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

PREFACE.

This novel has gained considerable popularity in France, and in a philosophic sense it may be deserving of its favour.—It is one of several by the same author, written expressly for the purpose of exposing the state of scepticism at present prevailing amongst a large proportion of the French people. In his preface he explains his views very distinctly in a single paragraph: he says, "Every age having its peculiar expression and indelible character, it appeared to me that the most prominent and decisive feature of the present age is *un des enchantement profond et amer*, which has its source in the thousand social and political deceptions by which we have been mocked, a spirit incontestibly proved by the organic and constituent materialism of our epoch." Again, in stating that the present age has been characterized by the majority of writers as a "*siecle positif*," he continues, "According to the acceptation which the liberal, progressive, and philosophic party give to this word, it appears to me that *siecle positif et materialiste*, or *desenchanté et athée*, is one and the same." All the characters have been carefully drawn under a full impression of the wretchedness of mind produced by religious scepticism, and with a view to prove satisfactorily the existence of a future state. If, therefore, it should be objected that the continuity and uniformity of the story is occasionally broken, English readers will understand that the object of the author has been rather to pourtray character and evolve results than to follow the plan of a consecutive story which is more familiar to them.

Chapter I.

Towards the close of the month of September, 1780, a lady on horseback, followed by her esquire, appearing to quit the margin of of the ocean, and make her way inwards towards the country, clambered the mountain of Fal-Goët, which is situated near the little town of St. Renan, on the coast of Brittany.

Having reached the summit of the mountain, the lady reined in her steed, as if to enjoy the majestic picture which spread before her view.

In the west the sun was setting behind the rocky isles, half veiled in the vapoury mists of evening, and streaked with long crests of crimson the light waves as they broke playfully upon the coast. On the north rose the turrets of the castle of Kervan. Its tall spires, glittering in the last rays of departing day, towered over the dense masses of green foliage of the forest of Ar-Toel-Cout, already darkening in the shade. On the east were verdant meadows divided by luxuriant hedgerows of hawthorn, which serve as fences to all the fields of Brittany, and these spangled by a thousand flowerets, were encompassed by the mountains of Arrès, whose heather slopes bristled with the forms of yews and pines. And on the south, St.

Renan, with its Gothic spire and rugged steeple of gray stone, was already mantled by the evening dusk and by a light mist that hovered over the little river of Hell-Arr, whose cool and limpid waters flowed through the bosom of the valley.

The lady of whom we speak was dressed after the English fashion in a black riding-habit, which displayed a tall person. By a movement which she made in throwing aside the veil which surrounded her hat, her face was seen to be youthful, beautiful, pale, and of a dark complexion.

Withdrawing one of her gloves, she passed a delicate and taper hand over her black tresses, smooth and unpowdered, upon her forehead, then held it above her finely arched brows, doubtless to screen her eyes from the dazzling rays of the setting sun.

It could hardly be conceived how much this last golden reflection of the sun, spreading upon this pale and beautiful face, gave to it life and brilliancy, how much the warm rays of this glowing light harmonized with the energetic character of these features; one would have taken it for a noble portrait of Murillo, whose powerful effect alone displays itself in all its splendour beneath the fires of a Spanish sun.

After the lady had looked several minutes with great attention towards the north-west, a kind of signal, a white streamer, waved for an instant upon the summit of a ruined tower built upon the rocks very near the shore, and then disappeared.

At sight of this the lady's eyes brightened, her brow was suffused with crimson, her cheeks empurpled, and she pressed her hands with force upon her lips, as if to send a kiss of love, when, knitting her dark brows and drawing down her veil, she gave a smart switch to her horse and galloped down the side of Fal-Goët with fearful raidity.

"Her grace the duchess does not consider," exclaimed the squire, approaching his mistress a little nearer than he had hitherto done, "Coronella has good legs—but this road is frightful."

This was said in pure Castillian, with that tone of respectful remonstrance which is sometimes taken by an old and faithful servant.

"Silence, Perez," answered the duchess in the same language, as she urged still faster, if it were possible, the speed of her palfrey.

The old esquire was hushed; but it was easy to perceive the interest which he took in his mistress by the uneasy and painful attention with which he followed every movement of Coronella, without paying any regard to his own horse.

As the old man had said, Coronella had good legs, so that in spite of the inequalities, the hollows, and the channels which furrow all the roads in Lower Brittany, she made not a single false step.

Perez, nevertheless, did not breathe freely until he saw his mistress, having reached the foot of the mountain, follow a deep avenue which led to the castle of Kervan.

Perez appeared to be about fifty years of age. He was thin and of a tawny complexion, like a Spaniard of the south. A flat three-cornered hat, with rolled brim, ornamented with a red cockade, covered his rolled and powdered hair. He was dressed in a black

coat and waistcoat, white leather breeches, and high loose boots, which sat tight round the knee. The only sign of servitude which he bore was an armorial plate which secured a belt of green and red fringed with gold, in which was hung a hunting-knife; the same crest was also seen upon the studs of the bridle and upon the black pummel of the saddle.

His horse was followed by an enormous shaggy greyhound. When the duchess was within a short distance of the gate Perez gave the rein to his courser, raised his hat on passing by the side of his mistress, and hastened to announce her arrival to the servants.

Her servants were clad in mourning, and bore upon the left shoulder an epaulette of green and red ribbons fringed with gold.

The old esquire gave up the horses to the charge of the grooms, but went himself to the stables to see that Coronella was carefully attended to.

When he had satisfied himself that nothing was neglected for the well-being of his favourite palfrey he returned, aud rested near the bridge which separates the grand court-yard from the outer court.

"God save you, Donna Juanna," said the esquire to a woman about his own age, dressed in the Spanish costume—mantle, petticoat, and monillo of black cloth.

"Good day, Perez. What news?"

"None."

"Ever at yon rock?" enquired Juanna, stretching her hand towards the west.

"For ever.—The duchess alights from her horse behind a huge mound, follows a narrow path between the rocks, and disappears.—I wait an hour, sometimes two; but, by St. James, never so long as to-day."

"God bless us! Perez, I believe you, for I too suffered a mortal anxiety. But what can mean these solitary walks on the sea-coast? Her grace had not this taste before the day when—

"You know, Juanna," replied the old man, interrupting his wife, somewhat impatiently, I conceal nothing that concerns myself from you, but the secret of mistress is not mine; indeed I do not possess it, and though it needed merely to turn my head to know all I would not do it."

"St. Viergi! I believe you. Ever since we have been married, Perez, you have never trusted me with a single confidence; and no more about his late grace the duke—

"Than you have me of her grace the duchess—isn't that it Juanna?" added the old man. So we combine our double silence to keep sacred the secrets of the house of Alméda—if the house of Alméda have any secrets," added he suddenly, after a pause.

And, offering his arm to Juanna, they reached the castle, for the night was dark and gloomy.

"I will return to you presently, Perez," said Juanna, as she quitted her husband to cross the gallery, "I must prepare for the retirement of her grace the duchess."

Chapter II.

The tower of Koat-veu, which the evening before had excited so warmly the attention of the duchess of Alméda, stood, as we have before said, upon the high rocks on the western coast of Brittany.

This edifice, originally constructed for a watch-tower, had been abandoned, and afterwards granted by the intendant of the department to Joseph Rumphius, a learned astronomer, for the purpose of facilitating the meteorological and hydrographical experiments and observations which had for a long time engaged his attention; and as the tower of Koat-veu was at a very short distance from St. Renan, where Rumphius lived, he found this observatory of the greatest value to his pursuits. The different rooms, of a circular form, were therefore usually in confusion, from the number of quadrants, astrolabes, watches, globes, telescopes, and other instruments, heaped together, without the slightest order.

But at this time Rumphius no longer dwelt in the tower of Koat-veu; therefore all the machinery of the science of astronomy had been banished to a kind of lantern placed upon the summit of the building, and the useful pieces of furniture which replaced all this learned apparatus proved pretty clearly that the destination of the tower was for the moment changed, and that its new master, more interested with the earth than with the empyrean, had attempted to render this building habitable.

The four long and narrow windows looking to the south, north, east, and west, which lighted the vast room which alone formed the first stage were ornamented with long curtains; some chairs, and a large and excellent easy chair with well-cushioned sides and back, surrounded a large table covered with papers and works on theology.

It was the day succeeding that on which the duchess had so imprudently risked her safety in the descent of Fal-Goët. The sun was sinking into the waves, which the wanton breeze tossed playfully on; and the girdle of the isles and rocks, whose brown points stood in dark relief against the horizon, stretched in the midst of the pearly foam which leaped to embrace its base.

There was nevertheless an indescribable melancholy in the aspect of the sky, so pure, so uniform, which gave rise to an unconquerable sentiment of sadness. One would have desired to see the white flakes of some cloud spread forth over this monotonous blue, as if the sight of these clouds would by their form and contrasts have relieved the soul from its painful reverie.

Yes, for a sky of perfect blue, a sky without the striking touches of light and shade, of sunshine and gloom, such a sky is sad, most sad. It is life without joy and without tears, without love and without hate.

It was two o'clock. At this hour all is silent on the shore; all was hushed at Koat-veu. Sometimes only the plaintive cry of the sea-mew mingled with the dull and regular murmur of the broad waves which broke heavily upon the beach. Sometimes the humid wings of a large gull shook the narrow casements of this tower, or the halcyon skimmed the transparent talc as he brought into the crevices of

the walls the shreds of moss and sea-weed which he stores against the winter.

Occasionally too, amidst the fantastic angles of the black rock, might be seen a white sail gilded by the sun, peep, sweep by, and then disappear, like recollections of love and youth which brighten sometimes in a soul withered and aged before its time.

But this gloomy silence is suddenly interrupted. Rapid footsteps re-echo through the spiral stair which leads to the upper apartments; the door of the principal apartment opens violently, and a man enters, exclaiming, "'Tis her!" and throws himself into the arm-chair.

This man appeared to be at most five and twenty years of age; his long chestnut hair without powder, in place of being confined behind, as was the fashion of the time, flowed loosely upon his shoulders.

His brow was white and elevated, his eyes large and expressive, nose taper and well proportioned, lips thin, and his rounded chin was so fresh and so tinted, his complexion so delicate, that many of the softer sex would have envied him his handsome face.

Some slight folds at the angle of the eye might perchance have declared a gay and joyous character, had not the deep wrinkles which furrowed suddenly the forehead of this young man given an expression of suffering and sadness to his charming countenance.

His simple costume, of a dark colour, displayed the elegance of his figure; but by the rigid plainness of its form resembled the ecclesiastic dress.

He rested his head upon one of his hands, his features became more and more pale as he turned over the pages and read with meditation and attention an enormous quarto, with clasps of copper, which lay open upon the table.

The abstraction in which he was plunged must indeed have been great, for the door of the apartment was opened without appearing in the least to arouse his attention.

And the duchess of Alméda appeared at this door.

Chapter III.

The Duchess stood for an instant upon the sill of the door; then, loosing and removing her hat, she placed it upon a seat, and advanced so lightly, and so near, so near to the young man, that her cheek almost touched his cheek, so much was he absorbed in his reverie.

Curious to examine what could engage so entirely his attention, she advanced her head, and saw her own portrait—her portrait sketched in pencil, and an admirable likeness. Unutterable delight! Celestial joy! She saw also recent traces of tears.

Then, as if by a sudden movement of pride, the beautiful duchess raised her head, her pallid cheeks became flushed, and an inconceivable expression of happiness and of pride lighted up her brow: there was perhaps a thought of disdain which knit her lips, and chastened the regard which she cast upon the young man with effeminate features and delicate form, when lowering her long brown eyelashes, and crossing her arms upon her breast, she towered above him by her tall and noble stature, which her riding-habit contributed still more to increase.

For this woman was one of those fine specimens of Spanish blood, of a luxuriant and vigorous character. What fierce transports of consuming and unappeasable jealousy in those expressive features, not the less determined for their elegance! and that hair, so abundant and silken! those eyebrows, so bright, so beautifully arched! and that light almost imperceptible down which gave brilliancy to the pure coral of a pouting lip!

O, Rita! Rita! thou hast scarce numbered eight and twenty summers. 'Tis the warm sun of Havannah that has thus gilded thy lovely and voluptuous form. Rita! ought we to pity or envy him for whom love hath brought thee here followed by a single esquire? You visit an old tower in ruins,—you, a duchess,—you, whose very menials are of gentle birth,—you, proud offspring and widow of the grandees of Spain,—you, whose ancestors, descendants of a royal family, have rightful claims to the crown of Castile—

The slight movement which Rita made aroused the handsome recluse from his meditation as from a dream. Raising his head, he perceived the duchess resting upon the arm of his chair, and gazing upon him with idolizing interest.

"'Tis thou, then," cried he, with an expression of tender love. "Thou wast there."

"Yes, 'tis I, Henry; 'tis I, thy tempter," she replied, smiling as she stooped to kiss his brow.

"Hush, hush," said the young man, moving his hand gently to repress her warmth, whilst a slight cloud passed rapidly over his countenance.

"Child," exclaimed the duchess, throwing her arms around his neck, "ever scrupulous as a tender maid. Come, I would convince thee, and soothe thy timid conscience;" and Rita, seated upon his knee, rested her hand on Henry's shoulder. He sat, thoughtful and absorbed; his hand was cold and icy in the fevered grasp of the duchess. "Henry," cried she impatiently, "is it thus thou receivest me? Thou dost no longer love me." "O, Rita," exclaimed Henry, pointing to her miniature, "how could I fail of loving thee? Hast thou not changed my life; and this new life that thou hast given me is it not all love for thee? To love thee, to call thee mine, is now my sole hope of life." "And thou hast no longer a feeling of regret, my Henry," said the duchess, as she parted playfully his graceful hair.

"Yes, Rita, yes; when thou art gone I feel the stingings of a keen remorse, for I have broken a holy vow; and now, perchance, I shall abjure the obscure and pious life for which I feel that I was born. Reared far from the world, my passions, my feelings, my ideas, all slumbered within me. I had then but one single love, Rita, and that was heaven. My faith got strength in solitude; my only aim, the cloister. Yes, Rita, the cloister. Hadst thou but seen the abbey of Kaudem, shaded by those ancient chestnut groves and those soaring rocks, hadst thou but heard the sea-breeze moaning through its sombre vaulted galleries, then mightest thou conceive the charm by which such prospect held me; a creation of my own, the ardent wish to pass there a peaceful and a quiet life. There would my life

have flowed pure and untroubled beneath the shadow of that venerable abbey, like a hidden streamlet that glides beneath the silent grove. Feeble myself, worn by long suffering, soon should I have loved the weak, the enduring—soon should I have spent my life in succouring them; and a day would come to blot my memory out, remorseless, fearless—a day, Rita, stretched on my narrow couch, within my cell, gazing on the long bright waves of the ocean, listening, for the last time, to the sublime chorus of the sea-winds, when I should have escaped the world without remembrance and without regret." And Henry drooped his head upon Ritas bosom.

"O, Henry," exclaimed the duchess, "didst thou but know with what delight, with what pride I hear thy declarations; if thou couldst but feel how sweet it is to say within oneself—this soul, so frail and timid, folding its wings at the least contact with the world, expanding them only to soar towards heaven,—this soul, so pure, vowed to its great Creator,—is now offered up to me! I am become its god—it breathes for me alone, and I for it: for thou art mine, Henry, and mine are also all thy tears and thy regrets, which gives me joy beyond all earthly joys. And yet 'tis strange how are our lives opposed. I feel the strong and inflexible ideas of man; thou the sweet soft timidity of woman; and mine the task to vanquish all thy scruples, thy innocent and needless fears—to prove to thee that happiness may dwell on earth. And 'tis this contrast that inspires my love, the only love I ever felt; this love that makes me learn that I, so proud, so cold to all the homage men can pay, feel inexpressible happiness in bending here a willing slave, a suppliant, at thy knees, aspiring for one word of love from thy dear mouth, entreating it for mercy and for pity's sake."

"Rita," exclaimed Henry, starting suddenly from his seat, "behold me now the victim of thy charms. Thy mouth breathes forth a fire that infatuates me, for in these moments of ecstacy my imagination is inflamed and soars beyond control, my senses are exalted to a preternatural vigour. Feel how my heart throbs. My brain is excited; my ideas spring tumultuously into life; I feel that I exist; the sun-beams shine with redoubled brilliancy; the expanse of ocean is more lovely and impressive; the flowers more sweet; the chant of birds more fond. Now I have thoughts of glory, of combat. My vows of solitude and obscurity appear but as a dream almost faded from remembrance. I know not what ardour thus awakes me, what power drags me onward. This dress is hateful to me; these books fatigue; this solitude wearies. I must have fame and tumult; I would hear the victorious huzzas of war—the clash of arms. Ah! I know not; I must myself wield the sword, and away to glory, to make myself a name that envy and respect alone shall utter."

During this burst of excited passion, the whole person of Henry had undergone an incredible change. His stature seemed increased. His sorrowful and timid features gave place to an extraordinary expression of intrepid determination. His attitude was commanding. His look was fixed, like the proud eagle's eye. The duchess bowed before his gaze. For the first time she felt and acknowledged the ascendency of his nature. Just so was he admirable.

Rita threw her arms around his neck. "Thus art thou beautiful, my Henry. This expression of manhood seems nature on thy brow. That boldness which flashes in thy look is incense to my heart. Should I not love it, Henry? Is it not all my work? Are not all those thoughts of glory mine? Have they not sprung from out of thy love for me? This fire which awakes thee, thou hast drunk it from my lips. In truth," she exclaimed, almost bursting into tears, "I love thee; I love thee with all the jealous tenderness, with all the egoism and pride with which a mother loves her child. I seek with avidity in thy new feelings, to which I have given birth, traces of myself, as a fond mother seeks her own features in the son whom she adores. Thus, Henry, thou owest me more than love; thou must love me as a mistress and a mother. I would not have thee please other women. But what fear have I? Thy pallid face, thy melancholy look, will but repulse them; for this paleness, this melancholy can but please me."

"I have often thought, Rita," said Henry with a serious air, "and this thought has often cost me bitter care, the quiet life of a recluse is no longer possible to me; my life is now thy love; I live for thee alone, and thou alone canst love me. Shouldst thou then change, Rita, shouldst thou cease to love me, what then would life have left for me? This life, to-day so beautiful, so smiling,—this future prospect which thy love enriches with fame and glory—shouldst thou deceive me, Rita."

"Hear me, Henry," interrupted Rita, with singular excitement, "this fear did not reach me; for, judging thee by myself, I said, 'Should he betray me he should not live;'" then, after a moment's pause, she continued, "thou wouldst not slay me, Henry, were I to change?"

"Yes, yes," cried Henry, with warmth, "and wherefore not?" said he, with a bitter smile, "thou hast already forced me to renounce the prospect of my life, why should I not be an assassin also? And then think, when enclosed in the arms of another, how wouldst thou laugh, laugh at the credulous child who, on the faith of a woman's love, has given to the winds his purity, his faith, has broken the holiest vows. No, no, Rita, thou hast well guessed—I would slay thee."

"What love, what joy, what happiness!" exclaimed the duchess, eagerly embracing him, but suddenly starting back; then raising herself to her full height, and assuming a commanding and noble gesture, stretched her hand towards him.

"In three days, Henry, thou shalt know me fully." "What meanest thou, Rita?" answered he. "In three days, Henry." "Three days without seeing thee!" "It must be so," said the duchess, but then thou shalt no longer doubt me, and I will ask of thee but one single word, one single oath—to quit this tower, and to renounce for ever the vocation which has been imposed upon thee."

"In three days," repeated Henry, with a thoughtful air, "in three days! I agree; but it must be night—at midnight!"

"At midnight! Why?"

"At midnight, Rita, I pray thee. Besides, an oath at night, by the feeble light of the stars, in the deep silence of night, broken only

by the low murmur of the sea, has about it a something sacred. O, Rita! he must be doubly base that forgets an oath made at this hour."

"It shall be so," answered Rita, after a moment's reflection, and stretching her hand towards Henry, who remained absorbed, she moved towards the door.

This unexpected, and almost solemn scene, cast a kind of restraint over the last adieu of the lovers, who had always before parted most tenderly.

The duchess rejoined her esquire and was already out of sight as her lover still waved the white streamer upon the tower of Koat-veu.

(*To be continued.*)

THE KLINGEL CHAPEL.

BY MRS. G. G. RICHARDSON.

Near where the crystal Money goes,
To wed her waters with the Rhine,
And haunted Mummulsea* bestows
Her fay-boons 'neath the bright moonshine,
A hermit hoar, in life's decline,
'Mid bowering shades had scooped his cell,
Deep hidden, sinking in repose,
And prayerful communing to dwell
Alone with heaven, ere bidding earth farewell.

Sorrows and wrongs had been his lot;
But they were past—regrets were o'er;
His bosom no remorseful spot,
No bitterness of memory bore.
Time's injuries, that pained no more,
Kind love divine to blessings turned,
He prayed for those who prayer forgot ;†
For the unholy world he mourned,
And, for revenge and ire, pity returned.

Not far, in dissonance, were heard
The hunter's horn, the feudal fray,
Not far the Rhine's proud barons reared
Their battlements and banners gay,
And minstrels trill'd the dulcet lay
In halls of riot, where beneath
Lone, dungeon-bound, immured from day,
Wore wearily the lingering breath
By despot torturers doomed, in living death.

Woe, wassail, godless mirth, and gloom
There mingling, as in scenes around

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* "In one of the sweetest of those valleys is a little lake, called Mummulsea, which, being interpreted, means Lake of the Fairies, round which a set of benevolent spirits assemble at the full of the moon, and, if the housewives for five miles round will on that night leave work of any kind ready to the hand, these kindly fays perform it without fee or reward."—*Mrs. Trollope's Belgium and West Germany.*

† He prayed for those who prayer forgot. "When the monks of La Trappe are asked why they choose this seclusion, their answer is invariably, 'To glorify God, to repent of their sins, and to pray for the unhappy world which prays not for itself.'"—*Memoirs of Port Royal.*

Were sunny hope and sylvan bloom
Neighbour'd by crag and cave profound,
And frowning summits, forest-crowned,
Like and unlike! O Nature fair!
O arrowy Rhine! who shall presume
Your glorious sternness to compare
With the dark lineaments that tyrants wear?

Far other thought the hermit moved,
Contrasting with his prayerful shed
The groanings of the land he loved,
And, wakeful on his leafy bed,
With night's deep star-calm o'er his head,
In spirit fervently he prayed
Her deeper night might be removed,
Her crime-stained son, by Jesu's aid,
Heaven's beams, wrath-hidden, might at length pervade.

Broke on his prayer a music strain
Of seraph-sweetness wandering near;
He listened, rose, and searched amain
Whence came those sounds of heavenly cheer,
When, lo! more wondrous, silvery clear
A stream of light seemed as it bore
In visible breathing o'er the plain
That voice melodious to his door
From out a neighbouring dell deep-wooded o'er.

Thither he hied when morning's rays
Lit up the dew-drops and pursued
His eager quest, but from his gaze
The flame had vanished, nor renewed
Was that sweet warbling of the wood
Until again his couch he pressed;
Then on his midnight prayer and praise
Hovered again the aërial guest,
With tones no mortal minstrel e'er expressed.

Three nights the warning wonder came,
Thrilling his soul with mystic awe;
Three days, when passed the stream of flame,
The song he heard, the light he saw,
Bending his spirit with a law
Holy, resistless, drew him on
To linger searchfully (the name
Most holy oft his lips upon)
From glistering dawn till the last day-beam shone.

O rich reward! beneath the leaves,
In matted tufts explored anew,
At the third day-close he perceives,
When rose the luminous track to view,
A token to his bodings true;
The virgin mother's image fair
He reads prophetic, and receives
The mission those blest types declare,
For now the light, the hymn, interpret were.

Girded with pious zeal he rose
And strong in faith, by love made bold,
Where'er the crystal Money flows
And the Rhine's arrowy tides are rolled
He knocked at hearts, he begged the gold;

And soon within the woody bound
Whence first those symbol signs arose
He reared the chapel whence the sound
And light of heavenly truth went forth around.
* * * * *

It is a legend of far times;
Its name and date have passed away;
But still the Klingel vesper chimes,
And still along the Mongthal way
Throng pilgrim bands, their vows to pay,
Where, undecayed, her image fair
Who heard the cry of feudal crimes,
And brought miraculous healing there,
Smiles, as of yore, cheering the votary's prayer.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Historical Recollections of Hyde Park: By Thomas Smith, author of "A Topographical and Historical Account of the Parish of St. Marylebone." T. Hogg, Edgeware Road.

The author of this little work has collected more information respecting Hyde Park than we had supposed was accessible. He is evidently a person of great research, one who will ferret out an interesting document or fact if he have reason to believe it exists. His industry has, in this instance, produced a very entertaining and instructive little work. We extract his account of Kensington Palace:—

"The Royal Palace, which is an irregular brick building, having been enlarged at various periods, originally belonged to the Finch family, and bore the title of Nottingham House, from the circumstance of its having been the principal residence of Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards first Earl of Nottingham. His son, the second Earl, also resided here till 1691, when it was purchased by King William, and converted into a royal residence, bearing the title of Kensington Palace.

"Sir Heneage Finch (then Solicitor General), received a portion of Hyde Park, lying contiguous to his grounds, about the year 1661, which is thus described in the deed: 'All that ditch and fence which divide Hyde Park from lands and grounds, and possessions of the said Sir H. Finch adjacent to the said park, and all woods and under-woods, and timber trees, growing, and being within, upon, or about the said ditch or fence, and all the grounds and soil of the said park, being beyond the said ditch and fence, containing in breadth 10 feet, and in length 150 rods, beginning from the south highway, leading to the town of Kensington, and from thence crossing to the north highway, leading to the town of Acton, the said piece of ground is by this grant dis-parked for ever,' &c.

"The original building must have been sufficiently capacious to accommodate a numerous household, although it is difficult now to distinguish what part of the present pile was erected before it was converted into a royal palace; part of the south front, containing the King's gallery, was built by King William from the designs of Sir C. Wren and Sir N. Hawksmoor, then the Royal Architects, while the eastern front, the cupola room, and west drawing-room, were added at a later period, from the designs of Kent. The north wing, containing the state apartments, and those now occupied by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, are supposed to be parts of the original building.

"King William made this his favourite residence, taking possession immediately after the purchase. He held his court here, most of his councils, and many of the interesting occurrences of his reign happened within its walls. He died here on the 8th of March, 1702, in the fifty-second year of his age, after a few days' illness, having met with an accident on his way to Hampton Court, being thrown from his horse, by which he broke his collar-bone, surviving his consort Queen Mary only seven years and three months, she having died in this palace, of the small-pox, December 28, 1694.

"Kensington Palace was successively occupied by Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, King George I., King George II., and Queen Caroline, to whose taste it is indebted for much of the interior embellishments. Her Majesty held a court here regularly every Sunday after divine service. Prince George of Denmark died here, October 28, 1708, and Queen Anne on the 1st of August, 1714. King George II. also died suddenly here on the 25th of October, 1760, at the age of seventy-seven, after a long reign of thirty-four years.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex has resided here for many years; and the spirit and taste evinced by this illustrious Prince in the formation of an extensive library calls forth the admiration of every scholar; his generous hospitality has rendered this palace the resort of all that is wise, and great, and good; indeed no *scholar* can be said to be personally unknown to his Royal Highness. The library contains upwards of 50,000 volumes, 12,000 of which are Theological, and of the greatest value and rarity. The *Bibliotheca Sussexiana*, by T. J. Pettigrew, published in 1827, not only gives a critical description of the valuable treasures here deposited, but exhibits an ability, taste, and feeling, alike honourable to the head and heart of the author.

"Another portion is also now occupied by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, heir apparent to the throne of these realms, who was born here on the 24th of May, 1819. Her illustrious father, his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent died January 23, 1820, after a few days illness, greatly regretted by the whole nation. The address of condolence voted by the House of Commons was presented to the bereaved widow by Lords Morpeth and Clive, in the drawing-room of Kensington Palace.

"The unfortunate Queen Caroline, consort of George IV., occupied apartments here by permission of George III. when Princess of Wales.

"The state apartments have undergone no material alteration since the reign of George II. They are spacious and grand, and the vast quantity of pictures decorating every room, and which have been collected from time to time by successive royal occupants, give a magnificent effect to the whole.

"The beautiful building situated in the gardens to the north of the Palace was built from the designs of Sir Christopher Wren, by order of Queen Anne, who used it as a banqueting house; the south front of the building, with only one story in height, consists of a centre, ornamented with four rusticated pillars, supporting a pediment of the Doric order, over which is a semicircular window; both ends terminate in a semicircular recess. The interior is divided into three compartments; against the wall of the centre are placed pillars of the Corinthian order, supporting a rich entablature. The roofs of the circular pavilions at each end are coved, and supported by eight fluted pillars of the same order. This building is said to exhibit the finest specimen of brickwork in the kingdom, and excites the admiration of both architects and builders, many of whom visit it as a curiosity. It has been converted into a green-house, and is filled in the autumn with exotic plants from the royal gardens.

Rhymes for the Romantic and the Chivalrous. By D. W. D. Whittaker and Co.

The characteristic of these Rhymes is the pleasant and tender feeling which

pervades them. They want power, but they are generally possessed of much sweetness. The language is chaste, and the versification smooth. The author is evidently a man of cultivated mind. He is intimately conversant with the graces of literature. We give two specimens. The first is headed

"STANZAS FOR MUSIC."

"When the Summer's star shines brightly
In its pure and airy home,
And the fairies, skipping lightly,
O'er the moon-lit meadows roam,—
When the silver currents glisten
Where the water-lilies float,
And the sleepless ear may listen
To the Nightingale's sweet note,—
We'll wander o'er the waters,
Thou chief of beauty's daughters,
And hear across them stealing
The fairy-bell's soft pealing.
When o'er the honey clover
The bee no longer roves,—
When the rustic's toil is over,
And when silence rules the groves,—
When the care, and sin, and sorrow,
Of the weary world seems o'er,
And lie sleeping till the morrow,—
Love lands on night's dark shore,
And the feelings we must smother
By day upon each other
We'll lavish them, employing
Each moment in enjoying."

Our other extract is a Ballad called

"THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER."

"Arrayed in costliest attire,
That flashed with gems, like lambent fire,
And bearing ornaments and gold
For dower, with many a vassal bold,
The low-land lord came o'er the water,
To woo and win the Chieftain's daughter.

He was a youth of manly mien,
Of manners princely and serene,
And he had learned the language soft
That gains fair lady's heart full oft;
But still in vain he crossed the water—
He could not win the Chieftain's daughter.

Hath not the heather gallants good
As e'er in court or palace stood?
The maiden thought, Oh! there's a man,
The bravest of our own brave clan,
Far dearer to the Chieftain's daughter
Than earl or prince from o'er the water.

What, though young Malcolm Grant be poor,
In fame he's rich, in faith he's sure!
Barren may be his hill-domains,
But are they not my native plains?
And, O, for wealth the Chieftain's daughter
Will never leave her loch's blue water.

But, though the maid was nobly cold
To all the power of rank and gold,
Not so the sire. In vain she said
Her choice in love had long been made.
He deeply swore his kneeling daughter
Should wed the earl from o'er the water.

The sire was stern, the maid as proud,
Too far in love to yield, she vow'd,
And kept her vow too, that by none,
Save Malcolm, should her heart be won.
So, in the night, the Chieftain's daughter
With Malcolm Grant fled o'er the water.

Ah! then, ah! then the sire lamented
His former harshness, and relented;
Their match was equal, why be stern?
He bade the fugitives return;
And Malcolm, and the Chieftain's daughter,
Again dwelt near their loch's blue water."

A Sketch of the Medical Monopolies, with a Plan of Reform: By James Kennedy, M.R.C.S.L.; author of "The History of Cholera," &c. Edward Moxon.

This pamphlet is sure to excite interest among the medical profession. It states some homely truths, which will not be altogether grateful to the palates of the monopolists. The pamphlet is well written. Mr. Kennedy concludes his sketch of the Medical Corporations with the following recapitulation:—

"Before closing this sketch of the Medical Corporations, I shall take leave briefly to recapitulate some of the leading points which I have endeavoured to illustrate, and on which reformation ought to bear. In a subject that has been rendered so complicated by allusions to various and conflicting interests, and laws and bye-laws, this repetition will probably not be considered altogether useless.

"As the Medical Corporations or Colleges are in the possession of a comparatively few individuals, who act on peculiar views and interests, these Corporations have no community of feeling with the general body of medical men. The College of Physicians is ruled by its President and Fellows, who elect *their* successors; the College of Surgeons is ruled by the twenty-one members who constitute the Council or Court of Assistants, and who also elect their successors. These ruling authorities hold office for life, and acknowledge no control but their own wishes, and the construction which they themselves put upon their charters. Possessing irresponsible power, these narrow corporations have made various bye-laws to oppress and degrade the members at large, though amounting in number to many thousands. Not content with the differences of rank which are produced by individual ability, and acquirements, and public patronage, and which will always exist in the profession, the Corporations have created many artificial and injurious distinctions. Apart from those that operate within the College walls, as between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians, other distinctions have been established that operate *without* their walls, by which an attempt is made to divide the medical art into separate branches, to the great injury of the public interests, as well as to the detriment of the profession, and in violation of the principle on which the medical corporations were originally constituted.

"The principle of their constitution is violated, inasmuch as these corporations do not at present form Examining Boards to stand between the public

and incompetent practitioners in their respective departments. By the College of Physicians restricting its examinations to what is called 'pure physic,' the public have no warrant that the physicians who obtain its license are fully qualified to *practise* physic; and by the College of Surgeons restricting its examination to 'pure surgery,' the public have no warrant that the surgeons who receive its diploma are fully qualified to *practise* surgery—for *in practise* these artificial distinctions cannot exist. What renders the defective state of the examinations at these Colleges the more glaring is that they will punish by exclusion from all corporate offices and degradation of rank any of their members that may go before a second board to remedy the omissions of the first—provided the additional testimonial is turned to any practical account.

"Out of this branch system, the multiplication of Examining Boards has arisen, which is of itself an evil of some magnitude, as it tends to destroy the unity of medical science, and to harass and produce dissensions among its members. For this reason the Board of Pharmacy should never have been established, and even the creation of a Board of Surgery was injudicious.

"Moreover, to guard against the defects in the examinations of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, it has been considered necessary to constitute an examining board in the Army and another in the Navy, which, if it be not disgraceful to the medical corporations, is at least galling to those individuals who are obliged to undergo examinations before *several* boards, when *one* might be made more efficient than the whole. As an instance of the impropriety of having the medical corporations acting on inefficient and discordant principles, it may be mentioned that an army order was issued in July, 1830, which excludes from his Majesty's military service all *pure* physicians; and by the army regulations surgeons are required to stand an examination *in physic* before the army medical board. The army order which excludes pure physicians runs thus:—'No medical candidate who has not passed his examinations at the Royal College of Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, shall be eligible for this commission.' Now, should a Fellow of the College of Physicians, who considers himself in the very *first* grade of the profession, apply for an appointment in the army, he is placed in this awkward dilemma, that he cannot get into the army without becoming a surgeon; and, should he become a surgeon, he is liable to be turned out of the College of Physicians.

"In addition to these various authorities, there are others in different parts of the United Kingdom which assist in extending the confusion that pervades the profession. Dublin has its Corporation of Physicians, its Corporation of Surgeons, and its Corporation of Apothecaries, which are equally addicted to the making of erroneous and oppressive bye-laws as their brethren in London, and all have their peculiar modes and forms of examination. In Edinburgh, also, there is a Corporation of Physicians and of Surgeons; and, in Glasgow, the University and the Incorporated Faculty exercise a somewhat analogous power. In Scotland, however, there is no such body as *apothecaries*.

"As these Corporations exist solely for their own benefit, they form so many *barriers* that prevent medical talent from circulating as it ought in reason to do throughout the three kingdoms. A medical man who has paid the corporate fees, and passed the examinations in one capital, must pay the fees again and pass a similar course of examination, should he remove to another capital. Thus a surgeon who is a member of the corporation of surgeons in London, should he remove to Dublin, is told that he is there practically *no* surgeon, unless he pay the fees and become a member of the corporation of surgeons in Dublin; and an apothecary of Dublin, should he come to London, is told that he is practically *no* apothecary here unless he pay the fees, and become a licentiate of the corporation of apothecaries in London; and a physician of the corporation of physicians in Edinburgh, should he remove to London, is told that he is practically *no* physician in this locality, unless he pay the fees and become a licentiate of the corporation of physicians in London. These 'regulations,' albeit sufficiently ridiculous, are by no means matters of form—they are enforced by legal penalties.

"The grant of the charter of Henry VIII. contemplated the existence of only one species of examining board in England, and to this simple and excellent principle legislation will perhaps act wisely to return, expanding it merely to suit the altered circumstances of the times, and carefully guarding it against abuse. At present, the surgeons practise physic, which was not the case at that early period, therefore a single examining board, were it hereafter constituted, should consist of two classes of professional persons—Surgeons and Doctors of Medicine; but, as neither can judiciously perform their professional duties without a knowledge of pharmacy quite equal to that possessed by the medical practitioners known under a different name, it would be irrational to speak of a third class as being necessary to the completeness of the General Board,"

Mr. Kennedy then proceeds to develope a plan for an effective reform of the abuses which exist in the medical profession. But of the merits of this plan, not being professional men, we are incompetent to speak.

A Dissertation, Practical and Conciliatory. By DANIEL CHAPMAN. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS work is divided into three parts. The first embraces "Philosphy and Theology;" the second, "Politics and Religion;" and the third, "Private Opinion and Ecclesiastical Communion." The author is evidently a deep thinker, and possesses a vigorous mind. He is, moreover, a man of decided and enlightened piety. But we are afraid his subjects, and his mode of illustrating them, are too abstruse for his book obtaining an extensive circulation. His positions are generally sound: occasionally we meet with one of a debateable nature. We shall be glad to hear that Mr. Chapman's success in this instance is sufficiently great to encourage him to proceed with the future volumes he has in contemplation on similar topics. If so, we would hint that his style, which is in the main correct and vigorous, would be more popular if less elaborate. His arguments also would, in many instances, be still more effective if they were not amply so illustrated.

Tales of Fashion and Reality. By CAROLINE FREDERICA BEAUCLERK, and HENRIETTA MARY BEAUCLERK. Smith, Elder, & Co.

THERE is much that is silly, some things which are absurd, with a good deal that is clever in this volume. We have seldom seen a work of more unequal merit. There is a mixture of poetry and prose in the contents. The prose is the best; the poetry is poor in the extreme. The merit of the work chiefly consists in the insight it gives into the foibles and follies of the fashionable world. The volume professes to be only the first of a series. We doubt much whether its success will be such as to induce the fair authoresses to continue the series.

The Arboretum Britannicum. Parts XX. and XXI.

WE have already, on several occasions, called attention to this periodical. We have only to say that it continues its course with all that apparent prosperity to which it is so justly entitled.

Library of Anecdote. Book of Table Talk. Vol. I. fcp. 8vo. pp. 319. Knight.

NOTHING can be more pleasing to a person much of whose time is engaged in perusing and forming an opinion of the merits of contemporaneous publications than the appearance of a work calculated to smooth the brow of dull care, and excite mirth, even the hackneyed train of feelings so sadly incident to a professional reviewer. Such a work, we are happy to say, is the present,—

one, which, while it contains much that is highly instructive in general literature, conveys its knowledge in that fascinating manner that even the most lazy and self-indulgent cannot deny it the entrée to their love and favour.

We were forcibly reminded, while reading it, of D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, which has always been a great favourite of ours; and surely it is no slight praise to award it a place second only to that *phœnix* of *anecdote books*. It is hoped that the ensuing volumes of the series will justify the expectation we form, that they will very long be held in the highest estimation as books of innocent and refined literary recreation, calculated no less to sooth the anxious cares of men of learning than to furnish more generally many hours of cheerful entertainment to the domestic circles of the educated classes of our countrymen.

Out of the great number of laughable anecdotes that we have read in this little volume, it would not be possible to mention even a tenth part. We reserve two or three for our readers, and just allude to a few others, in addition, as being worthy of special notice. Among the latter we mention "Names of Authors in the Middle Ages;" "Examination of Recruits," a very amusing exposé of the cheats practised by white-feathered men of war; "Mistakes of Translators," containing some hard hits at living littérateurs;—and two very amusing articles on the ceremonials and hours of attendance at the Houses of Parliament.

The following anecdotes have been selected as likely to furnish our readers with a fair notion of the contents of the book in question. The first is a very curious history of some impudent charlatans who assumed the name and dignity of the exiled royal family of Naples at the period of the French domination in Italy:—the second will be no less interesting, as giving a history of the costume of the English stage during the last hundred and fifty years.

"In 1799, a French army, under General Championnet, took possession of nearly all the kingdom of Naples; and a republic, on the model of the French, was proclaimed at the capital. The Bourbon King, Ferdinand, fled with his family and court into Sicily, but they left numerous partizans behind them; for the Neapolitan people hated both the French and the republic, and were no more fit for the new form of government than they were for Sir Thomas Moore's Utopia. Any sudden change of rule, or subversion of old authorities, in a country so uncivilized as Naples then was, is sure to offer a favourable field for the exercise of imposture and all kinds of villany; and though there were honourable and conscientious men on both sides, the republicans as well as royalists certainly had among them an abundant supply of astute and remorseless rogues, who only looked to their own advantages, and delighted to fish in troubled waters, being alike insensible to justice and patriotism. The heroes of this tale were not Neapolitans; but *there were* Neapolitans who committed far worse though less amusing villaines.

"While the Bourbon court was waiting events in Sicily, four Corsican adventurers, De Cesare, Boccheciampe, Corbara, and Colonna, stirred up the important provinces of Apulia against the French-Neapolitan republic. The rank of these ingenious fellows was not very elevated. De Cesare had been a livery servant in his own island, Boccheciampe an artilleryman and deserter, while the other two, Colonna and Corbara, had never been any thing so respectable as a footman or a soldier. They had all been living for some time in the city of Naples by the practice of obscene and dishonourable arts, but fled thence into the provinces on the approach of the French army. Their intention at first seems to have been merely to embark at some sea-port of Apulia, and pass over to Sicily or Corfu; but their views enlarged as they went on and saw the turbulent state of the country, and a new friend and ally determined them to take upon themselves the parts of royalty. At the small town of Montejasi, they chanced to take up their lodgings for the night in the house of a small farmer called Gerunda: and it happened that this farmer was not only a Bourbonist, but an experienced arranger of plots and intrigues.

According to Gerunda nothing was more easy than to raise the Pugliesi, or Apulians up in arms, provided only they could be made to believe that a bit of royal Bourbon blood had come among them to solicit their help. The gain to themselves would not be merely prospective and dependent on the chances of a counter revolution, but immediate and sure, as *money* might be obtained from the royalists, to say nothing of other kinds of donations.

" 'And what is to hinder you,' said the farmer to Corbara, one of the Corsicans, 'from representing Don Francesco, our hereditary prince?'

"The proposition would have been startling to most rogues, for there was no likeness in the case—the hereditary prince was fat, the Corsican thin; and unluckily the prince had been in that part of the kingdom, and seen by thousands of the inhabitants not many months before. In spite of these considerations, however, Corbara resolved to try his luck as hereditary prince; and in the course of the night it was further determined that Colonna should represent the grand-constable of the kingdom in attendance on the prince; that Boccheciampe, the soldier and deserter, should represent the brother of the king of Spain; and De Cesare, the footman, his royal highness the Duke of Saxony.

" Gerunda, the Neapolitan, who knew the country well, and who were royalists and who not, who gullible and who acute, undertook to be the *avant-coureur*, the swearing witness and the trumpeter of this glorious piece of imposture. The bold impudence which this man afterwards displayed was astonishingly great; but he was well aware that a magazine of ignorance, stupidity, superstition, and credulity was garnered in Puglia.

" 'Before day broke,' says General Colletta, 'he went through the town of Montejasi to reveal in a mysterious manner the arrival of the royal princes, and to excite men's minds with the prospect of the honours and fortune that would attend those who should be the first to follow their highnesses. He was believed everywhere, and a numerous crowd of common people (and, the author might have added, of respectable citizens), running to the humble house where the grand personages were lodged, offered themselves with loud acclamations as servants and soldiers. Colonna, the pretended grand-constable, came forth into the street, thanked them in the name of the hereditary prince for their loyal zeal, but begged them to retire and be quiet for the present. In the mean while Gerunda had procured a carriage, and, as Corbara stepped into it, the other three Corsicans paid the reverence and etiquette due to the prince Francesco. His royal highness then said to the spectators in the street, 'I throw myself into the arms of my people;' after which he graciously saluted them, and the carriage drove off towards the city of Brindissi.

" 'The Corsicans make most excellent adventurers: thus these men adopted as circumstances might require the haughtiness, the magnanimity, the greatness of princes. They set out from inhabited places before day, and arrived at them at the fall of night; and Gerunda always went on several miles before them to prepare lodgings and banquets. Thus a thousand voices certified the presence of the princes, every body saying, 'I have seen them!' and adding, as is usual in narrating wonders, things which were not at all true, but readily believed. Success increased the hopes and boldness of the Corsicans: armed men followed the carriage, and kept guard round the house of the impostors; and, pulling down the emblems and scutcheons of the republic, re-established royalty and the arms of the Bourbons. The feigned prince Francesco dismissed magistrates and appointed new ones; emptied the chests of the fiscal receivers, and laid heavy fines on the families of the rebels of the republicans; and, because much bolder, he was obeyed more than if he had been a true prince, and was seconded by a people prompt to execute. The Archbishop of Otranto, who had long known the prince Francesco, and who, the year before, had been with him in the ceremonies of the church and palace, now participated in the deceit, and became himself a deceiver, solemnly asert-

ing from the pulpit that Corbara was the hereditary prince, although much changed in appearance by the fatigues of war and cares of state he had undergone during the past twelvemonth."

"General Colletta, as we have shown, states confidently that the archbishop of Otranto favoured the plan, with his eyes open to the imposture, which some churchmen as well as laymen undoubtedly did. We remember, however, that several persons at Otranto assured us that the archbishop, who was a dreaming old man, was a dupe, and really believed that the Corsicans were what they gave themselves out for. Whether this were the case or not, we cannot decide; but that sequestered out-of-the-way district, called the 'Terra d'Otranto,' which is a narrow peninsula standing between the gulf of Taranto and the mouth of the Adriatic, covered with olive woods and rather thickly studded with small primitive towns, was certainly the field where the Corsicans reaped the easiest and most abundant harvest. The inhabitants had very little intercourse with the rest of the kingdom, almost their only journeys being to Lecce, the capital of the province, or the sea-port of Gallipoli, where they sold their oil to merchants, who, in their turn, shipped it in foreign vessels. This trade had brought very considerable wealth into the country; and there were many men there, ignorant and credulous, with little wit in their heads, but with abundance of gold in their coffers, who were ready to give a round sum even for the sight of a prince royal; for royalty is always most reverenced where it is least seen. There was no end to the genuflections and kissing of hands the Corsican rogues met with in these remote little towns; and a most amusing fact is that Corbara, as heir to the throne and provisional regent, distributed and sold titles and patents of honour, for which the oil growers were very eager, as social distinctions were strongly marked there, and a fellow who could call himself a baron or the son of a baron, though he could scarcely read, and had hardly got a coat to his back, would by no means condescend to associate with an industrious farmer or untitled merchant, however rich he might be. There was one simple fellow, who lived near the little town of Presici, and whom we had afterwards the honour of knowing, that distinguished himself by the sacrifices he made for a title.

"This man's father had left him well to do in the world, and by sending year after year his valuable caravans of mules laden with the finest oil *(chiaro, giallo e lampante)* to Gallipoli, he had become very wealthy. But in spite of this positive advantage, he was very unhappy. He could not rise in the scale of society! no man called him 'your Excellency;' he was still plain Si Ciccio, or Mastro Ciccio, the son of Mastro Pasquale: the common *bourgeoisie* considered him as one of themselves, and the *baroni* and the *baroncini* looked down upon him like dirt,—always except when they wanted to borrow some of his ducats. Having heard what his royal highness Corbara had done for others, this wholesale oilman made up a good purse, and went to meet the Corsicans. His petition was modest! he only wanted to be made a baron, and for that favour he was ready to pay down five hundred ounces for the immediate exigences of church and state.

"'We all know your fidelity to the king and the holy faith,' said the grand-constable. 'You are a man to be a marquis! Make the five hundred ounces a thousand, and you shall be made a marquis!' Si Ciccio paid down the money (nearly 500*l.*) got a bit of paper, kissed hands, and went away rejoicing that now he could hold up his head, and shave the beards of half the nobility in the country.

"Poor fellow! when the *ruse* was found out, though he was only one of many dupes, he was sadly bantered and tormented; and even, seventeen years after, people used to call him in derision, 'O Si Marchese!' 'But, miei Signori,' the old man would say, 'who could possibly have suspected any thing? There was such a shouldering of arms and beating of drums, and those Corsicans talked so loud and looked so bold, and every one of them had two watches in his fobs, and they all wore such fine diamond rings on their

fingers and in their ears, that I am sure it was impossible not to take 'em for royal princes: may their souls be uncomfortable!'

"When money was not abundant, his royal highness Corbara readily accepted watches, rings, plate, and jewels, of all of which, as well as of the cash, he made the grand-constable keep a register in a book that was docketed 'Prestite Volantarie,' or Volontary Loans, the use of which the real King Ferdinand had actually introduced at Naples, where he *forced* the nobility to *lend* him their plate, and whence, a few months before, he ran away with all the money in the national bank. In the hands of the Corsicans a little red ribbon was of more value than banker's drafts.—They made it up into red cockades—the distinctive mark of the royalists—and they gave it to fellows to hang to their button-holes as orders of knighthood. Some of these scenes and exchanges were very pathetic. '*O miei fideli*, you behold before you the son of your beloved King Don Ferdinando, the descendant of many kings, the prince appointed by Providence to reign over you all some day, but who now, save for your generous succour, would not have the means of asserting his rights—nay, would not know where to lay his head!' And then Corbara gave away a pennyworth of ribbon with one hand, held out his other palm for rings and watches, and turned aside his head to conceal his—royal tears. At the same time, to keep up the courage and hopes of the faithful, Boccheciampe, as brother of the king of Spain, would say 'Verrà il bel Tempo! his most catholic majesty is arming for his beloved brother the king of Naples;' and De Cesare, as duke of Saxony, would say, 'and the emperor and all Germany are arming, and the English are coming with their fleets and a hundred thousand Russians;' and Colonna, as grand-constable, would add, 'and his holiness the Pope has excommunicated all these dogs of Frenchman and republicans, and the Grand Signior is going to send an army to impale them all;' and then there would be a general chorus of 'Sì, sì, verà il bel tempo; Ferdinando nostro avra il suo; viva il Re e la santa Fede!' (Yes! yes, the good time will come; our Ferdinand will have his own again; long live the king, and the holy faith!)

"'In due course of time,' says General Colletta, 'these successful impostors took the road to the city of Taranto, where they had scarcely arrived when a ship of war, with the Bourbon flag, cast anchor in the roadstead. On board of this ship were the old princesses of the French branch of the Bourbons, who, after being driven out of their own country by one revolution, were now fugitives from Naples on account of another. This unexpected arrival was awkward. It was scarcely possible they should deceive these old women. What was to be done? The audacious Corsicans did not lose their presence of mind, and, preceded by a formal deputation, which revealed to those women the marvellous fact of the popular credulity, Corbara went with royal pomp and the confidence of near relation to visit the princesses; and they, on their side, though haughty and proud of their royal Bourbon blood, in order to be of service to the cause of King Ferdinand, received as their nephew this abject, vile man, giving him the title of highness, and prodigalizing their demonstrations of reverence and affection.

"'Thus, more than ever confirmed in their delusion and devotion, the people everywhere took up arms; bands of royalists assembled; and, as even the incredulous and those convinced of the imposture availed themselves of the circumstance and joined the insurgents, the three provinces of Apulia were soon in open rebellion against the republic.

"'Having affected all this, his highness Corbara naturally became desirous of putting the riches he had acquired in a place of safety; and, accordingly, he issued a royal proclamation, stating that he was going over to Corfù to bring back a powerful reinforcement of Russian troops; that he should take the grand-constable, Colonna, with him, but leave behind him, as his lord-lieutenants and generals of the kingdom, their highnesses the brother of the king of Spain and the duke of Saxony. The two friends, chuckling at their

good fortune and the stupidity of the Pugliesi, embarked and set sail: but here their luck ended. They had scarcely got out of the gulf, when they were attacked by pirates, and Corbara lost, not only his riches, but his life. Colonna, it appears, was not killed; but his name was never more heard of.'

"Of the two remaining Corsicans who still honoured Apulia with their presence, Boccheciampe, the artilleryman, shortly after threw himself into the castle of Brindisi, which was attacked by a French ship of the line, and he was killed during the bombardment, while courageously working a gun. The other, *i. e.* De Cesare, the livery-servant, *ossia*, the duke of Saxony, had a longer and more brilliant career: he became the fortunate commander-in-chief of numerous bands. He took the large and strong cities of Trani, Molfetta, Andria, and Martina; he joined the royalists of Apulia to the Calabrians conducted by Cardinal Ruffo, who had been chiefly encouraged to undertake his famous expedition by the easy exploits of the Corsicans; and, after some nine months, he saw the restoration of the legitimate Bourbon, Don Ferdinando. What became of him then, we know not. The royal house of Naples was not very grateful, nor likely to have much affection for a footman, who could so ably represent royalty. It may be hoped, however, that he made hay while the sun shone; but even if he did not, provided only that the Bourbons spared him the gallows, so clever a fellow as De Cesare was not likely to starve in a credulous world like this."

HISTORY OF STAGE COSTUME.

"During the first half of the eighteenth century, that is to say, from the first appearance of that regular suit of clothes worn by our great-grandfathers under the name of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, to the days of Garrick and Kemble, the custom continued of dressing even historical personages according to the fashion of the passing moment; and although, in point of fact, it was no more ridiculous to represent Hamlet in a full suit of black velvet of the cut of Queen Anne's time, than it was in the days of Charles to dress Falstaff in the habit of that reign, the stiff-skirted coat, the long wig, court sword, and cocked hat, have a more ludicrous effect on the modern spectator than the ancient cavalier costume of 1640. But the attempt that occasionally manifested itself to combine, in imitation of the French actors, the habits of widely different eras, produced a *mélange*, the absurdity of which is in our present day absolutely convulsive! The celebrated Booth is said by his biographer to have paid particular attention to his dress; so much so, that when playing the ghost in Hamlet, he covered the soles of his shoes with felt, in order to prevent the sound of his footsteps being heard, and so increase the supernatural effect of his appearance. Yet who does not remember Pope's lines descriptive of his appearance in Cato? which character he originally represented on the production of the tragedy in 1712:

> Booth enters: hark the universal peal;
> But has he spoken?—not a syllable.
> What shook the stage and made the people stare?
> Cato's *long wig*, *flowered gown*, and lacker'd chair.

"Imagine Cato now, appearing in a flowered *robe de chambre*, and a finely powdered full-bottom wig, There would be a 'universal peal' indeed—of laughter: yet the fashion of wearing full-bottom wigs with the Roman dress (or at least what was intended for such), and other heroic costumes, lasted till within the recollection of many now living. A valued friend of ours saw Haward play *Tamberlain* in a full bottomed wig, as late as 1765. Aickin, he informs us, was the first who enacted that part without it; and, what was perhaps more ridiculous still, Garrick, who has been so bepraised for his reformation of stage costume, played King Lear in a habit intended to look ancient, while Reddish in Edgar, and Palmer in the Bastard, were in full-dress suits of their own day; and the Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia of the tragedy in hoops! Richard the Third, also, was played by Garrick in a fancy dress,

which Hogarth has handed down to us; but Richmond, and the rest, wore the English uniforms of the eighteenth century: and as to Macbeth, Garrick played it to the last in a court-suit of sky-blue and scarlet! Behold him, engraved from the picture in Mr. Mathews' collection, wherein the great little Roscius looks much more like Diggory in 'All the World's a Stage,' than the thane of Glamis. It is now with the whole collection at the Garrick Club. In Jeffrey's 'Collection of Dresses,' a work in two volumes quarto, published in 1757, the editor says in his preface, 'As to the stage-dresses, it is only necessary to remark that they are at once elegant and characteristic; and amongst many other regulations of more importance, for which the public is obliged to the genius and judgment of the present manager of our principal theatre (Mr. Garrick, who entered on the management of Drury Lane in 1747), is that of the dresses, which are no longer the heterogeneous and absurd mixture of foreign and ancient modes which formerly debased our tragedies, by representing a Roman general in a full-bottomed peruke, and the sovereign of an Eastern empire in trunk hose.' Now, to say nothing of the fact that the very absurdities specified were then, and continued to be for some years afterwards in existence, let us for Heaven's sake look at the specimens he gives us of the elegant and characteristic costumes introduced by the genius and judgment of Garrick: Perdita in 'The Winter's Tale,' in a long stomacher, and a hoop festooned with flowers; and Comus, in a stiff-skirted coat, over which is worn what he calls "a robe of pink sattin, puft with silver gauze, fastened over the shoulder with a black velvet sash, adorned with jewels. The jacket' as he calls the coat aforesaid, 'is of white curtained sattin. The collar is of black velvet, set with jewels, and the boots are blue sattin!'

"A pamphlet, entitled 'The Dramatic execution of Agis,' published on the production of Mr. Homes' tragedy of that name in 1758, contains a severe attack on Garrick for 'disguising himself (*a Grecian chief*) in the dress of a modern *Venetian gondolier*;' and ridicules his having introduced 'a popish procession made up of *white friars*, with some other *moveables*, like a bishop, *des enfans de chœur*, nuns, &c.,' into a play, the scene of which lies in ancient Sparta! So much for the judgment and taste of Garrick in dramatic costume.

"Shortly after this period, it began to be the custom on the revival of old plays to advertise in the bills that the characters would be dressed 'in the habits of the times.' A friend informs us that he remembers such notices as early as 1762, the year of his first coming to London; but the earliest we have ourselves been able to meet with is dated Nov. 8th, 1775, on the occasion of the revival of a play called 'Old City Manners;' and a similar advertisement occurs early in 1776, on the revival of Ben Jonson's 'Epecene, or the Silent Woman,' when Mrs. Siddons supported the principal character. Henderson, the immediate successor of Garrick, instead of improving the taste of his brethren in this particular, set them the most wretched example in his own person. 'He paid not,' says Mr. Boaden, in his Life of Kemble, 'the slightest attention to costume, and was indifferent even as to the neatness of his dress. He never looked even to the linings of the suits he wore, and once boasted that he had played, I think, ten characters consecutively in the same coat.' Macklin's costume in Shylock has been preserved to us by the pencil of Zoffany. A large unfinished picture by that artist, of the trial-scene in the 'Merchant of Venice,' now in the possession of Mr. Dominic Colnaghi of Pall-Mall East, presents us with Macklin in a dress not very dissimilar in general appearance to that worn by the actors of Shylock at the present day; but Antonio is in a full court suit of black, and the senators in scarlet gowns, with large powdered wigs, which latter, though certainly worn by Venetian senators in the eighteenth century, were as certainly unknown to them in 1594, when the play was written, and to which period the language and manners are alone appropriate.

"Mr. John Kemble, the first real reformer of stage costume, was introduced to the London public in the character of Hamlet. But he then played the

part, says his biographer, 'in a modern court dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and pendent riband of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the *hair in powder*, which, in the scenes of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front, and over his shoulders.' His classical taste, however, soon led him, as he increased in popularity and power, to do away with the most glaring absurdities; and on the opening of the new Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on the 21st of April 1794, Macbeth was revived 'with great magnificence of decoration, and with some novelties, both in the conduct and machinery of the fable. The scenes were all new, and extremely beautiful. Of the novelties in the management of the play, the following were the most striking. The ghost of Banquo did not enter in the scene of the festival; but Macbeth "bent his eye on vacancy." The high-crowned hats and lace aprons of the witches were properly discarded; they were represented as preternatural beings, adopting no human garb, and distinguished only by the fellness of their purposes and the fatality of their delusions. Hecate's companion-spirit descended on the cloud, and rose again with her. In the cauldron-scene new groups were introduced to personify the "black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray;" and here one would have imagined that the muse of Fuseli had been the director of the scene. The evil spirits had serpents writhing round them which had a striking effect.' *

"The French Revolution, which occurred at this period, was also mainly productive of a revolution in dramatic costume on both sides of the channel. 'The rage for liberty,' says a modern writer, 'introduced an admiration of the ancient republics; the ladies dressed their heads in imitation of antique busts, and endeavoured to copy the light and scanty draperies of ancient statues; and while the ladies were thus attired *à la Grecque*, the gentlemen kept them in countenance by cropping their hair *à la Romaine*.' The toga and paludamentum found their way from the French stage to ours; and Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Cato were represented with some regard to Roman habits and manners, although the authorities consulted by Mr. Kemble were those of the time of the Emperors instead of the Republic. The English historical and romantic plays were also dressed with at least more consistency. Mr. Kemble invented a conventional costume, formed of the old English dresses of the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and the two Charles's; and although King John, Richard the Third, &c. were any thing but correctly attired, their habits had an antique as well as picturesque appearance, and the whole *dramatis personæ* were similarly arrayed, instead of all illusion being destroyed by the introduction of modern uniforms or plain clothes.† The rage for melodrama and spectacle, which gradually obtained from this period, was productive at any rate of a still greater spirit of enquiry into ancient manners and habits. Print-shops and private portfolios were ransacked for the getting up of every new Easter piece; and the magic wand of a Farley transported us at his will into the regions of fairy land, or the baronial halls of the feudal ages. But, alas! while the crusader donned his glittering hawberk of mail, to astonish the galleries on an Easter Monday, the bastard Falconbridge, and the barons of King John, were dressed all the year round in the robes and armour of at best the seventeenth century. On Mr. Kean's appearance, and consequent success, the most popular plays underwent considerable alterations and improvements in point of scenery and dresses at Drury Lane. Several gentlemen of acknowledged taste and information supplied the new Roscius with designs for his own wardrobe, and the proprietors of the theatre were not behindhand in their endeavours to assist the illusion of the scene. The stage-dress of Richard, which had been

* 'Biographia Dramatica,' vol. i. p. xlviii. Introduct.

† The late Mr. Mathews made his first appearance in public at Richmond, as Richmond in 'Richard the Third,' wearing a light-horseman's helmet and jacket.

but little altered from the days of Garrick and Macklin, underwent various changes, particularly in the latter scenes; but his cloak still bore the *star* of the garter, as altered by Charles the First. The trunks were of the time of James the First; and the plumed hat, in the throne-scene, of the reign of Charles the Second. Shylock assumed a red hat lined with black, on the dictum of Mr. Douce, the illustrator of Shakespeare, who quoted St. Didier's "Histoire de Venise" as his authority. Othello's dress was wholly changed; but the correct costume was sacrificed to what the actor considered effect. The habits of King Lear and Richard the Second were certainly improved; and in a new but unsuccessful play, called 'Ina,' the anglo-Saxon costume was fairly represented.

"In 1823, Mr. Charles Kemble set about the reformation of the costume of Shakspeare's plays in good earnest. King John, the first part of Henry the Fourth, As You Like It, Othello, Cymbeline, and Julius Cæsar, were successively, and as the public generally acknowledged, successfully revived. The actors, dreadfully alarmed in the outset lest they should be made to look ridiculous, were agreeably surprised by the impression produced upon the audience, and have now become as anxious to procure authorities to dress from, as they were previously annoyed at the idea of the innovation, and distrustful of the effect. The spirit of critical enquiry into these matters has been fairly aroused. The French stage, is still, in some points, in advance of our own; but a few more years will, we hope, produce an entire and complete reformation of our theatrical wardrobes. The persons entrusted with their formation and management will find it necessary to be something more than mere tailors; articles of dress will be called by their right names instead of technicals, which convey no meaning beyond the walls of a theatre. *Shapes* and *romaldis** will be forgotten with the melodramas which gave birth to them: and though it is too much to expect that every actor will become a thorough-going antiquary, it is not too much to presume that, before they wear a decoration, they will take the trouble to enquire when the order was first established; and that the labours of Meyrick, Stothard, and others, having afforded them light enough to dress by, they will not huddle on their clothes in the dark, to be laughed at by a school-boy, who has clandestinely visited at half-price the one-shilling gallery."

Remarks on the British Relations with China, Second Edition, with Notes and Illustrations. By Sir George F. Staunton, Bart. Lloyd.

Having in our May number entered very fully into the dispute existing between us and the Chinese, in answer to Messrs. Matheson and Lindsay's pamphlets, we have little to say respecting the pamphlet before us, further than to thank the author for the notes and illustrations, which he has added to his former text, and for collecting and printing the opinions of the public press on so important a subject. Considering as we do that our government is now in possession of all the information that can be communicated to aid them in adopting sound and discreet regulations for the future prospects of our commerce with China, we do expect that they will issue such plain and explicit orders for conducting the trade that whoever presides over it shall not have occasion to plead ignorance, or be obliged to resort either to intrigue or artifice. When an honourable course is pursued by the government's representatives, and by our merchants in general, impediments to the regular carrying on of the trade will seldom or never occur, except in the case of smuggling and the killing of any of her subjects, whether by accident or

* The latter, a tunic, so called from its being worn by Romaldi in the "Tale of Mystery."

otherwise. In the case of either homicide or murder the greatest prudence and decision of character will be indispensable. We are of opinion, in reference to the latter case, that the resident merchants should form themselves into a board, presided over by the superintendent of the trade, whether it be an acknowledged council or not, and try the accused parties. If such a court be instituted while there is no misunderstanding, it is not improbable that the Chinese would be satisfied with their decisions in almost every matter that might be brought before them. Hitherto the guilty has been screened, and suffered to go at liberty on reaching the first British port on leaving China. The Chinese among themselves distinguish between homicide and murder; but with respect to foreigners they make no distinction, in order that the fear of committing either of the crimes might cause foreigners to abstain from wrangling and fighting, lest death should ensue. We must acknowledge that this severity has had considerable influence over the minds of thousands of Europeans who annually visit China. But the principle is too bad to be tolerated.

The Metropolitan Journal, Part II. James Bollaert.

THIS is a new candidate, in the weekly form, for literary reputation. It is conducted, if we are not mistaken, by Mr. J. Walker Ord. There are some clever things in it; but the effect of its best articles is marred by the egotism, and affectation, and petulance which characterize the greater portion of its contents. It deserves praise for the typographical neatness with which it is got up. A series of papers under the head of "Reminiscences of Lord Byron and his Contemporaries, by an intimate friend of his Lordship," is publishing in this "Metropolitan Journal." We give one of the best:—

"Pisa is the most beautiful city I ever was in. It is the fairest flower in the garden of the world; as poetical in its look and atmosphere as it is in its associations. It is like a city in a dream, or in a poem, such a poem as Spencer might have written: its reality fades before its ideality, for though we behold its palaces, its river, its tower, its paintings, its churches, and its cemeteries (though these strike us with all the force of magnificent *palpabilities*), and though we hear its unceasing voices most musical, yet the after effect produced upon us is so unusual and so delightful that we walk through it *sublimed* into a feeling of its ideality by the unearthliness of the realities that surround us. It is the reverse of Manchester, of Leeds, and of Sheffield —they are sheerly *commercial*, Pisa is sheerly *poetical:* in the three first you go about thinking of great-coats, pocket-handkerchiefs, and knives—but in Pisa you walk with Ariosto, and with heaven-thoughted Dante, with the elegant Boccaccio, the patient Petrarch, or with the rural Tasso—its commonplaces are bits of poetry—its poetry is celestial—and—— But it is not my intention to write a history of Pisa—though a very delightful task it would be—it is my own history that I am to relate, even a task still more delightful, linked, as it is, with the memories of the illustrious, the beautiful, and the good, and undarkened by one unvirtuous sorrow either of the loving or the beloved.

To be egotistical then. The first thing I proceeded to do, when I had settled at my hotel, was to seek apartments; so at about four o'clock on the afternoon of the morning on which I entered the loveliest of all cities, I set out with my Ariosto and walking stick in search of the object aforesaid. I had been recommended, by mine host at the hotel, to the residence of a nobleman who let apartments on the Lung' Arno.* I was told there was nothing extraordinary in this, and that I need by no means be under any

* The street on either side of the river Arno, which flows through the town.

scruples of etiquette in asking him all the business-like questions essential to the correct understanding between the host and future lodger. I took my way, therefore, without further ado to the lordly mansion, and knocked at the door with the air of a man conscious of his want of a fit knowledge of the exact situation he was in. His lordship, who looked very much like a law writer from Serle's place, opened the door to me himself. 'Can I see the apartments you have to let—is his lordship at home?' 'His lordship has the honour of being spoken to by your excellency at this present minute,' returned the nobleman, bowing quickly and furiously,—'Pray walk in, your excellency?' 'Thank you,' I replied, and 'M. Conte Morand' and myself proceeded up stairs till we came into an apartment about the size of the great room at Free Mason's Hall. 'This is the principal bed-room,' said the Count, 'It is rather small, but——' 'I assure your lordship that you could put an English cottage comfortably into it, kitchen, attic, wash-house and all.' The Count laughed 'like one mad,' as Mr. Pepys used to say. 'What do you think of this then?' said he, opening a door into a kind of Salisbury-plain of an apartment—'This is the dining-room; a great deal of *rostè bêfè* might be got through in this room, eh?' and his lordship roared at his own joke like a rhinoceros in an ecstasy. 'But to business,' added the Count, with great good-natured familiarity—'your excellency would like to see the other rooms, there are eighteen more!' The Count turned from me to open another door, or he would have seen the exquisite astonishment depicted in my countenance. 'I hope your family is not very large?' enquired he. 'No, your lordship sees the whole of my family in myself." 'Oh, then there will be quite room enough!' 'Quite, I thank you.' After perambulating the suite for some half an hour, I took leave, with the intention of entering the apartments the day following.

"I turned from his lordship as he closed the door, and, taking no particular direction, walked carelessly on, much in that half-reflective half-stupid state of mind that a man is in when he leans against a wall in the sunshine—shut up in my own thoughts, or rather in my own want of thought. I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by a picture! Such a picture! a living one! It was the face of a girl, gazing anxiously from out a window, her dark hair flowing in a profusion of ringlets over her white shoulders, and her cheek, voluptuous in bloodful health, reclining upon her hand. She reminded me (but she was dark) of Caracci's beautiful creation of Susanna, that picture on which I had gazed, years previous, for hours, till the dim evening shadowed the light of its beauty and the breath of love seemed to have past away. Our eyes met! Hers were instantly withdrawn, the window lowered and the green blind closed. I walked homeward, the face gazed at me the while! I entered my room, its eyes still looked into mine! Betimes, I retired to rest, still those eyes looked at me—no young child ever dreamt a dream so beautiful, of more sweet fancy than the dreams those eyes brought me that night. I resolved to visit the same street the next day.

"Before I entered my apartments on the following morning I hastened to pay my respects to the personages to whom my father had obtained me letters of introduction; among them were, Mrs. Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Esq., Lord Byron, Captain Trelawney, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. After breakfasting on grapes, *coccommero* (a kind of gourd), light wines, and biscuit, I set out for the residence of the noble Author of Childe Harold, to whom, as I had previously been informed, Mr. Leigh Hunt and family were at that time on a visit. He lived, at the time I speak of, at the *Cara Lonfranchi*, situate on the Lung' Arno, and one of the largest and most magnificent palaces in Pisa. It was built of marble, though no one would have thought it so, for antiquity had yellowed it, and given it the colour of a dingy composition. I lifted the massive knocker at the portal, and the sound reverberated up the galleries and corridors within, reminding me of what I had read of in Amadis and the old English Romances. My romantic associations, however, were very speedily

set at rest by the appearance of a fat and common-place-looking individual; but who united in his countenance the cunning eye and intelligent mouth of his nation. He told me that his lordship was not yet up. 'Is Mr. Hunt at home!' 'His excellence is in his study.' I gave him my card, requesting him to take it to that gentleman. 'His Eccelenge, si,' said the *ore rotundo* footman, and, bowing most humbly, he slowly took his way across the hall, and entered the politician's study. The hall he left me in was as splendid a one as can well be imagined. The floor was composed of marble worked in alternate squares of black and white; on the right of the door was the principal stair-case, likewise of marble several feet in breadth, and supported by bannisters of bronze. Opposite the stair-case was a second entrance to the palace, which his lordship and Mr. Hunt generally used as a private door. I cannot state to a foot the exact height of the hall; but I should say that it was at least forty feet high; the ceiling was irregularly carved, and covered with mythological paintings. The servant returned shortly, and brought me word that Mr. Hunt would be happy to see me. On entering his study, the poet was standing at the window with his back towards me; he turned round instantly, however, on hearing the door open, and, hastening towards me, shook me most cordially by the hand. There was something in his manner so naturally affable, and so instinctively polite, that put me at my ease immediately. 'Mr. Pemberton,' he said, 'welcome to Italy; may you enjoy your sojourn here as much as your father tells me you expect to do. He is quite well, I hope.' I told him that a visit from London to the sea-side had greatly benefited his health. 'Aye, I'm glad to hear it,' returned he, 'my physicians, some years ago, prescribed for me the same remedy; but certain lawyers were of a different opinion; and, instead of riding a horse at Brighton, I was put, sick and despairing, into a gaol. And,' he added laughing, 'old soldiers, you know, will talk of their wounds. But here comes his lordship—you hear his voice.'

"As Mr. Hunt said this, I heard a voice without, lachrymose and *in alto* giving some order to a domestic. 'Is that his lordship speaking?' said I 'Yes,' returned Mr. Hunt, with a tone and look that seemed to enquire why I asked. 'Then I must make up my mind to be disappointed altogether in him. I fancied he had a loud voice, and a manly one.' As I said this, his lordship opened the door, and entered. He bowed to me as he passed on to Mr. Hunt, saying, 'Leontius, good morrow to thee.' I was disappointed in him; there was something so very effeminate about both his person and his manner. His lameness I had not perceived; he managed to hide it by a dandy lounge that was in admirable keeping with the lazy drawl of his voice, and the negligent style of his dress. He wore a pair of white trowsers and a waistcoat to match, with a loose nankin jacket, and the shirt collar, unconfined by any kind of neckcloth, thrown broadly over the shoulders; a plain velvet cap seemed to have been *thrown* upon his head; in one hand he carried a book, and in the right, which was profusely covered with gem-adorned rings, a lawn handkerchief. As he stood for a second talking to Mr. Hunt apart, I dared hardly believe that it could be Lord Byron after all, and I felt a little annoyed at the ludicrously incorrect idea I had formed of him.

"Mr. Hunt was considerably taller, and as dark as his lordship was fair. They were dressed nearly alike, though the politician fell short of the bard in exterior adornments. Mr. Hunt had a low, harmonious, and manly voice—a voice like an apostle—worthy to have uttered an oracle, or to have advised a sage. There was more of vigour too in his manner; and not an atom of any affectation was discoverable either in his gesture or his speech.

"Turning suddenly from his lordship, Mr. Hunt begged his permission to introduce to him his young friend, Mr. Pemberton, from Cambridge. The poet stepped forward to shake hands with me in the most cordial manner, begged I would dine with him, and consider myself always very welcome whenever I might do him the honour to pay him a visit. A very delightful conversation followed, which I reserve for my next paper."

Proposals for an Intellectual Franchise. By W. Joyce. Effingham Wilson.

Who Mr. Joyce is we know not; but he is evidently a well-meaning visionary. His plan may be carried into effect when the millennium arrives, should there be any necessity for politics then; but it certainly stands a poor chance before that time. For our own parts we must say that he is often beyond our comprehension; and where we understand him, or fancy we understand him, his plan is too prolix to admit of analysis within the limited space we can afford. In order, however, that our readers may be able to form some idea of his notions and manner of delineating them, we give the following extracts:—

"The principal argument in favour of an Intellectual Franchise is that all classes will be enabled to obtain the right of Representation, that no man need be without the Franchise: and that it would be a general rule that no one will possess it that does not deserve it. If you are a rich but ignorant man, you have only to make use of the superior advantages wealth gives you over the poor man, and set about rendering yourself worthy of the right to vote. If a poor man without these advantages of wealth shall enable himself to become a constituent, how much more ought you to do so! Still your wealth will carry its advantages; you will be able much sooner, and more certainly, to acquire that knowledge which ought to be the test of capability for the higher, and more ennobling, duty of a representative in the Legislature of your country, or the higher offices of the state. Though the mere possession of riches or birth ought not to give one man a political advantage over another, yet the luxuries, pleasure, ease, and other numberless advantages, which riches carry with them, ought to be sufficient to gratify their possessors, without their wishing to obtain superior political advantages to their fellow-creatures.

"Be you of whatever grade you may, you will be able by this method to obtain a Representation in the State, if you choose to fit yourself for that right. The Intellectual Franchise would include men of every denomination. I do not mean, by an Intellectual Qualification, such a one as would occupy a man's life to obtain, and such that professors only could obtain; but such a Qualification as would prevent the man from giving a vote the consequences of which he could not by reason of his ignorance at all see; the information which he must acquire would be such as with the most common capacity he should be able to master in a moderate time, and which should be published in a cheap and compendious form, the single, the married, the master, the man, the prince, the beggar, the rich, the poor, will all have the same opportunity to obtain this work, except that there might be some who would not spare the small sum which it would require to purchase it; but I think that, let a man's poverty be ever so great, that he would be able to obtain either the loan, or could, if he valued the right it would procure him, by dint of perseverance and frugality, obtain the possession of that that would raise, so considerably, his position in society.

"One of the advantages of this system would be, that no one would be able to vote, until after he had proved his fitness for that duty. There will be, as I before remarked, many who will give votes after this improperly, but still I say these will be but exceptions Have we not reason to conclude, that if a man is capable of learning all the grand facts connected with the resources of this empire, and of acquiring a general knowledge of the principal laws that have been framed, with the various other information which I propose the work I before spoke of should contain, that this man is deserving of the vote he would then have a right to? It may be said, that if a man should have property but be too idle to acquire the knowledge necessary for its representation, that that property would be unrepresented. In answer I say, that every man who gives a vote, not only represents his own property and

rights, but those of every other individual in the kingdom, therefore the property of the individual named would not entirely be unrepresented, but, of course, not so well as if he himself had the right to vote; yet he would be better off without a vote, both for his own and others' interests, if he were ignorant of the probable effects of giving one.

"The same arguments I have adduced in opposition to the present system of conferring the vote upon the constituency of the kingdom will also apply to the manner of proving a man's right and capability to sit in the House of Commons, namely, by a property qualification; and the same remedies I propose to amend the constituency of the kingdom, I also propose to amend the representatives of the kingdom. Through the evils of the present system the most ignorant man who, by dint of unblushing impudence, has gained a seat, is capable, by an ignorant vote, of stifling a measure which might have been productive of the greatest happiness both to himself and the nation at large. But if that man had, before he could have sat in the House of Commons, been obliged to have shown his fitness for that honour, if he had been obliged to have shown that he understood something about the duties of the station he aspired to, then his vote, we have the right to conclude, would have been given with a conviction of its propriety, and an assurance of the probable effects it would produce.

"Next I consider that it is necessary to, or at least it would greatly ensure the stability of the state; that an intellectual standard should be the one which should decide fitness for the vote. At present the electors, from not having shown their fitness for it, are (I do not say all) liable, the great majority of them, to be carried away by any daring pretender to politics. That man possessing the greatest talent for wheedling is the most likely to succeed in obtaining their vote, while some more talented but honourable individual, from not possessing this amiable accomplishment, will often find himself ousted by his more time-serving, but ignorant opponent. I do not say that such is the case generally, but that such must be the effects, more or less, of the right of vote, as conferred by the present system. While a state leave a road open, by which men ignorant of the knowledge and principles of legislation, and the resources of the empire, can enter and become lawgivers, or, by which other men, ignorant of all these subjects, but in a much greater degree, can become the appointers of these lawgivers, that state can never be said to be founded on a lasting basis, but must be continually liable to the injurious effects such a system must be expected to be productive of.

"But, on the other hand, if we found a state demanding, from those aspiring to the rights above-named, the proof of their capability of performing the duties, attending the possession of them; then might we reasonably conclude that that state would increase in strength with years, would possess a representative assembly capable of understanding its interests; a national constituency worthy their right, and a durability of constitution, combined with an equal distribution of all the blessings that men desire, which no other state could possess unless enjoying the same system."

The author is evidently one of the working classes. He writes incorrectly, which however, under the circumstances, is not to be wondered at. What we blame him for is that, with his imperfect education and crude notions, he should undertake the task of instructing the legislature as to the best mode of re-modelling the constitution of the country.

Schloss Hainfeld; or a Winter in Lower Styria. By Captain Basil Hall. Whittaker & Co.

We are glad to meet Captain Hall once more in the walks of literature. It is long since we had any thing from his pen other than his occasional contributions to periodicals. The sketches of scenes and circumstances, with which

the volume abounds, are graphic and entertaining. It is altogether a pleasant work, and will be found a very agreeable companion to sea-side visitors.

The Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain. By Andrew Ure, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. C. Knight.

It has long been a disgrace to a people whose rank as manufacturers is the highest in the world, that no systematic history of this part of national usefulness has appeared to enlighten them. We hailed Mr. Baines's elegant volume on the cotton manufacture; but we look on the present volumes with increased pleasure, as they appear to be only the precursors of others that shall form together a satisfactory account of the whole factory system. Without calling down on Dr. Ure the scurrilous anathemas of the Edinburgh reviewer, we may be allowed a wish that he had not limited so narrowly the term factory. The same abilities which have done such ample justice to the clothing-factory system might be advantageously applied to the illustration of other branches of national industry. Many extracts might be made that would highly interest the reader; but as it is our intention to present him with a history of this mighty branch of manufacture, in an article expressly devoted to the subject, we forbear, and bid him farewell; assuring him that the perusal of Dr. Ure's published volumes will afford him much enjoyment, and contribute a large addition to his stock of knowledge. Mr. Baines's and Dr. Ure's works deserve a distinguished place in the library of every gentleman who values as he ought the true and characteristic points of his country's greatness.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Balfe's new Opera of "The Maid of Artois," in which the whole operatic strength of the company, including the unrivalled Malibran, was rendered available, attracted an audience that filled the *salle* even to overflowing.

The libretto of the opera was by no means calculated to raise in the estimation of the public a species of literature which has fallen into, we are sorry to say, deserved contempt. Any thing now is considered good enough to serve as a frame-work to support the weight of the music, and in the present case the burden was not a very heavy one.

The plot, if it may be called a plot, is soon told. The Marquis de Chateaux-Vieux (Phillips) has carried off and detains against her will Isoline (Malibran), without, however, offering her any violence. He endeavours to win her consent to a union which her affection for Jules or Montanjon (Templeton) renders utterly repugnant to her feelings. Jules meanwhile has wandered in search of his lost, and, as he supposes, faithless mistress, struggling with the ills of penury and want. Entrapped by a serjeant of the Marquis's regiment, he discovers the abode of Isoline, scales the balcony of her apartment, and, convinced of her truth and constancy, is about to fly with her when they are interrupted by the marquis. Reproaches and defiance pass between the recruit and his colonel, and swords are drawn. The Marquis falls, apparently mortally wounded, and Jules is dragged off to confinement. The next act opens in Guiana, where Jules is suffering the penalty of his offence in servitude and bondage, under

a brutal overseer and callous jailor. Isoline arrives in the disguise of a sailor, bribes the jailor to permit an interview with her lover, and they escape immediately before the arrival of the Marquis as governor of Guiana, cured of his wounds both in body and mind. The third act displays the faithful pair sinking under the accumulated evils of fatigue and hunger, oppressive heat, and that thirst which is only known to the worn traveller in the parched desert. The timely arrival of the repentant Marquis preserves them from a horrible death, and they of course are united. So much for the story.

The music is not such as we could have wished. The overture reminded us of so many others that we have heard, especially Auber's to "Massaniello," that we could not divest ourselves of the idea that it was intended for a medley, and not an original production. A ballad, sung by Phillips, most exquisitely, "The light of other days is faded," and encored, was introduced by a solo on the valve-cornet, played by Handley in a most finished manner, and no doubt will become popular. Yet it so closely resembles the opening movement of the duet in Bellini's "Puritan," that a casual hearer might readily mistake the one for the other. A pretty light chorus of soldiers in the first act was encored by half the house, and we believe sung again; but the malcontents were so loud in their expressions of disapprobation that it could not be heard. E. Seguin acquitted himself admirably in the part of the overseer, singing with unwonted spirit, which is all that is wanting to put him at the head of his profession. Unquestionably his voice is the finest bass now before the public, be the other which it may. We have reserved our observations on Malibran to the last, fearing that after speaking of her we might not be willing to allow their due meed of praise to the other members of the dramatis personæ. Fortunate is the composer who can have his productions supported by this incomparable singer. On this occasion her pre-eminence shone forth in its brightest colours. It is not merely herself, but the energy she seems to awaken in those around. Phillips, who has of late become rather lazy and careless, was roused from his lethargy, and surpassed himself. Templeton, who at other times is but an indifferent singer, under the influence of her genius, warmed into excellence. To say that she herself sang and acted admirably is to say nothing. It would seem impossible for her to do otherwise. Her personation of the heroine was such as would of itself establish a claim to the highest place as an actress, whilst her unrivalled powers as a songstress were exhibited in the most brilliant light. All was exquisite; but in the finale she surpassed herself. So powerful was the sensation produced, that notwithstanding the fatigue she must have been suffering from the performance of her arduous part, the audience insisted on hearing it a second time. No commendation can be too high, no encomium too lavish, where so much has been done to deserve it; and Mr. Balfe owes a large debt of gratitude to Malibran for the success of an opera, which, but for her exertions, backed by Phillips, and well supported by the other characters, would we consider have added but little to his reputation. We seriously recommend him to search after originality, and not draw so largely upon the stores of his contemporaries. If he cannot compose

without copying, at least he should take his models farther off than Auber and Bellini.

Covent Garden.—A review of Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy of Ion, as a literary production, appearing in another part of our present number we shall here confine ourselves to a criticism on its performance. It may not, however, be superfluous to state that the strict preservation of the unity of time and place, which it is generally admitted interferes much with scenic effect and dramatic character, did not seem to us, at least in this case, to detract from the interest, or tame the energetic character of the subject. A rapid change of circumstance and situation keep up the excitement of the mind to the end. Nor is it till after the fall of the curtain that we recollect we have been seeing a play written according to the strict rules laid down by the dramatic writers of antiquity. The tragedy is somewhat curtailed on the stage, to adapt it better for scenic representation;—we think not injudiciously. It now remains to offer some observations on the parties who filled, or endeavoured to fill, the dramatis personæ. We were not fortunate enough to be present on the first night of performance, and can therefore offer no criticism on Miss E. Tree's personation of Clemanthe. Miss Helen Faucit, who was the representative on the 2d of June, if she cannot be said to have left nothing to regret in the change, at least deserves considerable praise. Two charges we bring against her, and should be happy if our notice would induce her to correct what we consider faults. She indulges in those hysterical sobs which many ladies of her profession deem necessary to the expression of deep feeling, and which passes in France under the name of the "horquet dramatique." No actress can ever expect to rise to the pinnacle of excellence who does not lay aside such silly affectations. We ought not, perhaps, to interfere with ladies' dresses, as not being by sex or occupation fit judges of what is becoming; but we claim a right to observe on what is decent. Now, if Miss Faucit supposes that by the abundant exposure of her person she is copying the antique, we would recommend her to the study of classical models, and she will find that they did not accomplish the exhibition of a large portion of naked flesh by wearing low dresses. And, if she supposes that she will obtain the admiration of men by so liberal a display of her bosom and shoulders, let her learn that we covet not what all may enjoy; and, however much any individual of the spectators might be delighted by the examination of her beauties in her dressing-room, none will be flattered by a sight that all may purchase for a few shillings. Having discharged our duty as guardians of public morality, we turn to the more agreeable task of awarding praise where it is due. Miss Faucit played with feeling, spirit, and expression; nor doubt we that Macready fully appreciates the assistance he derives from his fair coadjutor. His performance was to our mind as nearly faultless as possible. Nay, so strong was the illusion that the first impression of the unsuitableness of his age to the part wore off ere he had uttered twenty lines, and returned not till the mimic scene closed on his death. His description of the horrors of the plague, addressed to Clemanthe in the second scene, was delivered with soul-stirring pathos; nor must

we leave unnoticed the energy and spirit with which Miss Faucit bade him go forth and meet the peril that awaited his honourable mission.

"Go!
I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying. And if thou shouldst fall—
Ion. Be sure I shall return.
Clemanthe. If thou shouldst fall,
I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes."

In the scene with Adrastus we bitterly felt the want of another Macready, but that we cannot expect; yet surely some one better than Mr. Dale might be found. Rant and erroneous emphasis did their utmost to mar the excellence of Macready, but it was of too perfect a quality to be much injured by the want of support—it was strong enough to stand alone. Witness his address to Adrastus, beginning

"Thou art not marble,
And thou shalt hear me."

We pass over much of beauty we would willingly notice, but our limits forbid us. Now come we to the parting from Clemanthe, previous to his self-sacrifice for the good of his native city. He must indeed have a heart as hard as granite, and as cold as the polar icebergs, who did not sympathize with the magnanimous self-devoted prince yielding to duty, though urged by strong affection to a different course, and rending his soul ere yet he divorced it from his body.

His delivery of the lines—

"Yes,
I have asked that dreadful question,"

excited a thrill in the house such as it has not been often our fortune to see. He was loudly called for at the close of the play, and received on his appearance with acclamations well deserved by efforts so successful. Of the other actors it is charity to say nothing.

In the dramatic world nothing of any importance has occurred since our last. No novelty has been produced, nor is any to be expected for some months to come, for the season may now be said to be virtually over. Covent Garden has indeed formally closed, and Drury Lane is about to follow its example. At the latter house "The Maid of Artois" continues to be performed, and Madam Malibran, according to the terms of her engagement, performs three times a week. The English Opera House is also about to close for a season. The one that is on the eve of expiration has not, we fear, turned out so profitable as the friends of the republican party who have been performing there could wish. Mr. Osbaldeston is understood to be already busy in providing for the next campaign at Covent Garden. He has engaged Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, and other distinguished performers. His benefit, at the closing of the theatre, was a *benefit* in point of fact, which is more than benefits always are. The house was literally crammed.

FINE ARTS.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery ; Parts IX. and X. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This work is now completed. Among the many publications respecting the Fine Arts which have made their appearance of late years, we know of none of greater merit than the one before us. All the engravings are good: some of them are exceedingly beautiful. The subject was one peculiarly adapted to Mr. Stanfield's pencil. His genius is especially suited to sea scenes. We trust that the work, now that it is completed, will enrich the treasury of the publishers. We are sure it will add—it has already added—to the reputation of Mr. Stanfield. Each engraving is accompanied by a letter-press description.

Winkle's Continental Cathedrals ; No. XVIII.

This publication continues to make its appearance regularly with the Magazines. The subjects are well chosen, and they are for the most part well executed. Winchester Cathedral, in the present number, is a beautiful engraving.

Beattie's Switzerland ; No. XXIV.

We cannot add any thing new in the way of commendation of this beautiful work. Few works of the kind have been more generally praised by the press—none have more deserved it.

Views in Syria, the Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c. Fisher, Son, and Co.

These Views are from the pencil of Mr. W. H. Bartlett, Mr. William Purser, and others. The letter-press descriptions are by Mr. Came, the well-known author of "Letters from the East." The subject is one of great and universal interest. The views are of scenes hallowed by the most sacred and endearing scriptural associations. They are well executed; and the accompanying letter-press descriptions are interesting. The work is singularly cheap considering the character and number (three in each part) of the engravings. There cannot be a doubt of an extensive sale.

Panorama of Isola Bella.

Mr. Burford has just completed another Panorama, which is now open at Leicester-square. The view embraced is that of the celebrated Isola Bella, the Lago Maggiore, and the surrounding country. A better subject could not have been chosen; and never, we will venture to say, has Mr. Burford appeared to greater advantage in the execution. The illusion is most complete. The spectator cannot divest himself of the idea that he is gazing on the very thing itself, and not on a representation. The water of the celebrated lake, which, as the poet says,

"Is a mirror and a bath for beauty's daughters,"

is one of the greatest triumphs of the panoramic art we have ever witnessed. Nothing could be more true to nature,

The Isola Bella is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It is called the garden of Italy. There is something paradisiacal in its very aspect. It is like a fairy scene: it more than realizes all we have read in earlier years of enchanted landscapes. "The noble lake," as Mr. Burford observes in his descriptive account of the scene, "is smooth as glass, and clear as crystal. Its vast expanse,—an ocean of brightly gleaming waters, is covered with boats. Its peaceful bosom unruffled by the slightest wave, reflecting in a most splendid manner, and with astonishing distinctness, every object on its banks, which exhibit, as far as the sight can reach, a continued succession of the most varied, delicious, and romantic scenes—towards the upper part of the lake grand and majestic; towards the lower fascinating and lovely—mountain, plain, vineyard, and forest, finely grouped, thus combining the grandeur of Switzerland with the sweet and softened features of Italian landscape. The bold margin of the lake is fringed with numberless villages, the snow-white houses and high quadrangular towers of the simple churches contrasting well with the rich foliage of the vineyards, orchards, and forests, with which they are intermixed, and the picturesque crags, surmounted by

castles or churches, abruptly rising above them. The second distance is formed by a succession of graceful hills, whose sloping sides are clad with beautiful verdure, having many breaks and intervals, exhibiting between the luxuriant and peaceful plains of Italy: beyond, from east to west, the Alps form a magnificent amphitheatre, their majestic ridges towering in wild sublimity, precisely at that distance which softens their too rugged character, and blend their varied outline in the rich mellow tints of the evening sky.

'—— The Alps, that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive yet so shadowy, so ethereal,
As to belong rather to heaven than earth.'—*Rogers.*"

As a work of art, we repeat that this Panorama is one of the best of the many for which we are indebted to Mr. Burford's genius.

VARIETIES.

Servants.—A fund has been established at Stockholm for the reward of servants who have distinguished themselves by virtue and fidelity. The King has subscribed 1000 crowns, the Prince Royal 500, and the Princess Royal 300. Would an institution of this nature in London be attended by beneficial effects? If so, the pecuniary balance would be in favour of our nobility, even after a handsome subscription; while certain titled ladies would be saved the trouble of kicking their domestics out of doors.

Roman Bachelors.—In a committee of unmarried ladies, when the *ways and means* are debated, a never-failing proposition is a "tax on bachelors." One would hardly have supposed that such a tax existed among the Romans; but such is the fact. At the registry of each individual, when the census was taken, he was asked if he were married,—and, if not, he paid a certain sum called *æs uxorium.* But the political motive for this was simply the raising of subjects for the state; as the same authority tells us that, if any had married barren wives, they were *obliged to repudiate them*, and marry others, by whom they might have offspring.

Changes which take place in the Domestic Animals of Europe, when transported to America.—The mammiferous animals transported from the Old to the New World are the hog, the sheep, the goat, the ass, the horse, the cow, and the dog.—1st. *The Hog.* This animal, in the hot valleys of South America, where he wanders whole days in the woods, living chiefly upon wild fruits, loses speedily the marks of domestication, and partakes largely of the nature of the wild boar. The year 1493 was the date of his first introduction into the New World; and now he is found established from 25 degrees north latitude, to 45 degrees south, and every where breeds as plentifully as in Europe—2d. *The Cow.* Animals of this species appear to require a considerable quantity of *salt* as a part of their nourishment. When salt is placed where they feed, they return punctually to seek it; but, when this duty is neglected by their masters, the flock disperses and becomes wild. There is also a difference in the size of the udder, particularly in Columbia, where the milk is not reckoned of the same importance as in Europe.—3d. *The Ass.* The ass suffers hardly any alteration either in his form or habits. In some places, where he is overworked and little cared for, he becomes deformed; but nowhere does he lose his civilization.—4th. *The Horse.* Not so with this animal: he finds chestnuts in the woods, and speedily presents one of the distinctions of wild animals—a sameness of colour, which with him is almost invariably chestnut. The amble is the pace most admired by the Columbians; they accordingly breed up their horses to this mode of motion; and it is no less remarkable than true that with the present race the amble is the natural pace, just as the trot is with ours.—5th. *The Dog* suffers no change. —6th. *The Sheep*, in temperate climates, breeds as freely as in Europe, and never shows any inclination to escape from the dominion of man. In the warmer plains, they are more difficult of preservation. The wool grows slower; but, if shorn at the proper time, presents nothing remarkable. If, on the other hand, this time is allowed to pass, it is detached by the shears of nature; and instead of a new crop growing, as in other cases, a short, smooth, shining hair presents itself, resembling that of the goat of the same climate.—7th. *The Goat*, although with us a mountaineer, suits better the low warm valleys of South America than the more elevated parts of the Cordilleras. The only change it undergoes is similar to that of the cow.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published in 3 vols. foolscap 8vo., "Reminiscences in Prose and Verse; with the Epistolary Correspondence of many Distinguished Characters, and notes and illustrations." By the Rev. R. Polwhele.

Just published, "The Magazine of Zoology and Botany," conducted by Sir W. Jardine, Bart., P. J. Selby, Esq., and Dr. Johnston. No. 1. June, 8vo. 3s. 6d. To be continued every alternate month.

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THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XXII. AUGUST, 1836. No. 128.

		Page
1	The Session of 1836	101
2	Sonnet	106
3	The British Legion in Spain	107
4	Steam Locomotion	115
5	Stanzas for Music	116
6	An Ascent of Vesuvius	117
7	Lines to M—, on giving her the air "O Tranquillo Soggiorno"	127
8	The Bawn Vone; or The White Woman	128
9	The Watch-Tower of Koat-Veu	136
10	The Family of O'Bore	146
11	Misadventures of a Lover	156
12	Recollections of Poverty	176
13	The Rise, Progress, and Present Condition of the British Cotton Manufactures	180
14	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE—The Mining Review, No. 8—Thoughts on Physical Education—The Young Divine—The Magician—Claverie's Guide to the Pronunciation of the Italian Language—Cruse's original Cathedral Services, Part I.—Memoirs of Jonathan Jefferson Witlaw—Mammon, or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church	183
15	Theatrical Intelligence	200
16	Notes of the Month	201
17	Varieties	204
18	Literary Intelligence	204

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The author of "The World" has not had any connection with the *Monthly Magazine* for the last five months.

The continuation of the "Manse and its Inmates," "Half Hours, No. II.," and several other articles, are in type, but, owing to a press of matter of less permanent interest, are unavoidably postponed till our next.

The continuation of "Klaproth's Letter" and the valuable communication from our Norwich correspondent have been received.

THE SESSION OF 1836.

The Parliament of 1836 is drawing to a close. Before another number of the *Monthly* appears it will belong to history. What has it done during its session of six months? Has it performed all it promised? No; nor one-tenth part. What has it done? What has it left undone which ministers pledged themselves it would do, and which ought to have been done?

What has it done? Echo answers, "What!" We know of no measure of great importance which has become the law of the land during its lengthened debates. The passing of the English Tithe Bill is the only measure possessing the least claim to importance which the closing session has brought to a satisfactory issue. And the carrying of that measure will not weave any laurels around the brow of ministers; for it is one which met with no opposition. The Conservatives were as zealous in their support of it as the Government itself.

The Births, Marriages, and Deaths' Registration Bill is a measure of some little importance; but not certainly of such moment as to make it one to which ministers would point as a splendid legislative achievement.

The Taxes on Newspapers have been reduced; but that measure is not only not one of any great importance in itself, but, supposing it were, ministers could claim no credit in its passing into a law. It was with them a matter of necessity, not choice. They did not concede it of their own accord; it was wrested from them. They could no longer resist the popular voice. They resisted it to the last moment, until, aided by the unstamped press, which threatened the extinction of newspaper revenue, that voice made the hitherto deaf ear of Mr. Spring Rice to tingle in a very unpleasant manner.

What has Parliament left undone? Aye, but who shall be able to catalogue its demerits in this respect? The Irish Tithe question was to be settled; the Church Appropriation Clause was to have been in operation long before now; the Corporations of Ireland were to have been reformed; they were to be put on the same footing as those of

England and Scotland. The Courts of Law were to have been purged of their manifold abuses; justice was to have been made of cheap and expeditious attainment. Imprisonment for Debt, that disgraceful practice in a civilized and especially in a Christian country, was to have been abolished. The Dissenters were to have the doors of the Universities opened to them; they were to be relieved from the payment of rates to support a church of which they conscientiously disapprove, and their grievances generally were to have been redressed. These, and many other measures, were all promised in the King's speech at the opening of the session. There they still remain; and will, most probably, furnish the materials for another royal oration on the next meeting of parliament.

We may be told that the fault is not in Ministers, but in a Tory House of Lords. We are not the apologists of the Upper House. We appeal to our last four numbers in proof. We have in each of these censured the conduct of the peers in no measured terms, and told them, in the plainest language we could employ, what must be the inevitable issue of the course they are pursuing. But, while not holding them guiltless as regards the non-redemption of some of the most important pledges which ministers gave the country at the opening of the session we must not blind our eyes to the culpability which attaches to Lord Melbourne's administration. Were Ministers ignorant of the fate which awaited the particular measures we allude to on their introduction into the Upper House? The utmost stretch of charity will not suffer any one to give them the benefit of that plea. In the nature of things, Ministers could never for one moment contemplate the bare possibility of the Lords passing, in ordinary circumstances, those particular measures. They knew those measures clashed with all their most fondly-cherished opinions, with their most deeply-rooted prejudices. Nay, they knew something still more certain as to the line of conduct their lordships would pursue. They had the history of the past—of the recent past—to instruct them. They had the rejection of several of those measures by the Lords, in the last session of parliament, staring them in the face.

But we shall possibly be asked, What could ministers do? What means were at their disposal for overcoming the hostility of the Peers?

Two courses were open to them. They ought either before the meeting of parliament to have armed themselves with the power of procuring the creation of a number of Peers sufficient to meet the exigency of the

case, or they ought immediately on the rejection of the first important measure, namely, the Irish Corporation Reform Bill, to have tendered their resignations.

The latter step would have been as effectual as the other. The party who had imposed the necessity of resignation on them must, as a matter of course, have responded to the call of the King to supply the vacant places of the Melbourne Administration. Well, and what then? Why, the accession of a Tory government under such circumstances would have raised such a storm of indignation, from one extremity of the country to the other, as would at once have scattered such a government to the winds of heaven, and restored the Melbourne Ministry to power, under such triumphant circumstances as would have deterred the Conservative Peers for ever after from defeating any measure which Lord Melbourne proposed and which public opinion demanded.

In taking neither of these steps, therefore, Lord Melbourne has only been unwarrantably trifling with the country. His conduct gives plausibility to the charges brought against him both by his own friends and by the Tories. The former charge him with pusillanimity, the latter reproach him with a determination to retain power to the latest moment possible, at any sacrifice of principle and consistency. The course he has pursued this session affords too much apparant ground, to say the least of it, for the charges of both parties.

The policy of Lord Melbourne this session has been as injudicious as it has been undecided. His timidity has only inspired the Tory Peers with fresh courage; they now assume a bold front, and not only say, but prove by their actions, that they will have their own way of it. Their determination to resist every measure involving in it the principle of any important reform is now declared openly, and in tones which indicate that their "hearts are resolved and their hands are prepared." Had Lord Melbourne acted with the energy which became the occasion, he would, as already mentioned, have had the whole of the people with him. His pusillanimous conduct has not only emboldened the Peers in their obstructive courses, but it has detached from his Lordship's government the affections of the great body of the reformers in all parts of the country. There are at this moment rumours abroad that Ministers are again on the eve of ejection from office—that, in other words, the game of 1834 is about to be repeated. If so, Lord Melbourne will soon have his eyes opened to the folly of the timid course of policy he has pursued this session. He and his colleagues will not be again

triumphantly brought back to Downing Street on the shoulders of the people, as in April 1835. Their exclusion from office will be permanent.

Let us not be here misunderstood. Let it not for a moment be supposed that we have the slightest idea that a Tory Ministry can ever again preside over the destinies of this country. That is beyond the limits of possibility. We must have a liberal Ministry, that's certain; but not the liberals which constituted the Ministry of Lord Melbourne. In them the nation have lost all confidence. We must have a Cabinet constructed not only on principles of the broadest liberality, but we must have some guarantee that these principles shall be carried into effect. The people of this country will no longer submit to be cheated out of the benefits furnished them by the Reform Bill; those benefits they will have equally in despite of faint-hearted Ministers and Tory Peers.

Whether Lord Melbourne's Administration will live to see another meeting of Parliament is, as we have just hinted, a matter of much doubt. If it should, he may rely on it that they will not calmly suffer a repetition of the policy he has thought fit to pursue during the session about to close.

SONNET.

O THAT these strange thoughts could be
Quench'd or realized! this pain, this sickness,
Cease—withdraw from my lone heart's misery.
But the world is cold—'tis called a weakness
Thus long to suffer and complain.
I still must pine in hopeless sadness,
Like lonely wife who mourns in vain
Her warrior lord in battle slain.
O that I but once again might steal
Th' animating hopes of youth's bright dream!
Joy hath from me stray'd—I chance might feel
Something of peace—ere yet life's stream
I pass—as one whose lot on earth, though graven
With care and grief, seeks joy in heaven!

E. W. G.

THE BRITISH LEGION IN SPAIN.

On the 10th of June, 1835, the Foreign Enlistment Act was repealed, by an Order in Council, for the purpose (as the order stated) "of enabling all persons to engage in the military and naval service of her Majesty Isabella the Second, Queen of Spain." In consequence of this permission, Lieutenant Colonel de Lacy Evans was appointed a Lieutenant General in the Spanish service, and entrusted with the formation of an auxiliary legion, to consist of 10,000 men. On the 22d of June General Evans with General Alava, the Spanish ambasador at the court of London, signed the "conditions under which British subjects will be admitted to the service of her Catholic Majesty Donna Isabella the Second, Queen of Spain." These conditions provided that "the pay and allowances are to be the same as in the English service," and "that the force is to be governed in conformity with the British military articles of war, and, in matters not connected with military discipline, by the laws and constitution of Spain in all other circumstances."

That these articles are fair, and hold out honourable terms to those desirous of engaging in the service, no one can deny; but, notwithstanding these considerations, the most lavish abuse and the most groundless charges have been heaped upon the legion and officers of the British army. Men who have served in almost every clime and field, and who in these days of peace have accepted appointments in the Spanish service, have been held up by a party in this country to the contempt and scorn of the world as mercenaries and base hirelings. The system of attack has been not so much to prove the inefficiency of the legion, to show the errors of its operations, to criticise its movements, as to vilify it, by invariably styling it by some cant names, such as "the Mercenaries," "the Isle o'Doggians," "the Footpads," and many other names, which the wit, ingenuity, or malice of party feeling has been able to coin. In the days of the French war this system was found to take admirably with the lower classes. "The Corsican," "the son of a shoe-black," "Boney," and such expressions, were then found excellent weapons in the hands of writers; and perhaps they had as much effect in stirring up the bile of the people, and keeping them in good humour with the war, and in ill humour with France and every thing French, as the news of half a dozen victories. But, alas! the time is changed. Now common men may reasonably be supposed to possess some common sense, and consequently the supposition may not be so very extraordinary that some of them particularly clear-headed, and of course in advance of their fellows, may distinguish between the mere application of an opprobrious epithet and a well-founded objection. The result therefore appears to us to have been that the system has entirely failed; for we apprehend that not one single officer or recruit has been deterred from engaging in the service from considerations so absurd, and so evidently brought forward as a party trick.

Having made these few observations, we now recur to the subjec more immediately before us. We have been so fortunate as to receive several letters from an officer of the legion in Spain—a young gentleman who sailed in September last, who is still out, and from whom we hope to receive more valuable communications. We regret, however, that in one part of the correspondence there is an *hiatus* of several months, our correspondent having during that period been suffering with the fever at Vittoria, and three letters which he subsequently wrote never having reached his friends. To this we only add that the most implicit faith may be placed in every statement of the writer. He was an eye-witness of what he described; he is influenced by no partiality for the cause in which he is serving; and, though his style may savour more of the camp than of the study, there is a bluntness about it that speaks of the honesty and truth of the writer's views. We therefore commence with a letter dated Santander, September, 1835.

Letter I.

"I have at last arrived here, after considerable delay and a great deal of sea-sickness. When I wrote to you last I was then about to leave Portsmouth; and, as soon as I came on board the *London Merchant*, General Reid directed me to take the command of a party in the forepart of the vessel, and to keep off the boats that surrounded us. Sentries are placed round the ship, and the officers of the Lancers take it in turns to be on duty all night, and to go the rounds every hour. We have Colonel Kinlock, a lieutenant, two cornets, and three cadets on board; but only the cornets and cadets go on duty at night.

"I was quite mistaken with respect to the *London Merchant* steamer. We have excellent accommodations, and fare most sumptuously, and the best of it is that we have nothing to pay, wine and every thing being provided for us. We have about thirty officers on board, chiefly of the medical staff. We all dine together in a handsome cabin; and I had the pleasure to be invited to dine several times with General Robert Evans and General Reid.

"On Friday morning, about five o'clock, we first saw Spain. I happened to be on duty at the time, and it certainly appears to be a most beautiful country. At eight o'clock we arrived in Portugallette Bay; but we did not land, as we saw thousands of bayonets in motion on the hills, which we suspected might belong to the Carlists, as the principal part of their army is in the neighbourhood. Here we remained until ten o'clock the next morning, when we were ordered to enter the river towards Bilboa, to stay near the town of Portugallette, and land the generals and the medical staff. We left Portugallette at twelve o'clock to-day (20th of September), and arrived about four o'clock. The day we landed it was as hot as the hottest day in England, but it is now cooler: and I feel very unwell from eating such a variety of things at breakfast on shore. Six of us breakfasted together. We had three different kinds of fish, fowls, wine, fruit, chocolate, oysters, and several other things. This I think does not speak of the scarcity of which we hear in England. An unfortunate accident occurred the day before yesterday. A private of the rifles passing

before a Spanish sentry was challenged by the latter, but, not understanding a word of Spanish, the sentry fired and wounded the poor rifleman so severely that he died the next morning. This is all I have to tell you at present, and little it is, as I have not yet had an opportunity of looking about me; and I have only time to write this to send it by a lieutenant of Lord John Hay's vessel, who has kindly undertaken to convey it to London, where he is going.

Letter II.

Santander, October, 1835.

"I landed here for good the day mentioned in my last—for bad I had better say at once, for I already detest being here. I am now billeted in one of the best houses in the place, and I have a very good room, and I certainly cannot complain of my accommodation, for the people are exceedingly kind, and pay more attention to me than I, as a stranger, have a right to expect. The officers of our regiment have a mess, breakfast and dinner, at the principal hotel in the town; and we each pay fourteen pistoreens (a pistoreen is ten-pence) per week. For some time after we landed the weather was very fine; but it has rained incessantly for the last three days, and so we are altogether as uncomfortable as we well can be. Had I known before I left England what sort of life I should lead here, I never would have come out; and I now really wonder how I could have left you all, for I would gladly return home if I had not been so headstrong in rejecting good advice, and in persevering to come out against the wishes of all my friends.

"I will now give you a sketch of the life I lead, and of the duty I have to perform. In the first place, I am billeted about a mile from the barracks, and every morning at five o'clock I am obliged to be there and remain until six, to see the men clean the horses, and water and feed them. At eight o'clock we are drilled in the sword exercise, in marching, the facing, and the various other formations; and this lasts for two hours and a half. At twelve we have to be at the stables again, and remain there an hour; and at half past two we are drilled in the platoon and lance exercise until four. At five we are again at the stables; and at nine I have to go to the barracks to hear the roll called. M—— and S—— are in the D. troop, and we each command a squad of about twenty men, and the serjeant-major, for the present, commands the other.

Last night, coming home from the barracks, it was pouring with rain, and so dark that I could hardly see a yard before me. I fell over a large stone and cut my arm, and hurt my right side so severely that I could scarcely walk home. The people at my billet were very kind. They would see what had happened; and they were good enough to bring me spirits to rub my side. This gave me some relief; but I was in great pain all night, and I now feel it whenever I cough. This morning they brought me some tea, wine, and bread; and, as there happened to be a person in the house who could speak English, he came up to me to enquire whether I was much hurt, and if a doctor or any of the officers should be sent for? About one o'clock they invited me to dinner. I had shown them a Spanish

grammar, and they pointed to a dialogue commencing with 'Gentlemen, if you please let us go into the dining-room.' I accepted the invitation thus strangely given; and a very good dinner we had. It consisted of eight different dishes, and only one with garlic.

"The respectable people here are Queenhites, but the lower orders are all Carlists; and I regret to perceive that the Spanish soldiers hate the English, and look upon them with feelings of jealousy. I will give you an instance:—A short time ago a quarrel arose between some Spanish soldiers and some men of our regiment, and one of the latter was stabbed with a bayonet. Another time a Spanish and an English soldier were on guard at the same place. The Spaniard pushed the Englishman, and the Englishman knocked him down. Upon this some Spanish soldiers fixed bayonets; our guard turned out, and one of our cadets interposed for the purpose of putting an end to the disturbance. A Spaniard levelled his musket at the cadet, and would certainly have fired if it had not been knocked out of his hands.

"It is reported that there are six Carlist battalions in the neighbourhood, and the only regiment near us is the tenth, under Colonel O'Connel, stationed at a convent about four miles from us. If we should have a brush with them, there certainly will be a dreadful inequality of force on our side; but never mind, we do not fear them. Last Thursday we were inspected by General Alava, who stated that he was highly pleased with our appearance. The same day he proceeded to Madrid, with an escort of Spaniards. Santandar, with the exception of a few houses on the quay (in one of which I am billeted), is a very poor, dirty, ill-looking town. It is surrounded with mountains. In fact, the whole country about is mountainous, and of a description very unfavourable to the operations of troops. As the Carlists are very numerous and in considerable force between here and the capital, it is impossible to go almost any where without a strong escort."

The next letter is of a much more recent date, and gives an account of the late operations of the legion. It perhaps may be necessary to state that in the interval the writer was promoted from the lancers into an infantry regiment.

Letter III.

St. Sebastian, 28th June, 1836.

"I fear you have all forgotten me, as I have not heard of or from you since last October. Whenever I go to the post-office I am always doomed to be disappointed, and I must therefore charitably suppose that you have written by officers coming out; but that is the worst possible way, as, either from neglect or forgetfulness, they very rarely deliver the letters entrusted to their care. Immediately you receive this write and give me all the news, both private and public, and do not be afraid of putting me to the expense of postage, for we have plenty of money at present. The last pay I received was in bills, and it amounted to nineteen pounds. I got it cashed here for five per cent. Three months pay is still due to us, and I believe we are to receive it in bills in a few days; if so, I intend to remit it to you. I dare say you must be anxious to hear from me, as I have

already been in three actions. I should have written before, but really our duty is so hard that we have no time; and, to give you an idea of it, I will only state that for about a week I have been on picquet every other night, and that in the open air. Every morning we turn out at two o'clock, and remain under arms until broad day-light; and about a fortnight ago we were under arms every morning at one o'clock, expecting to be attacked.

"I have dated my letter from St. Sebastian, but we are a league from that place, on the left of the lines near Passages. I am on picquet this very moment, but I have the good fortune to be in a house, and a better one, too, than I have been in for some time; it has even a bed in it. But I shall not enjoy that luxury much, as I cannot take off my clothes; in fact, we never take them off except to bathe. I must now go and turn out the picquet, as General Chichester is coming up to visit it. I have just been round the sentries with the General; and he has ordered me to place additional ones, and in the morning, when we turn out, to extend the picquet in skirmishing order until day-light, and in case of an attack I am to retire skirmishing. I suppose you received my letter from Vittoria. [This was never received.] We shortly afterwards marched from that city, which to us was almost a city of death, through a most beautiful country to Santander. We were about nine days on the march. Our brigade, composed of the first, fourth, and eighth regiments, under General Chichester, was the last to leave Vittoria; and in consequence of this we had to remain about a fortnight in a village about a league and a half from Santander. During this time the rest of the legion was embarking for St. Sebastian. The eighth marched into Santander on the 1st of May; and I paid a visit to the people at whose house I was billeted when I first arrived in Spain. I dined there that day; and they were kind enough to invite me to stay with them whilst I remained at Santander. The first regiment embarked before us. On the 4th of May we (the eighth regiment) together with the fourth fusileers, under Colonel Harley, sailed in the *Salamander* steamer for St. Sebastian. About five o'clock the next morning, the 5th of May, we arrived within hearing of the firing, and we could see the beautiful effect of the shell-practice upon the Carlist lines. In about one hour we entered the bay; and here the sight was truly grand. We could see the whole of the engagement: the *Phœnix* steamer firing upon a very strong battery in redoubt of the Carlists; the breach which had already been effected; the seventh and tenth regiments, who were then endeavouring to carry it at the charge, driven back several times; and the Spaniards skirmishing along the sands. We were immediately landed, and in a minute or two in the midst of the fire. We charged at the point of the bayonet the redoubt which the seventh and tenth had in vain tried to carry, and we entered on the first assault. The Morning Herald, which we have seen out here, and in that spirit which so peculiarly distinguishes that journal, states that the *Phœnix* made a breach large enough to admit 300 men to enter at one time. Now the truth is—and I can speak from my own observation, for I entered it with my regiment—that not more than five or six men could enter at a time; but then there certainly was

another place through which one man might crawl. When all was over our men were ordered to bury the dead; and I had command of a part of my company to bury about twelve or sixteen lying near us. We dug one large hole; and they were all thrust in together, about two feet below the surface. One of them was a Carlist colonel, a young, handsome, well-built man. He was shot through the temple, and also in the breast. The dead were lying in all attitudes. Some were lying crouched up, with their nails tearing up the ground; others were sitting up against walls, or stretched out at full length; and others, who had been shot in the head, were lying with their brains protruding. The scene was altogether horribly disgusting.

"That night four other officers and myself were fortunate enough to procure quarters in a house with a roof on; and we did not forget to congratulate ourselves on our good fortune, for there were very few houses in the neighbourhood which remained with a particle of one. We were also fortunate enough to get some straw to lie upon; and so, after the fatigues of my first battle, I was enabled to enjoy a pretty comfortable sleep. I have often since been glad to sleep on a couple of boards. I have been on picquet sometimes without my cloak. All the time it has thundered and lightened. Such thunder I never heard in England; and the rain has come down in torrents for half the night. When the storm was over I have laid down on the wet ground and slept, and have never caught the slightest cold or rheumatism. Two days after the action of the 6th of June, I slept from six o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon in the burning sun, and I was only awoke for about half an hour during that time by my servant bringing me my breakfast. The sun, however, burnt my face so much that it smarted for two or three days after.

"Sometimes even now we are turned out at eleven o'clock at night, expecting to be attacked, and kept under arms until four o'clock in the morning. We then see the rations served out, and generally send a fatigue-party to build up walls and loop-hole houses. Half the regiment is usually on fatigue duty, and the other half accoutred ready to turn out at a moment's notice. This you may suppose is not very agreeable.

"On the 28th of May our brigade, with the first lancers, and some Spanish troops, forded the river at St. Sebastian, under cover of a tremendous fire of artillery. The marine artillery were there; and it was a most beautiful sight to see the shells falling amongst the houses on the other side, and the Carlists cutting out of them as fast as they could. In one house nearly fifty Carlists were killed. Since we have been on this side of the river we have built several wigwams. At one place I had a very comfortable one built with turf and the branches of trees, but just as it was completed we marched away.

"On the morning of the sixth of June, about four o'clock, we heard firing to the right of us, where the ninth regiment was stationed. We happened then to be in the reserve. Presently we received an order to support the ninth; but, as the firing was soon over after we came up, we marched back, and remained under arms until seven o'clock. We then heard the two guns of the Carlists to our left; and

we could see the picquets of the fourth regiment running in as fast as possible. We were then ordered to the left; and when we came up we found that the fourth regiment had been driven back. We immediately advanced up a lane, and when we had gone about two hundred yards up it the fire was tremendous. We had three fires upon us at once, for the Carlists were on both sides of the lane, and in front. We drove them back in front with the bayonet, and we retook the houses from which the fourth had been driven. During a part of the action, my company took possession of a house in advance, and the regiment retired two or three hundred yards in the rear of it. The enemy, seeing this, immediately advanced and surrounded the house; but they received such a warm fire from us that they thought proper to retire. We then vacated the house, and advanced still further. A reinforcement of men having arrived, we soon cleared in double-quick time four or five orchards of the enemy. It was now our turn to retire, in consequence of two or three additional Carlist battalions coming up; and we again took possession of the house in which we before were. It was now about two o'clock. The sixth regiment came up to our support, and made a charge, but went too far, and they were nearly cut off, but this we prevented by supporting them in time. We then lay down in an orchard, in skirmishing order, for about two hours. This was the most unpleasant part of the engagement, for the balls came every moment within an inch of our heads, and we could not see what was doing in advance. Whilst laying here, a corporal, close to me, was shot in the neck, and when we were advancing up the lane, the balls absolutely came in showers. The trees were cracking and breaking on all sides, and the men were dropping as fast as possible. Captain Erskine, of my company, had the skin taken off the tip of his nose by a ball, and the scabbard of his sword broken in half. He is the nephew of the earl of Marr, and is one of the best natured and most gentlemanly men in the regiment. A ball slightly grazed my thumb, and made it bleed a good deal, but nothing more. The action lasted until four o'clock. We had two lieutenants of the eighth wounded, nine men killed in the field, and between fifty and sixty wounded, several of whom have since died. Three or four days afterwards the enemy made an attack upon the marines at Passages, but they were driven back, and had a general killed. This affair only lasted about an hour. In the action of the 6th of June the Carlists lost about eight hundred men, and the Queen's troops between two and three hundred.

"Lord John Hay has just this moment been speaking to the Carlists with a twenty-four pounder; and it must have had some weight with them, for the Chapelgorries have given three cheers. It is reported here, and generally believed, that Eguia has given up the command of the Carlists. Our officers very often meet the Carlist officers half way between the picquets, and they smoke and drink together. General Evans the other day issued a general order against it, and two officers of the sixth regiment are to be tried by a court martial for having disobeyed it. I went the other day to a picquet-house, where a company of the sixth is stationed, for the purpose of having a view of the Carlists. The two picquet-houses are not thirty

yards apart, and conversations are continually carried on between the picquets. At some of the picquets they are all day firing at each other, and where the ninth regiment is a man is wounded almost every day. The Queen's troops and the Carlists whenever they are near each other never agree.

"The last time I wrote to you, I said I thought I should return to England this month. I was then only just recovered from the fever; but I have now determined to remain to the end of the war, and to see it through. A great many officers of the legion are about to return home, and a great many more intend to do so at the expiration of their first year's service. There is, however, another class of men who return home—men who, having been previously dismissed, circulate the most gross and abominable falsehoods respecting the legion, thinking that, by traducing the service from which they have been expelled, they can lessen the disgrace of their dismissal. I regret to hear that attention is paid to the falsehoods of these disappointed men, and that their statements usually form the groundwork of the attacks almost daily made upon us by the conservative press. Nothing is so bad as not to contain the elements of some good; and, if these vilifiers and these writers could but see the laughter which their full, true, and particular accounts excite amongst us, they really, I am inclined to believe, would begrudge us that innocent amusement, and be surprised that their handy-work should unintentionally create a feeling which in their lighter and more ephemeral productions they so lamentably fail.

"Yesterday the news arrived in St. Sebastian that the French legion, consisting of three thousand men, was a few days ago defeated by fourteen battalions of the enemy. The French were first engaged with only eleven battalions, and defeated them; but, three more coming up, they were overwhelmed by numbers. Since writing this, we have heard that the French were beaten in the first day's engagement in consequence of the illness of their general, and having no person to lead them; but, on the second day, he commanded himself, and gave the Carlists a most infernal licking. The French had three battalions in the field, and the Carlists seven; and about an equal number on both sides was lost.

"Before I conclude, it would be ungrateful in me not to bear tribute to the hospitality and kindness of the people of St. Sebastian. They behave better to the English than the people of any place at which we have been. On the fifth of May they carried in a great many of the wounded. Women even assisted. They brought linen to dress the wounds, and brandy and wine for the poor fellows to drink."

"A. R. R."

STEAM LOCOMOTION.

"Soon shall thine arm, unconquered steam, afar
Drag the slow carriage and impel the rapid car,
Or, on wide waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air."

The ingenious author of the above prophetic lines, however highly he may have estimated the advantages of the steam-engine, could hardly have anticipated such an extensive use of that gigantic prime mover as we now enjoy. Its power, in many cases, exceeds that of the fabled genii of the eastern world. But in no case is that power so advantageously applied as when it is employed for locomotive purposes. A steam carriage is all but "a thing of life;" it darts forward with the velocity of the eagle in its flight, and yet so admirably are its powers regulated that its motion may be checked in full speed, and it may be directed "hither or thither" by the force of a child.

When the speed of a common carriage is too slow for the wants of man, he has recourse to the steam-engine—that abridger of time and space; and most manfully does it answer to the appeal, for there is scarcely any boundary to the rapidity of its motion. If the speed of the rocket be required, it may be at once imparted to those winged messengers by highly elastic vapour; and in the same way a degree of speed which passeth that of sight may readily be communicated to a carriage by this potent prime mover, and at a cost much below that of animal power.

Every thing which tends to facilitate the means of conveyance, in a commercial country like England, must also tend to increase its wealth and power. Even in the agricultural districts of Great Britain we find that the formation of railroads and the establishment of locomotive engines, have enabled the landed proprieter to bring into cultivation extensive districts of land which would otherwise have lain barren and useless. But even the commercial and agricultural interests, to which we have thus briefly alluded, are as nothing, when compared with the increased diffusion of useful knowledge which must follow from a cheap and rapid means of conveyance over the whole British empire. Man is by this means brought into juxtaposition with his fellow man; and we yet hope to see the time when ignorance and its sister prejudices, which are the peculiar companions of retired districts, will be lost in the amalgamation of a mixed society. It is true that the admirers of the picturesque are not likely to gain by the change, as the smoke of a railroad conveyance will scarcely curl so gracefully as that which wreaths from the peat fire of the illicit still; but, by thus innovating on "the good old times," we in reality sacrifice but the privileges of the few for the happiness of the many, which should be a primary object with every lover of his species.

We have thus briefly pointed out the importance of railroad conveyance. Its direct advantages, in an economical point of view, may

be best shown by reference to two or three simple facts. The present cost for the conveyance of goods from London to Manchester is about four shillings per hundred weight by canal carriage, and rather more than four times that amount by Pickford's fly-vans. The time of transfer by the canal is less than five days, whilst the road conveyance averages about thirty-six hours. Now the same weight of goods may be conveniently carried over the same distance by a railroad in ten hours, and for one half the cost of ordinary land carriage.

The peculiar importance of this subject at the present moment will be best understood by a reference to the parliamentary proceedings in both branches of the senate. In most cases even the disputes of party spirit have given place to the overwhelming claims of the subject before us; and we purpose, on a future occasion, noticing in detail the principal works of this description now in progress.

C. F. P.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I wooed thee, love, to send me o'er
  Some gift of little worth,
Yet one whose form might give once more
  Old thoughts and feelings birth.

It is not that the stranger-land
  Has changed those dreams of mine;
They ask not, love, another band
  To hold them to their shrine.

You sent the book whose study fair
  Won sweetness from thy tone;
Those eyes, with mine, have wandered there—
  I cannot read alone.

You gave your favourite flower; but take
  Again the fragile thing—
I would not wear, for thy sweet sake,
  A gift so perishing.

Thou art my flower—the gem most fair
  In nature's wide array—
No poison-seeds are lurking there;
  No blush to veil decay.

Those leaves were formed in fairy mould;
  They bear no taint of earth;
They ask no sunshine to unfold
  The beauty of their birth.

Thou art my book—the sternest sage
  Sweet wisdom there may see—
I seek no knowledge that bright page
  Cannot impart to me.

Then teach me, love, the gentle art
  Such treasured hopes to win;
Bright leaves to glow *above* my heart,
  Loved words to burn *within*.

W. H. S.

AN ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
Macbeth, Act iv. Scene 1.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. *Paradise Lost*, I. 670.

The first thing which a traveller looks out for on his route towards Naples is the smoke of Vesuvius; and during his stay there, unless it be very long and wearisome, he will every day go where he can catch some view of the mountain, to see what appearances there are on its summit, and to guess what sort of work is going on in its interior. Vesuvius also, as seen from Naples, is a very attractive object. The gentle inclination of its side and its double peak are both most elegant. The blue sea lies before it; at its base are the white houses and villas of Portici; higher up appear the vineyards; and the whole is crowned by a pinnacle of curling smoke. From Pompeii and the eastern side of the bay its appearance is very different. Only one peak is visible, and that is stained and streaked with streams of lava, and looks like a vast cauldron of boiling pitch. The cities which once were spread at its base are now buried, and the vineyards which once crept up its sides are scorched and destroyed. It stands more alone, and more separated from any other mountain, than is generally represented in the published engravings. The Appennines, which according to them seem to touch it, stand far behind, and are separated by a considerable extent of plain. And its whole form, character, and situation, indicate its nature and origin.

All mountains are delightful, from the variety of appearances they present; but Vesuvius, from its constitution, is necessarily more variable than any other. Its smoke is generally quite white, and at a very great distance, as at the Bay of Mola, might be taken for a cloud hanging upon the brow of a hill. It assumes the most beautiful changes of shade and direction, according as it is influenced by the state of the atmosphere, the time of the day, or the strength of the fire which is burning below. Sometimes it rises with a stem, and forms a large body high up in the sky, so as to resemble a huge oak tree; sometimes the wind extends it through the air quite across the bay, flickering and waving like a long streamer from the mast head of a battle-ship. One morning, when there had been a storm all night, and the sky cleared and the sun came out about mid-day, Vesuvius, when unveiled from the mists, had his cone covered with snow up to the very edge of the crater, from which clouds upon clouds of smoke would *not* rise, owing to the heaviness of the air, but rolled tumbling down his side to the sea, and then floated gently across the bay. At night, when there is a slight eruption, the peak is

tipped with dull red, and the light comes and goes, fades away and returns, like the fiery breathing of some fabulous monster. And, if the wind is in particular quarters, the vapours do not mount at all, but boil over like froth, and then slide down the sides of the volcano.

In order to make a good ascent of Vesuvius, it is necessary to have a number of combining circumstances in the weather, which a Neapolitan spring does not always afford. If there is the least cloud or mist, the magnificent view from the top is lost. If the wind is high or gusty, the fine ashes blown into the eyes, nose, ears, and hair, are a sufficient nuisance to diminish the pleasure of the journey; and, if there has been rain, it is prudent to wait for at least two fine days to dry the ashes of the cone, otherwise the traveller would stick as in traversing a bog.

But, for those who have good weather and all other circumstances favourable, there can be no excursion more varied or agreeable than that from Naples to the top of Vesuvius. It is divided into three stages, each of which may be performed in a different manner—by driving, riding, and walking.

The first of these is the drive from Naples to Resina, the town which stands immediately over Herculaneum, and is built on the stream of lava which overwhelmed that unfortunate city. In this short drive of about five miles there is no great object of interest. The road side is lined nearly all the way with houses and villas, like the outskirts of London, and it is only occasionally that a glimpse is caught either of the mountain or the bay. Almost immediately on leaving Naples the Sebetos is passed, a brook of the smallest size, but retaining its ancient name. A long, broad, and well-paved bridge is thrown over this streamlet, as if in ridicule of its littleness. So great is the disproportion between the obstacle and the means by which it is overcome, it is like crossing a gutter with a pair of seven-league boots. In the centre of the bridge appears another piece of bombast in the shape of a statue of St. Januarius, who stands fixed with his hand extended towards the mountain, to ward off any danger it might threaten to the city under his protection. It is difficult to say what service might not be derived from the saint's assistance in case a shower of ashes were to be blown over Naples, but, as far as the lava is concerned, his aid is not likely to be called for. Unless the burning stream took a very long and circuitous route, the sea, which lies between the volcano and the city, would spare the saint the trouble of his intercession. Crossing the bridge, the road proceeds to Portici, and what is very remarkable, and probably unique, passes directly through the principal court of the royal palace there. And a most welcome sight this palace is, and happy the traveller feels when he arrives there; not because his taste is charmed with architectural splendour, or his eye dazzled with liveries and equipages, for, as far as can be seen from the road, there is neither one nor the other, but because it relieves him of a most troublesome and disgusting swarm of attendants. Beggars of every shape and hue people this road, and the tourist's carriage, passing through the midst of them, resembles a comet followed by its tail of foul vapour. As it rolls along a fresh addition is

constantly attaching itself to the train. The whole suite holds together, some near at hand, some further behind, till at last they are all extinguished at once by the Palace of Portici, whose gates they cannot enter; and the traveller shoots on, a comet no longer, happily for himself, merely a simple star. The crowd of mendicants is certainly calculated to excite commiseration, did not a stronger feeling of disgust arise, that such frightful objects should be allowed to shock the public view. They are not mere paupers, but consist of the blind, the maimed, the mis-shapen, and the shrivelled; and one woman exposed a head that possessed only the remains of what once had been eyes, nose, and mouth, without the trace of a single feature that was human.

At Resina, the village which joins to Portici, the first stage of the excursion ends; and arrangements must now be made for the part which is to follow. You drive into a sort of stable-yard filled with mules, donkeys, and ponies, all ready saddled and bridled, both for ladies and gentlemen. An immense hubbub immediately takes place. Every donkey-man vaunts the praises of his own animal, alternately in broken English or in as wretched French, and tries first to conclude the bargain with you, and afterwards puts in for the *buona mano*, or drink-money. At last, after rejections and offers, selections and refusals, the party is mounted, and the procession sets off to its fiery destination. Every donkey is provided with two attendants—a man in front to lead it when necessary, or coax it into a trot by the tender name of Macaroni, Rosbif, Lagrima Christi, or whatever may be its appellative; and a boy behind, who is furnished with a long stick, which he applies occasionally according to the directions of his superior. The urchin also has his orders to employ another method of improving Macaroni's agility, for, when the donkey begins to flag, the boy immediately lays hold of its tail and endeavours to pull it back, correctly calculating that the animal's perverseness will urge him forward, and quicken his pace, better than any spur or whip whatever. But it is only fair to state that the Vesuvius donkeys are excellent, and go very well without any of these stimulants being applied. They are strong, are not slow, and are very sure-footed—a false step scarcely ever happens. They are shod in a peculiar manner, as also are the mules employed to carry wine, vegetables, &c., from the neighbouring villages to Naples. The iron is made to project all round the foot, at least an inch beyond the hoof, so as to afford a large surface to the sand, or mud, or ashes, much upon the same principle as a snow-shoe is constructed; and it also must afford a great protection to the hoof from stones, rocks, or pieces of lava.

The cavalcade leaving Resina proceeds gently up the foot of the mountain through the most beautiful country imaginable, and which well deserves its title of *Campagna Felice*, or Happy Campagna. The path-way, of course, is not very good, but on each side it is lined with vines, standard peach-trees, apricot, fig, and pear-trees, and with every variety of shrubs that the garden can boast. And these are not planted in formal rows or divided into sorts, but the whole is mixed into one bunch of luxuriance. The hedges, which are made of lumps of lava piled together, are at intervals surmounted with tufts of dark green aloes, and here and there a flower peeps out, which is either

unknown in England, or known only in our gardens and greenhouses. Among these the bright green lizard, so common all over Italy, winds about in search of some fly or worm, or lies basking in the sun, half concealed in the crevice which forms its home and its habitation.

But, after advancing for a time, you catch between the trees glimpses of the dark boundary which terminates the Campagna Felice; and a few moments afterwards you emerge upon an open plain, which extends far and wide in black irregular ridges, and seems as if a sea of boiling pitch had suddenly been hardened. We are now entering upon the streams of lava which have been poured from time to time, one above the other, from the mouth of the volcano. Their surface is all broken up into large lumps and masses, as if it had been hewn by the hand of man. It looks something like a vast ploughed field, where the ground is very rough, and the soil black, sticky, and tenacious. As the lava cools and contracts, the crude materials of which it is formed split, and crack, and excoriate in a thousand directions; and the gradual shrinking of the whole mass produces the most curious folds and ridges. Where the melted lava has ended its course it is always arrested suddenly. The line of demarcation between the Campagna and the lava which encroaches on it is as plainly determined as if a wall had been built up; and the vine grows and flourishes within six inches of the enemy that has destroyed the vine that had been its neighbour.

The stream of lava first entered upon is that of the great eruption of 1822, and over part of this has flowed the lava of August 1834, and which in March 1835 was not yet cool. Upon touching it with the hand a degree of heat was felt very different from any thing that could be caused by the sun in spring time, even in Italy. In this neighbourhod, of course, no vegetation was to be seen; but not even upon any of the older streams had a patch or a blade of green appeared. All is black, barren, and dreary desolation.

But there is one spot in view which seems always to have been spared amidst the general destruction. It is a long shoulder stretching out from the foot of the crater, and which seems itself like a little mountain planted on the side of Vesuvius. Upon inspecting its formation, strata above strata of ashes, and small pumice stones, may be traced; and they have not destroyed its greenness or fertility: but the lava, in descending from the crater, has always swept round its base, and remains there like a dark current winding by the foot of a rock. It is natural to suppose that, in crossing the streams of lava, every eye is directed towards so pleasing a contrast to the general barrenness, particularly as upon the very extremity of the green knoll is placed a neat white-washed building, surrounded with trees, the famous Hermitage of Mount Vesuvius. And after climbing for a few minutes up a narrow gulley, which the rain has washed through the beds of pumice stone, we find ourselves upon the grass plat, which lies before this elevated place of retirement. Here we stop awhile, to give the donkeys a breathing, to leave the dinner which a wise man will have brought against his descent, and to taste a glass of Lagryma Christi, on the spot where it grows. Nor will the view be despised; for, though less extensive than that which is obtained

rom th e summit of the volcano, it is more distinct, and more richly coloured, and there is quite enough to fill both the eye and the imagination. There is Naples sparkling by the sea side, the islands of Ischia, Procida, and Nisita, and the gulf of Baiæ. Beyond the promontory of Misenum is the bay of Gaeta; and behind all is the long line of the Appennines, some glowing with purple, and others shining with snow. Nearer at hand, and in the centre of a fertile plain, is Capua; and far out at sea, rising like a ruined wall from the horizon, lies Capri, the delight and shame of the Roman Emperors. On the left, bending in a curve as blue as the sky, is stretched the Sorrentine coast, once the abode of cyclops and giants; and there, crushed at the foot of the mountain, Herculaneum, one of its victims, lies buried deep under the solid lava.

From the Hermitage to the foot of the cone of ashes, which forms the upper portion of Vesuvius, is but a short ride; and the pathway runs all along the top of the ridge, affording on each side lovely views of the surrounding plain, the sea, and the distant mountains, while one side of the volcano is covered or streaked with the streams of lava which run towards Portici, and seem terminated by the sea. After all, these burnt-up plains, though sufficiently appalling, do not present to the mind images of unmixed horror, for there is always something fertile and smiling to be found in the distant prospect: they are the valley of the shadow of death, but life is seen beyond them.

And here ends the second stage of the pilgrimage. The donkeys halt under the brow of a bed of lava, which has cooled in the form of a wave about to break; and under its shelter they await the return of th eir riders, who must now proceed by their own strength and vigour.

And now for the cone of Mount Vesuvius. It looks steep, and it looks long. So pull off your coat, untie your cravat, and get rid of your waistcoat; for you won't want them till you reach the top. Think of Sisyphus, and congratulate yourself that *your* ascent is not to last for ever. "Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone." But, if this had been the hill of Sisyphus, he never would have rolled the stone up it; and, therefore, the latter part of his punishment would have been impossible. "The huge round stone, resulting with a bound, thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground."

So steep is the ascent that common sand or gravel would not lie at so great an inclination to the horizon, but would slip down by its own weight: it is only the peculiar lightness and roughness of these ashes, consisting as they do of small pieces of cinder and pumice stone, which makes them hold together thus. If, on stopping to take breath, one turns round to see how the rest of the party are advancing, it seems almost like looking down the side of a leaning tower, such as those at Pisa or Bologna. At every step the foot sinks deep into the ashes, and slips back a part of the distance it has advanced. The greatest lightness and caution is necessary in order to obtain a firm footing; and, by violent and ill-placed exertions, it would be very possible to have gone through the mechanism of walking for the space of ten minutes as it were on a treadmill, and at the end of that

time not to have advanced more than six inches up the mountain. The best way is to look forward at every stride, and to select for a stepping stone any lump of lava which may project above the surface and promise a surer footing.

For ladies and invalids there is a less laborious means of accomplishing the ascent, by means of a chair carried with poles on the shoulders of the peasants. The motion cannot be very easy; but, for weak or delicate persons, walking up would be impossible. Another means of assistance is a rope which the guide holds with his hands, passes over his shoulder, and allows his more effeminate brother to tug at the other end. But there is something very displeasing in the appearance: it is too like slave driving; it is converting the man who pulls into the semblance of a brute beast. My guide, seeing me occasionally halt for breath, repeatedly said, "*Volete la corda?* Will you have the rope?" But I felt that I should deserve to have it administered in the English fashion, if I had treated this Neapolitan in the same way that the Neapolitans treat a jack-ass. When about two-thirds of the ascent were accomplished, I was surprised to find a small basket filled with oranges, pears, apples, bread, wine, and glasses, resting upon a large stone. It seemed dropped there by some good spirit; for there was no one to take care of it, and not a creature was within sight. The guide advised me to take something from it, assuring me that one of the brethren of his profession had left it there purposely for strangers, and that I might pay him on the top. I took a pear, cool, sweet, and juicy: it was most invigorating, and sent me fresh and lively to the top. I felt that *it was something* to be on the summit of Vesuvius, and a triumphant pleasure to look back at other pedestrians far behind, and at the ladies trembling on their *portantine* or chairs, with half the distance yet to be accomplished. One of our party performed this last stage of the excursion, on foot, in three and twenty minutes, which was certainly a feat that deserves to be boasted of.

Vesuvius has two summits, which are nearly equal in height. The northern one called La Somma is separated from the present crater by a little plain, which at the first glance appears to be the hardened surface of an extinct mouth of the volcano. The guides say that from this old crater, of which Monte Somma is only the lip or edge, issued those streams of lava and showers of ashes which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. Monte Somma itself is the work of some still earlier eruption, and at this day furnishes all the materials for those toys, trinkets, and ornaments, which their purchasers erroneously suppose to be wrought from the lava of the present crater. That a volcano existed on this spot in very remote times is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that Herculaneum and Pompeii are in a great measure *built* of *antique* lava, although this volcano must have differed very much from the present appearance, and probably rose suddenly in the midst of that extensive plain between the Appennines, and the sea, in the same manner as Monte Nuovo, near the bay of Pozzuoli, has done within the last few hundred years.

The other summit, which is always understood when Vesuvius is mentioned, is very variable both in height and appearance. In March

1835, on arriving at the top, you found yourself on a plain of considerable extent, covered with black ashes, and daubed over with yellow, pink, and orange incrustations of sulphur. At every short interval were large cracks and chasms, from which issued a hot sulphurous steam, that ran flickering along the ground, and was most oppressive to the breathing. But the guides * and hangers on of the mountain were regardless of it; and wherever a rent was larger, or more convenient, they crept into it in parties, for the purpose of dozing, or eating their dinners: and it is difficult to decide whether the warmth attracted them, or whether they selected it in order to steam away a few of their vermin. The ashes all over this plain are sensibly warm to the feet. If a stick is thrust deep into them, smoke will issue from the hole; and, by throwing one's self at full length on the ground, the convulsions within the mountain may be felt, like the beating of an animal's pulse.

In advancing along this plain, from which a weak pair of lungs would soon be driven by the dreadful stench, the explosions from the crater become more and more audible, like a continued *feu de joie*, and stones and pieces of lava are seen dancing up into the air, although the hollow from which they are projected is not yet visible. But soon, the plain inclines downwards, like the edge of a sand hill, and the whole scene is exposed to view with the unexpectedness of a theatrical exhibition. Quite at the bottom of a vast amphitheatre, though by no means in the centre of it, appeared a large oval aperture, which might be about a hundred feet across at its widest diameter. It had been formed only eight days; and the old cavity, from which the fire had before issued, was yawning by the side of it, closed up and skinned over with cinders and scoriæ. From the new mouth arose a column of dense milk-white smoke, which did not issue steadily and uninterruptedly, but was spurted out in jets like the steam from the old-fashioned steam-engines. The discharges succeeded each other nearly at regular intervals of a few seconds each; and one could always tell beforehand the precise moment when one would happen, for an explosion like a firing of muskets was heard within the mountain, and then, two or three seconds after, out darted the smoke accompanied by a shower of red-hot lumps of lava, which were shot up five or six hundred feet into the air. Their colour varied from a brick-red to the brightest vermilion, which shone out in spite of the rays of a noon-day sun. Sometimes the smaller lumps, when first exploded, were of a brilliant pink, and, if you watched their course in the air, you could see them fading away duller and duller, till they were quite black by the time they reached the bottom, or fell back into the crater from which they had issued. It was difficult for the eye, in the broad day-light, to form an adequate estimate of the heat

* Besides the guides, &c., we had another companion, whom we should scarcely have calculated on during such an excursion: this was no other than an armed policeman, or soldier, whose duty it is to accompany and protect strangers from the Hermitage to the summit. One might have hoped, on a spot like this, to be free from all *human* danger; but several instances have been known of robberies committed on the crater of Vesuvius: the crowds of rich strangers are a great temptation to the brigands; and the loneliness of the spot renders a military protector by no means unnecessary.

which radiated from this mouth, but at a long distance it scorched the face like a kitchen fire. The edge of the mouth was so sharp and well defined that nothing would have been easier than to imitate the example of Empedocles. Sometimes it is difficult to get near the actual seat of fire; but, in its present state, a person might have thrown himself over the edge of the burning chasm without leaving a trace behind.

Several of our party did descend into the crater, and advance as near the mouth of the aperture as the shower of lava permitted them. Some ventured so far as to stick coins into a portion of the mass, while in a state of fusion, and bear it away as a trophy and a souvenir. For my own part, the wind shifted a little while I was in this situation, and scattered round about me lumps of red-hot lava by far too large to be agreeable. I thrust my stick through one of them in order to carry it off, and made the best of my way out of so unpleasant a vicinity. The consciousness that a fountain of fire is playing at one does not at all assist a man's coolness in climbing a hill of cinders. If the ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is difficult, the return from the inside of the crater is ten times more so; and a gentleman of undoubted courage, who had laboured hard and to little purpose in order to be beyond the reach of the burning shower, near which he had ventured, afterwards declared that at the time he could not help thinking of the fate of Pliny the Elder.

The whole crater is, indeed, most apalling and unearthly. The rocks by which it is surrounded are formed by the action of fire, and are like no other rocks which we are in the habit of seeing. They are black, occasionally stained with blue or violet, and in parts caked over with sulphur, which varies from a sickly white to a faded pink. At times the colour of the incrustations is blended with that of the lava, and from the mixture is formed a displeasing green, like that produced by mixing together gamboge and Indian ink. Gray ashes and dirty yellow pumice stone are thrown together in heaps that seem formed by a sudden rush of wind, or the action of flame; and, on looking round, the whole scene produces upon the eye the same distressing effect that a succession of discords does upon the ear, or a disgusting taste upon the palate.

It is possible to walk quite round the crater, keeping on the very brim nearly all the way; but the ease with which this tour will be accomplished depends very much on accidental circumstances. If the air is dry and calm, and the smoke rises perpendicularly, little difficulty will be experienced; but if rain has fallen, and the wind be gusty, the traveller will be suffocated with brimstone, and sink knee-deep into ashes and filth.

The descent from the summit of Vesuvius down to the place where the donkies had been left bears a nearer resemblance to flying than to any other method of locomotion. The ashes are so soft and yielding that any resistance they may offer to the foot is scarcely perceptible. At every step you slide on a yard or two. The most amusing plan is to run down headlong and fearlessly: the worst that can happen is a roll in the soft cinders. The whole descent is generally accomplished in three minutes, and might be performed in less time if

a person were only inclined to let himself go. It is a most forcible illustration of the art of sinking. It shows how easily and instantaneously one may slide from an eminence which has been gained by unsparing toil and unflinching exertion.

The day of our ascent up Vesuvius happened to be a very fine one, which came after a course of stormy weather; and in returning to the Hermitage we met numerous parties who were taking advantage of this change in the season. Some were provided with torches to pass part of the night aloft on the summit; others had merely their luncheon, to eat and return immediately. In fact, the side of Vesuvius had become a highway for nations. As each set of strangers passed us, the guide amused himself with guessing to what country they belonged, and his decision was correct in almost every instance. "These," he said, "are English—there goes a German princess—look at that party of Frenchmen," and so on. I asked him how he could tell one nation from another. He laughed, and said, "Oh! we see so many that the instant we look at their faces we know what they are. All the world comes to Vesuvius."

After dining at the Hermitage first, and then gazing from its little platform at a most glowing sunset—thus mixing together both the substantial and the romantic pleasures of life—we completed the remainder of the descent by starlight. Though only the month of March, the air was soft and still, and the sky blue and cloudless. On turning round at the foot to take a last look at the mountain, its black form stood out in strong relief against the transparent horizon, the deep red fire of the crater was reflected by the vapour that hung over it, and a procession of torches, like a string of tiny sparks, were winding up its side, lighting the pathway to those travellers who intended sacrificing their sleep to the nobler pleasures of enquiry and adventure.

Since the above sketch was written the eruption which was then brewing in the interior of the mountain burst out on the 1st of April, 1835. Happening in the evening, and before the moon had completed her first quarter, it was particularly effective, but only lasted a few hours. Not the slightest injury was done either to life or property. The lava ran out on the side towards Pompeii, and consequently was not visible from Naples; but a great deal was also shot up into the air in large red-hot masses, which at that distance looked like a fountain of spangles, and some of them could even be seen afterwards to roll down the side of the mountain without losing their colour. A large quantity of cinders and ashes were also discharged; but they were not visible by night, and, owing to the direction of the wind, none fell in Naples. On driving two days afterwards through Torre del Greco, which lies between Vesuvius and the sea, we found the ground and the tops of the houses quite black, as if a shower of soot had fallen. And afterwards, on visiting the island of Capri, which in a straight line cannot be less than three or four and twenty miles from Vesuvius, we found that the ashes had fallen there not much less abundantly than they had at Torre del Greco, at the foot

of the mountain. The fire from the crater was of a rich cherry colour, with occasional tints of yellow, pink, and vermilion. The noise of the mountain was the most terrific part of the whole phenomenon. It was a continued roaring or explosion, deep, rather than loud. You were conscious that it took place under ground, and not at the mouth of the crater. It might be *felt* with the feet as well as heard with the ears, and at each discharge the windows of every house near where I was standing in Santa Lucia might be heard to rattle. The Neapolitan women and children of the lower orders were in a pitiable consternation. Many of them brought the crucifix in a sort of little procession before their houses, and turning it towards the red glare, as a sort of protection from any threatened danger, began chaunting the rosary. The English who were in Naples engaged every hackney coach that was to be met with, and drove off to the foot of the mountain. When all was over, they might be heard rumbling back into the town one by one, through the empty streets, at one, two, or three o'clock in the morning.

The next day Vesuvius looked as calm and as quiet as if he had done nothing extraordinary the preceding evening. So he has remained ever since; and hardly a vapour can be seen to hang over his summit, or more smoke to issue than would be caused by the pipes of a party of German students. How long it will remain so—"chi sa?"—"who knows?"—as the Italians say, with a careless sort of shrug.

Those who have ascended to the crater since the 1st of April say that its appearance is very much altered. They report that the hemispherical bowl is either filled up or crusted over, so as to become an even plain, level with the lip of the crater. The single mouth which discharged fire and smoke has disappeared, and the vapour now rises from several rents and cracks which are irregularly scattered over the surface of the crust. Thus we have one of those changes in the volcano which have been going on ever since there has been a history to record them. Mankind have been sufficiently puzzled to explain their cause, continuation, and result, make a thousand guesses, and successively abandon them. It seems now to be a favourite opinion that, when the mountain has to a certain degree hollowed itself out by these repeated eruptions, it will fall in, and then become part of the Bay of Naples; but the vast period of time during which these eruptions have succeeded each other proves that both the fire and the materials it acts upon must be too deep-seated to interfere much with the outer crust of the earth, and consequently that so frightful an hypothesis has but little foundation. The author of these sketches does not venture to offer an opinion on the subject (his pretensions are only to describe faithfully the objects that fell under his observation), but he earnestly hopes that it may please Providence either to avert a calamity that would destroy the lives of thousands, or at least, as in many former instances, to give such timely warning that none but the heedless and self-willed need neglect the means of escape.

The constant view of Vesuvius has a perceptible effect upon the

tone of religion at Naples. It is a pity that it has not some influence also upon its morality. The Neapolitans believe the crater to be an outlet or communication with the place of torment; the priests encourage this idea, and make an unsparing use of their doctrine of purgatory. If a corner is to be prevented from being defiled, if extraordinary reverence is to be paid to any particular crucifix or picture of the Madona, if any chapel or privileged altar requires that the number of its devotees should be increased, in all cases the same remedy is resorted to by exposing paintings of naked men and women up to the waist in fire. Outside one of the churches between Naples and Vesuvius are a number of flesh-coloured dolls, huddled into a group, and half immersed in a red lake, supposed to represent lava or liquid fire. To increase the sale of those little amulets, which the Neapolitans wear round their necks, the priests exhibit pictures of the Virgin reaching one of them to a soul in torment, as an alleviation of his sufferings. At Naples, "*Il Rè di Vesuvio*—the king of Vesuvius," means to say "the devil." Having heard that there were symptoms of an approaching erruption, I asked a fellow in the neighbourhood when he thought it would happen. The answer was, "When the devil gives a ball." Another man to whom I put the same question replied in a much better style, "*Iddio è padrone*—it is in the hands of God." A man cursing a person who was displeasing to him said, "May she go *al diavolo, al fuoco, al Vesuvio*—to the devil, to the fire, to Vesuvius." D.

TO M——

ON GIVING HER THE AIR CALLED "O TRANQUILLO SOGGIORNO."

If thou, in future years, may'st chance to play
That plaintive air "Tranquillo Soggiorno,"
Cast one short momentary thought away—
When I am numbered with the dead, adorn, oh!
Adorn my cold sepulchre with a tear—
A tear of *friendship* on thy lover's bier!
What pleasure rests upon the thought! Farewell,
Ye visions of the world's enchanted ore,
Which flit around us, imperceptible,
Chaining the soul.—I'll own your sway no more!
Oh, in this hope I would resign my breath,
To dwell one moment in thy memory;
That would disarm of all its terrors death,
And render it a happiness to die!

ZAGARO VOUNI.

THE BAWN VONE; OR THE WHITE WOMAN.

WITHOUT being a positive antiquarian, I must confess that I recur with a peculiar satisfaction to that period which is expressed by the "good old times." In domestic phraseology it is connected with the early recollections of our immediate progenitors. It refers to a happy youth spent under the eye of pleasant old age. It is connected with a cheerful fire-side, a hospitable home, a friendly neighbourhood. Then may we not share in the sigh which memory offers to the *good old times?*

It would indeed be an idle controversy to enter into the question whether the world is advancing or retrograding in the science of that happiness which is founded upon innocent emjoyment. The old think that manners were more simple *in their day*. Perhaps such might have been the case; and yet such an opinion may only be one of those prejudices which are really honourable to our nature. Youth lives for the future. Age indulges in the past; and both may be allowed to share in an illusion which confers happiness without the compromise of one honest principle.

There are, it must be confessed, many of those ornaments of their sex whose every hour is a chronicle of good, women who seem to live not for themselves, who are attendants on the sick, servants of the poor, comforters of the criminal, mothers to the orphan, teachers of the neglected child. I know of such. Fame may yet be busy with their names. Whether or not, their reward is in their own bosoms here—in an eternity of happiness hereafter. Yet from such do we turn a moment to think of the Lady Bountifuls of the past. A story of female heroism—I mean of that moral courage which arises from the magnanimous suppression of fear to the call of simple benevolence—recurs to my memory. It is of an unusual character, and is connected with the history of a somewhat eccentric being, whose active goodness caused her to be honoured by one of those expressive titles with which the Irish language so abounds, namely, Bawn Vone, or, as it may simply be translated, *The White Woman.*

Mrs. H. was a descendant of one of those families who, flying from persecution for conscience' sake, seem to have left all their animosities with their enemies, and to have brought with them the best charities of life to the hospitable land in whose green fields they were to find a present shelter and a future home. Never was a national hospitality better expended, never was national kindness more amply repaid. There are many points of resemblance between the French and Irish character; at all events, the latter believe such to be the case. Be that as it may, those Huguenots who settled in Ireland after the revocation of the Edict of Nantz met with the most friendly reception; and so grateful have they proved themselves that a name, a *wealthy* name, with a Gallic termination, is necessarily connected with charity and benevolence. Without mentioning the exact locality of Mrs. H.'s residence, it may just be said that she dwelt among a people whose

situation was so little central that they had scarcely any intercourse with those of neighbouring counties, a people of warm and hospitable manners, attached to their superiors, and untainted by crime. This was, however, before —98. From that time much distrust was engendered amongst all classes in a place which was the chief scene of that national calamity. Long however before this period occurred, the incident I am about to relate—first let me pause upon some legendary recollections.—In fact, let me have my own way. A story is not the better because it proceeds in a right line; a literary feast is to be approached like a dinner: you do not run in breathless haste to ascertain what is laid upon the table. Oh no! If you be an epicure of the right sort, you jog on briskly, not hastily; not by a barren road or a short cut, but through a mazy green lane; not lazily, but indulgingly. So, let me pick up my fruit as I may, 'tis a simple banquet, yet redolent with nature and with truth.

The house in which dwelt Mrs. H. and her children to the third generation, for she was a grandmother, was one of those old-fashioned domiciles to which you have some difficulty in according a proper qualification. With too much pretension for a farm house, it was yet not sufficiently imposing in its architecture to be called a castle or a seat. To use a modern phrase for getting rid of a dilemma, *truth might lie between.* It was originally, perhaps, the residence of some farmer, from whom it was purchased, either in the necessity of the moment or from the desirableness of its situation. Additions might then have been made according to the necessity of the case, and time, which reconciles all things, mellowed a union which at first might have looked but ill assorted to the eye. But what gave an imposing air to the whole, what hallowed the connection, was an ample dower of elm and beech, from which a cloud of crows occasionally winged their flight, or rendered musical, for there is no discord in nature, giving an air of hospitality to the place, as it were, by the utterance of their own security.

At the end of an avenue to which cannot, even for the purposes of the picturesque, be accorded a gate—for a happy carelessness was a characteristic of the time—might daily from morning to "dewy eve," be seen the various groups, all waiting for, or chatting with, or leaving their grievances before the *Bawn Vone.* Never did Bethsaida present so motley a group, for the "halt, the lame, and the blind" were but as a portion of the crowd; for such was the exercise of her benevolence that it was deemed boundless in its capacity, and often must the good lady have smiled at the infallibility of power of which she was made the mistress.

Yet let it not be supposed that she was one of those pliant creatures whose merit arose from a mere easiness of temper, a foolish habit of giving for the vanity of temporary respect, or a desire to be rid of importunity. She was the contrary of all that. Hasty, irritable, positive, and proud, she moved more like a queen among her subjects than a gentle benefactress. Her very port and gait were indicative of her temper. Although approaching the climax of threescore and ten, there was not an inclination in her tall figure, her eye shone with an eagle brilliancy, her bold and prominent features were all expressive of authority, but of a command which was not tyrannical.

In fact, her determined countenance expressed a nobleness of purpose; its darkened shades meant only a preparation against imposture, and yet she was imposed upon; thanks however to the really virtuous people by whom she was surrounded, rather than to the exercise of her own penetration, charity was seldom sickened by triumphant fraud. At this time religion resulted so little from opinion, was so much a strengthened habit, was so seldom the subject of controversy, that an active and cheerful piety existed amongst all classes; there were neither persecutors nor persecuted. This was before —98. The few cases of outraged hospitality principally occurred from strangers, some strolling mendicant who, not having where to lay his head, was inducted into *a clean sheaf in the barn*, who when he walked away in the morning *took up his bed*, with all he could lay hands on. But as such a person could not have been much regarded when he had no home of his own, how could *he* respect that of another? Accordingly the neighbourhood was not chargeable with his ingratitude.

I said she was like a queen—never had queen such a levee. 'Tis true she bestowed not garters, nor stars, nor crosses; yet many a knee was bent —not for a knighthood, not for a sounding name or an empty honour, but for garments from the winter's cold. Her *aid de camps* were some two or three grandchildren—golden-haired, blue-eyed, sunny little beings. I rather describe the *effect* of their general appearance than disclose their different traits of feature or of character. And never had royal attendants more active duties.

"Jenny Murphy's daughter, wedded a year ago to *daicent* Mickey Brien, has just had twins. Mother, son, and daughter doing well."

Away flies Alice, Maria, Jane.

Medicines, flannels, caps, dresses—all, all for Jenny Murphy's daughter.

Jenny goes away, is called back, some other little useful matter remembered; and last of all, and greatest of all, the Bawn Vone will be at the christening. Can I describe Jenny's gratitude? Ashamed of receiving—borne down—"nothing loth"—"oh my! oh shame! oh dear!"—"may Heaven bless and reward you."—"Oh, what will Mary say to this? and when I tell Mickey—"

Then Darby Brady is "in throuble."

"Let Darby Brady get out of it. I have interfered over and over again for the idle quarrelsome jackanapes."

"Musha, Ma'am, this time. If Master Ned will only bring a line from your ladyship's honour and glory, poor Darby will be bailed a 'tany rate."

"What has he been doing now?"

"Throth nothin worth spaking of; only licked a whelp from this Kilkenny side, for talkin ill of the yellow boys."

"I'll see the lad myself."

"Och, Musha—"

"Never mind, do you be off with yourself. I want to talk with the poor woman here."

Ashamed of her repeated messages to the house for sundry matters of presents, this excellent woman, at her time of life too, has often returned of a cold evening stripped of her inner garments. What wonder then that each tongue cried, "God bless her," as she passed.

Before dismissing her attendants satisfied, and locating sundry others for the night, then finding ample employment for a poor child about the house, she had often a duty to perform to those who perhaps ought not to have placed themselves in the situation to require it.

Friar Flannery was always a welcome visitor; his good humour, sly tact, and eccentric pleasantry, made him ambassador extraordinary from the neighbouring convent. Mounted upon an ass, his low burly fat figure accorded so well with the appearance of his quadruped that he looked a kind of assinine centaur.

"Why then is it Mrs. H., the Bawn Vone, that is leaving one this away, and I having to give her Father Finnerty's compliments, who will be always glad to see her at the *Conwent*."

"Mr. Flannery, I hope you are very well. Indeed I did not see you. I cannot expect to have my sight as sharp as it was thirty years ago."

"Doant be fishin for compliments now, my dear Mrs. H. Why it is going backwards that you are, like the crabs, getting young again. If you be talking of thirty years back you will be perswadin myself that its ould I'm gettin."

"In truth, Mr. Flannery, we are neither of us getting young; but that is neither here nor there. Come, dismount, you must not pass my door without something for the house above."

"Musha, the light of glory to your sowl!"

Friar Flannery is brought into the barn, but not until he has had himself well rested after his labour, having been carried a mile or two upon his patient ass, which animal in the mean time is regaling himself.

The friar and the Bawn Vone going into the barn was always a subject of special interest with the young folk. The children enjoyed his mirth, and with the quick wittedness of children saw into the motives of his extravagant blessings, and liked him the better for it all. The ample sack is displayed, the friar keeping open its capacious mouth.

In goes a shovel full of wheat.

"Musha, the light of glory to your sowl!"

Another.

"And to all your sowls!"

Again.

"Oh! may every shovel of wheat be a shovel of glory to your sowls, I pray, sweet Virgin."

Another, another, and another. As the sack fills the prayers redouble. Then the sack is shaken, in order to make room for more and more—the friar, although not learned, knew the principle of gravitation as well as Newton himself—till shaking the sack, and puffing and blowing, and "the light of glory, and Father Finnerty will be glad to see you at the *Conwent*," the friar is dismissed to his heart's content. And, taking leave of him, we must for the present forget the Bawn Vone.

There are two characters which are always to be found in an Irish town—an idler and an idiot. The former character is in some degree disappearing; the latter, it is to be hoped, will soon cease

also. For the former there might, before the spread of newspapers, have been some necessity, for your idler is always a newsmonger. The latter, the poor idiot, that blot upon creation, that human being from whom reason is extracted and some galvanic power as it were substituted to direct his helpless motions, may he too more seldom be encountered, according as medical science advances and medical aid becomes within reach of the poor at the critical moment, when the being is to be launched into the stormy world, a weak and frail vessel, without other compass than the hand of charity, or strong and robust in his own might to meet the trials which are before him. Have you ever, reader, entered an Irish town at sun-rise? If you have, as a matter of course, you have been surrounded by a host of beggars, who at that hour awaited your arrival. Many had nothing to mark them out beyond the usual characteristics of wretchedness; helpless old women, some bold and hardy, others subdued and repining; then there was the mother with twins; the active, vigorous young woman, or the emaciated, yet sinewy man, for whom neither the law nor the demands of the country for labour have provided either sustenance or the means of earning it. Mingled in the group, or perhaps with the involuntary homage that the heart pays to age, advanced beyond the rest, is the blind old man; his white head uncovered in an unnatural humility, the wind sporting with locks which might have added beauty to the likeness of an apostle. All this grouping may be seen perhaps in any country where the law respects so much the unbounded superfluities of the rich as to leave the poor without any claim upon a useless abundance. But in Ireland there are to be found two peculiar characters. The first is somewhat advanced in life; he wears either a huntsman's or the remains of a soldier's cap, with a coat of faded scarlet, which, like the cap, belonged once to a hero of the field or the camp. His corduroy smallclothes, girt round the middle with the cheapest and most convenient band that could be had, are open at the knees. The legs are bare, bronzed, and well formed. With a beard of a week's growth, and whiskey in his eye, he advances, and all claims for eleemosynary relief are suspended while he favours the stranger with a jig or a song. You are puzzled to decide whether this creature be more rogue or fool; it is possible that he has always been an eccentric unsteady being, that gifted with some natural skill about dogs, or extraordinary pedestrian powers, has been flattered or indulged into an abhorrence of steady pursuits. A favorite every where, his humour is at length made subservient to his subsistence, while his wild animal spirits, too powerfully excited by whiskey, may have soared a little too near the moon, so that, without being positively mad, he is expressively termed *cracked*. It might be expected that such a one would be viewed with a jealous eye, as one likely to outshine all other claimants upon your bounty, as a monopolist in the trade of beggary; and yet it is not so. He is flattered and encouraged by the surrounding crowd—"Jack, give his honour a touch of the ram"—some favourite song. Jack, *give* this, Jack, *give* that, until you are overwhelmed with so many *gifts*, that you must give something yourself in return. Now there is reason in all this. You are first put in good humour with one beggar—you are

put under compliment to him—to one who confers honour upon beggary itself, for he craves nothing—it is only a free-will offering to a heaven-inspired genius. Then the rest served to draw him out; the chorus of the principal performer, the secondary characters in the picture, without which the first could not have stood out for *relief*. Next is brought forward the helpless idiot, jabbering and grinning; his mother claims not for herself: 'tis only for *him*. Here, again, is the pride of human nature—'tis worth considering—few, few indeed claim for *themselves*. The mother of the *idiot* is a guardian appointed by Heaven; there is no disgrace in her calling; 'tis *her* business to lead about and watch this creature, *your* duty to assist her. The mother of the twins claims for those helpless objects, not for herself. The old man's boy leader asks for the helpless and the aged. Hence the mandatory tones of an Irish beggar. You are invoked, commanded as it were, to do a duty, the neglect of which justifies an imprecation on your head. I have been led away, I hope not unprofitably, from my intention to point out to you this remarkable feature in the group—the idiot. Whatever be the cause, there is no town without one, from drivelling helplessness up through the different partial indications of mind to the creature between whose reason and folly there is so slight a separation that he is only considered *cracked*. Perhaps my observation on this point might not have been rendered so very acute were it not that a morning encounter with an idiot placed me once in a situation of extreme peril. I had travelled all night by the mail, and at the faintest dawn of the morning entered the town of E—. The horses were drawn up for a moment, the noise perhaps of the coach entering, with the horn ringing its shrill clangour, disturbed such a creature as I have been speaking of, and who had been sleeping under the eaves of a cottage dripping from the rain, his bare head lay upon the cold stone. Upon awakening, like a child disturbed at midnight, he began, not to cry, but to shriek, in a frightfully discordant manner, as if suffering under the torture of the "foul fiend." I never heard any thing so distressing. The coachman had received the word "all right," the horses had started, when a good-natured traveller who had been searching his pocket for a penny to throw to the poor wretch upon the ground, desired the coachman to stop. The horses, already restive, suddenly jerked up when on the point of starting, wheeled round; before us was a downward hill, beside us a heap of stones, collected for the repair of the road. In an instant the pole of the coach snapped like a twig. The idiot shrieked louder and more discordant, when the activity of the guard preserved us. In a moment he was at the head of the leaders.

I have now done with the idiot; let me come to the idler.

James Lacy had served abroad in the capacity of a surgeon. Returning to his native town, he had occasion to observe, what must always strike the wanderer upon his return, the sad chasm which death, change of residence, and other casualties make in a beloved connection. Melancholy, or disgusted, or with that restlessness of habit acquired in the unsettled career of a soldier, he left his home, after a few days, and came to the town of R—, where dwelt a distant relative of his mother's, under whose auspices he commenced his pro-

fessional career. He soon afterwards married a young girl, of quiet and domestic habits, of a gentle yet somewhat *heavy* turn, and whose virtues savoured more of the absence of all vicious qualities than of any active traits of benevolence. Perhaps her whole character might be summed up in that insipid word well-meaning.

While his relatives lived, and while under the excitement of new connections, and supported by a young wife, who had brought him money and friends, James Lacy promised to run a successful career. His knowledge was really necessary to many; for although the time was healthy, yet healthy people are those who will have young children, and young children will be delicate, if only to render the anxious mothers more solicitous. His tales of travel made him an exceedingly pleasant companion, and brought him into too much company.

His relative, who had some control over him, soon died, and left him to the care of a wife whose influence was rapidly declining.

By degrees he lost all relish for his profession, and his profession was even with him, for it rapidly abandoned him. Late hours at night brought on late hours in the morning, with all that apathy, disgust, sense of weariness, and self-reproach, which eventually are left upon home and wife, when neither have further to do with it than that the former becomes the scene of such sensations, and the latter the unfortunate object upon whom they are visited.

James Lacy was a lively character, yet his eye shone more with a keen vivacity of spirit than with an equable good humour. His brow was occasionally scowling, and his whole look that of a discontented yet active mind. His lips were thin and were according with the whole figure, which was slight and sinewy. Such a man, perhaps, under proper influences, might have been made a prominent member of society; and yet there was a want of a good, sound, moral substratum, without which the slightest, or brightest, or most showy superstructure can hardly maintain its superiority.

Upon Mary Lacy I do not want to insinuate any blame. She was attentive and obedient; retiring, yet not sulky. She soon became meekly enduring; and, although not such a one as the world can love, she was exactly such a person as the world is disposed to feel for.

Poor Mary had soon to lament not only the course of sluggish vice which her husband was pursuing, but also the neglect with which he treated herself. It was plain he was tired of her; yet did she not cease to love him. I really believe a woman never forgets her first impressions. No change of habit, manner, or circumstances can efface them. She looked from the cold contemptuous husband back to the lively fascinating suitor. He, who did not marry for love at all, saw only the money rapidly decreasing, which was the object of his attractions, and a connection disappearing whose utility he had himself destroyed.

He reproached, she replied not. He set it down to her incapacity, then treated her with the most unendurable of all scorn—the scorn of silence. At meals he helped her without enquiry: sometimes she laid down the knife and fork and wept; he did not seem to notice it. She was obliged to leave the room; he was indifferent to the manner.

If a patient called for him in the morning he was in bed, when notified to him he did not pretend to hear. He walked out, none could tell where he was going; returning, none knew where he was.

With a visitor he was all spirits and animation, talked, chatted, joked, recounted his visits *abroad*, with a zest which showed that it was only at *home* he could be dull. And she heard all this, and the conclusion shot unutterable pangs to her heart. If she looked sad, and that the visitor kindly enquired as to her health, or tried to arouse her, a contemptuous "never mind her," settled the matter, and some unconscious monosyllable or very brief expression revealed the misery—the cutting jealous misery—which was corroding within. Yet Mary had no *confidante*, none to whom she confided or to whom she complained.

Her own maid, who witnessed all this, could not, even by the strongest expression of sympathy, draw her into reproaches, or gain liberty for utterance to her own feelings, for, like all Irish girls in her station, she was warm, kindly, and generous.

If Mary's natural character was not bright, misfortune had the usual effect upon a moral and conscientious disposition. It elevated her mind. Reproach and neglect made her sensitive. Enduring, she became firm. Poor Mary! she was stung from what she was not into those very claims for admiration which, under different circumstances, might not have been brought out. How searching art thou, Misfortune! If there be a latent vice or a latent virtue hid in the remotest corner of the heart, thou revealest it, to brand as a reproach or shine as a jewel, thus testing evil or merit, which might have escaped or been concealed under the easy current of undisturbed enjoyment.

Such was James Lacy at home. What was he abroad?

A sluggard, stepping forth to begin the day when others are in the very meridian of activity, is totally incapable of sharing in that employment which, in some shape or other, is allotted to every man. He becomes a mere spectator, to whom the business of life is, as it were, a melodramatic show. Accordingly, nothing passes without his observation; for without some stimulus his life would be a perpetual yawn. His eyes abroad gape for every sight, his ears open for every sound. He is every where: at the auction, where he never bids; at the show, which he enjoys not. Then always talking of what others, better engaged, are never seeing; retailing the floating news, which, like a water-spaniel jumping in after sea-weeds, he is ever collecting. He is a bundle of interesting, valueless information, which makes him acceptable for the time the hearer is enjoying it, and no longer.

To such, eventually, fell James Lacy. He felt that while he was agreeable his importance was gone. He was seldom consulted in his professional capacity, except among some poorer shopkeepers who fancied that the doctor conferred honour as a guest, who took his advice without thinking it of sufficient value for a fee; but who yet, in return, poured upon him that profuse hospitality which, as it inferred deep potations and late hours, by no means strengthened those nerves which vexation and disappointment, and the conscious incapacity of returning to the right course, had miserably shaken.

How mistaken was poor Mary when she deemed her husband's life a scene of continued gaiety, upon which alone she was the only blot. But her midnight chamber might have told her a contrary story. There indeed was the scornful silence broken. There did the half-intoxicated soured sot pour forth the horrid venom of a depraved heart.

The night always brings reflection. Woe then to the man who has to look upon the past day as a dreary blank in which he has done no good for himself or one human being. Triflingly or mischievously spent; the sum made up of idle visits to grinning children; time killed here and killed there; passive, melancholy butchery of little joys that crowd the precious moments of well-spent hours. Night! oh night! how painful are those waking visions, seen through the misty medium of a tipsy brain. Silence around upon the peaceful slumbers of reposing industry; the feverish mirth subsided behind, and before the prospect of a home in whose silence there is a frowning reproach; in whose one lighted candle there is a melancholy symbol of a wasting spirit.

The end of this career was such that I could hardly expect to gain credit for the fact, were it not well authenticated, that a man without a stain upon his character, according to the views of the world, a man without one notoriously vicious propensity, in a great degree beloved abroad, in fact, from the mere habit of every-day visits, rendering his presence so necessary as to be ever welcome, not distressed in his pecuniary affairs,—that such a man, almost amiable in the eyes of the world from his agreeability of manners,—that such a man should plunge into one wanton, bloody crime, without cause or motive, from the mere excitement of troubled nerves and a brain disordered by self-reproach and dissipation,—that such should be the fact appears so astonishing to those who always look for a paramount cause as affecting human actions that it is only upon the solemn assurance that this is an authentic narrative that I found my expectation for *general belief.*

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE WATCH-TOWER OF KOAT-VEU.

(Continued from page 73.)

Chapter IV.

The duchess of Alméda, a creole from Havannah, was married while very young to the duke of Alméda. This union was not in accordance with her own wishes, for she felt a growing taste for a religious life; but, obliged to obey her family, she submitted, and the offices of a sincere piety alone engaged her heart until she came to live in France.

The duke of Alméda was an old man of considerable mental endowments, but fascinated, like many of his class, with the sensation

which the encyclopedic school produced about this time, and deceived by the appearance of philanthropy which it displayed, he devoted himself altogether to the propagation of its new doctrines. Partaking of the singular mania which at that time led astray the reason of a part of the French nobility in the speculative field of one of the most dangerous Utopias, he forwarded, as far as lay within his power, the progressive development of ideas which afterwards proved so fatal to all aristocracy and power.

The railleries with which he assailed his wife for what he called her superstition had no effect so long as she remained in Spain, where the power, both temporal and spiritual, of the clergy was so commanding, the faith of the people so complete, that Rita, moving in this atmosphere of piety, surrounded by persons of the same conviction, meeting at every step the exterior signs of religion, preserved all the purity of her faith. But when she had lived for some time in the midst of the fêtes and enjoyments of the court at Versailles, surrounded by wit and eloquence, her faith was shaken by this dazzling vortex and began to waver. Then, again, the religion of France was unlike that of Spain. There were none of those lofty, sombre, and solemn churches, those rich shrines glittering with gold and precious stones, which, absorbing a scattered and feeble light, dart forth a radiance in the midst of the darkness like a bright light from heaven. The grave and sublime chaunt of the monks was gone. They were no longer crowded by a population dressed in black, kneeling devoutly upon the cold pavement of the aisles, and telling with faith the beads of their rosaries in gloom and silence.

In France the religion, slighted, insulted in its spirit of observance, appeared to endeavour to attract the eye by adding a borrowed splendour to its worship. The churches were bedecked and adorned; they had lost the magnificently wrought windows which gave to the interior a tint of mysterious obscurity; and, now that the mass was attended for the purpose of seeing and being seen, the sun darted his joyous beams through the expansive windows, inundating the whole choir with light, and glittering on the costly velvets, the gold, and silks which clothed a gay and noisy multitude, whose luxurious dress vied with the altar's rich and costly ornaments. And then the voice of "*philosophisme*" began already to be heard, breaktng upon the sanctity of the sacred mysteries, and the holy canticles sung by choristers from the Opera-house.

It must be confessed that the religious feelings of Rita were acquired rather than instinctive or the fruit of reason. She was endowed with an unfixed, inconstant, and ardent imagination, and was particularly struck with the pompous exterior of catholicism, its imposing and solemn ceremonies. Having never tasted a life of suffering, she had nothing to ask of the echoes of the abyss in which Pascal was overwhelmed. The poetry of religion was all she felt. Of the unfathomable depths of ocean she only saw the bright azure wave that danced upon its mirrored plain, and cradled there her thoughts, inhaled an atmosphere of ardent incense, calmed by the harmonious peals of the organ's receding melody.

Therefore, when men of learning, who formed her husband's so-

ciety, attacked this imaginative faith with their frigid materialism, Rita was unable to reply. They spoke symbols, she answered ecstasy. To the miracles which she advanced they opposed the immutable laws of physics and astronomy; on whichever side the poor duchess turned she found nothing but cold reason or cruel sarcasm; she was frightened into silence, for the apparent consistency of certain objections had struck her, although very far from being convinced by them.

Then, perceiving as if by instinct all that she had lost, she sought to take refuge in her early belief; but alas! the time was past. The senseless and miserable demon of Analysis had withered with his parching breath those delicious visions of purity and light peopled by angels with flaming wings and re-echoing an everlasting melody—all had disappeared.

It is easily explained. A man of powerful genius and of well-tried faith can argue with advantage to his cause, and by his own holy conviction impress his antognists with a belief in his truth, drawing them into his argument by winning eloquence. But Rita, whose mind was quick and active, failed in depth of reason; for she believed as fully in the poetry of religion as in religion's self, and was too weak to carry on the contest against such adversaries.

She at last was wearied of always being on the weaker side in the discussion; her vanity was piqued at finding attractive reasonings always opposed to her confused assertions, and she ceased by doubting both herself and her faith. From doubt to incredulity is but one step—that was cleared, and Rita became an "*espirit fort*." Incredulity lasted for a short space, indifference succeeded, and she soon found herself without objection and without interest in religion.

This was an important era in her life, and from this moment her existence was altogether changed. Her lively and impassioned imagination, which hitherto had found employment in thoughts upon infinity and eternity, which open immeasurable mines to ardent souls, having soon exhausted all that she had received in exchange for her destroyed belief, was now compelled to feed upon herself.

Hitherto Rita had escaped the influence of terrestrial passions. But at this moment, fallen from so great a height, if she would again taste the stirring emotions of joy and grief, she must seek them in love, for love is a faith and a religion; for Rita, especially, it should be so, for had she loved it would have been with *egoism*, with passion, with implacable and fierce jealousy; she would have sacrificed to love that which she would have vowed to Heaven—rank, fortune, country.

It was not so that people loved in France at that period, and Rita, finding none worthy of a passion such as she conceived due to love, received with contempt and disdain the homage which was offered her on every side, and remained innocent in the midst of vice.

The duke of Alméda soon after died, and she was restored to her personal liberty. She regretted her husband very little, but, in respect for his memory, retired to her estates. She quitted the court with pleasure, for the arrogant coldness of her principles had made her numerous enemies, although, in spite of calumny, the general opinion was agreed upon her purity—but a purity so intolerant and so

haughty that the most dissolute morals would have made her fewer enemies than her insolent virtue.

Tired of this ill feeling, and having no tie at Versailles, or at Paris, Rita came to dwell at her chateau at Kervan. During her residence in France she had never been so much alone as now. And it was here that she regretted her faith of former times; but it was too late. Irritated and chagrined she passed long hours of suffering from imaginary cares, and wished for happiness she could not taste. She fell away; tears dimmed her cheeks; without resource, without refuge against these bitter sufferings, against the nervous excitement which robbed her of her health, she bore a life of wretchedness, until a singular chance introduced her to Henry.

One of her servants one day informed her that some fishermen had discovered a young man of extraordinary beauty almost dying in an old ruin upon the sea-coast, and, knowing the humanity of the duchess, they were come to the chateau to beg for assistance.

This tale made a lively impression on the romantic character of the duchess, and the same day she visited the tower of Koat-veu, accompanied by Perez. She saw Henry for the first time. Affected by the calm sadness impressed upon the beautiful and noble countenance of the young man, Rita explained, with emotion, the cause of her visit; having heard that assistance might be useful to him, she came to offer her own.

Henry thanked her with gratitude, but added that he hoped ere long to have no longer need of aid. His history was simple. An orphan, educated by his uncle, an old clergyman, with whom he lived until death snatched the old man away. Thrown upon the world, alone, without means of support, and without friends, Henry could but pursue the vocation which he conceived sincere—that of the church. Nevertheless, before he decided irrevocably, and wishing to try his fortitude in supporting the solitude, the fastings, and the austerities of a monastic life, he had retired for some time into this tower.

His strength had failed him; he fell sick; an old servant who waited upon him had deserted him, because he was unable to pay any longer for his sevices; and but for the unexpected arrival of the fishermen he would have died unknown. "But it matters little now," he continued, "for I feel my life is ebbing fast, and soon, poor orphan, I shall rejoin a mother in heaven whom I never knew on earth."

The melancholy resignation of this solitary being, his misfortunes, and the candour visible in his features, affected the duchess violently, who had felt at first a deep pity for the unfortunate young man.

From this day Rita dated a new existence; by an extraordinary contradiction this proud duchess, who had refused such brilliant and splendid homage, felt a sensation as yet unknown at the sight of this suffering, this unfortunate being; and although the most elegant vacancy, the most polite manners, and the most fashionable impertinence had not gained a single look from Rita, the pale and melancholy face of Henry remained impressed upon her heart; the features which she had gazed upon but once were ever in her thoughts, and

the sounds of that voice, so sweet and timid, ever resounded in her soul.

Rita was so happy that she did not dream of checking her love. She was immensely rich, who could prevent her devoting herself to him? And then he was alone in the world, without relations or friends, would he not be hers, entirely her own? Was he not completely dependent? And was she not alone to love him?

Yes, Rita would have been jealous of a mother or a sister, if Henry had either; for love such as hers was fiercest selfishness, perfect exclusiveness. The more she saw of Henry the more she loved. She passed whole hours listening to the confidence of this soul so simple and candid, in seeing gradually developed this heart which scarcely knew itself, examining herself the feeling which she excited in the heart of Henry; for she was as simple as he in the thrilling sense of love.

Henry was timid and fearful; he had not boldness to acquire any thing wisely; it was necessary that she should anticipate his wishes.

In a short time love the most frantic, the most violent, the most passionate, made Rita its slave; and forgetting her rank, her fortune, and her position in society, she decided upon offering her hand to Henry. "Why should I consider his poverty?" said Rita, "am I not the only daughter of a grandee of Spain, and can I not give to Henry the title and name of my father? I would that he should possess every thing through me, even his name—that name which he will so well become, for he is handsome, brave, and clever; I know not one who equals him; and then he loves me to adoration, at my heart I feel he does. I love him too, perhaps too much. And has he not sacrificed all he could in this world—the faith which he had sworn, his futurity so peaceful, so calm—and who knows but he may have sacrificed to me his truest happiness?"

The three days which she had requested of Henry to reflect upon her determination sufficed to establish her more firmly still in her decision, so that on the evening of the third day she took her mantle, and passing through the oratory, which communicated with her chapel by means of a narrow door, she joined Perez, who was awaiting her. Resting upon her esquire's arm she walked from the castle to the sea-coast, and, on reaching the steep bare rock, she left Perez and wound her accustomed way to the tower.

Henry was already at the door, upon a kind of platform which served as base to the staircase, but he was so strangely dressed that Rita did not recognize him at first, and stopped timidly. He was clad in a monk's habit, and the hood drawn down concealed nearly all his face. "Rita, Rita, 'tis me," he exclaimed in a sweet tone. He had hardly time to pronounce her name before the duchess, recognizing his voice, was already in his embrace. "Why this solemn costume, dear Henry?" she exclaimed. "Was it not that which I should have taken ere I knew thee, Rita? I wished to wear it for the last and only time, to make my sacrifice to thee more complete. Do you object?"—"No, no," cried Rita, approaching towards the entrance, "but come—

Henry held her back tenderly. "Listen," said he, as he pressed

Rita's lips to his, "I would be alone in my apartment when you enter. I would hear once more the music of thy step upon the stair, the sweeping of thy dress—wilt thou, dear?"

"Yes, yes," but let me tell," replied Rita, with joyful haste—so anxious was she to confide her dear secret in her lover—"let me tell you, Henry, I come to offer thee my hand, an immense fortune, a noble and distinguished title, all to thee, for thee."

"Dearest angel," exclaimed Henry, as he stopped to impress a kiss upon her forehead, "presently I will hear all."

"Well, well, Henry, but be quick, I shall wait only a minute," cried the duchess, with the impatience of a child, while Henry disappeared in the gloom of the tower. One minute later Rita was at the door, which she knew well, in spite of the darkness. It sprang open. She screamed with astonishment, and almost with alarm.

Chapter V.

Rita's surprise was natural enough; for it was hardly possible to distinguish the dingy apartment of the tower of Koat-veu. Its damp and darksome walls were veiled by elegant draperies of purple silk, which diminished its size nearly one half. Then again a profusion of candelabras, of gilding, of mirrors, reflected a thousand flames, which produced a magnificent blaze of light in this small circular chamber. The timid and pensive Henry was transformed into the polite and confident gentleman, who approached to present his hand to the duchess to conduct her to a couch which stood near a table magnificently decorated, covered with plate, bouquets of flowers, and purest crystal.

Henry had exchanged his monk's robe, which he had doubtless worn to conceal his dress, for a coat of blue taffeta embroidered with gold, and a waistcoat of silver cloth.—His form was dazzling with the varying splendour of rich diamonds, which emitted their lustrous rays from beneath his beautiful lace ruffles, from his knee-bands, from the buckles of his shoes, with their bright red heels, and the brilliant guard of his sword. He bore with ease and perfect grace this costume of highest nobility. The decorations of the Maltes and of Saint Louis, attached by bows of white embroidered satin proved clearly that he held an appointment in the public service.

But alas! his countenance had lost that tender expression of suffering and sadness which had such charms for Rita. Now his features were joyous and scornful; his looks which in the presence of the duchess had ever been cast down and veiled by their long lashes, were now brightened by mischief and gaiety; and the cloud of white and scented powder which covered his hair served still more to increase the brilliant effect of his large black eyes.

"I know not whether I am awake or dream," said the duchess trembling and overpowered with a feeling of fear and wretchedness.

"Her grace the duchess will soon know all," answered Henry respectfully, assuming that extreme politeness which at that period required that men should be addressed in the third person.

Rita threw herself upon the couch and exclaimed—"for God's sake, Sir, explain yourself!"

"In the first place," said Henry, "her grace will permit me to enquire if she has heard of the count de Vandres."

"A good deal, Sir, when I was in the habit of visiting Versailles."

"Then her grace will learn probably with astonishment—that I am the count de Vandres."

"You, Sir—you, Henry; but then—my God—what avails that. But the count de Vandres I was informed is a naval officer and serves at present in America—'Tis impossible—for pity's sake, Henry, explain to me this mystery."

"It is me, your grace. I did serve in America, in the admiral de Guichen's fleet; but after two years of employment I returned to France—about two months since."

"Then, my lord," cried Rita somewhat passionately, at the same time rising from the couch, "what has been the motive of this disguise?—for mercy's sake, Henry, trifle no longer with a miserable woman—and then again your reason for this untruth? what means—

"Would you have the goodness, Madam, to be seated, and you shall know every thing," said Henry with the most imperturbable calmness.

Rita sat herself mechanically upon the couch.

"Her grace will perhaps pardon me if my explanation refers back to a period somewhat distant; but this is necessary for the perfect understanding of what will follow. It is now about two years since that his lordship Marshal Richelieu, one of my best friends and distantly related to me, perceiving with sorrow that the frank and joyous traditions of the regency and era of Louis XV. were being supplanted and forgotten in the torrent of new ideas with which we were overwhelmed, conceived the design of establishing a society (*a club* as our Anglicised fashionables would call it), in which every member should be a man of rank, the marshal reserving for himself the office of president.

"The members of this club were required to unmask the modern hypocrisy, which, in place of acknowledging honestly as in olden time that it sought pleasure, pretends to modesty, denies the truth, and to justify itself crouches behind the authority of I know not what pretended natural, fatal, sympathetic, and irresistible laws, and many others which happily I forget, so that, when a woman deceives her husband, they tell him, 'tis nothing, friend, "*it was written;*" or again, "*it is but nature,*" for the savage hordes do worse; or, "*it was the magnetic current which carried me away.*" I was admitted a member of this precious association some time before my departure for America; and, having been wounded in one of our last battles, the admiral entrusted me with despatches for his majesty.

"During my residence at Versailles, I chanced to hear a somewhat unfeeling eulogy of your prudence, Madam, and between ourselves you very justly deserved it. What, Madam, you who well knew that you could not reproach yourself with the slightest weakness, and yet not restrain the austere profession of your rigid principles? Indeed it was a cynicism of virtue which the world dared not tolerate with decency. There are two things which the world can never pardon: in men, superiority; in women, unspotted morals."

"Continue, Sir," said Rita, coldly.

Henry bowed and resumed: "according to the opinion of the few, your prudence was the discretion of your lovers, so that when a handsome musketeer was seen on guard at the king's door, or a grandee at the 'petit levee' the mischievous gave it out that it was immediately said, 'That is perhaps the reputation of her grace the duchess which mounts guard; or, see there's the reputation of her grace the duchess which makes salutation to his majesty.' But the majority, who had good reasons for being well informed, from being quite certain of the purity of your principles, had vowed against you a hatred or an envy so unchangeable that they requested me, newly arrived, and whom you had never seen, to try my strength against your terrible virtue. I confess to you, madam, that I at first hesitated, having hardly three months to pass in France, and it would perhaps require two to succeed, so, thanks to my indecision, you incurred the imminent risk of remaining virtuous all your life, when supping one evening at the hotel of Mr. de Saubin with the prince de Guemeneé and his mistress, I felt the greatest desire to possess the girl, but she refused as did also the prince; and Guemeneé, turning to me, 'My dear count,' said he, 'conquer the austere Spaniard, and Lelia shall be yours if you succeed; but, if not, the race-horse which you have just bought of Lanzum shall be mine. I betted; and it was then I determined to win your favour."

Whilst the count de Vandres was thus detailing the most offensive impertinence with an easy free tone of voice, Rita played mechanically with one of the knives which lay upon the table, her brows were occasionally convulsed by an almost imperceptible emotion; but she said nothing.

"Madam de St. Froix," continued the count, "one of your most intimate enemies, having given me some valuable hints relative to your romantic and exalted character, my plan was soon decided. An old instructor, the worthy astronomer Rumphius, lent to me this solitary tower. I established myself here; and, thanks to the address of my footmen, you very soon heard news of the recluse of Koat-veu. The consequences of my wound, the fatigues resulting from excesses, had sufficiently flanched my face, which was rendered still more youthful by wearing my hair without powder—these are all the secrets of philosophy which I borrowed to make myself appear youthful. The sea breeze, the feeble light of the stars, an unhappy predestination, monastic vows, melancholy, sadness, candour, and timidity, added a new charm to my language. Love did the rest and I was happy; for I was indeed happy, Madam."

Rita remained silent.

"You also were happy, Madam, and will be so again; for if it be happiness for you to have snatched me by your love from the holiest duties, to have revealed to yourself my proud and fearless spirit, and finally to have ensured to me a brilliant futurity of fortune, nobility, and glory, be satisfied Madam. Thanks to the instinct of a heart open to sympathy, I had already fulfilled all your desires. For nearly fourteen years that I have served in his majesty's navy, my monastic vocation is, I assure you, considerably modified; I have fifty thousand

crowns a year, and his majesty has just appointed me to the command of one of his frigates; here is a prospect after your own heart. But seriously, your grace, we have both had happiness; you the illusion, and I the pleasure of giving rise to it. Let us part friends, for a tete-à-tete of a whole month must have exhausted your love, as it has mine. Adieu then, Madam, and, should we ever meet again, let us promise to laugh heartily at this folly of our youth, a folly which has nevertheless its moral tendency. In one month I brought you to sacrifice rank, title, and fortune, to one whom you thought obscure and without station. Acknowledge that you have played well your part—let that serve you as an example—and thank heaven that I am happily unable to abuse or receive your offers; for I pronounced my vows of knight of Malta, before the death of my elder brother."

"Count," cried Rita, pale as death, after a moment's silence, "your conduct is most infamous, a cowardice unworthy of a gentleman."

"Why! good heavens, your grace, our old marshal has played well his part, and his ducal coronet still sits upright and firm on his venerable head; and on the other hand, Madam, does not all this occur between persons of the same rank?"

"Count de Vandrez," answered Rita, with a broken accent, that ill accorded with her affected calmness, "you grieve me sorely, but, unhappily for you, you alone shall know it, for I will deny every thing, as the world has told you, my reputation is immaculate, and you are known as a conceited man."

"But," said the count, "if I mistake not, the result for all the world will be, a man laden with the favours of a lovely woman, for I have witness."

"Witness," cried Rita, with a scornful smile.

"Witness, Madam. The old chevalier de Lupine, who for the last month has condemned himself to an imprisonment in the old lantern, has not lost a single syllable of our conversation; he has heard it all through the door which communicates with this room. Guemeneé liked his mistress too well to have neglected his securities."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the duchess, shuddering, and then rising from the ground, her cheeks empurpled, and eyes flashing with indignation. "I suppose, my lord, this cruel farce has lasted long enough; you have long since forgotten the respect which is due to a woman, and to a woman of my rank. I know not, Sir, whether you be or be not the count de Vandrez; that which I do know is that I found you here alone, suffering, and unhappy; and if the profound compassion which I felt for misfortune, be it feigned or real, ought to be punished as a crime, I am punished; and if the love in which I am involuntarily involved for a being whom I thought friendless, and without support on earth, be still a crime deserving of the most cruel sufferings, I endure these sufferings, for I have loved you, Henry," said Rita, weeping in spite of herself, "I have loved you with all the compassion which your wretchedness inspired; I have loved you with all the hope which I anticipated of rendering you the happiest of men. Loved Henry, alas! too truly loved."

Henry appeared affected.

"And when I came to offer you my fortune, my hand, my title,

thinking you poor and obscure, when I so loved you, when I love you so much still, for I feel that I love thee still," she murmured, convulsively throwing herself at his kness. "I love thee still, for what thou hast just related to me ought to have destroyed me on the spot, but 'tis thy voice which speaks it, and I love that voice too well to die by it. Believe me then, Henry, believe my love. I will swear to love thee ever. I have willed thee no harm, but would sacrifice every thing to thee ; do then love me, Henry."

Her eyes were filled with tears, and she kissed his hands with ardent devotion. A single tear burst through the long eyelashes of Henry ; his heart heaved with compassion ; and he leant forwards towards Rita. At this moment a stifled laugh was heard behind the tapestry. Henry alone heard it; and, ashamed of his emotion, he resumed his composure.

"Arise, Madam la duchesse," said he ; "but tell me what is there in this to cause so much despair ? We have loved for a whole month ; our caprice is at an end, and I now say to you, what you have already perhaps said to others, silence and adieu."

"Believe it not, 'tis a horrible calumny," cried Rita, horrified and alarmed. "Believe it not Henry ;" and she dragged herself forward on her knees.

At this moment the hangings which surrounded the apartment were suddenly raised, and displayed to the stupefied duchess a large company of men and women agitated by bursts of laughter and crying, "Bravo, bravo, bravo, count de Vandrez ; you have won your bet; the plan is unique."

The duchess having by this time raised herself, repulsed the count with violence, appearing endowed at this moment with a supernatural force. She sprang towards the door and disappeared before any of the company could oppose themselves to her flight.

"Wretch that I am ! she will destroy herself," exclaimed Henry, darting forwards in pursuit of Rita.

"Destroy herself for such a trifle ! pshaw, she knows life too well," said the duke of St. Owen, as he prevented Henry from escaping. "Ladies assist me," he said, addressing himself to six pretty women who stood around the table. "In truth I hardly knew him again; this poor count de Vandrez, what would the marshal say ?"

"The lesson is perhaps a little too severe, and then if I were truly her first love," thought Henry, in one of his returns of vanity, remembering the extreme tenderness of Rita.

"Bah !" cried he, "I have too much modesty, after all, to give myself the honour of a discovery;" then, recovering his usual gaiety, he added, "On the other hand, they are right; we are always the first, but, like kings, the first of the baptismal name, but then there are so many Henries that even there's a risk." Then, addressing the chevalier de Lepine, he said, "Chevalier, you can tell Guemeneé that I have loyally won his mistress."

"Truly, thou hast well won me," said the most charming creature possible, taking Henry's arm.

"You shall relate all that to him at table, Lelia," cried the chevalier. "Now to supper."

"Supper, supper," was responded by a din of voices.

THE FAMILY OF O'BORE;

A FAIRY TALE.

BY P. E. BYRNE.

" Fairyland was the dream of the world when awaking
From the second long slumber of darkness and dread,
When even Superstition began to be taking
Some tinges of beauty and light ere she fled." ZARACH.

In Erin's isle, some centuries ago,
Fairies were very num'rous; and, at dawn
Of morn, it was not difficult to know
Where they, the night before, amid the lawn,
Had "tripp'd it on the light fantastic toe,"
For there you'd find an emerald circle drawn—
The spot where hand-in-hand they'd danced around
Some fairy bush, or flower of fairy ground.

This circle, too, was gen'rally espied
Described around the haunted founts, where they
Their secret revels used to hold, what tide
The pale moon lighted their fantastic play;
Woe to the miserable wight that tried
The myst'ries of their gambol to survey.
There was a power in every fairy spring
To work the pleasure of the fairy king.

One sprinkle of it, if they don't belie it,
Could make the young and beautiful grow old,
And wither in a moment, at his "fiat!"
And then again, aged granies, we are told,
Have been transformed into sweet things to sigh at,
The lovely have been made a hundred-fold
More lovely—and the ugly had a treat
Of asses' heads, boars' tusks, and cloven feet.

But here 'tis only justice unto him—
The majesty of Elfland—to declare
Such favours were not the effect of whim,
Upon the part of th' Emperor of air,
Being in general the very trim
Best suited to the wights ordained to wear;
According to their several merits—good
And evil meeting the reward they should.

This truth, I think, was never shown more clear
Than in the fact the following tale relates,
Which happened—let me see, about the year
A.D.—but I am very bad at dates—
And so I may as well omit it here,
For fear of a mistake;—the book which states
That, and such small particulars, odd rot it!
When coming from the country, I forgot it.

We'll never heed *the date*—now for *the place*,
There is in Erin's emerald isle—that book!
I wish I had it by me now to trace
The very spot, but you had better look
In your own copy, for 'twould take more space
Than probably my readers could well brook,
Were I to send off for the document,
Besides, I might not get it if I sent.

It makes small difference—"Once upon a time,"
Somewhere, in Ireland, was a fairy well,
Famed for rewarding good and punishing crime,
Because of an occurrence which befel
Thereat and *then* the people of my rhyme
Whose story I am just about to tell.
This well was in a wild romantic glade,
Bestrewed with flowers and overhung with shade.

And not far from it stood a mansion, where
Resided an old knight, Sir Brian O'Bore,
Whose pedigree, he was wont to declare,
Could be traced to the very year before
St. Patrick came with his "God save all here!"
And his grand ancestor, *king* Phelimore,
Was said to be the first that had demanded
That bright apostle's blessing when he landed.

Unhappily our knight was rather poor,
He had been a wild fellow in his day,
A devil among the girls, you may be sure,
And, which was worse, addicted to high play;
At last he took a wife, by way of cure,
A little of the spit-fire too, they say.
But she died, luckily, after three years,
Leaving two infant daughters, "pretty dears!"

The first had been named *Norah*, but the second
(Who was called *Sheelah*, after the mamma)
Rather the prettier of the two was reckoned,
(No very great eulogium, by the La!)
And was a favourite with her till death beckon'd
Her off, and only left them their papa,
Who loved them both alike, but hardly tarried
A year, until a second wife he married.

She was in beauty, and in temper too
(Which latter is of far more consequence),
Vastly superior to the lady who
Preceded her; in proof of her good sense,
She used to bear with what but very few
Could listen to, without taking offence—
The old knight's constant hobby to dilate
On the perfections of his *former* mate.

She was, by his account, an angel—"quite
Unlike yourself, my dear," said he, the brute!
Was it his wish to break her heart outright?
'Tis hardly credible—yet he did do't!
For she was not made for enduring slight,
But deeply felt unkindness—though still mute!
She died conjuring him, with tears, to mind
A little daughter that she left behind.

Two wives, both dead! three daughters, all alive!
(The youngest was christened Kathleen, by the way),
Sir Brian thought it time for him to arrive
At a fixed resolution, come what may,
Not to be tempted any more to wive,
Three bantlings being enough, alack-a-day!
The dear old man might have dispensed with any!
I have but *one*—as Burns said—*one too many!*

And he was poor, which made it harder still
For him to educate them as he ought;
He had at least, if not the *means*, the *will*,
And sundry books and samplers for them bought,
And hired a governess for them, until
He got them very tolerably taught:
But Kathleen prov'd the aptest of the three,
The tutoress labour'd ineffectually

Through learning's paths the elder twain to lead.
She taught them both, however, how to dance
And sing, and even prevailed on them to read
Sometimes the last new novel or romance.
Of other literature they took no heed,
Except "The latest Fashions, just from France;"
For each esteemed it an offence most shocking
To wear the slightest tinge of a blue-stocking.

But Kathleen loved the page of history,
And the wild, lays which Erin's minstrels sung,
Ere sorrow mingled with her melody,
Or the high harp of Tara was unstrung!
She studied, too, with care, her geography,
And read the grammar of the Latin tongue;
Also a book on cookery, and a "Tale
Of Faërie," and a work on brewing ale.

She even embroidered, in her hours of leisure,
The story of "The Children in the Wood;"
And, though its excellence we may not measure
With Linwood's magic needle-work, 'twas good—
A fact which I record here with much pleasure;
I think she also worked "Red Riding-Hood."
She read an epic poem then, and soon
Afterwards wrote "A Sonnet" *To the Moon!*

She was indeed a clever little maid,
But yet small praise from those she loved could find.
Her sisters hated her. They were afraid
That the rare talents of her opening mind
Might one day throw their charms into the shade;
And so they snubbed her, and were even inclined
Sometimes to beat her. They had grown so bold
That even by birch they could not be controll'd!

In fact no means could be contrived to make
Or one or t'other—as you'll shortly see—
The archness of their ways at all forsake,
So obstinately bent were they to be
Just what they ought not; if I don't mistake,
'Twas when the eldest was but nineteen, she
Told her papa she "did not care a fig
About him, and that he was an old prig."

And fool he was indeed, you must agree
With me in the opinion, when you hear
That Norah and Sheelah were his favourites—he
Slighted poor Kathleen, since a most severe
Attack of smallpox had unhappily
So pitted as to make her face appear,
I must say, any thing but prepossessing;
And so he meant to will her just his blessing;

But all his wealth (no rich bequest) to leave
To Norah and her sister, for, he said
That no young spark could offer to receive
So great a fright as partner to his bed.
'Twas cruel to speak thus—it made her grieve—
Maidens don't like to hear they must not wed;—
Yet she was patient still, and strove to keep
Her tears a secret, when he made her weep.

Hers was a hard fate! for her sisters, too,
As they grew up began to domineer
Over the maiden, and to make her do
Their bidding, as though she were not their peer,
But very slave: the poor young creature knew
That her complaining would but make them jeer,
So let herself become what one might call,
In fact, the Cinderella of them all.

I know not if they made her riddle cinders,
But *this* I know, and feel my best blood boil at
(And, if you don't, I cannot tell what hinders),
They made her wait upon them at their toilette,
And then *went out*, while she was left *within doors*,
With some unpleasant duty to turmoil at;
They made her sweep the kitchen, clean their shoes,
And be content to wear their cast-off clothes.

'Twas weak—'twas barbarous in the old knight,
To let the hussies use their sister so;—
What! if he thought the girl a very fright,
Did *that* excuse such conduct? I say, no!
He should have pitied her unhappy plight.
Rather, and strove to alleviate her woe:
Such treatment now-a-days would furnish scope
To justify one's daughter to elope.

Had he lived at a later day, no doubt
His cruelty had met a fit reward—
The neighbourhood would have supplied some stout
Young gallant who would very soon have lower'd
His pride a peg or two, else "call'd him out,"
And his old carcase with a bullet bored,—
For Ireland is the place where little fuss
Is made about "arranging" matters thus.

And he might have been challeng'd even then,
Were it not that his mansion stood alone—
"Remote," as bards say, "from the ways of men;"
No chimney sent up smoke except its own

As far around as moderate eye could ken,—
But I'm mistaking here, for there *was* ONE—
One other, and there dwelt Sir Carolan—
A valiant childe—a perfect gentleman.

Gallant he was,—'twould have been his delight
(Although the lady might a perfect drab be)
With rapier or broad sword to requite
Such conduct towards a woman—'twas so shabby!
He would, I make no doubt, have pink'd the knight,
And pickled him, and sent him home to th' abbey,
Were it not for a curious codicil,
Tacked by his Father to his latest will,—

Leaving his son—Sir Carolan—sole heir
To a huge castle, compass'd by a ditch—
To keep out those who had no business there—
Besides some fourteen hundred roods of rich
Pasture and tillage land, fenc'd in with care;
Also a grouse mountain, attach'd to which
Was an extensive bog, where snipes were plenty,
And big, black turf (in clamp*), enough for twenty!

It was a rich bequest:—"I scarcely know,"
Said th' auctioneer who sold it, "whether I
Ought greater praise upon the lot bestow
As *a mere mine of wealth* to those who buy,
Or as *a second Paradise* below,
Pleasure and profit in it do so vie;
In fact, Sirs, justice never can be done
To th' arduous subject I now enter on!"

But I have neither time nor inclination
(Begging the pardon of the auctioneer)
To follow him through a two-hours' oration,
With which he ushered in the sale, I hear;
Besides, the reader upon this occasion
Can learn the substance of his words elsewhere—
You will gain a good idea of the contents
By reading Robins's advertisements.

'Twas knock'd down to our hero's sire; and he,
When dying, left it to his only son;
But in the codicil unhappily,
Made a proviso (what strange things are done
By old men going to eternity!)
That the said Carolan *should marry one*
Of th' old Knight's daughters, willing or unwilling,
On pain of being cut off with a shilling.

I know not what his motive could have been
For acting so, as nought about it is stated
In any of the documents I've seen,
Excepting one MS. where 'tis narrated
The parties were old friends: moreo'er I ween,
He might have wish'd his son to be related
To one of such high blood as was O'Bore—
The representative of Kings of yore.

* The piles of dried turf, used in Ireland for fuel, are called *clamps*.

This contract is the sole cause I can fix
Why our young hero challeng'd not the Knight,
(As hinted *supra*—stanza XXVI.)
For had he brought Sir Brian out to fight,
And given him a ticket to old Nick's
Concert in hell, if my poor judgment's right,
The killing of the father of his bride
Were tantamount to *para*-in-law-*cide*.

So they remain'd the best of friends:—although
Sir Carolan stood like an ass, or goose
Between three sheaves, quite at a loss, I trow,
Which of the ladies he had better choose;
While, more to puzzle him, *they* vied to show
That they were willing *each* to tie the noose,
And each determin'd, too, to let the man see
That he was just a husband to her fancy.

But here in justice I am bound to state
That th' elder twain surpass'd the youngest one,
In proving their intense desire to mate,
By more degrees than does the noontide sun
Outshine the stars—to such a shameful rate
Was ogling, leering, sighing carried on,
That no one, but a fool, could doubt that each meant
Him t' understand she "own'd the soft impeachment."

They prais'd him to his face even to the skies,
And quarrell'd to sit near him at the table;
They told him also, with a world of sighs,
They'd have him always with them were they able.
One ask'd him did he like her sort of eyes,
The other, did he like her muff of sable:
They dress'd out, by-the-bye, till old Sir Brian
Cried "By the L—! I'll break for all they're buying."

Poor Kathleen was more shy—she seemed to know
Her want of beauty, and intensely feel
The fortune that had humbled her so low;
Apart she shrank, and let her sorrows steal,
In secret and alone, their natural throe
She could not conquer, but would fain conceal;
The grief that sicklied o'er her faded cheek
Was of the heart—and it was fain to speak!

She loved Sir Carolan—Yet "never told
Her love, but let concealment" feed upon
Her heart! a worm within its inmost fold!
Alas, that heart so fond should hope have none!
For hers was such as rarely we behold—
A pure, disinterested, doating one!
What pity that the richest pearl should dwell
Too often hid within the rudest shell!

So thought Sir Carolan; for, be it said
To his discernment's credit, he perceiv'd
That Kathleen dearly lov'd him, though she fled
His presence, while he knew himself deceiv'd
By her step-sisters, who— he rightly rede—
A net to catch his wealth in merely weav'd
They only wish'd to wed, and to live snugly—
She, poor thing, *loved*—but then she was so ugly!

He felt himself perplex'd; nor is 't a wonder,
For choosing of a wife's a serious thing,
And it is hard to remedy a blunder
Once we've "for better for worse" put on the ring;
Scratching his head, and biting his nails under
The quick was the only way of solacing
His griefs, that he had hit upon as yet—
I should have recommended "heavy wet."

He thought of Norah, and he thought if he
Were wedded to her 'twould be very fine
To hear the gazing neighbours, whisperingly
Say, "there's the young bride, is not she divine!"
And then he thought of how accomplishedly,
And *willingly* she *drained* a glass of wine,
And then he thought (which made his pulse more cool)
Of a good combing with a three-legg'd stool.

His dream turned next to Sheelah, who was better,
What ecstasy to see her dizen'd out!
She had her little tantrums—but no matter—
Women look loveliest sometimes when they pout!
And then to see all the young gallants at her,
And her house gay, with—twice a week—a rout!
But then to have (which not at all adorns
One's coat of arms) a monstrous pair of horns!

And last he thought of Kathleen—cruel fate,
That had so marr'd her beauty! were her *face*
Good as her *heart* he would not hesitate,—
But really it is an awkward case
To be for life tied to an ugly mate;
But then she *loved* him he could plainly trace:
He recollected, too (which there 's some good in),
How excellently she could make a pudding.

While thus he linger'd unresolv'd and tried
But all in vain to make his choice, the day
Whereon 'twas destin'd he should claim his bride
Drew near to hand:—he knew not what to say,
For now, if he did not with speed decide,
He'd have a heavy penalty to pay
For putting off his marriage day beyond
The period "nominated in the bond."

Sir Brian was so cock-a-whoop that one
Of his dear daughters was to be united
Immediately to our hero, that upon
The nonce he gave a grand wake and invited
Innumerable guests to share the fun—
The girls I need not say were quite delighted,
And bustled to and fro, preparing all
Things necessary for the ensuing ball.

They left poor Kathleen in her russet gown,
Or to appear or not as she thought proper,
She purpos'd, although late, to go to town
To purchase one, but they thought fit to stop her,

By telling her, with a forbidding frown,
That their Papa should not give her a copper;
The poor girl answer'd not, but went aside
Out of their view, and sat her down and cried.

The very eve before the merry-making,
Finding herself dejected and alone,
She left the mansion, for the sake of taking
A solitary walk, where there were none
To watch the bitterness of her heart-aching,
And—heedless whither—still she wandered on,
Until she had arriv'd, as it befel,
Close to the side of the Enchanted Well!

She sat her down, her elbow on her knee,
And her pale cheek supported by her hand;
And gazing on the waters stedfastly,
Bethought her of the tales of Fairy-land,
The which she hearken'd to in infancy,—
Of transformations passing wondrous, and
Strange visions of the world 'twixt heaven and hell,
Said to abound beside that haunted well!

Sudden, soft music stole upon her ear,—
The breeze just stirr'd the foliage, and then died:
And she felt conscious there was something near,
Not of this earth;—when, strange to tell, beside
The lucid spring she saw the elves appear
Link'd in the dance!—so starting up she tried
To run away, but could not quit the ground,
And then she knew at once she was spell-bound!

They made a lovely vision! many a Fay
Footed it nimbly as the "cutty sark"
That *Tam* beheld at "auld Kirk Alloway,"
When he unwittingly made a remark,
For which full dearly he had like to pay;—
Take my advice, and, if you want to lark,
Don't make a butt of *warlocks*, or, d'ye hear?
By Jove! you'll "catch the *wrong* sow by the ear."

But these were pretty little airy things,
Clad in the colours of heaven's rainy bow—
And some were naked, cupid-like, with wings,
And hover'd o'er the train that danc'd below,
Or clung, like bees, upon the blossomings
Of the wild flowers, and bent their sweet heads so
That they did threat to merge into the flood
Each little Puck that held a captive bud.

But one above the rest, who seem'd a king,
Wearing a diadem upon his brow,
Paced slowly up to Kathleen from the ring,
And, smiling on her, made a gracious bow,
Then said, "the thoughts that in thy bosom spring,
Maiden! have been known to me long ago,
And 'tis a Fairy's sovereign will to be
Rewarder of thy patient constancy.

" Plunge in this well to-morrow!—thou shalt rise
Beautiful as thy mind! and shalt be made
A Bride before three mornings gild the skies,
And of the youth, too, that thou art afraid
Thou wilt betray thy love for, with those eyes!
As for thy sisters—but I must not shade
Thy joy by telling thee *their* destiny—
They have deserv'd it for their cruelty.

" Farewell, and do my bidding—now away!"
He said, and vanish'd from the maiden's sight,
While follow'd all his train—each smiling fay
Nodding to Kathleen as they took to flight:
But she, I wis, knew not well what to say,
Or do, for wonderment, joy, and affright!
She rubbed her eyes, and gave herself a shake.
And scarcely could believe she'd been awake!

And then she laughed outright, and gladsome hied
Home to her sisters; but took special care
Not to let slip her secret, though they tried
To find what kept her out in the night air
So long—and plainly saw she strove to hide
Smiles which she was not often wont to wear:—
So vexed were they to see her look thus glad,
That out of spite they asked, " if she were mad."

She answer'd not—but went to bed and rose
Next morn betimes; then, having waited on
Her sisters 'till they had put on their clothes,
And down-stairs to receive the guests had gone,
Unnoticed, off to the wild wood she goes,
To make her magic toilette there, alone.
'Twas waxing late, and solitude was round!
And her heart beat as she approach'd the ground!

And when she stood beside the fairy well,
'Twas darkly deep, and beautifully clear,
And cool invitingly.—Her bosom's swell
Grew wilder, and her cheeks more crimson were,
As hurriedly she glanc'd around the dell,
To try if there was any stranger near;
And started at each sound that the faint breeze
Made, as it sigh'd among the leafy trees.

But all was solitary and secure,
And pleasant by the fairy-haunted tide,
That seemed to gush more freshly to allure
The girl no longer on its brink t'abide;
But since you see she's going to undo her
Vesture, pray, modest reader, turn aside,
For here, preparatory to her dip,
'Tis necessary that the lady strip.

'Tis done! and she is 'mid the waters bright,
That kiss her sides, and sleek her length of hair
Along her shoulders, and her bosom white,
And make for her a natural mirror there,

Wherein with shame, and wonder, and delight,
She sees so lovely and withal so bare
A form, as to convince her that her own
Had, on a sudden, like an angel grown.

Susannah looked delicious, I've no doubt,
When the two elders (shameless villains!) caught her;
And so did Bathsheba when, peeping out,
Old David saw her naked in the water;
Venus, too, borne along the sea (without
A rag on her!) the ocean's lovely daughter
Looked very tempting,—yet they all, I say,
Fell short of Kathleen's loveliness that day.

See was not one of your mere dainty girls,
Yet she was delicate—her eyes were blue—
Her long hair golden, and her teeth like pearls—
Her cheeks a very, very faint rose-hue,—
Her body's mould the sort, you know, that whirls
The brain to gaze at—fine, yet *rounded*, too!
In fact a girl to match a man of muscle,
Depend on't she did not require a bustle.

And now another wonder meets her gaze,
Her garments, which had erst been russet brown,
For robes had been exchang'd by viewless fays!
Oh! had you seen the tissue of her gown!
'Tis said that hands unseen, too, laced her stays,
But I'm not certain of this last, I own;
However when her toilette was complete,
She look'd—in fine, words cannot tell how sweet.

Of course, ye guess the rest;—Sir Carolan,
Who dearly loved her at his heart before,
In a few days became a happy man;
Her elder sisters, though, felt rather sore,
And to the fairy well next morning ran,
But came back with the faces of four-score;
What gave to Kathleen's cheeks their rosy dimples,
Had cover'd *theirs* with wrinkles and red pimples.

My tale is told; and, simple though it be,
It bears with it a moral,—should it woo
Those who will smile at its veracity
To recollect that this, at least, is true—
Merit will win its way resistlessly,
Where wealth, and power, and beauty will not do,
Then shall I say the travail of my brain,
Has not been wholly fruitless and in vain.

And so I take my leave!—I've writ enough;
My paper is all spent, my ink is low,
Else I'd be tempted to inflict more stuff
Upon the patient—I am so loth to go!
My candle, too, hath dwindled to a snuff,
And faintly burns beneath its socket! so,
Before its dim light wholly hath expired,
Reader, good night!—to bed!—for thou art tired!

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

(*Concluded from page* 26.)

CHAP. IV.

I DID not venture out much for some time after my arrival in the metropolis. The state of my face, it is unnecessary to say, was the cause of my being so much "at home."

Time, which in every case works wonders, wrought marvels for my face. Traces are yet to be seen, in one or two places, of the tom-cat's talons; but I had not been long in the "great town" when I found my frontispiece, upon the whole, passably fit to be seen.

I was so fortunate as to get employment the second day after I had gone in quest of it.

In six weeks afterwards woman, the cause of all my past disasters, brought me into another serious scrape. As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an excessively handsome young female, with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr. H——," said he, with a very pretty nod towards Miss Jackson. The half minute's conversation we had with the young lady only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have told them before I had got this length, the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word spoken from an engaging female has a dozen times over "done" for my poor heart. To be brief, I was completely smitten in this case. On parting with Miss Jackson and her mother (I ought to have mentioned before now that her mamma was with her), I enquired of my friend where they stayed. "Newman Street, Oxford Street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? do you mean to call?" he enquired in a half jocular tone. "That will do; that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing further passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprize I next day received a card from *Mrs.* Jackson, inviting me to form part of a select company who were to drink tea next afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was that in the interim my friend had met with Mrs. Jackson, and, the conversation turning by accident or otherwise on me, he had spoken favourably of me—as I may say without incurring the imputation of egotism he had every reason to do—and that the invitation I received was the result. I of course heartily accepted the invitation—drank tea with Mrs. Jackson and friends, and spent a most agreeable evening. I sat opposite *Miss* Jackson on the occasion. I have studied Lavater with some care. I have, moreover, been no inattentive observer of female faces. The eyes, in particular, which Socrates, or some other of the ancients, calls the windows of the soul, have always had a peculiar share of my attention. Some words, but especially *looks* were exchanged between Miss Jackson and self, that

made me most anxious for a more private interview. I have always been of opinion that, next to the semi-celestial pleasure of sitting in a boudoir with a dear creature in your arms, embracing her by daylight, candle-light, lamp-light, gas-light, or moon-light, as the case may be—though had I always my own choice I would prefer moonlight as being the most romantic—next, I say, to this pleasure, I can conceive of no sublunary bliss at all approaching to that of walking on a fine day, on a fine promenade, with "the unit of your heart" hanging on your arm; so beautiful, so pretty in countenance and figure, as to make you and her the observed of all observers. I had seen some *beaus* the preceding evening enjoy this peerless felicity in Hyde Park; and O how I envied them their happiness! Thought I, if I had only Miss Jackson with me, we should eclipse them all, and I should be the envied in my turn.

I will write her, thought I; I will propose an assignation for next Friday afternoon (the hour four o'clock precisely) at Hyde Park Corner. The only hesitation I had in doing this was, that it was dark when I went to and came from her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that as I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. I *did* write her to the effect above hinted at. And a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen. It breathed affection boundless as space—enduring as eternity. It told in touching and eloquent terms of the impression her unrivalled charms had made on my soul when in her company the other evening; and concluded by protesting that, should she vouchsafe a meeting, I should be the most felicitous mortal in the universe; but that, if her answer was adverse, I should be the most miserable man extant: I could not long survive the shock.

The same evening the twopenny postman brought me a neatly folded letter, the address written in a style of penmanship which seemed to me the *beau ideal* of lady caligraphy. I guessed the writer; she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I looked at the seal before breaking open the letter; it spoke of the nature of the contents. The motto was, "Ever thine." I opened the letter with a heart palpitating from joy. I was not disappointed: the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of what bliss was the receipt of this letter productive to me! Ecstacy! I never knew its import before. I have read of persons literally dying of joy: my heart was distended: a little more elevation of spirits would have done for me what I intended to do for myself immediately after reading the unprincipled "Elopement Extraordinary" which appeared in the worthless provincial print published in the vicinity of Gretna Green. To-morrow afternoon—Hyde Park—the beautiful and elegantly-dressed Miss Jackson hanging on my arm. These were the topics, these the images that engrossed my mind all that evening, that night, and part of next day. I purchased a new suit of clothes, called in the aid of the perriquier, spent hours at my toilet (have gentlemen toilets?) in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I spent

no inconsiderable sum—a greater one, I can assure my readers, than my ways and means warranted—in purchasing certain trinkets from the jewellers, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-looked-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine: all the *beau monde* of London seemed to be in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck. I was astonished at the non-appearance of Miss Jackson. I took out my watch, looked at it, was putting it again into my fob, when a tall stern Cossack-looking fellow came up to me, "Pray, Sir," said he, in a gruff tone, "pray, Sir, is that your hand-writing?" As he uttered the words, he held a letter before my optics. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My first glance was directed to the stout whiskered animal before me: my next to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough it was *my* letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognised the vile penmanship—I write a miserable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by this letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also ———"

I was interrupted in my unpronounced ejaculations by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: is *that* letter," holding it in my face, "in your hand writing?

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it; besides I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mentez Pinto. I accordingly muttered out, in a subdued tone, "Yes, Sir, it is, and pray wherein ——"

I was about to enquire what interest he could have in the matter, what possible reason he could have to be offended by it, for it was clear he was offended, when I was cut short by a tremendous application of a whip, drawn out of the whiskered monster's pocket, to my person.

"Sir, Sir, what can be the meaning of———" I essayed to speak, but my poor voice was either drowned in the crackings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unmercifully whipt before. How many lashes I received is and will be a mystery; but this I know that, but for the interference of some of the more humane of the bystanders, I might and would have received several scores more. When the ruffian was wrenched from me, I was told by a person present—for it readily will be credited I was insensible to every thing—he growled out something about no man making an attempt on the virtue of his wife with impunity. The virtue of his wife! I could solemnly declare, had I been to die that moment, that I never made an attempt on the virtue of his wife, or the virtue of the wife of any man, living or dead.

Miss Jackson did not keep to her promise; indeed, after what had occurred, I deemed it fortunate she did not.

I went home fully determined to institute an action against my assailant, as soon as I could ascertain his name and address. This I knew I could have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had clouds of them whenever matters where in a sufficiently advanced state to require them.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and the determination to which I had come to prosecute my unknown assailant. My friend was very inquisitive to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again—as I had told him before, though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power—that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not," said he, "can you not, at any rate, give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject."

I described the brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I know now who it is! It is Mr. Jackson!" exclaimed he, after a few moment's hesitation.

"Mr. Jackson! Impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr. Jackson," said my friend; "one who lives in the same street. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs. Jackson, a beautiful woman, among those present at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day."

I did recollect having seen a newly married lady at Mrs. Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned this to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could you have given to her husband?" enquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never before saw the man in my life: his wife I have never seen before or since that evening."

"The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault that could have led you to infer the cause of his displeasure?"

"Nothing further than asking me whether a letter he held in his hand was in my hand writing, which I confessed it was. I believe he also muttered something about no man's making an attempt to seduce his wife with impunity."

"What! it is not possible that you could have meditated any thing of the kind?" said my friend, in a tone indicative of surprise.

"Never, never; and I had thought that you were the last man in the world that could have conceived the bare possibility of such a thing."

"Did you ever write his wife at all; for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband would construe an epistle from a man to his wife into something bad? Do you not know, as Shakspeare says, that

> 'Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ'"

"I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife; but I will confess to you that I did write Miss Jackson, to whom you introduced me; and, from the hasty glance I gave the letter my

assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her How he came by that letter is to me as mysterious as any of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" said my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes, professed a fervent, an immutable and eternal attachment to her, an attachment formed from what I had seen of her on the evening and at the party referred to, and concluded by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed my friend, Archimedes like. "The letter you intended for *Miss* Jackson has by mistake gone to *Mrs.* Jackson; and no wonder that such an epistle should have kindled suspicions in the husband's breast: no wonder that he chastised you as he did."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I could not exactly see how the missending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will go to Mr. Jackson's," said my friend, "and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed that moment: he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, and informed me his conjecture was quite right, and that he learned from Mr. J. the whole details of the awkward business.

The story may be told in a few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The right house had no brass plate, with the name inscribed, on the door; the wrong one had. Being ignorant of the number of the right house, I could not of course write it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched indistinct hand; so that when the letter arrived *Miss* was read for *Mrs.* The latter lady, probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it as she ought to the flames.

"Why, Charlotte, my dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement, this amorous rascal does. You only do as I desire you, and zounds! if I don't give it him in style."

Mrs. Jackson, being newly married, expressed her readiness to do any thing her husband desired her. "Augustus," said she, "you know, dear, your *will* is always a *law* with me."

"Well," says he, "as Solomon enjoins us to answer a fool according to his folly, you shall answer this villain according to his villany. You will immediately write him, declaring that he made an indelible impression on your heart when you saw him at the party to which he refers, and acquiescing in his proposal for a meeting at Hyde Park Corner."

She did as she was bid. I, never having seen Miss Jackson's hand-writing, was of course easily deceived. I was in perfect raptures with the supposed success of my proposal for a meeting. The reader is already informed how transitory my joy was. I never saw

Miss Jackson after this. I never wished to see her: I could not after what had occurred, again look her in the face.

It was long before I recovered from the effects of this new shock. I had well nigh determined never again to speak to woman kind; but a little reflection served to convince me, that, constituted as society was, that was impossible, unless I turned hermit.

CHAP. V.

It is the error of a great many, even of those who are considered sensible men, that they run from one extreme to another. This was the next error I committed in love matters. I resolved, as the best way of avoiding the recurrence of such mishaps as I had already encountered, to dispense with all and every thing in the shape of courtship, or lovemaking, and by some means or other get married at once. This resolution was taken shortly after the execution of Corder, of Red Barn notoriety. The statement, *fact* I may say, was then going the round of the journals, that though Corder was an unprincipled man himself, he had been married to an amiable and excellent woman, and that his marriage with that woman was the result of an advertisement, headed "Matrimony," in the *Sunday Times;* was, in other words, the result of a notification in that paper that he wanted a wife. Why, thought I, might not I be equally fortunate, and the world never be the wiser as to the way in which I had been led to form a matrimonial connection. The idea struck me as a happy one. I resolved to put it into effect without any unnecessary loss of time. Accordingly, taking my pen and paper, I that moment drew up the following advertisement, and caused it to be published in the *Morning Herald*,—that Journal being then, as I believe it is still, the medium most generally made use of for sending forth such notices to the fair world:—

"*Matrimony.*—Circumstances which it is unnecessary here to detail having prevented the Advertiser from mingling much in female society, he takes this opportunity of appealing to the heart, and soliciting the hand, of any young lady who, like himself, possesses a good temper, and a disposition to be happy. If the partiality of private friendship has not exaggerated his personal appearance, he flatters himself that no lady, however fastidious in taste, will be dissatisfied with him on that score. As regards his principles and disposition he takes on himself to say—though the statement would doubtless come with a better grace from another—that the former are perfectly unexceptionable, and the latter of the most amiable and affectionate kind. In fine, at the risk of being thought egotistical by those who know him not, the Advertiser ventures to say that it is extremely seldom that any young lady, desirous of entering the matrimonial state—that state especially appointed by the Deity himself for the happiness of his creatures—has such an opportunity presented her. The strictest confidence may be relied on, on the Advertiser's part, and he expects the same confidence on the part of any female making

application. It is hoped no male or female will exhibit any impertinent curiosity on the occasion. Address A. B, 23 Fetter Lane, Fleet Street.—No unpaid letters will be received."

This duly made its appearance. Corder had but forty-five applications in consequence of his advertisement; I had nearly double that number, which circumstance I ascribed partly to the greater respectability of the medium of publicity I had employed, and partly to the fact that, while Corder debarred all from applying who had red hair, gray eyes, and sundry other things he considered personal blemishes, and, moreover, held up beauty, education, and a pretty round sum as a fortune, as *sine qua nons*, I made no stipulations whatever. My appeal to the hearts of the sex was clogged with no conditions. I wanted a *wife:* with that want supplied I was willing to be satisfied.

At this time I lodged with an old woman, whose house I had entered eight days before. I mentioned to her, immediately on sending the advertisement to the *Herald Office*, that I expected early next day several letters, desiring her to receive such as should come, and bring them up-stairs. My landlady nodded assent. Just as eleven o'clock forenoon chimed on St. Dunstan's, I heard a rap at the door. On my landlady opening it a thickly spoken lad enquired if there were any A. B's. within. "A. B.! no; there's no A. B. nor B. C. here," said the old woman somewhat ill-naturedly. "Bring the letter to me, bring the letter to me," cried I, popping my head a little bit down-stairs. My landlady brought the epistle up. I forgot to apprise her, on the previous evening, that the letters I expected would be mostly, if not altogether, for a certain reason, addressed A. B. I then repeated my request that all letters so addressed should be brought to me immediately. She had scarcely got down-stairs, and shut the outer door, when another knock was heard. It was another A. B. letter, which of course was directly brought up-stairs to me. In short, for an hour after, epistles in answer to my advertisement were brought up at the rate of one per minute: in one instance two arrived at once. By the time my landlady had brought me up twelve or fourteen she evidently began to get surprised and alarmed at the number of A. B. letters; by the time she had delivered the twentieth —for it will be observed that she had hardly got down-stairs when there was some new bearer of an A. B. epistle rapping at the door— by the time, I say, she had delivered the twentieth, the good old woman got fairly out of breath. When she came the length of No. 30, she began to think her best way would be to bring up several at a time, which would of course lessen the frequency of her up-stair journeys. By the time the fortieth epistle arrived, she commenced the system of bringing up six at once. By this time I myself had become dreadfully alarmed. I began to think I had done some excessively foolish action, and that surely all the unmarried ladies in London had all of a sudden become correspondents of mine. I grew quite sick of love epistles. I could almost have wished both them and their fair inditers at the antipodes. "Here is too much of a good thing," said I emphatically to myself. While in this agony of uneasiness at the Mont Blanc of letters piled up on the table before

me, there was a rather long interim between the last and next epistolary delivery. This gave birth to the fond hope that the love Cholera had begun to abate among the sex, and that there would be few if any more new cases. Foolish hope! Short-lived delusion! The hope, the delusion, had hardly a moment's existence when it vanished by the sound of my landlady's footsteps on another journey up-stairs. She entered my apartment. "Here, Sir," said she, throwing down on the table ten more A. B. letters, "here, Sir, and if there come any more A. B's, you must come down and fetch them up yourself, or get somebody else to do it for you."

In ten minutes thereafter I went down-stairs, and to my ineffable satisfaction found there was only one new arrival. I was never more thankful in my life. I returned to my own apartment, and "sat me down" to examine the contents of the heap of epistles before me; for hitherto they had poured in so fast on me that it required all my activity to receive them and lay them on the table, instead of reading them. An occasional stray one continued to drop in on me until nine o'clock past meridian. Not one of these late ones, however, was opened by me. I chucked them into the fire on their receipt, concluding that they could not be the offspring of true, ardent love, as it is always *prompt* in its motions.

Well, I at length got to the most important part of the business—that of reading the letters, and deciding as to the claims of their respective authors. O how my heart palpitated as I sat down to the task! I commenced. Though the inditers of all professed a boundless attachment to me, there were great differences in the contents of the letters. The first epistle I read augured very ill indeed. The writer made sundry enquiries about my finances, my prospects in life, the rank of my relations, &c., which I assuredly did not like. I tossed her letter at once into the fire. The second epistle unfolded a candidate for matrimonial bliss who spoke a great deal touching the propriety, necessity indeed, of being regularly asked in church before marriage; and of having, in the event of making a bargain, a respectable wedding. "Bargain!" I hated the word. It imported something too sordid for me. The flourish about a respectable wedding I concluded to mean, if translated into plain English, that the fair scribe had a shoal of acquaintances, which I abhor in a wife. The third lady ran to the opposite extreme. She proposed an instantaneous elopement, lest her brother should hear of the thing, and by that means prevent the marriage. Elopement! Brother! How the words grated on my ears! I had already—the reader will not yet have forgotten poor Lavinia and the inn—I had already had a great deal too much of brothers and elopements, to run my head into any thing so foolish again. This letter, as well as the second, followed the first epistle up the chimney in a volume of smoke. It would be endless, and would, besides, answer no good purpose, to specify the objectionable matter I discovered in every intervening letter until I came to number twenty-four. *It* was just the thing. Its contents were as much to my mind as if I myself had guided the pen of the lovely writer. I put it to all my readers who are aspirants after connubial felicity whether they also would not have been charmed by it. Here it is:—

"My Dear Sir—Though as *yet* personally unknown to you, I hope I am justified—I am sure my own feelings justify me—in using the above affectionate epithet. I have read your intimation in the *Herald* of this morning; and never, I assure you, did human composition make such an impression on my mind: it went directly to my heart, from which I know it will never depart. My dearest unknown, but I trust destined husband, believe me when I say that your advertisement has led me to conceive of you as the *beau ideal* of all that a lover or husband should be. Words cannot express my admiration of your generosity and disinterestedness. You speak not, you give not the most distant hint of a love of money. How unlike the infinite majority of those who advertise for wives! But though money seems to be no object with you, I hope it will prove no objection,—other matters being to your mind. I have a handsome competency solely at my own disposal; for indeed I have no near relatives in Europe to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with me or mine. My fortune shall be the more readily laid at your feet, that it is moral worth and not sordid pelf of which you are in quest. Of my personal appearance I will not speak, further than to express a hope, that it will not be offensive. My age, not being matter of opinion but fact, I may mention is twenty. I am morally certain, from the spirit that manifestly prompted your advertisement, that our dispositions are similar; and that, as far as human eye can see, our union, if it be effected, which I hope and pray it will, will prove one of unusual happiness to both. May I, my dear Sir, have the felicity of an interview? If vouchsafed to me, be so kind as to write me immediately, when I will appoint such time and place for our meeting as will be most likely to secure us against the intrusion of any third party. Waiting with breathless anxiety your answer, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

C. D.

"*P. S.*—Please direct C. D., 27, Paul's Street, Tottenham Court Road."

I was—who in my situation would not have been?—in raptures with this letter. It was just the thing: there was intellect in it; there was judgment in it; there was affection in it. There was something else in it; between you and I, gentle reader, there was *money* in it. It is needless to say I liked it none the worse on that account. Philosophers and divines may declaim as much as they please against the vanity and worthlessness of money; abstractly speaking, I admit the circulating medium is despicable enough; but though this be true, and though, I hope, I am the last man in the world that would do any dishonourable action to gain money, yet it is not to be denied that it is a remarkably useful commodity. It is a necessary evil. It smooths the rugged path of life: it enables a man to walk more consequentially and erectly than he could otherwise do; it works miracles.

Shall I open and peruse any more of the mountain of epistles lying before me in beautiful chaos? I asked myself this question. I hesitated a moment as to whether I ought to open more of the A. B.

letters or not. It is certain, I thought, that though I had an infinitude of love epistles before me, I could not by possibility have one in the whole lot better than C. D's. And if there be one or two pretty similar in their contents, I may—how seasonable I then deemed the discovery!—I may find myself in the same predicament as the ass between the two bundles of hay; that is, remain undecided until I have lost both or all three, as the case may be. My determination therefore was, after a few moments' consideration, to read no more letters. What then was to be done with the remaining huge archipelago of epistles? Thrust them into the fire? I felt reluctant to do that: their beautiful paper, lovely seals, admirable penmanship, all rose up and eloquently pleaded for their preservation. But what is the use of preserving a congregation of unopened, unread letters? I concluded the thing to be very foolish, more especially as they might fall at some other time into some unhallowed hands, and reveal matters both as regarded myself and others which ought to be sacredly kept an everlasting secret. Into the grate, therefore, I chucked the whole lot; and what a sublime and brilliant blaze they made! "There," said I to myself, "there go two flames, the one physical, the other moral; the one caused by paper, the other made of lady-love." And I could have wept while I thus moralized. However let that pass.

In answer to Miss C. D. I wrote a most affectionate and sentimental letter. It is too long, and withal of too tender and delicate a nature, to be inserted here. It will suffice the reader to be informed that I assured her that, of all the numerous candidates for the "bliss beyond compare" of matrimony who had made application to me in consequence of my advertisement, there was none but herself who came up to my conceptions of what a wife ought to be. I protested that the beauty and inestimable worth of her mind were established in her letter, beyond the power of mortal to controvert, and that I doubted not the beauty of her person would correspond, but that, at any rate, I was so deeply enamoured of her *heart* and of her *intellect* that no personal defect, even did such exist, could be observed by me. "My angel, my very life," said I in conclusion, "do not, I beseech you, be so cruel as to deny me the ineffable happiness of an *early* interview. Remember that delays are dangerous, that should any untoward circumstance occur to prevent our marriage my best days will from that moment be over. The grave-digger may be at his occupation as soon after as he pleases."

It is incredible how soon I received an answer. And how propitious! Miss C. D. fully responded to all I had said touching the peril of delays. She burned with an impatience to see me which she declared *must* be greater than mine for an interview with her. In short, she forthwith appointed a meeting: the place—a house she described in a lane of Holborn: the time—that evening at five o'clock precisely.

What could be more satisfactory! What more soul-exhilarating than this! Had every thing been under my own agency it could not have been more to my mind. Fool that I was! instead of blundering away, as I had done in all my previous love-makings, why did I

not at once adopt this course? Why not, instead of seeking *tete-à-tete* interviews, betake myself from the first to advertising and letter writing? Deeply did I reproach myself for my former follies when in quest of a wife. However, better do well and wisely late than never. I hoped, I believed, that the blessed results of the present affair would amply compensate for all my previous misfortunes and miseries.

The appointed hour for the interview approached. Properly brushed up for the occasion, I went to No. 33 —— Lane, Holborn. Tremulously—for in all such cases, I suppose, persons feel a certain degree of tremour—tremulously I lifted and let fall the knocker of the door. A very polite maid, as I had been made to expect, opened the door in an instant. "Is Miss Young within?" enquired I, "Yes, Sir, walk up-stairs if you please," said the "she domestic" simperingly. The damsel, with all apparent respect, conducted me up one pair of stairs, and then showed me into an elegantly furnished apartment. "Miss Young will be here presently, Sir," said the maid, as she held the door in her hand when quitting the room. She disappeared. The door was shut: I was left alone. This was an epoch in my history. The intensity of my anxiety to see my future partner in life made my pedestals quiver beneath me; my whole frame shook. In about half a minute I heard footsteps approaching. In a second more, the handle of the door was lifted. I sprang to the door, and, ere it was well opened, seized in my arms, and most cordially embraced, the lady who was making her appearance. In the warmth and fervency with which I embraced Miss Young, my future wife, I actually lifted her off her feet, and carried her several yards towards the centre of the apartment. She at first uttered a wild shriek, and then set up as loudly as her lungs, which were certainly of the stentorian caste, would permit, a frightful yell of "Murder! Murder!"

"My dear Miss C. D.," said I, "I am A. B.; don't be alarmed." The only answer she made was a bound towards the poker, which she seized and hurled at my head with tremendous force. That the article did not come in terrible contact with my cranium was more a matter of miracle than any thing else. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at this singular circumstance that I stood for some moments in the centre of the floor as motionless as the dome of St. Paul's. While thus standing a perfect personification of stupefaction, in rushed, "like a torrent down upon the vale," half a dozen young fellows, exclaiming in discordant chorus, "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" "What's the matter?" These harsh sounds, hellowed out by the idiots, brought me so far to my senses again; and it was only now, for the first time, that I recognised the personal aspect of my intended. "Ye powers! earthly and unearthly!" I unconsciously ejaculated to myself: "what a female to make a wife of!" Macbeth's weird sisters—I had before pictured them to myself—that moment recurred to my mind. But for the physical impossibility of the thing, I would have sworn that one of the three stood before me. My wife "that was to be" was an antiquated withered-featured hag. She must have belonged to another age: she had clearly outlived her time by the noted period of threescore and ten allowed to other mortals. Her very appearance, as the Scotch pro-

verb says, would have been sufficient to make a butcher's dog run the country.

In answer to the exclamation, "What's the matter?" so hastily and unanimously made, Miss C. D. protested that I was either going to ravish or murder her—perhaps both. Murder her some unprincipled man might; but ravish her! she might warrant herself beyond all danger of that. "Take him into custody! Take him into custody!" shouted one and all of the six ruffian intruders. I declared most vehemently my innocence; swore by all that was good in the universe, that nothing in the world could have been further from my intention than the perpetration of either of the crimes imputed to me.

"What, then, brought you here? And what was the cause of the assault on this old woman?" interrogated one of the notable blockheads.

I was silent, and looked, I have been since informed, remarkably stupid.

"Come, Sir, answer; otherwise we hand you over to the authorities," said one Old-Bailey-looking idiot.

"Sir—Gentlemen—Sir—Gentlemen," I was stammering out, not having the most distant conception of what I was going to say, when, observing that the door was fortunately open, I bolted out of the apartment, rushed down-stairs, and getting to the street bounded away with a rapidity to which the heels of few men would be equal.

I got home, packed up my things, cleared scores with my landlady, and ere a couple of hours procured new lodgings. I was afraid of further annoyances if I vegetated any longer at No. 23, Fetter Lane.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the issue of this adventure. During the whole of that night I was in the dark as to the business. Next day I made enquiries indirectly as to the mysterious affair, when I learned that the half dozen scoundrels who rushed into the room immediately on my embracing my Dulcinea, had on seeing my advertisement in the *Herald* entered into a conspiracy together to hoax the "wight," as the numskills had the audacity to call me, that one of the six who had a sister—a lady, I suppose, she would call herself—as unprincipled as himself, got her to write to his dictation; that they had let the simpering would-be-smart servant maid into their villanous secret; and that the old female, a simple charwoman (wholly ignorant of the diabolical plot) had been instructed by the aforesaid imp of a menial to go at that particular moment into the apartment into which I had been ushered, and fetch some article which she pretended to want.

I will advertise no more. I have made up my mind to retire to some secluded spot, some "boundless contiguity of shade," if it can be had, where I will never more, or at least but seldom, see unmarried women. I had once before been of opinion, although afterwards simple enough to change it, that Fate had ordained I should never taste of the pleasures of matrimony. I have re-adopted my former opinion, and so firmly am I *now* convinced that all and every attempt at forming a matrimonial alliance would issue so unfortunately as to hold me up anew to the ridicule of the world; so convinced, I say, am I now of this, that all the logic in the world would not expel the persuasion from my mind.

J. G.

RECOLLECTIONS OF POVERTY.

No. I.

An elegant writer has remarked that "knowledge of the human heart is a science of the highest dignity." This is a truism which no one will pretend to dispute. And human nature is ever before us in all its varieties.

Pursuing the even tenour of our way, how often is the attention arrested by those brilliant manifestations of superior intellect which distinguish a man above his fellows; and ever and anon, as some master-spirit starts forth on the road to fame, advancing rapidly to proud pre-eminence, dazzled by that combination of genius and talent which throws a splendour around his path, we yield to him, instinctively as it were, a tribute of admiration, reverence, and respect. We hail with delight him who rises majestically over the stormy sea of politics, and, "like the fabled deity of old, darting his effulgence over the troubled waters," dispels the lowerings of imperious and discontented faction, and assuages the turbulence of angry passions and disappointed ambition. In forensic debate we admire the eloquence and learning, the wit and ingenuity, that master its intricacies and illumine its mysteries. In the walks of science we pause awhile to gaze on some lofty and untiring genius whose profound erudition adorns the annals of learning, and who, with sagacity and intelligence almost supernatural, has drawn forth from the storehouse of nature truths of great and weighty importance. Borne rapidly onwards through life, surrounded ever by a bright halo of glory, which forbids our nearer approach, who can draw aside the veil that envelops the inward operations of these mighty minds? Like those meteoric emanations which in resplendent brightness dart past our astonished view, soon vanishing in space, their nature is mysterious and unknown.

Fatigued, oft we turn aside to the more tranquil scenes of private life, and if we would form a just estimate of the character of our fellow creatures, or rightly appreciate their moral worth, it is here that our contemplations must be directed. It is here that human nature is seen in all the reality of unvarnished truth, stripped of those artificial aids which, throwing a transient gloss over the character, gain, even for the worst of men, the applause of the world. It is here that true nobility of soul shines forth in all its purity and splendour, a nobility which acknowledges no distinction of person, but belongs alike to the proud heir of hereditary honours, the favourite of fortune, and the child of poverty.

Well and wisely have the caterers for public amusement and instruction drawn largely from this source; and with such felicity of description have they embellished the most common incidents of life that it may safely be affirmed that there are no productions more

fascinating, none sought after with greater avidity or perused with more interest than those which, relating a series of events often strange and apparently unconnected, faithfully pourtray the mysterious operations of the mind. But the principle of selection (with few exceptions) seems partial. The rich, the noble, and the wise claim almost exclusively our attention, while those whom fortune has placed in a humble sphere of life are generally consigned to unmerited oblivion. Does this arise from indifference? Oh no: there are many who take a lively interest in the welfare of the poor, and delight to alleviate their load of sorrow. Rather, therefore, should it be attributed to a deficiency of that information which, giving truth to a narrative, renders it doubly interesting.

It has been the fortune of the writer, in pursuit of his professional avocations, to mix much with the poorer classes of society. He has witnessed many a scene of heart-rending sorrow; he has heard many a tale of incredible suffering and woe. And rising superior to misfortune, and shining with increased lustre amid surrounding obscurity, traits of character which would have done honour to the most exalted stations of life, have often called forth his warmest admiration. Embodied in the form of a narrative, the more prominent facts are presented to the public. The recital may be useful. Comparison does much to enhance our enjoyment of that happiness which is derived from mediocrity, and may lead us to lend our aid in lightening the burdens of our poorer brethren.

It was early in the month of April, on the morning of one of those lovely days which Spring claims peculiarly as her own, and which contrasted with the rudeness and turbulence of the past are ten-fold more delightful, that I was preparing for my ordinary routine of business. I was about to leave the house, when a gentle knock at the door was followed by the servant introducing to me a little girl, whose tattered clothes told her humble condition, but her manners and countenance were strongly indicative of a superior mind. She very modestly curtsied, and in a pleasing, yet plaintive tone, requested me to visit her mother.

Much pleased with her appearance, I assured her I would call during the day. She thanked me in a few broken words, for her heart seemed full; but a tear which stood in the corner of her eye conveyed more than language could express. As the message was not urgent I determined to defer my visit till the evening, when I hoped to be able to devote more time to my patient, in whom I felt somewhat interested.

An unusual pressure of engagements detained me till a late hour, and the morning, which had been warm and fine for the season, was succeeded by a cold and damp evening. It was dark ere I set off, and my patient dwelt in an obscure part of the town, at some distance from my house. I soon found myself in the street to which I had been directed. It was almost deserted; a few drops of rain which were falling had driven within-doors the multitudes who usually thronged this thickly populated district, and I had to enquire at several houses before I could obtain information about the person whom I sought. At last I accosted an elderly woman, who directed me to a miserable

chamber in a dark and dirty entry. With characteristic volubility of tongue she detained me with a long and unmeaning jargon concerning the object of my search, from which I could learn nothing except that she was extremely poor, and, to the mortification of the old woman, very uncommunicative. She seemed highly pleased that I had so patiently listened to her, and, conducting me to the door, bade me good night. I knocked gently, and the same girl whom I had seen in the morning admitted me. She pointed to a heap of straw in a corner of the room, on which was extended a pale emaciated form asleep. I motioned to the daughter (for it was her mother who slept) not to wake her, and seating myself on a low stool looked around. A few dying embers, contained in a broken grate, cast a glimmering light over the cold and comfortless hovel; and well do I recollect the chilly feeling which crept over me as I felt the damp stone floor and the keen blasts of wind which rushed through the broken panes. The furniture—'tis a mockery to name it—an old chest, a broken chair, the straw, and a ragged coverlet were all that the apartment could boast. My patient, so far as the gloom permitted me to judge, had not reached the meridian of life, and her features, though worn by poverty and disease, were yet beautiful. She slept; but the convulsive movements which agitated her frame, and ever and anon a deep-drawn sigh, told too plainly that it was not the sleep in which the mind finds repose, and from which nature awakes invigorated and refreshed. Beside her were two children, one yet helpless and unweaned.

I was contemplating in silence the scene around me when suddenly the cry of the infant awakened the mother. She started, and seemed confused, but soon recovered herself, and when I rose to address her a smile irradiated her grief-worn countenance, and in whispering accents she thanked me for my ready attention. I asked her a few questions relative to her disease, and soon learnt the fatal truth. She was a victim of that insatiable destroyer, consumption. Already were his ravages too evident, and the hoarse, hollow cough, which ever accompanies his destructive progress, sounded mournfully in my ears; and well it might, for I knew too well the intractable nature of the disease; I knew, notwithstanding the representations of ignorant and unprincipled men, that except under very favourable circumstances, and those of rare occurrence, it is incurable. And, truly, it is a melancholy task to watch its progress from day to day, unable to avert the fatal termination, the powers of our art availing nothing, save to smooth the path to the grave.

But to return to my patient. Having satisfied myself of the nature of her complaint, and given her some general directions, I was led to enquire as to the cause of the extreme wretchedness of her condition. She seemed to avoid the question; and at that moment her exhausted frame sank back on the straw. Unwilling to urge her further, I took my leave. I retraced my steps homewards, musing on the malady of this unfortutate woman, and lamenting how little assistance I could render her.

I continued my visits, and each time found more to admire in my patient. Her daughter, whom I have mentioned before, and who was

not yet ten years of age, tended her with the most affectionate care' anticipated all her wants, which were but few, and the look of maternal solicitude and love with which her afflicted parent would often regard her seemed more than sufficient to reward her for her attention, and knit still closer the bonds of affection between them. Still the causes of her extreme poverty were unknown, and the reserve she manifested, if any allusions were made to it, surprised me much. All my enquiries were to no purpose; and firmly, but respectfully, would she refuse my often proffered assistance. I felt grieved, not only on her account, but also for her poor children, for scanty were the means on which they subsisted, barely sufficient to support life; and often would the half-famished children cry to their mother, in accents that would have melted the hardest heart, for food to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and her little nurse, although evincing the utmost patience under suffering, and gladly enduring every privation for her mother's sake, began to sink under the combined effects of want, watching, and grief.

Meanwhile the disease progressed with frightful rapidity, and, foreseeing that death would soon terminate her sufferings, I thought it my duty to apprise her of its approach. Finding her one day in a calm and tranquil frame of mind, I hinted, in the most cautious and gentle manner, at the probability of the fatal termination of the disease. She seemed not to have expected this, and was silent, as if loth to part with that delusive idea which had buoyed up her spirits with the hope of recovery. But the spell which bound her to this earth was broken. Henceforth her thoughts were concentrated on heaven. I left the room.

When I next visited her, I saw a striking alteration in her manner; all reserve had vanished, and she seemed eager to communicate something to me. She begged me to sit down near her, and, in an animated tone, addressed me thus:—

"I fear, Sir, you will think me very ungrateful for having so long and obstinately prevented your kind intentions; but a prospect of speedy relief, together with a firm hope of returning health, have induced me to refuse the proffered aids of charity, and this not so much from feelings of pride as from the necessity of reverting to some incidents of my past life which, in common gratitude, I could not have concealed from those who took a friendly interest in my condition. But since the hope of recovery has vanished, and death may even now be at hand, I think it my duty, for my children's sake, no longer to abide by my former determination; and, as you have ever manifested towards me the utmost kindness, there is no one in whom I would more willingly confide than yourself. If you will deign to hear me, I will relate the causes which have reduced me to this wretched condition." I expressed my assent, and she proceeded thus:—

"I was born at the village of N——, in one of the southern counties of England. It is a lovely and sequestered spot, situate in the bosom of a vale bounded on either side by lofty hills, which, clothed to their summits in the most luxuriant verdure, pleasingly contrast with a chain of mountain heights which tower far above them in rugged grandeur and stern magnificence. By the side of a clear crystal

stream, which runs across the road to empty itself into an adjacent river, there stands a neat cottage. The natural beauties that every where surround it, and the rich profusion of roses and jessamine that cover its white-washed walls impart to it an air of rustic simplicity and elegance that attracts oft the notice of the passing stranger, as he loiters awhile amid the beautiful and romantic scenery. That was my home. There, in the spring-time of youth, rejoicing in health and strength, I sported gaily over the green meadows, or, climbing the mountain side, gazed on the vast expanse of country which, arrayed in all the varied beauties of nature, was spread out before me. Happy were those days, happy was that home—would that I had known no other!

"My father was a smith; he was a steady and obliging man, and much beloved by the members of our village community. Unlike those who in drunken debauch and wretched company seek for that happiness which is denied them at home, he found ever in the bosom of his family that lively pleasure which, resulting from the union of hearts constituted alike and actuated by the same feelings, delights with its innocency and purity. I well remember the smile of contentment and happiness that would illumine his dark-burnt countenance when he returned from work on a Saturday evening; how delighted would he seem with the air of cleanliness and comfort that pervaded all around! How tenderly would he take me on his knee, and, kissing me fondly, call me his dear, dear child.

"Weeks and months rapidly passed away, and I had not known sorrow. Like some placid stream on whose tranquil bosom scarce a ripple heaves but soon it dies away, such then was life; and, as I glided smoothly over its calm and unruffled surface, pleasures ever new rejoiced me on my way. Soon, alas! misfortunes unforeseen disturbed its peaceful course, and the rude blasts of adversity, heaping in wild confusion its troubled waters, hurry me to the grave." As she uttered these words, her countenance beamed with supernatural fervour. The heated flush that mantled her sunken cheeks glowed with a deeper hue, and her dark and brilliant eyes seemed to extend their gaze far beyond the bounds of time to the mysterious and unknown regions of futurity. So true is it that during the febrile paroxysms which ever attend this disease, the powers of the mind are invigorated, and there beam forth as it were from the hidden recesses of the soul brilliant, but transient, flashes of intelligence. And oft at these times, among the humble and unlearned, have I observed indications of a lofty genius, which, if nurtured with care and trained by instruction, might have figured in the pages of history, or adorned the paths of science. But insurmountable obstacles forbade this; they lie beneath the cold sod; there is no stone to tell even their names. Passing near their resting places, often have I said of them, in the beautiful language of Gray,

> "In this neglected spot is laid
> Hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,
> Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

A hurried message called me away.

When I next visited her she resumed her narrative. "There were occasions when my parents would invite the neighbouring villagers to join with us in some little festivities. My birth-day was one of these. It was on the evening of the day on which I had attained my eleventh year that many smiling faces were seated round our clean bright table. We waited only for my father's arrival that the happy circle might be complete. It was late when he returned, and he had lost somewhat of his wonted cheerfulness; at times he appeared absorbed in thought, yet he joined in our pleasures as formerly.

"Do not think, Sir, that the humble and low-born are exempt from those frailties which lead away their more exalted brethren. Ah, no! there is the same restless and unstable mind to all, the same dissatisfaction with the present, the same eager aspirations for the future. All are alike engaged in the pursuit of happiness, which, like an empty phantom invested in a fairy garb, flits ever before them. Now, leading them up some lofty eminence, she seems within their grasp; the next moment she hovers far beneath them. Vain is their toilsome ascent. Gladly would they seek again in humility and retirement that which exalted station has failed to bestow. But I wander from my narrative. It may be thought incredible that my father, blessed as he was with no ordinary measure of human felicity, should have bartered the many comforts we possessed for some fallacious prospect of future advantage. Strange as it may appear, he did so; and well might he be in anxiety and trouble, for, unknown to his family, he had concluded an engagement which tore us from our home, and was the foundation of all our future misery. He had been employed at the mansion of a neighbouring nobleman, and a master-workman, who had come down from London to superintend some extensive alterations, struck with the beauty of some work he had executed, and pleased with the ingenuity he evinced, allured him by the promise of high wages to go to London. Without reflection my father engaged himself, and ere a week had passed we had exchanged the sweet air of one of the pleasantest villages in England for the smoky and foul atmosphere of the metropolis. I do not recollect that the change affected me much; I cried for a few moments as we passed for the last time along the lane that leads from our cottage to the high road: it was rather, I think, because my mother wept.

"Immediately on our arrival my father was employed at a large engine manufactory, and his high wages enabled him to procure us many of the luxuries of life. It was my fortune also to receive an education much superior to what is usually obtained by those in my situation of life. It has enabled me to express myself in language which seems little suited to one so wretched as I, but it has also rendered me most acutely sensible to the long train of evils which I have suffered through life. As we dwelt in a populous part of the city, we had neighbours of every description of character, yet our acquaintances were few. Accustomed to the quiet and secluded habits of a country life, my mother shrank from that indiscriminate familiarity so common in large towns. Close by lived a man and his wife whom we sedulously avoided on account of their indolent and intemperate

habits; but, notwithstanding our evident shyness, they often sought to intrude themselves on our little society. Their advances were always firmly, yet civilly, repelled by my mother. Soon they ceased to trouble us, and we had well nigh forgotten them.

"For some time all was well with us, and little did I anticipate the storm of calamity which was about to burst forth. But there were presages of evil that I could not overlook. That parental kindness which my father had always manifested towards me was succeeded by stern moroseness; his manners, once so engaging and pleasing, were now hasty and repulsive; his home, in which all his pleasures seemed once to centre, was now often forsaken. My mother saw this, and wept; and often have I found her mourning in solitude, and would seek to share her sorrows.

"It was one evening in October that, having prepared his usual meal, we awaited his coming. It was eight o'clock, and he came not. Nine struck—my mother now feared that some accident had befallen him; another hour passed away—her anxiety could no longer be controlled. She hastened to the manufactory. The gates were shut, and all was silent. She hurried home. Breathless and in haste she turned into the little street in which we dwelt. All at once she uttered a loud cry, and fell senseless on the ground. She had seen my father drunk and bleeding, raving with all the fury of the wildest delirium, in company with our worthless and unprincipled neighbour. This wretch, stung with anger against my mother, had vowed revenge, and, in concert with his wife, had determined to ruin my father's character, and thus bring misery and sorrow on our family. It was too evident how successfully they had accomplished their horrid purposes. By degrees they had insinuated themselves in his favour, and at last had enticed him from his home to seek his pleasure in the haunts of vice. That day their triumph was complete. He had neglected his work, had insulted his master, had drunk till no longer able to guide himself he had fallen to the ground.

"In the mean time I was alone, and, being in a meditative mood, I fell into a deep reverie. My thoughts reverted to the happy days which I had passed at the place of my birth. It was summer's eve (so it seemed), and, seated beneath the wide-spreading jessamine which covered our cottage wall, I enjoyed the mild and retiring beauties of departing day. The setting sun, gilding the mountain tops, shed a mild and subdued light on all around. A gentle breeze, redolent of sweets, wafted past my delighted senses; and, lulled into sweet composure, I sat in silent pleasure at the feet of my beloved parents, who, reclining on a rustic seat, in sweet converse passed the happy hour. In the midst of this delightful reverie I was disturbed by an uproar in the street, but so strongly were these fair visions impressed on my mind that it was some time ere I was conscious of my situation. But the disturbance increased, and, my fears being roused, I rushed into the street. Not far distant I beheld a dense crowd. I hastened to the spot. I burst through the people. I saw my mother lying as if dead, my father covered with blood, and our neighbour standing by, gazing on the scene with a look of fiendish pleasure. I shrieked aloud. I recollect no more.

"Two days afterwards I was seated at the bed-side of my mother. She was in a high fever. For some days her life was despaired of; at length, after a long confinement, she was able to leave her chamber, but her spirits were broken and her health was ruined. She never fully recovered her strength, and ere long she was the victim of an insidious and fatal disease, which, in a few months, terminated her sufferings in death. During her last illness my father seldom saw her. Now and then he would sullenly enquire after her health, but he never showed any contrition for his conduct, never evinced any tenderness or pity for one who had been so long a faithful and affectionate wife. He was a confirmed drunkard. The unhallowed fire that burnt within him had dried up the springs of affection and love, had scorched and withered all those fine feelings which elevate and adorn our nature, had rendered him at once an object of pity, horror, and disgust. But my mother loved him yet. In the most touching manner would she entreat him to relinquish those habits which had robbed her of her peace of mind, had destroyed her health, and had brought poverty and disgrace on his family. For a moment he would seem affected, as if hesitating whether to disengage himself for ever from the vile thraldom of his passions; but no, the chains of vice were too fast rivetted to be unloosed, and in the society of his wretched companions his short-lived resolutions would vanish, and sensuality and vice would again be predominant.

"Our means of subsistence were now very limited. My father's employer had dismissed him long ago, and my mother, who had always contributed something to our little stock, was no longer able to work. For the first time we suffered want. This was most keenly felt by my sick parent, who was deprived of those comforts which the circumstances of her sickness required. I will not weary your patience with relating the particulars of her last illness; it will be sufficient to tell you that after seven long months of painful suffering, evincing all the time the utmost patience and resignation, my excellent parent died. A few hours before her death she asked for my father. He came to her. With downcast eyes he stood at her bedside; he attempted to speak; in vain, he could not utter a word. At the sight of her whom he had rendered miserable, whom once he had seen happy, revelling in plenty and blooming in health, but now sorrowful, comfortless, laid on the bed of sickness, about to close her eyes on him for ever. Hardhearted as he was, inhuman as he had been, he could not bear this; he wept—my mother wept also; for some time both were silent. At length, stretching forth her withered hand, she told him she forgave him all, and entreated him with her last breath to protect his only child."

Evidently affected by dwelling on so painful a subject, my patient was unable to continue her narrative. When I next saw her, she proceeded thus:—

"For some time after my mother's death my father was much at home, avoiding his former companions, and attending regularly to his work. I then fondly hoped that he had turned aside for ever from that course of life which had been productive of so much misery. Our neighbour, and who till lately had been his constant com-

panion, would at times step into our house. At first, the recent mournful event seemed to deter him from alluding to the scenes of their former licentious revelry; but, ere long, he rallied and taunted my father with his change of habits, and he, unfortunate and wretched man, too weak to resist the repeated solicitations of his destroyer, was ruined for ever. No sooner did he taste again the fatal spirit than all the fire of his former passion was lighted up with greater intensity than before. Fearful were the consequences that ensued.

"Meanwhile I was at home mourning over the loss of my tender parent, and lamenting the ruin which had come upon us. Our little dwelling, once a pattern of neatness and comfort, was then, notwithstanding all my care, ever dirty, and in disorder. My father, once so kind and affectionate, was a source of continual terror; and often have I sat in silent agony and fear while he and his wretched companions held their drunken revels, when the whole house would resound with the noise of their impious mirth and horrid ribaldry. Still he was my father, and, though he had violated all the sacred duties of a parent, my love for him was not extinguished, and I endeavoured by ready attention to smoothen the ferocity of his character, and avert the displeasure which was ever ready to burst forth. I was requited with abuse; often with blows. But his career of vice was short. It was in the winter of 182–, I noticed that he was from home longer than usual, sometimes absenting himself for two or three days, and I saw him often in company with strange and ill-looking persons. One evening, in a hurried manner, he entered the house; he threw himself into a chair by the fire side, and attempted to sleep, but in vain. He rose from his chair, paced to and fro across the room, his whole frame seemed agitated by contending passions. Now he would strike his forehead, as if in agony; then a bitter smile, as if of scorn and derision, would play upon his lips; the falling of a cinder startled him; the sound of passing footsteps thrilled through his frame. All at once the door was burst open; the officers of justice hurried him away.

"I know not how I passed that night. Language would fail to express the wild and disordered train of ideas that flitted in rapid succession through my distracted mind. Did I look back on the past? imagination depicted with all the strength of reality the happy scenes of my youthful years; then, bitter contrast, dark clouds of misfortune would blot them from my view, and my mother's dying bed, her yawning grave, my father's ruin, would start up in all their freshness, and threaten to drive me insane. Did I look forward to days to come? before me was the dark unknown of futurity, on which I had to venture friendless, unaided, and alone. I laid me down on the bed on which my mother died. Her mild and resigned spirit seemed to come over me. I fell asleep.

When the morning dawned, I sat solitary and sad in our deserted dwelling. There was no one to comfort me, no one whose friendly guidance might direct my uncertain steps. Projects of the most opposite nature suggested themselves. Perplexed, I knew not whither to go, nor of whom to ask advice or assistance. Musing thus, on my distressed situation, I was surprised by the abrupt entrance of

a stern-looking man, who, without noticing me, examined and marked all the movables which were left in the house. He then went away. There was something so repulsive in his manners and countenance that I dared not speak to him. Soon he returned, but not alone; two men of like appearance with himself were with him. In the most unconcerned manner, they removed each article of furniture.

"I stood by all the time in speechless anxiety. They had already stripped the house, and were looking around lest any thing should have escaped their notice, when by chance one of them espied a small portrait of my mother, which was suspended in an obscure corner of the room. He hastily and roughly tore it down. It was the only relic of my departed parent, one which I had always regarded with veneration and love. I could not bear to see it thus rudely treated. I snatched it from his hand, and pressed it to my bosom. He easily extricated it from my grasp. In vain I cried and entreated him to leave it with me. He coolly remarked that I did not understand these things, and threw it to the heap they had already obtained. They had completed their work and were about to depart. They roughly told me to leave the house. It was in vain to resist. In a few moments the door was closed upon me for ever.

"It was in the month of January, on one of the most inclement days of the severe winter of 182—, that I was alone in the streets of London. I hurried I knew not whither. I gazed earnestly on the passers by, but no one noticed me. The vehicles of the great, whirling along in splendour and comfort their luxurious occupants, drove gaily past; the mansions of the wealthy, in all their grandeur and magnificence, reared their proud fronts on every side, but they were nought to me. Did I cast a longing eye towards these abodes of comfort and plenty? they seemed to frown me away, a houseless wanderer, unpitied and unknown. Evening came on, and nature exhausted could bear no more. I sat down on a stone step, hungry, cold, and faint. I could not weep. I felt then, that intensity of suffering which absorbs all minor feelings, and chokes up the avenues through which the mind, pouring forth complaints and tears, relieves herself of her load of sorrow. My brain became confused. I knew no more. When consciousness returned, I found myself in a parish workhouse. I had been conveyed thither insensible. Long and continued ill-health confined me in that abode of wretchedness for more than four years. I will not trouble you with relating what occurred to me during that long and monotonous time, but will hasten to conclude the history of my short, but unfortunate life. At present, however, I cannot enter on this part of my narrative. There are circumstances connected with it on which I dare not now dwell; nay, even in my most cheerful moments, if the recollection of them steal over me, an indescribable feeling of horror and dread seizes on my mind, subsiding only to be followed by a deep and lasting melancholy."

Three days afterwards I was at her bed side. She was no longer the same; that animation which had hitherto supported her had vanished; that energy of manner which on former occasions had imparted new interest to her relation was not present. Her mind

was oppressed, and all that she said seemed the result of laboured effort and stern determination.

She proceeded thus: "In the autumn of the year 182—,I became the wife of a poor, but industrious mechanic. He also had been trained in the school of adversity: time, however, had diminished the intensity of his sorrow, and produced a resignation of mind and placidity of manner which, together with the many amiable qualities of this best of men, rendered him at once an object of ardent love and fervent adoration. Yes, I loved him too well. So intimate was the union of our feelings, so close were the ties which held us together in affection and love, so powerful was the sympathy which animated us both, that when the rude hand of death tore him from me I suffered a shock from which I have never recovered. He was the only son of an affectionate mother. We lived with her, and, although the remembrance of the past would at times embitter our enjoyment, we passed a few years in great comfort and happiness. I thought fortune had ceased to persecute me.

"Meanwhile the increase of our family (for we had then four children) demanded additional exertions for their maintenance, and although we had always observed the utmost frugality, amounting even to parsimony, owing to the depressed state of trade, we were obliged to endure some of the evils of poverty. By chance my husband heard that constant employment and good wages might be had at a large town in the north. Anxious to improve our condition, we determined to go thither.

"I well remember the day on which we parted from our mother; yes, I call her mother, for she supplied the place of her whom I had lost, with tenderness and love, and all that was endearing and amiable in my deceased parent seemed to live again in her. Embracing us tenderly, she let us go. But a melancholy foreboding seemed to hang over her; she feared we should not meet again.

"Ere long we arrived at our destination. My husband became actively engaged; our prospects brightened, and nothing occurred to interrupt our happiness."

She had told thus far with tolerable composure. She attempted to proceed, but her voice faltered, and she burst into tears. I entreated her not to continue the relation of that which seemed so painful to her; but, summoning to her aid all the fortitude she possessed, she replied with firmness, "I will finish now. What remains to be told is short. I find myself daily consuming away; to-morrow I may not be here."

Resuming her narrative, she continued thus: "In the month of February last, I was confined with this sweet babe now at the breast, and two children who are now dead were then ill of a fever. During that tedious time it was always a peculiar pleasure to me to hear my husband's voice when he entered our house on his return from work, and anxiously would I listen to his footsteps as he passed along the pavement to our door, for I knew them well. One evening the usual hour had passed by, and I had not heard him. I asked about him. They told me he had not returned. Time flew past, yet he came not.

Again I enquired. I was told that he had lain down unwell ; but there was an air of troubled anxiety about those around me. I feared some accident had befallen him. I was miserable, and entreated them to tell me the worst. Suddenly I heard a loud cry, expressive of the deepest agony. I knew it was my husband. I swooned away.

"I never saw him again. On that fatal day he had been horribly mutilated by machinery. There was no hope of his recovery unless he underwent a severe and painful operation. Willing to preserve his life to his family, he submitted. It was the cruel torture of the knife that extorted from him that cry which went to my heart I seem to hear it even now, ringing horribly in my ears."

She paused a few moments, and then continued thus:—"When I came to myself, my first enquiry was about my husband. They hesitated to tell me, but I determined to know the truth. He was dead; he had not survived the shock of the operation. The same evening my sick children died. Misfortune had then done its utmost. Grief had reached a point beyond which it could not pass. I gazed vacantly on the mournful scene around me. I saw the corpses of my dear children laid out in all the sad apparel of death. I heard the slow and measured tread of the bearers as they conveyed my beloved husband to his last home ; but I lay all the while in silence and melancholy abstraction, refusing nourishment, scarcely conscious of what was passing around, and, had not some kind neighbours shown me the most assiduous attention, I should soon have followed him to the grave.

"It was not till three weeks had passed by that I was able to leave my bed, improved in health, but feelingly alive to the circumstances of my distressed situation. I was a lone widow with three helpless children, worn by disease and sorrow, far distant from my friends, in a strange city. Poverty, abject poverty, was before me. The little that we had saved from our earnings had been expended during our late season of misfortune and sickness. After some hesitation, I sold all my furniture, and with my children set off on foot for London.

"We had not proceeded far on our journey when a severe attack of illness detained us for some days at a small village on the roadside. As soon as I was able I hastened hither. Immediately, I wrote to my mother requesting her to come to me, or send something for our relief. I have not yet heard from her. If I receive no tidings before to-morrow evening, my little stock of money, which I have apportioned in small sums for our daily maintenance, will be exhausted. But, so long as utter destitution does not compel me, I cannot receive of any one that which I have no prospect of paying again."

I admired her strict sense of honesty, but was grieved that it had been productive of much unnecessary suffering.

The next day when I visited her, I saw a stranger seated at her bedside. She motioned to me to tread lightly, lest I should disturb the poor sufferer, who seemed in a calm sleep. I stepped softly up to her. She was dead. It was her mother who sat by her.

As I gazed on her calm and composed features, placid even in death, involuntarily I exclaimed :

No stern composure sits upon thy brow,
That seems the ruthless hand of death to dare,
No passion's conflict mars thy features now.
Ah! ravag'd once by wild and dark despair.
Death with gentle hand hath stricken thee.

A few days afterwards turning over some old newspapers, I read an account of her father's execution.

H. S.

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PRESENT CONDITION OF THE BRITISH COTTON MANUFACTURES.

THERE is, perhaps, no phenomenon in the history of commerce and human industry so curious and extraordinary as the rapid growth of the art of spinning and weaving cotton by machinery. Up to the year 1770, the average importation of cotton wool, for fifty years, was under *two millions* of pounds weight; but in the following ten years it rose to *six millions*, in the next ten years to *thirty-one millions and a half;* and in 1800 no less than *fifty-six millions* of pounds were imported:—that is, in the first ten years, from 1770, it more than *trebled* itself; in the next ten years it was multiplied more than *fifteen-fold;* and in the year 1800 the imports, as compared with those of 1770, were as *twenty-eight to one:* and since that time, up to the present year, the increase of imports has been steady and rapid beyond precedent in the history of all other manufactures. The imports in 1810, 1820, 1830, were respectively 132,000,000, 147,500,000, and 260,000,000 (round numbers); and in the last year (that is, up to May, 1836), the imports, according to Dr. Ure, were 330,000,000 lbs. In the year 1760, the whole value of the cotton manufactured in England was stated at £600,000, and about 40,000 persons were supported by it. At present, the annual value of the cotton manufacture is £34,000,000; it furnishes subsistence for 1,500,000 persons, and the 150,000 persons employed in the spinning department are now able to do a labour in a given time for which the whole population of Europe would before have been insufficient. The price of cotton goods has diminished in the same manner; for the yarn which in 1790 sold for 30*s.* per pound can now be had for 2*s.* 8*d.*; calico may be bought at 2½*d.* per yard, good prints for 4*d.*, and muslin prints for 1*s.* per yard; whereas, forty years ago, articles so well manufactured could not be had at any price; and cloths of very inferior texture were sold at prices which could not now be obtained for the most delicate muslins that are sent to market. These statements, astonishing as they may seem, are the results of sober investigations made by men whose station and character, as well as their means for ascertaining the truth, give them every claim to attention and credit. It is our present intention to enquire into the causes and relate the history of the extraordinary progress which we have thus briefly, but, we hope, emphatically marked in this branch of our native industry.

The importance of the British cotton manufacture is wholly consequent on the mechanical ingenuity that has been applied to it. Nature gave the manufacture to the heated Indian :* art has transplanted it to the temperate climate of Europe. That labour which is performed by the Indian with a delicacy of manipulation wholly unattainable by Europeans is here performed by automata which merely require human guidance and supervision; and this labour they perform too on such a scale as to throw all the skill and manual dexterity of a manufacturing population twenty times that of ours quite into the shade. A century ago our clothing manufacturers were complaining of the injury caused to their trade by the importation of Indian fabrics, and the same fear almost entirely shut them out of the continental markets. But how great is the change when we are at present able to send back to the country of its growth manufactured cotton at a lower price and of better texture than the native can make it, and in such quantities also as to induce the native weavers to petition the Privy Council to take off the duties on their own silk and cotton goods, so that they may again compete with us in the market from which our own low prices had obliged them to retire! Well then may England be called the second birth-place of the cotton manufacture!

The art of spinning and weaving cotton spread from India eastward to China, and westward to Persia and Syria; but it lingered for more than fifteen centuries on the western coasts of Asia before it was introduced into Europe. We were at length indebted for its introduction to the Moorish conquerors of Spain, who brought it, along with other eastern accomplishments, to that country in the tenth century. The Spaniards, three centuries afterwards, were celebrated all over Europe for their fustaneros, or fustians. The Venetians, the great purveyors of the middle ages, and the pioneers of modern civilization, introduced cotton into Italy in the fourteenth century, and through them its use as a textile material became to a certain extent known to the inhabitants of the western side of the European continent. Among Englishmen, however, the manufacture of cotton does not seem to have been practised earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century, from which period till the middle of the eighteenth cotton was used as a textile material in *connection with*, or rather as an *auxiliary to*, linen; for by the common spinning-wheel in England no yarn could be made sufficiently tough to serve as warp-thread. The weft only was of cotton, the warp was made of linen;

* "The cause of the early perfection which the muslin manufacture attained in India must be sought for in the exquisitely fine organization of the natives of that region. Their temperament realizes every feature of that described under the title *nervous* by modern physiologists. A marked excess of sensibility in the ordinary transactions of life: delicate fibres, a soft and fine skin, pliant limbs and fingers, a pathetic look, a feeling of anxiety attendant upon the play of the organs, lively sensations occasioned by very slight causes, are the symptoms of this temperament: they all predominate in the Hindoo constitution, and so qualified for the delicate textile manufacture of cotton, that they kept, as it were, a monopoly of it for several thousand years."—*Dr. Ure on the Cotton Manufacture.* From this work, as well as from Mr. Baines's and Mr. Guest's excellent histories of the art, the author of these observations has borrowed, without reserve, when it has suited his purpose.

and the fabrics made of these materials were uniformly of coarse texture. Such is an account of the progress of the cotton manufacture in foreign climates when conducted merely by the agency of those rude machines which were sufficient for Indian dexterity, but miserably inefficient in the clumsy hands of the European. The experiment had been tried of forming textile fabrics with the instruments applicable to linen, and it had failed. Cotton required the application of art for its successful conversion to uses of clothing. English ingenuity contrived the means, and Englishmen are reaping the rich reward On the remainder of the history we dwell with pleasure and pride, and in our next number we shall venture to enter somewhat largely into detail.

A COUNTY-TOWN ROUT.

How social and pleasant to meet, in a room
Just 14 by 12, twenty-three of one's friends!
Dos-à-dos, vis-à-vis, nodding ringlet and plume,
With question and answer which no one attends.

"How d'ye do?" and "Good bye," "What a fright!" "What a beauty!"
"That man is a nine-pin!" "That woman a bore!"
"What are trumps?" "How she squalls!" "It is surely a duty
If people *will* sing." "Pray attend to your score!"

"What a heat?" "Suffocation!" Do look at Miss Languish!"
"That man has undone me!" "O when did he die?"
"Have you heard Master Aspull?" "Just think of my anguish!"
"I cannot just now!" "Let me give you some pie!"

Say not that such soirées pass *idly* away,
That they squander our talents, our time, and our pence;
No scenes half so busy, no revels so gay,
Were ever made bright at such *trifling* expense. C. E. G.

LADY KAE-YUEN.*

(From the Chinese.)

When freeze thy limbs in chilling shade,
Or when the foes' sharp weapons tear them,
Then think of her these clothes who made,
Alas! unknowing who should wear them.

Oh! thou who get'st this coat and breeches,
Think how, in love's sweet labour plodding,
For thee I put these extra stitches,
And quilt the whole with double wadding.

I know not who thy present mate,
Nor how my passion is requited,
Yet hope I in some happier state
To live with thee, my love, united.

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* The above lines were written by Lady Kae-yuen, when an inmate of the Emperor Yuen-tsung's harem, while assisting in making clothes for troops on a foreign station. The soldier on finding the ode presented it to his officer, by whom, on his return, it was handed to his Majesty. His Majesty caused enquiries to be made in the harem to ascertain who wrote it, when Lady Kae-yuen answered, "I am the writer of it, and am deserving of ten thousand deaths." The Emperor, notwithstanding his pitying her, gave

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The Mining Review. No. VIII. Simpkin and Marshall.

Nothing can more strongly testify the importance and success of that great branch of national wealth, the MINING INTEREST, than the fact that a Weekly Newspaper and a Quarterly Review entirely devoted to the development of the science of mineralogy and geology are supported with great spirit by the members of that honourable profession. Those of our readers whose experience is confined within a few miles of the capital have no idea either of the science or boldness required in such pursuits. With respect to the latter, we should be unwilling to discomfort them by the narration of stories that would carry horrible conviction to their breasts. With respect to the former, on which we would with pleasure, if space were permitted us, dwell much longer, this work, and the weekly periodical (Mining Journal) above alluded to, will, if consulted, assure our readers that the practical men of our mining districts are not quite destitute of that systematic knowledge which may tend to enhance their future usefulness. We hope that the efforts of the editor to diffuse a systematic acquaintance with mineralogy and geology among the mining proprietors may be crowned with success. The following extract "On Civil and Mining Engineering," by Mr. Sopwith, will give some idea of the nature of the publication.

"The universities of this kingdom and numerous public schools afford ample opportunities of acquiring general knowledge, but there is not throughout the whole of this great commercial and manufacturing country any establishments which are expressly adapted to that kind of knowledge in which the vital strength of this and every other nation really consists.

"With every feeling of respect for classical literature, not only as an ornamental, but as a firm and enduring basis of human knowledge, it is our conviction that it occupies a greater share of time and attention in the routine of education generally than it is entitled to in a country where practical skill and an intimate acquaintance with art and science are so much required of by far the larger class of society. The establishment of academies for this latter description of learning is yet a desideratum, and it is one which we trust the increasing knowledge and activity of the present age will speedily accomplish.

"It is true that in latter years the universities have been more and more enlightened by the progress of their members in various sciences, and it is also true that schools generally are greatly improved by the introduction of studies of a general nature; for many pursuits opportunities are thus afforded of acquiring as large a share of general information as is requisite, but there are other departments of business to which the knowledge thus obtained is not so applicable. The education of the nobility, gentry, and clergy, usually terminates with the studies prescribed for them in the colleges or schools they attend; but with men of business the school and college are to be followed by another kind of education to fit them for the respective professions or business for which they are destined. In the usual routine of commercial and manufacturing establishments, the experience of a few years, accompanied with ordinary application, is all that is requisite. In the medical profession a still further course of study is required, and it is only by passing a rigid examination that the medical student is authorized to practise. In following the profession of an engineer, and especially that of a mining engineer, the proficiency of the student is not subjected to any test, and his eventual success is in most instances the only criterion of merit. In this and in every profession it will be found that success, generally speaking, is the lot of all who diligently pur-

her in marriage to the person who obtained the ode, when he jocosely observed, "*We*, have been wedded notwithstanding, in this life."

sue their avocations, and so long as we live in a land of freedom it would perhaps be impolitic to place any restrictions on the exercise of professional duties other than as the common interest of society demands, as is the case in medical and surgical education. We shall now proceed to show in what manner we conceive that a public establishment might be advantageously formed for the advancement of persons intended for the professions to which we have more particularly alluded.

"The duties of civil and mining engineers are of great importance to the community. Independent of the immense capital frequently placed under their direction, the lives and safety of the public often depend on the skill and security of their works. In mines this is particularly the case, and the numerous accidents which from time to time occur in mines is a strong reason for the advocacy of every improvement that can be readily obtained. When a student has gone through a good course of education at school, followed by a clerkship in the office of an engineer, the universities are now the only places in which he can seek for any further accessions of knowledge. The expense, the peculiar forms, and the inadequacy of the instruction for practical purposes, at these institutions, are such as to preclude many young men from any attempt to avail themselves of the privileges they afford, nor is there any other establishment at present existing in which the student of these professions can improve himself by a regular course of study. Such an establishment, we conceive, ought to be formed in London, founded on the principle and conducted in the manner of the Royal College of Surgeons. The objects of this establishment would be as follows:—To institute a regular course of studies in chemistry, mineralogy, and geology, in particular; and in mechanics, hydrostatics, and other departments of physical science generally, with especial reference to the works undertaken by engineers, and to the duties to be performed by the conductors of mines. Geometry and the drawing of plans and sections would form an especial object of such an establishment, and by its instrumentality many important advantages might be conferred on the mining interests. As branches of such a college, establishments ought to be formed in the principal mining districts throughout the kingdom, where, under a general system founded on and supported by the parent institution, the humble classes of mine agents might obtain such knowledge as would be useful to them in their several departments. As regards miners,—*the mine* itself is the great school in which most is to be learnt; but, in addition to the matter-of-fact details to be learnt underground, there can be little doubt that much solid advantage would flow from a more general diffusion of scientific knowledge among the practical managers of mines.

"An intimate acquaintance with scientific details, opportunities of studying mineralogy, with access to the collections in the British Museum and Geological Society, attendance on regular courses of lectures, and the pursuance of a methodical train of studies under the discipline of a collegiate institution, together with the stimulus of acquiring some distinctive marks of proficiency, would, we doubt not, tend materially to advance civil and mining engineering. From the influential members of the Geological Society and of the Institution of Civil Engineers, very able and efficient aid might be probably obtained in the formation of such an institution, and in recommending it to the notice of government. The subject is one which has for some time past received much attention from those who are interested in the progress of mining and engineering; and the important feature which railway projects now form in the commercial statistics of this kingdom is a convincing proof of the necessity of cultivating, as much as possible, those useful and practical details which can only be afforded by an institution expressly adapted to these objects. Such an institution, we trust, will ere long be actively promoted; and, if once established, we firmly believe that it would tend to increase the talent and respectability of the profession of engineering—would add value to public undertakings, by the skill bestowed on their construction—that it would disse-

minate that *eminence* in reputation which is now engrossed by a few individuals, who are overloaded with work—in short, that it would give character and stability to a department of knowledge which, as compared with classical learning, has been greatly underrated and neglected, but which is, nevertheless, of the greatest importance to the best and most permanent interests of this country and of mankind."

We wish that every lover of *English* science and of the success of *English* mining projects would exert himself as does Mr. *English*.

Thoughts on Physical Education. By Charles Caldwell, M. D. Longman & Co.

This is a very excellent little work. It is the production of an intelligent and philosophical mind. Whether all the positions of the author are tenable is another question. Some of them appear to us, to say the least, to be of a debateable nature. Even, however, when they may be deemed unsound, the author displays much argument in his manner of defending them. The work contains a great deal of highly valuable matter. We have not, indeed, often so much that is at once really useful and interesting in a volume of such limited dimensions.

The Young Divine; or a Plain and Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of the Scriptures. By the Rev. W. Fletcher, F.R.A.S. N. Hailes.

This little work promises to be very useful to the young. It gives a plain and concise view of the character and contents of the various books of Scripture, and also explains several terms and texts which must appear mysterious to young persons.

The Magician. By Leitch Ritchie. 3 vols. post 8vo. Macrone.

It is so much the fashion for an author whom the success of an album or annual tale, or the flattering reception given by private friendship to a few short and unmeaning rhymes, to launch his little stock of talent in the perilous venture of a three-volume novel or romance, that we have ceased, out of pure *ennui* at the task, to notice such sapless productions. Still, when the name of a man of distinguished talent is attached to a work of a class that undoubtedly admits the display of the highest possible abilities, we have a natural curiosity to ascertain how far his reputation is correctly founded. In the present case we have not, on the whole, been disappointed. Mr. Leitch Ritchie is one of the very few English writers whose knowledge of the history and antiquities of France is sufficient to enable him to write an historical romance having for its subject the events of the French annals. He has not, in our opinion, chosen the best or most pleasing page of those annals; but, after making due allowances for the sombre and supernatural Mrs. Ratcliffe-like character of the story, we may justly compliment the author on the talented manner in which he has brought before modern readers a story of that olden time when credulity and superstition had not been chased away by the discoveries of physical science in our own day. As the true story on which the romance is founded is given in a postcript at the end of the last volume, we give it to our readers as a more suitable development of the work than our own meagre outline of the tale would furnish.

"At the gradual intermingling of the East with the West, of the unstable with the stable form of civilization, magic necessarily declined in importance. The massacre of the Magi, after the fall of Smerdis, scattered abroad the se-

crets of the temple. The integrity of the pontifical order in Egypt was broken up by the consequences of the Roman conquest. Christianity, while as yet undebased by the juggles of the clergy, had no mysteries but moral ones; and all men were invited to enter within its pale without money and without price.

"The mystic union of the Magi, however, still livedfor a while in the various secret societies of Europe; and the wandering priest of Egypt, who had fled from his impoverished country, with no other riches than his manuscript of occult science, became the ancestor of the modern sorcerer, and his magic book.

"The portrait I have desired to draw of a Magician in the foregoing work, comprehends, as I have said, the general historical features of the class, although the individual is a real personage. His magical tricks I have rendered few and unimportant; because the very best I could describe might be performed as well by any natural philosopher of the present day. His moral power, however—and in this I have exaggerated nothing—could only have been acquired and preserved by the union I have assumed to exist, of the highest qualities of intellect with the utmost depravity of mind.

"The odours made use of in the Magician's study were well known to the miracle-workers. Jamblichus informs us that certain perfumes rendered the mind more fit to receive the inspiration of the Deity; and Broclus describes a composition of this kind, made up of the amalgamation of various different odours, which were used by the institutors of the ancient priesthood. The property of the fumes of henbane, as disposing to strife and anger, it may be mentioned by way of illustration, is well known to modern medicine. A husband and wife supposed themselves to be under the influence of witchcraft, because, although agreeing perfectly well on other occasions, they never could remain long at work together without a violent quarrel. On a packet of the troublesome grains being removed from the stove where it lay, peace was instantaneously restored in the family. Of all the magical agents fire is the most common. A box of phosphorus, or, still better, of Lucifer matches, now in the hands of every old woman, would have terrified half the ancient world. Spontaneous combustion sometimes produces as disastrous effects as if it had been the work of sorcery. Some years ago a man was tried in London for setting fire to a floor-cloth manufactory, which there was as good reason to believe had set fire to itself by the casual meeting of different chemical substances. And the poor wretch (who was hanged), it is hardly uncharitable to believe, fell a victim to the ignorance of the nineteenth century, and the stupid brutality still remaining in the criminal laws of England.

"The flame that does not burn, and the artificial earthquake, are well known to the readers of different little treatises on chemical recreations.

"The impositions of Orosmandel, if more refined, would have been less true both to the manners of the epoch and in fact; for, after the above extract, even the least informed reader will not be surprised to hear that there is ample foundation for the wildest pages in the book.

"The following is an account of Gilles de Retz, taken from a memoir of an excursion I made some years ago among the localities of the story. It appeared in a publication which is now only to be found in the cabinets of the lovers of the arts, and which was discontinued because the taste of the general public was not sufficiently refined to appreciate justly the drawings of Turner.

"'The Bay of La Verrière, beyond the Cens, exhibited, in its traits of mud and shallow and stagnant waters, a striking picture of the fertility of nature. These are covered with vegetation, and present the botanist with a remarkable variety of curious plants. Near it an ancient ruin, concealed among the thickets, and scarcely distinguishable from the rocks on which it is raised, recals to our memory a character remarkable for the same rank growth, and which, although now forgotten, the interest of all enquirers into the mysteries of the human mind.

"'These ruins are all that remain of the abode of Gilles de Retz, the veritable Blue Beard, the hero of the celebrated tale of Perrault. He was lord also of Ingrande, Chantoce, Machecore, Bourgnoeuf, Parnic, Princé, and many other places, each of which claim the distinction of having been the principal theatre of his crimes. Without entering into this controversy, however, all that we can do at the present moment is to offer a very slight historical account of the marechal de Retz, who flourished—if the upas-tree can be said to flourish—in the reign of Jean V. Duke of Brittany, in the early part of the fifteenth century.

"'Born of one of the most illustrious houses of Brittany, he found himself an orphan at twenty years of age, and the possessor of enormous wealth. He was, of course, immediately surrounded by parasites, who, by flattering the weaknesses, and cherishing the evil passions of his nature, and introducing new ones, contrived to turn both his follies and crimes to their own advantage. He was a man of extraordinary bravery; and, while yet in his youth, acquired by his services in war the honourable title of Marshas. This, however, although high enough for his ambition, did not suffice for his vanity. He would be known to the world not only as a brave soldier, but as a man of illustrious birth, immense fortune, and boundless generosity. The world, he knew, can only distinguish characters by their outward manifestations, and he therefore assumed a state befitting the exalted personage whom he imagined himself to be.

"'When he went abroad he was followed by two hundred men of his house, well mounted and magnificently equipped; and on returning to the chateau he was joined, at some distance from the house, by his almoner, attended by a dean, a chanter, two archdeacons, four vicars, a schoolmaster, twelve chaplains, and eight choristers, each handsomely mounted, and followed, like his body-guard, by valets. The clothing of this ecclesiastical company was splendid in the extreme, consisting of scarlet robes trimmed with precious firs. In religious pomp, in fact, he was scarcely surpassed by the wealthiest churches. His travelling chapel dazzled every eye by the numbers it displayed of crosses, chandeliers, censers, vases of gold and silver, and other ornaments. The procession was closed by six organs, each carried by six men.

"'All this state, however, which might have well satisfied a monarch, was vanity and vexation of spirit to Gilles de Retz, on account of one little desideratum. He wished that the priest of his chapel should have the privilege of wearing a bishop's mitre; and this, in spite of his entreaties, his ambassadors, and his gifts, the pope had the insolence to refuse. The chateau in which he deigned to reside emulated the splendour of one of those fairy fabrics which cost a poor author only a page or two of words. The roofs were painted in imitation of azure skies, sprinkled with stars; the gilded cornices were carved so as to resemble foliage, and the walls were tapestried with cloth of gold which cost six hundred francs the ell. Often, however, he forsook this palace of the genii, in order to dazzle the wondering citizens, accompanied by a train of flatterers, dancing and singing boys, musicians and stage-players. He betook himself to some great town, where he not only treated the people to gratis representations of mysteries—the only sort of drama then known—but distributed refreshments to all who were polite enough to look on.

"'It is hardly necessary to say that a very few years were sufficient to exhaust a fortune subject to such demands, and pillaged at the same time by the owner's friends. Gilles was by no means alarmed at this consummation. His estates were so numerous that he could hardly repeat their names without book; and he looked upon them as possessing the same kind of inexhaustibility which he had attributed to his vanished millions. He began to sell. First went one lordship and then another, till at last his relations, taking the alarm, petitioned the king to forbid the further alienation of the family property, which, after many disturbances threatening a political convulsion, was

at length done in due form, and the proclamation published by sound of trumpet.

"'This was a blow that almost upset the brain of Gilles de Retz, enfeebled by continual debauchery. Was he to sink at once into the station of a private individual, and drag through an ignominious life the remembrance of his past glories converted into present shame? Money, it seemed, was the one thing needful—the bauble which he was accustomed to play with and throw away. Were there not other means of obtaining it than by the sale of estates? Could it not be dragged from the mine or the deep by other methods than the employment of capital and the working of machinery? His thoughts darted themselves into every hole and corner of human and superhuman speculation; and he gave to things possible and impossible the same eager and devout attention. The following is the result, as related by a Breton historian:—

"'God not having listened to the impious desires of the marshal, this warrior resolved to obtain by other methods the power and riches of which he was ambitious. He had heard that there existed on the earth men who, for certain considerations, had been enabled to overstep the bounds of the known world, and to tear away the veil which separates finite beings from forms of incorporeal air, and that the spirits subjected to their power were compelled to minister to their smallest wishes. On the instant his emissiaries set out to traverse Italy and Germany, to penetrate into distant solitudes and the depths of primeval forests, and to sound the gloomy caverns where report had placed the servants of the prince of darkness. Soon malefactors, rogues, and vagabonds of all orders formed the court of Gilles de Retz. He saw apparitions, he heard voices; sounds of terrible import were muttered from the bosom of the earth, and in a little while the subterranean vaults of the chateau resounded to the cries of victims.

"'The most odious ideas that ever entered into the depraved brain of the alchymist were put into practice to effect the transmutation of metals, and obtain that philosopher's stone which was to confer on them riches and immortality. Mysterious furnaces were burning night and day; but the real treasures which disappeared in them were not sufficient to satisfy the cupidity of the adepts by whom he was surrounded. They presented to him, at length, an Indian sage, who, as they informed him, had travelled over the whole earth, and from whom nature had been unable to preserve a single secret.

"'An imposing and severe countenance, eyes that dazzled those on whom they shone, and a beard as white as snow, distinguished the man of the east; while his simple but elegant manners announced that he had lived habitually with the great ones of the earth. Nothing appeared new or strange to him; no person, no event. He was almost always buried in profound silence; but, when he did condescend to speak, his discourse was of things so extraordinary, so wonderful, or so terrible, and all occurring in his own presence, that Gilles de Retz became fascinated while he listened, and delivered himself up, with all the remains of his fortune, to this remarkable stranger.

"'It was then that the dungeons of the chateau echoed with groans and were watered with tears. It became necessary to call up the prince of the fallen angels, the contemner of God, the devil, Satan himself; and the only cuirass which could preserve the invoker from the first effects of his indignation must be cemented with human blood. Nay, the marshal himself must plunge the poniard into the heart of the victim, and count the quick convulsions that preceded and accompanied the instant of death.

"'At a short distance from the chateau there was a forest as ancient as the world, in the centre of which a little spring, bursting from a rock, was absorbed and disappeared in the ground. A thousand fearful tales were told of this solitary spot. Phantoms glided, shrieking, through the trees; and if any of the neighbours, attracted either by pity or curiosity, approached the unhallowed precincts, they were never more seen. Their bodies, it was supposed, were buried round the spring. It was here that the Indian proposed

to subdue the rebel angels, and to bring the most powerful among them under the dominion of the Marshal.

"' One night at the mid-hour the sage proceeded to this spot, armed at all points, protected by the cuirass cemented by human blood, and furnished with the seal of Gilles de Retz, who followed him alone. They first dug a grave, round which he traced various circles, and these he intermingled with strange figures, in which he deposited some odd or hideous objects. He then built an altar with the earth taken out of the grave and some flat stones that he had set carefully apart, placing upon it, when ready, the bones of the victims buried round the spring.

"' A new crime was then committed. The blood of an infant flowed into the grave, and, responding to its death-cries, the voice of an owl was heard, which the stranger a few days before set at liberty in the forest. Up to this moment the theatre of the dreadful sacrifice had received no light except from some rays of the moon darting fitfully through the foliage. But, when the Indian had pronounced certain barbarous and impious words, a thick smoke appeared round the altar, and was followed by a bluish light, so brilliant that the eye could scarcely endure it. The magician then struck fiercely on a buckler, which resounded to the blow, and, in the midst of a terrific noise which filled the forest, a being resembling an enormous leopard, whose horrible form was long imprinted on the imagination of the Marshal, advanced slowly, with seemingly articulated roars, which the Indian explained, in a low and troubled voice, to his wretched employer.

"' " It is Satan," said he, "he accepts your homage. But, curses on my soul! I have forgotten the most important part of the incantation. He cannot speak to you. Why did I not think of this sooner?"

"' " Can we not begin again," cried the Marshal, trembling with hope and fear.

"' " Peace, in the devil's name!" whispered the Indian, appearing to listen. "At Florence," continued he. "Yes, in the depths of that cellar.—Do you, then, consent to the death of——"

"' " Just Heaven!" shouted the Marshal, in a fury, "may the great God confound you, have I not already promised?" But at the holy name of the Father of Mercies the vision vanished; the echoes of the forest repeated a thousand wild and mournful cries, and the dazzling light expired in thick darkness.

"' " I recommended silence to you," said the magician, after according an instant to human weakness, "but the name which escaped from your lips has lost to you the power you were on the eve of acquiring over the spirits. He said enough, however, to enable me to render you the possessor of all the treasures buried in the bosom of the earth. The talisman by means of which this must be effected is at the bottom of an urn in a tomb near Florence; and behold," continued he, stooping and picking up a plate of gold which the Marshal had not before observed, "behold the sign which will introduce me into places however deeply hidden."

"' The Marshal returned to his chateau, placed in the hands of the Indian the whole amount he was able to raise, saw him set out on his journey to Florence, and with a heart full of rage for having lost, by his own fault, the immense advantages he had expected, awaited with anxiety the expiration of the year, which the impostor had marked as the period of his return.

"' Disappointed in his search after the philosopher's stone, and in his longings for dominion over the powers of the air, Gilles de Retz sought in marriage a means of replenishing his coffers. The dowry of his wife was soon exhausted, or her charms palled upon his senses, and she disappeared. A second supplied her place—a third—even to the seventh wife! The cry of blood at length rose to heaven, and Jean V., Duke of Brittany, determined to arrest this gigantic criminal. After some difficulty he was taken—not in his own chateau, which was too well defended, but by means of an ambuscade—and thrown into the dungeons of Nantes.

"'The Indian was next seized, who proved to be a Florentine called Prelati. He was put to the torture, and confessed every thing. Gilles himself could not stand unmoved at the appearance of the rack; but, forgetting the resolution he seemed to have taken to die in silence, poured forth a declaration of his crimes which filled his judges with horror. Even in the midst of such revelations, however, he endeavoured to relieve himself of a part of the blame by complaining of a bad education, and of the arts of Prelati and his accomplices, who, working upon his infatuated predilections for forbidden studies, had led him on insensibly from horror to horror, till at length his mind became seared to the sense of guilt. It is remarkable that the audience, at this period of the trial, forgot the horror which such a monster ought to have inspired, and melted into tears of compassion.

"'Gilles de Retz was then condemned to be dragged in chains to the meadow of the Madeleine, raised on a pile of faggots, and burned alive. The fathers and mothers of families who witnessed the trial fasted for three days after, according to the custom of the period, in order to obtain a hearing for their prayers in behalf of his soul. They, at the same time, scourged their children with great severity, to impress upon their memory the awful lesson they had received.

"'The Marshal was conducted to the place of punishment, in the midst of a vast procession, formed of the monastic orders, and the clergy and secular congregations of the city. He was much cast down, and seemed to dread the sufferings he was about to undergo; but these, through the interest of his friends, were in part commuted, and, when the flames rose he was strangled, and with comparatively little pain yielded forth his spirit to the latter judgment.'"

It is needless to mention that a tale or two of love is introduced to give a zest to the narrative. The daughter of a Jew, the creature and victim of Prelati (who by the way is in the novel brought into much higher relief than his real historical importance justifies), and the daughter of Gilles de Retz are the heroines, and by their agency, aided by the chivalry of a Scottish knight, a worthy scion of the Douglases, and a follower of the newly betrothed princess of Scotland, the plot is carried forward to its final development.

The author of these volumes is deficient in one grand characteristic of a romancist,—we mean a knowledge of the passions. In the portraiture of the deep and intense passions that move the human breast he fails in giving them that force and boldness which they require; and to the philosophy of love we pronounce him to be wholly a stranger. With respect to what we might term the melodramatic arrangements of the work he is far more successful, and some of them are not unworthy of the great Magician of the North. His intimate acquaintance with the antiquities of France, at the time in question, cannot be better illustrated than by the following extract:—

"The chatelet, through the archway of which the Scot knight passed, although no longer the Roman tower of Julian the apostate, appeared to him to be a fortress of incomparable beauty as well as strength; and the immense line of the Rue St. Dennis beyond, although he had heard that the Rue St. Martin was still wealthier, seemed to contain in its countless shops and warehouses the riches of a whole kingdom. But every thing on this day had an aspect peculiar to the occasion. The street was hung in its whole length with canopies of rich cloth and carpeting, and here and there stages were erected for the performance of music, shows, and mysteries. The members of the different confréries of trades were seen hurrying along to their rendezvous, gorgeously dressed, and bearing the banners of their patron saints; while, justling these, successive groups of minstrels, jugglers, players, and above all devils, hoofed and horned, elbowed their way to their various posts. Nor were the women wanting in the spectacle. The caps alone of the ladies, made in the form of a sugar loaf, half an ell high, from the peak of which a white veil

flowed forth, and descended to the feet, would have made them sufficiently remarkable; but the effect of this portion of the dress was heightened by the fantastic richness of the rest. They wore no longer, indeed, the arms of their husbands emblazoned on their gowns; nor did their garments, like those of their great grandmothers, in the fashion of the open tunics of the Spartan girls, display their naked sides; but gold and silver, satin velvet, combined to furnish figures calculated to adorn the festival of the gayest prince in Christendom. Amongst the vast crowd of strange figures and costumes, the knight was surprised to find none belonging to the Hebrew nation. He did not know, or had forgotten, that, although still spreading its branches in other parts of Europe, the tree of Judah was not only cut down in France, but rooted up out of the soil. The Jews, in fact, had been banished so strictly from this most Christian kingdom, by an edict of the last prince, that, if one of them had been found that day among that multitude of his fellow-creatures, he would, in all probability, have been burnt alive. But, mingling with the peculiarities of the day, the common business of life went on as usual; and the stranger was almost stunned with the thousand discordant noises of a Parisian morning. Every article in daily use, from a roasted goose to a tallow candle, had its crier; and every crier vied with his neighbours as to who should bawl the loudest. The commissioners of the baths were flying about informing the public that their water was hot, and, looking eagerly in the face of the passer by, shouted, 'Make haste! Make haste!' The venders of wine were clamorously inviting the crowd to taste, the restaurateurs tempting the appetite with a catalogue of their meats; and, in the midst of all, some men in black issuing from the houses, or at the cross streets, ringing a mournful bell, called upon all who heard them to pray for the souls of the dead. The number of beggars, especially, was so great, and their endless litanies so loud, that they might almost be said to give the prevailing character to the scene. But the common poor who go to and fro upon the earth to this day with artificial wounds and stories of imaginary distress, there were shoals of vagabonds calling themselves Bohemians, distinguished from the rest by their shorn heads—so despoiled by the mandate of government.

"A still greater number of bald crowns belonged to the various orders of mendicant monks; and these were further distinguished by the chin as well as the scalp being destitute of hair. The most remarkable of this class were the Jacobins, a colony of Dominicans, so called from officiating in the chapel of St. Jacques. One of these flogged St. Louis to his heart's content in the quality of his confessor; another assassinated Henri III.; and another canonized the assassin: but, notwithstanding this illustrious fortune, they all begged in the streets of Paris. Then came the Cordeliers, so celebrated for their dissolute manners; and then the Grands Augustins, the Celestines, the Carthusians; while, jostled by these bold and libertine monks, some bands of Beguines and Sœurs Lachettes arrived here, and raised their shrill voices among the crowd. All these, however, were beggars by profession, and excited, therefore, but little of the knight's pity, although they drew some small coins from his pockets. But it was with a start of surprise and concern that he saw mingling with the clamorous crowd, and crying like the others for bread, some students of the university, habited in their black gowns and cowls. This common spectacle appeared extraordinary to him, for the university was associated in his mind only with ideas of power and grandeur, and the most prodigious audacity. But this was the university as a body; this was the rector, the advocates, the regents of the colleges. He had to learn how happily the students united to their clerical character that of the ruffian and the mendicant. The spirits of the Scot were depressed, as he thought how many high-minded chivalrous adventurers had left and were still leaving his own country, to pursue the path of honour and fortune at this famous seminary; and in particular a cloud settled upon his brow as he speculated upon the fate of an early friend whom it was to be his business that evening to seek out in the city of colleges, on the left bank of the river.

"On approaching the end of the street, which was terminated by the gate of St. Dennis on the same spot which it occupies to-day, the crowd became so dense that sometimes a halt of several minutes at a time took place in the moving mass. On such, occasioned by the valets, who enjoyed the reputation of being, next to the students, the greatest blackguards in Paris. So obnoxious, in fact, had they become to the authorities, that those who were out of place were forced to quit the city instantly, if they could not find some respectable person to become responsible for their conduct. Their costume was as various as that of their descendants of the present day; but many wore only a single sleeve of their master's livery. On the present occasion their delinquencies were confined to certain manual jokes played upon the lower class of women, and some less innocent conversations which they held with the speaking birds, hung out at almost every window. And, in these household favourites of the Parisians of the age, it must be said, they met with their match. Leading the public life they did, in which they were exposed to every sort of society, the natural morality of the birds was so far lost that they had become fluent in every term of insult and indecency, and thunders of laughter were elicited among the crowd by the aptness of their repartees.

"When the Scottish knight at length reached the gate of St. Dennis, a scene took place which formed a strange prelude to the approaching ceremony. In those days the English were not the only ravagers of France. Famine, as usual, had followed the steps of protracted war; and troops of starved wolves, unable to live in their forests, came prowling, not only to the gates, but in the very streets of Paris. Women as well as children, if we may believe contemporary authors, were in some instances killed by these hungry and ferocious beasts; and not a few of the more daring citizens went forth to combat the destroyer, in the same chivalrous spirit which inspired the heroes of the romances in their duels with giants and dragons.

"At this moment, a slain wolf of extraordinary size was brought in, as a trophy, by a party of these adventurers. In order to give greater effect to the exhibition, the tremendous brute was raised upon his legs, with his dead eyes and dropping jaws directed towards the street. The spectacle was hailed by the rabble with a universal shout; but the noise died away with unusual suddenness. It seemed as if the show had been taken as an evil augury; and this strange avant-courier of a monarch was ordered to make his entrance by another avenue. The wolf-hunters, however, were now anxious to become the spectators of a new and more splendid pageant, and the gaunt carcase was thrown down by the way-side, to remain till the living hero of the day had passed by. The incident was called to mind soon after, when the burdens which the necessities of Charles VII. compelled him to impose were characterized by the selfishness of the Parisians, not as the demands of a lawful king, but as the ravages of a wolf.

"The whole of the space at the porte St. Dennis was taken up by the authorities of the city, lining each side of the way, with those in the middle appointed to receive the king. Above the gate was a shield, with the representation of France supported by three angels, and the following inscription:—

'Tres excellent roy et seigneur,
Les manans de votre cité
Vous reçoinent en tout honneur,
Et entres grande humilité.'

"The ground was kept by the arbalatriers and archers of the town, arrayed in coats of arms, which, being of the livery colours of the city, red and blue, gave them the appearance of wearing a uniform, although this improvement in the dress of soldiers is of much more modern introduction.

"The approaching cortège, which had been some time in sight, at length gradually reached the ground, and file after file took up their position on either side of the way, till King Charles himself was seen through long vistas

approaching slowly and majestically, seated on a white horse, the emblem of royalty. At this sight the breath of the vast multitude, hitherto pent up, as it were, by curiosity and expectation, found simultaneous utterance, and the cry of 'Noel! Noel!' burst from every lip. The expression is a contraction of Emanuel, 'Lord be with us!' and was used at that time as a cry of joy by the French people, instead of 'Vive le Roy!' It was echoed from mouth to mouth, from street to street. The women and children in the most distant quarters of the metropolis gave back the sound. The sick and the dying put aside their curtains to gaze towards the window, and swell the shout with their feeble voices. The clock towers of every church in the city gave forth at the signal a joyful peal; and even the great bell of the palace, whose hammer stirred only on extraordinary occasions, rang, 'Noel! Noel!'

"On the approach of the king, the prevôt of the merchants, for the prevôt of Paris was a royal and not a municipal officer, presented the keys of the city; while a canopy of violet-coloured velvet was held by the echevins (answering in some respect to our aldermen) over the royal head. The city dignitaries then marshalled the way of their master into his metropolis.

"The prevôt of Paris was attended by his serjeants on foot, in great numbers, each wearing a green and red hood; and after these came a long line of notaries, procureurs, commissioners, advocates, and counsellors, followed by the lieutenant and guard of the governor, or, as he was termed in the grandiloquence of the age, the King of the Chatelet.

"After this civic cortège there followed one of a more extraordinary nature, or, at least, one that few would have looked for in the triumphant march of a king. It consisted of Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Prudence, Courage, and Temperance, all on horseback, and all sumptuously dressed in character. Together with these, however, perhaps to redeem in some measure the inconsistency, the Seven Deadly Sins came plunging on in terrible array. Treading on the heels of the latter, the gentlemen of the Parliament and Requests then made their appearance, attired in red robes; and, after them, a body of eight-hundred archers, led on by the Count d'Angouleme, a prince of the blood, of the house of Orleans.

"Mountjoye, king of arms, came next, a grave and august personage, shrouded in an immense robe of violet-coloured velvet, studded all over with golden fleurs-de-lis and large pearls. After him rode the grand esquire, carrying the royal helmet, which was closed with a double fleur-de-lis of gold. So sumptuously were this personage and his horse arrayed that he might have been mistaken for the hero of the scene himself; but, following next in order, appeared the white steed which, in the processions of that age, denoted the royal rank of the rider. This superb animal was covered with velvet housings of celestial blue, planted with golden fleur-de-lis, and trailing to the ground. His forehead was covered with a plate of polished steel, and surmounted by a magnificent plume of ostrich feathers. Nor was the rider unworthy of the steed. Whatever may have been the defects of Charles's person, none were visible on the present occasion. The disproportionate shortness of his legs, which caused him, it is said, to introduce the fashion of long garments, was now hidden by his dress; and his lofty and soldier-like bearing, at a moment like this, so full of pride and triumph, partook, no doubt, still more than usual of a graceful haughtiness. Clothed in gilded armour, with a rich coat of arms over the cuirass, and shaking to the motion of his steed a cord of glittering gems, which hung upon his hat, onward pranced the hero of the day, bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic greetings of his people, and looking 'every inch a king.'

"After the principal personage had passed by, the interest of the Scottish stranger seemed to increase rather than diminish, and he gazed at the next in order with an earnest and critical eye. This was a young lad of fourteen, armed, dressed, and mounted in all respects like Charles himself. It was the dauphin, the husband of the princess of Scotland, of that beautiful, amiable,

sensitive little girl of eleven years whom the knight had assisted in transplanting from her native home at so early an age. The spectator sighed, and shook his head, as he had often done before, on perusing the features of the boy; and the gloom that settled on his brow told how deeply he regretted that the royal Scot had not matched his daughter in her own country. The knight followed the young dauphin with his eye till the pages of both king and prince, coming closely after, intercepted his view. The Bastard of Orleans then appeared, armed from head to heel, and both himself and horse blazing with jewels. This splendid warrior led on the 'battle' of the king, consisting of a thousand lancers, all armed to the teeth, both man and horse. The long array was closed by an esquire of the stable, bearing a vermilion lance, spangled with gold stars, at the head of which there hung a standard of red silk, with ornaments like those of the staff, surrounding a portrait of St. Michael. After him there rolled an immense multitude of lords, knights, and bourgeois, with the peasantry, as it seemed, of the whole province, all dressed to the extent of their means, and in the fashion of their degree."

The above strictures have been freely, and, we hope, good-naturedly given; for no work scarcely can be so excellent as to furnish no ground of censure to a candid and impartial critic. The faults that we have noticed will, we think, be discovered by most of our intelligent readers; but, notwithstanding this, we think that sufficient will be found of historical value in the work to reward the perusal of it.

Guide to the Pronunciation of the Italian Language. By M. de la Claverie. London: Smith and Elder.

Every one who has either learnt or taught a foreign language must well know that pronunciation can effectively be taught in one way only—that is, by personal communication with a native, or, better still, by a protracted residence in the country where the desired language is generally and best spoken. With respect to the French, for instance, with all the professed pains taken by the *instituteurs* of this country for its perfection, how few are the instances in which a tolerably respectable pronunciation is attained—setting grammar and idiom altogether aside. The same may be said more forcibly of the German, which we defy any person properly to speak without a good native master, and, besides this, without living among the people themselves—that portion of them we mean where the language is most purely spoken. Does not the same observation apply to the Italian? We think it does. If M. de la Claverie intends his work *to assist* the native teacher's efforts, so far well: if he intends *more*, he is attempting that in which he must be unsuccessful, as all have been before him.

It would be unfair, however, to say nothing of the plan on which this little work is written. It commences with a brief and well-arranged treatise on the powers of the Italian letters, simply and in connection, as compared with the corresponding English letters. These principles are subsequently illustrated by a selection of reading exercises, marked so as to refer the reader back to the rules laid down at the commencement; and the latter part of the book treats of the tonic accent, or emphatic syllable, the improper position of which by the voice must in every language, as well as in the smooth and mellifluous Italian, be productive of gross mis-pronunciation.

The author is a native of France, but was early acquainted with Italian, and enjoyed the friendship of many Italian *literati*. Through the influence of one of these with Napoleon he obtained an official situation at Rome, where he remained eight years; and, after the downfal of the French empire, taught the language to many English foreigners, whose solicitations brought him to this country. We wish him success in his vocation, and hope that he may gain more reputation and profit from his personal efforts than his literary production is likely to furnish.

Cruse's original Cathedral Services; Part I. Goulding and D'Almaine, Soho Square.

Cruse's One Hundred Double and Single Cathedral Chants. Goulding and D'Almaine.

Lament on the Death of Amy Claude. By Edward Cruse. Goulding and D'Almaine.

The talent displayed by Mr. Cruse in his former publication, which we noticed in a previous number, the "New Arrangement of the Psalms," namely, induced us to augur favourably of the productions whose titles appear at the head of our notice. Nor were our expectations disappointed. Mr. Cruise is imbued with the genuine spirit of the old English church music, and we trust that his works will contribute to spread among amateurs a taste for the classical compositions of our cathedral writers of former days. The first part of the Cathedral Services contains a Te Deum and Jubilate, arranged for four voices, forming a complete morning service. The melody is flowing and agreeable, the harmonies admirably suited to the subject, and the whole well adapted either for private performance or for the use of such churches as are provided with a moderately efficient choir. And here we cannot refrain from expressing our earnest wish that the *so-called* singing of the children of the parochial schools in our churches may soon be utterly abolished. It can excite no devotional feelings, and, if only meant to afford the lungs of the officiating minister a little necessary relief, that object would be obtained by the substitution of a proper service, such as those of Mr. Cruse, without torturing the ears and vexing the minds of all that part of the congregation whom nature has furnished with a musical ear. The Chants have the same characteristics, and deserve the same praise as the service. The Lament is not deficient in pathos; but such mournful strains are not likely to become popular among amateurs for private use, nor are they adapted for public performance. We must not omit to notice Mr. Cruse's meritorious non-observance of the rule, so prevalent in these days, of transposing the tenor and counter-tenor clefs to the treble, a practice which can only be excused by the necessity of catering for the tastes of those who are too indolent to spend a few hours in learning to read their notes properly written.

Memoirs of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, by Mrs. Trollope. London: Bentley.

Whenever the defence of a political junta shall take the place of national history, and coarse caricature be considered as the true portraiture of human life, then shall we willingly concede to Mrs. Trollope the credit of having made her countrymen acquainted with the American republic. So long however as candour, and liberality, and freedom from narrow fireside prejudice are regarded as the indispensable requisites of an intelligent traveller and observer of foreign manners, that lady will continue to be generally regarded as a weak and prejudiced thinker, who wishes to set up her own clique as the standard for manners and opinions, by which every people under heaven is to be tried and condemned for discordance of sentiment and action. With respect to America we know not in what class of society Mrs. Trollope moved to find the originals of her portraits: but we are well aware, and we state it with the greatest confidence, that she seldom or never found her way into the highest circles of American society, and consequently cannot have painted the manners of that class which the generality of her readers would think that she had represented; and if what we say is the case,—if she has taken her portraits from the bourgeoiserie, we need scarcely observe that she might have picked out of her own country, and that too in a class not below her own, instances of national ignorance and of national habits quite as gross

and disgusting as those which are cited by the authoress of "Traits of American Life." Libels, gross enough and calculated to injure a country which is fairly entitled to a very high place among the nations, had been written and publicly spoken before the time of Mrs. Trollope; but it was left for a lady to enter into all the disgusting particulars of national vulgarity, and indeed, waiving delicacy altogether, the business could not have been committed to better hands, for she tells her stories with a smack and relish which show how much she must have enjoyed the drolleries around her. That her books are written with talent cannot be denied; but the order of that talent is not very high; and, if it were of the highest order, we should still protest against the abuse of it in calumniating two nations, with which we are politically and commercially united, with the most beneficial results to our trading interests. Mrs. Trollope's anecdotes, we have before observed, are told with point, and her descriptions, though too manifestly caricatures, are given in a lively and graphic style; but when she has occasion to express her opinions, which are of a kind that will happily ere long be mere matter of history, she does it with a dogmatism and pretension, which even in a literary lady *d'un certain age* is at least unamiable. The "Traits of American Life," as containing a homely dégagée kind of narrative of her transatlantic trip, was on the whole, notwithstanding its objectionable matter, favourably received on the score of its drolleries. Its authoress speedily produced another work on America, "the Refugee of America," a connected tale, put together for the purpose of further introducing her readers to brother Jonathan, and to some very beautiful parts of his country; and within the last two months the English public have been presented with another work of fiction, not less full of gall and hatred than any of her former productions, entitled "Memoirs of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw." The authoress's object in writing this work has evidently been to expose the abuses of the slavery system in those states (Virginia, the two states of Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana) which still disgrace themselves by the permission of that horrible practice, and so far she is entitled to praise; but it ill became her in the holy cause of truth and humanity to distort facts so far as to make the planters of Louisianian settlements the grossly ignorant and unsentimental beings who have no community of interest or feeling beyond that suggested by filthy lucre. Did Mrs. Trollope ever visit the south-western states, and does she speak from personal experience of the habits and manners of the slave-owners? We think not; and, little as we wish to screen them from the just hatred of the world, we would not that they should have a charge of misrepresentation against an English author behind which to screen themselves for protection. We love truth and probability even in novels; and Mrs. Trollope must excuse us for our frankness, or, if she will, for our severity. With respect to the literary merits of the work before us, we think it, on the whole, much inferior to those of her former books. Still the descriptions are some of them very well and pointedly written—in the same nervous sarcastic style as her first satire on America: we instance particularly the opening chapters, containing the account of old Whitlaw's squatting on the Mississippi, Edward Bligh's visit to the store at Natchez, Lucy Bligh's reception among the milliners, and the two more revolting accounts of Bligh's execution by *Lynch law* and of the tyrant Whitlaw's murder by his own slaves.

In the general management of her story Mrs. Trollope utterly fails, and not less did she fail in the 'Refugees of America:' the plots of both are clumsily contrived, and exhibit the most glaring improbabilities, and the characters, at least some of them, are drawn with an extravagant rudeness and coarseness, which their conceiver perhaps mistakes for "breadth and boldness;" while, in depicting the more gentle-natured personages which are necessary to the machinery of the drama, she scarcely ever succeeds in raising their character above the namby-pamby common-place individuals that form the mass of society in middle life in our own country. What can be more *fade* and

insipid than the whole of the German emigrant's family for instance, or than the character of Lucy Bligh, which in more competent hands might have been brought up from the canvass in connection with her brother as a bright light contrasting well with the more gloomy scenery of Colonel Dart's negro-tilled plantation? It is only fair, however, to make one exception, which we do with pleasure, to this censure: the character of Aunt Cli, though by no means a very prominent personage, is so naively and delicately touched off, uniting an admirable blandness and benevolence of nature, with some of the characteristic features of the national mind, that we are willing to hope that if Mrs. Trollope can forget her own peculiar notions, or at least consent to bury them for the nonce, and is inclined to look on human nature with a less jaundiced eye in future, she may attain a very high and honoured rank among her literary countrywomen.

Having made—as we felt it our duty to make—the above strictures on the volumes before us, we may now safely put them in the reader's hands. He will find much that is amusing in them; and he must be content to make allowance for a large part being a broad caricature.

Mammon, or Covetousness the Sin of the Christian Church. By the Rev. J. Harris. London: Ward. 8vo. p. 311.

If we were called on to select any one instance as indicative of an increased general feeling in favour of religion in England, it would be this, that greater encouragement than ever is now given to the publication of really valuable religious works, and to the republication of sterling works, at a price that makes them generally accessible. We instance particularly the "Sacred Classics" published by Hatchard, a work which by this time has doubtless given substantial proof of its favourable reception to the proprietor and learned editors, and the "Theological Library" published by Rivington, which to its intrinsic value adds that of originality,—some of the first churchmen of our day having contributed the different volumes. When, however, public-spirited individuals come forward and offer handsome rewards independently of the ordinary profit gained by literary men for works written in defence of religion, it becomes a reviewer's bounden duty to publish so munificent an act, and at the same time to determine the merits of the composition or compositions to which the prize has been adjudged. The first act of munificence of this kind within the last few years was the legacy of the late duke of Bridgewater, which among other valuable treatises brought to light those of Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Whewell, which will live as long as the national literature shall endure. More lately we have to record an offer which considering the different ranks and estates of the donors is scarcely less munificent, the offer of *one hundred guineas* by Dr. Conquest for the best essay on "Selfishness" as the enemy of true religion—to be adjudicated by the Rev. Baptist Noel and Dr. Pye Smith. The work now before us is the prize essay on the subject,—one only of a hundred and forty-three sent in for competition, from the reading of many of which the adjudicators rose "with a high feeling of gratitude and admiration at the mass of sanctified talent which had been brought before their view." When men of such high public, and professional character consent in awarding such a prize, and "are conscientiously satisfied with the decision which they announce," it would ill become us to affect to sit in judgment, or add one single word of praise.

The object of the treatise is to show that the universe is designed to display and enjoy the love of God,—since "God is love," that sin, which is neither more nor less than selfishness, invaded the world, and so frustrated the divine plan, and that the gospel was afterwards introduced as a system of benevolence opposed to one of selfishness,—as a plan for restoring to the world its lost spirit of benevolence,—that this selfishness was not only the

sin of the world, but had also become the prevailing sin of the Christian church—the malady that attacks the vitals of that church, and develops itself in various ways, selfishness of the sect, of creed, of pulpit, of purse &c. In the second part, which in many instances is treated with great metaphysical acuteness the author enters into a minute investigation of the principal forms assumed by selfishness, its disguises, its tests, and its excuses; and in the third part he contrasts with it in a very admirable manner Christian liberality, which he explains and enforces as the closing moral of the essay.

We extract a portion of the section entitled 'the Present Predominance of Covetousness in Britain,' as most nearly connected with the moral interests of Englishmen. The rebuke is far from being severe.

"This is a subject in which the Christians of Britain have more than an ordinary interest. For, though no part of the world is exempt from the influence of covetousness, a commercial nation, like Britain, is more liable to its debasements than any other. Were it not indigenous to the human heart, here it would surely have been born; for here are assembled all the fermenting elements favourable to its spontaneous generation, or, were it to be driven from every other land, here it would find sanctuary in a thousand places open to receive it. Not only does it exist among us; it is honoured, worshipped, deified. Alas! it has without a figure its priests, its appropriate temples, earthly 'hells,' its ceremonial, its ever-burning fires, fed with precious things which ought to be offered as incense to God; and, for its sacrifices, immortal souls.

"Every nation has its idol: in some countries that idol is pleasure; in others glory, in others liberty; but the name of our idol is mammon. The shrines of the others, indeed, are not neglected, but it must be conceded that money is the mightiest of all our idol-gods. And not only does this fact distinguish us from most other nations, it distinguishes our present from our former selves—it is the brand-mark of the present age. For, if it be true that each successive age has its representative, that beholds itself reflected in some leading school, and impresses its image on the philosophy of the day, where shall we look for the image of the existing age, but in our systems of political economy? Men who would formerly have devoted their lives to metaphysical and moral research, are now given up to a more material study, to the theory of rents, and the philosophy of the mart. Morality itself is allowed to employ no standard but that of utility, to enforce her requirements by no plea but expediency, a consideration of profit and loss. And even the science of metaphysics is wavering, if it has not actually pronounced, in favour of a materialism which would subject the great mysteries of humanity to mathematical admeasurement and chemical analysis. Mammon is marching through the land in triumph, and it is to be feared that a large majority of all classes have devoted and degraded themselves to the office of his train-bearers. Statements like these may startle the reader who now reflects on the subject for the first time. But let him be assured that, as the first impression which the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing which strikes an enquirer into our social system is the absorbing respect in which wealth is held. The root of all our laws is to be found in the sentiment of property, and this sentiment, right in itself, has by excess infected with an all-pervading taint our politics, our systems of education, the distribution of honours, the popular notions—nay, it has penetrated our language, and even intruded into the sacred enclosures of religion. This is a truth obvious, not merely to the foreigner to whom it is a comparative novelty, the taint is acknowledged and deplored even by those who have become acclimated and inured to it. Not merely does the divine protest against it, the man of the world joins him; for it is felt to be a common cause. The legislator complains that governments are getting to be little better than political establishments to furnish facilities for the accumulation of wealth. The philanthropist complains that generous motives are lost sight of in the

prevailing desire of gain; so that he who evinces a disposition to disinterested benevolence is either distrusted as a hypocrite or derided as a fool. The moralist complains that 'commerce has kindled in the nation a universal emulation for wealth, and that money receives all the honours which are the proper right of knowledge and virtue.' The candidate for worldly advancement and honour protests against the arrangement which makes promotion a matter of purchase, thus disparaging and discouraging all worth save that of wealth. The poet laments that 'the world is too much with us,' that 'all things are sold,' that every thing is made a marketable commodity, and 'labelled with its price.' The student of mental and moral philosophy laments that his favourite 'sciences are falling into decay, while the physical are engrossing, every day, more respect and attention,' that the 'worship of the beautiful and good has given place to a calculation of the profitable,' that 'every work which can be made use of to immediate profit, every work which falls in with the desire of acquiring wealth suddenly is sure of an appropriate circulation,' that we have been led to 'estimate the worth of all pursuits and attainments by their marketable value.'

"To the same unhallowed spirit of gain is to be traced that fierce 'competition' of which the labourer, the artisan, the dealer, the manufacturer, and even the members of all the liberal professions, alike complain. That competition, under certain limits, is necessary to the activity and healthy condition of the social economy is not to be denied. But when it rises to a struggle in which neither time nor strength is left for higher pursuits,—in which every new competitor is looked on in the light of an enemy,—in which every personal exertion, and practicable retrenchment, in the mode of conducting business, do but barely leave a subsistence,—there must be something essentially wrong in our ruling spirit or social constitution. True, the fact that the evil exists may palliate the conduct of the Christian, who in mere self-defence, and without his own seeking, finds himself compelled by circumstances to engage in the rivalry and turmoil. Such a man is an object, not of blame, but of pity. But how small the number of those who are not actually augmenting the evil, either by a sumptuous style of living, which absorbs the entire profits of business as fast as they accrue, and which even anticipates them, or else by a morbid and exorbitant craving after something new, by which the ingenuity and application of men of business are kept constantly taxed, and competition is almost converted into hostility! Our present concern, however, is not with the cause, but with the fact. And on all hands it is admitted that the way in which business is now conducted involves all the risk, uncertainty, and unnatural excitement of a game of chance.

"Nor is the strife of fashion less apparent than the struggle of business. Each class of the community, in succession, is pressing on that which is immediately before it. Many of those engaged in the rivalry are supporting themselves by temporary expedients, concealing their real poverty by occasional extravagance and display. Take the following description of the fact, from an eminent Christian moralist, whose position in society enables him to judge correctly, and on a large scale:—'Others, ... a numerous class in our days, attach themselves to the pomps and vanities of life. Magnificent houses, grand equipages, numerous retinues, splendid entertainments, high and fashionable connections, appear to constitute, in their estimation, the supreme happiness of life. Persons to whose rank and station these indulgences most properly belong often are the most indifferent to them. Undue solicitude about them is more visible in persons of inferior conditions and smaller fortunes, in whom it is detected by the studious contrivances of a misapplied ingenuity, to reconcile parade with economy, and to glitter at a cheap rate. There is an evident effort and struggle to excel in the particulars here in question, a manifest wish to rival superiors, to outstrip equals, and to dazzle inferiors.' The truth of this picture, it is to be feared, has been daily increasing ever since it was drawn.

"A spirit of extravagance and display naturally seeks for resources in daring

pecuniary speculations. Industry is too slow and podding for it. Accordingly, this is the age of reckless adventure. The spirit of the Lottery is still upon us. 'Sink or swim' is the motto of numbers, who are ready to stake their fortune on a speculation; and evil indeed must be that project and perilous in the extreme must be that scheme which they would hesitate to adopt, if it held out the remotest prospect of gain."

It is to be hoped that the success of the prize essay may induce others—the more successful of the competitors—to comply with the desire of the adjudicators, that they also may be published. The subject is not yet exhausted.

THEATRICALS.

Our notice of the drama this month must of necessity be short, the two great houses being closed, and there being little in the shape of novelty at either of the other theatres.

Mr. Bunn has in some measure made up for his losses in the earlier part of the season, by the crowded audiences which graced the performances of Malibran; but he is understood to be still out of pocket to a very considerable extent.

Mr. Osbaldiston, it is said, has not either gained or lost much by his Covent-Garden speculation. He is already making active preparations for the next campaign. If report speaks true, as to the amount of histrionic talent he has already secured for the approaching season, we may safely say that, not only will he deserve success, but he will ensure it. Mr. Farren, Mr. Macready, Mr. Sheridan Knowles, Mrs. Glover, and several others of great popularity, are said to be retained.

At the English-Opera house, a new musical opera called *The Rose of Alhambra* has been brought out. It is a piece of considerable merit, especially as regards the musical part of it, and has met with decided success.

At the Hay-Market several of the most popular comedies have been acting with much applause. Murphy's *Way to keep Him*, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, *The Rivals* &c., have severally been performed to respectable houses.

Next season something superior may be expected at the English Opera-house, Mr. Bunn having become the lessee. It is one of the most beautiful houses in London, and is sufficiently large to admit of the effective representation of almost any piece.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The Lords and the Commons.—When we were just going to press last month, the collision between the two legislative Houses took place as we had anticipated on the 27th of June. The amendments of the Commons on the Irish Municipal bill were negatived by the decisive vote of 220 to 123. We need make no remark on this bold measure of the Peers. To the Peers and the Clergy with equal justice may we say: *Quem Deus vult perdere*,

prius dementat. The following Thursday, when the reason of the Peers for their negative vote was handed in, Lord J. Russell made a splendid speech, in which he recommended the abandonment of the "emasculated bill." His motion was carried without a division.

THEATRICAL BICKERINGS.—On June 27th, Vandenhoff the tragic actor's action against Bunn of Drury Lane, for non-payment of nine weeks' salary during the supplementary season after the wily manager's close of the house, was tried in the Court of Exchequer. The actor gained his cause, and Bunn will have to pay 160*l.* damages, and the expenses of the suit. We trust that other actors will muster up courage to attack the theatrical despot, and gain from him those rights which the manager's mighty interests insultingly denied him. By the way, this victory, and the sound thrashing to boot, will cool the insolence of King Bunn for a season or two, or we are much mistaken:—and at the same time Macready, who has to pay 100*l.* as damages for his assault on Bunn (gross and ungentlemanly enough, it must be confessed) will be somewhat consoled by the advantage gained by his fellow in the same walk of the profession. We take very little interest in the degraded drama of the present time, when gew-gaw and tinsel are more studied than the portraiture of the passions: but still we cannot consent to pass over in silence so marked an instance of defeated managerial insolence and oppression.

THE REVENUE.—The Revenue accounts for the year and quarter ending July 5th are very satisfactory. On the year the increase of receipts, as compared with those of 1834-5, is 2,045,456*l.* On the quarter 1,306,648*l.* The increase on the year from the Customs is 1,162,402*l.*; from the Excise, 834,912*l.*; the Stamps, 229,874*l.*; but there is a decrease in the taxes of 196,611*l.* On the quarter, the increase on the Customs is 381,260*l.*; the Excise, 713,021*l.*; the Stamps, 110,096*l.*; the Taxes, 70,757*l.*; the Post-office, 34,000*l.*; the only decrease on the quarter is the trifling one of 2815*l.* on the Miscellaneous.

We hope that this improvement will induce Mr. Spring Rice to prepare for a greater reduction in the Taxes of next year. The window-tax, and the duties on Soap, are those which demand most immediate attention.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S HORSEMANSHIP.—Our readers will be surprised to learn that the hero of so many battles is a wretched horseman. He is extremely fond of hunting, as all his country neighbours can testify: but never was any one more unfortunate in the field. Among the thousand and one tumbles of his grace,—and some of them too rather serious, it is providential for the tories that he has not broken his neck, or fractured his skull. On July 1st he was thrown from his horse opposite Chesterfield House. The accident is more exquisitely related by the *Post* than we can hope to make it ourselves. In his words therefore,

"The Duke was riding a spirited horse; and at the corner of Tylney Street, in South Audley Street, he came in contact with *a hired vehicle called a fly*, when it is supposed that the shaft touched the knee of the Duke's right leg,

and, the horse starting, his Grace fell with great violence to the ground. Assistance being at hand, the Duke was enabled to walk, but with great difficulty, into the Park at the Stanhope Gate; and he proceeded as far as his own garden-gate; but the pain and exhaustion prevented his proceeding further without help. His Grace was assisted by his own servants into Apsley House. On entering the first apartment the Duke felt something snap in his knee; and, after staggering to a couch, he desired Mr. Hume to be sent for. On the arrival of Dr. Hume, leeches were plentifully applied. On Saturday morning we learnt that the Duke had passed a very restless night, complained much of pains in his back and loins, and was otherwise much enfeebled.

"Apsley House, Sunday noon.—His Grace is rather better; he can now bend his knee."

On Monday the *Post* added—

"We understand that a contraction had taken place in the limb, which happily had given way to the treatment recommended by Sir Astley Cooper. The Duke had had rather a restless night, but the pain in the back and loins had abated."

The Duke has since recovered almost entirely from the effects of this accident.

Imprisonment for Debt.—The wretched state of the law as it at present stands respecting debt requires amendment more than any in the whole body of our national statutes. Last year a bill was brought in for abolishing imprisonment for debt, accompanied with regulations to secure the interests of the creditor more effectually than they can be according to the present arrangement. The bill passed the House of Commons last year, and Lord Lyndhurst set it aside in the Lords as coming too late in the session. The Commons have sent a bill of similar purport to the Peers this session; and the duke of Wellington, on July 4th, gave it its *congé* with as little ceremony as the ex-chancellor. The Lords must look to it. Neither the people nor their representatives can be thus repeatedly trifled with.

Metropolitan University.—There is little doubt that ere another short month shall have elapsed this great measure of educational reform will have been brought forward, and all the hopes and fears of the minor institutions of London, which are to constitute parts of a grand whole, be put at rest. We have always felt that the exclusion of dissenters from the old established universities has been a hardship to them; but we think that the question of their admission is surrounded by so many difficulties (on grounds which those only who well know Oxford and Cambridge can properly estimate) that we are very glad that an arrangement has been made that seems to render its further mooting quite unnecessary. The following gentlemen are to be the examiners of the new Metropolitan University: The list is complete with the exception of the medical department—

Dr. Maltby, Bishop of Durham; Henry Warburton Esq., M.P.; Andrew Amos, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of London; W. Empson, Esq., Professor of Law in the East India College; Dr. Roget; J. Shaw Lefevre, Esq.; Dr. Arnold; Rev. R. Sheepshanks, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; Rev. Connop Thirlwall, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; G. B. Airy, Esq., Astronomer Royal; J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice President of the Royal Society; Nassau Senior, Esq.; and Michael Faraday, Esq., F.R.S.

ALIBEAU, THE FRENCH ASSASSIN.—The trial of Alibeau, before the French Court of Peers, commenced on the 8th and terminated on the 9th instant. It caused little interest in Paris. There was no crowd in or about the court; and had not the prefect of police, Gisquet, foolishly prohibited the publication in the newspapers of Alibeau's violent and assassin-like speech in his own defence, there would not have been the least excitement on the occasion. The prohibition was withdrawn a few hours after it had been announced to the evening newspapers; but the Carlist journals alone thought fit to give the speech entire. It was a wild rhapsody against the treachery and tyranny of Louis Philip, mixed up with a vain and egotistical eulogy of himself and his motives, and a vehement repudiation of the reports derogatory to his personal honour and the respectability of his family. His counsel took the same course, admitting that his client's life was forfeited, but anxious to defend his "honour."

Alibeau was beheaded on a scaffold erected in the Place St. Jacques, on Monday morning, the 11th. He arrived at two minutes before five, and by four minutes past five he was guillotined. He was perfectly calm and collected. All he said to the soldiery, of whom there were several thousands, and to the few other persons about the scaffold at that early hour, was, "Adieu mes braves!" The only regret he expressed, from the hour of his arrest to his last minute of life, was that he had failed to kill the king.

MR. D. W. HARVEY AND THE MEN OF SOUTHWARK.—Mr. Harvey wrote a very good and honest letter to his constituents at the beginning of the month, expressing his sorrow that the unsatisfactory conduct of the king's ministers did not permit him to give conscientiously that support to them which he regarded as necessary to the tenure of his place as their representative in parliament. Whether or not Mr. Harvey was judicious in writing such a letter, or whether, as others think, he was wily, we stop not to consider. We are glad at any rate that the men of Southwark have retained him. On the appearance of his letter of resignation two candidates took the field,—the brother of Alderman Wood, Mr. Benjamin Wood, and Mr. Sheriff Salomons. Now both are liberals,—both perhaps equally entitled on the grounds of political principle to the favour of reformers; but certainly the polite and fascinating Sheriff has forgotten his manners in putting himself forward as the opponent of the man who so liberally retired to ensure Mr. Harvey's election, particularly when he knew that he could not take his seat. Parties must not split their interests.

VARIETIES.

Aurora Borealis.—Though the origin of Auroræ is generally ascribed to electricity in a rarefied atmosphere, yet the following ingenious hypothesis, from a writer in a late number of the "Philosophical Magazine," is worthy of notice:—"It is generally at or near the time of the equinoxes that these lights make their appearance in our latitudes, at which times the sun's rays would be tangents to the poles of the earth, were they not disturbed by the refractive power of the atmosphere. By this refraction, it is obvious that the rays will extend to a certain point beyond the pole, on the side opposite to the sun, when they must of course fall on the im-

mense accumulation of ice within the polar circle, which will be reflected with great brilliancy towards the darkened hemisphere, undergoing in their course another refraction, which bends them still more southward; and, as the atmosphere possesses the power of reflecting light, these rays will finally fall back on the earth, and will at a certain angle, and in certain limits, be visible to its inhabitants." We consider this theory to be equally rational with the well-known theory of double refraction and reflection in the formation of the iris, or rainbow.

Natural Sulphuric Acid.—Though sulphur is found more or less in the vicinity of every volcano, we believe the only instance known of sulphuric acid found in a state of nature is in the island of Java, near Batavia. A lake of sulphuric acid occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, from whence it flows in a rivulet down the sides of the mountain to a considerable distance. In the dry season this acid rivulet becomes absorbed by the sandy soil through which it runs; but in the rainy period it unites with another stream, called the White River. The water of the latter, though saturated with a whitish clay, is not unwholesome either to fish or other animals. But, after the junction of the acid rivulet, the stream becomes transparent, the acid precipitating the earthy matter, and destroying not only the fish, but all the vegetation it passes over.

Climate of the United States.—According to a Register in Silliman's Journal of the weather, kept by Dr. Darlington, during ten years past, near Philadelphia, the average quantity of rain in that district is about forty-seven inches, and the maximum fifty-four inches. The author is of opinion that a considerable amelioration in the climate of America is gradually taking place, the quantity of snow and the duration of winter being materially diminished during the last thirty years. This amelioration of the American climate will prove greatly advantageous to our numerous settlers in the Canadian provinces, which are at present frozen up during more than one-half of the year.

Scholars not allowed to beg without a licenee!—By the act 1449, c. 22, in the reign of the Second James of Scotland, it was ordained, "That all sornars, overlayers, and masterful beggars, should be imprisoned, have their ears nailed to the trone, or till ane other tree, have their ears cutted off, be banished the country, and if they returned that they should be hanged." The latter statute, 1579, c. 24, declares *who* should be reckoned among vagrants; and it is not a little curious to find among them, "all vagabond schollars of the universities of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, not licensed by the rector and dean of faculty of the university to ask alms."

French Gallantry.—A nobleman could never persuade the lady of his love to accept of any thing in the form of a present. At length the season of the *etrennes*, or annual gifts, arrived; and the fair one, after much solicitation, consented to receive from him a plain ring, containing the portrait of a favourite bird. The ring was presented, and accepted; but on discovering that the portrait was covered, not with a bit of crystal in the usual fashion, but with a valuable brilliant, the splendid cheat was instantly and indignantly returned. The lover wrote to implore pardon for his temerity—drying the ink of his billet with the diamond, which he ground into dust for that purpose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the press.

Dr. Blundell's Observations on the More Important Diseases of Women, edited by Dr. Castle.

British Flora Medica, by B. H. Barton, F. L. S. and Dr. Castle, F. L. S. Part IV. 2s. 6d.

Mr. John Weale, Architectural Library, will shortly publish a Supplementary Part to the original edition of Stuart's Athens, containing the very curious Plate wanting to the second volume of all the copies extant, together with several other plates from Drawings by Sir. J. L. Chantrey, &c.

Mr. Osler, Author of "*The Life of Admiral Lord Exmouth,*" has a work in the press entitled, "*The Church and Dissent considered in their practical Influence.*" It describes the system of each and traces their operation upon Individuals, Society, the Nation, and Religion.

THE

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OF

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VOL. XXII. SEPTEMBER, 1836. No. 129.

		Page
1	The British Museum	205
2	The Carnival at Rome	221
3	The Rose's Message	232
4	Half Hours, No. 2.	233
5	Lines on Warwick Castle	239
6	The Bawn Vone (concluded)	240
7	The Warrior	247
8	Louis Philippe the cause of the present state of France	248
9	Epigram, by a Boy at School	254
10	Letters from a Continental Tourist	255
11	Oh! dites moi,—Oui	262
12	Education of the People	263
13	Sonnet	273
14	M. De Chateaubriand	274
15	The Hours when kindred Spirits meet	281
16	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE—Excursions in Switzerland—Hase's Ancient Greeks—Jerningham; or, the Inconsistent Man—Suggestions for obtaining the Best Medical Advice—Tales of a Rambler—The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence—Church Review and Scotch Ecclesiastical Magazine—Science of Etiquette—Lardner's Cyclopædia—British Colonial Library—Notes of a Rambler through France, Italy, and Switzerland—Diary of a Desennyée—A Trip to Rome at Railway Speed	294
17	Fine Arts	297
18	Notes of the Month	299
19	Varieties	302
20	Literary Notices	304

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of a large quantity of valuable matter with which we are enabled to furnish our readers this month, it has been necessary to omit our leading Political Article and the Theatrical Comments; but, as the Houses of Legislature are prorogued and the Opera and Theatres have closed their doors for a few months, little remained for us to say on those topics, unless it had been to show the inefficiency of the last session of parliament. In the ensuing month it is our intention to take a view of French and Spanish affairs, more especially regarding the present disturbances of Spain.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologize to "Caledonius" for omitting to notice his kind communication personally, as requested; unavoidale engagements prevented our replying till it was too late. He will oblige us by putting us in possession of the papers, and may rely on our integrity in making use of them if approved. An early answer is desirable.

"E. S. D.'s" letter has been received and will be answered forthwith, it is hoped satisfactorily.

Mr. Reid of Glasgow is informed that the "Monthly Magazine" has come into new hands since the last quarter, and that the present editor has no means of ascertaining what has become of the books sent for review and not used. Complaints of books and manuscripts lost have come from other quarters.

Several papers are under consideration, and many that should have appeared in the present number have been necessarily deferred till the next.

BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS ABUSES.

DURING the two last sessions of parliament select committees have been employed in ascertaining from the examination of evidence whether the British Museum could not be better managed than under the present system of government, and whether its various collections connected with science and literature are made so available as they ought to be to the public, who are virtually its supporters.

In these observations we shall first enquire what were the intentions of the institution. Secondly, we shall briefly describe its history. And, in the third and last place, some of the defects in the constitution will be considered. And we shall hazard some few observations respecting the inefficiency of the parliamentary enquiry.

With respect to the intention of the institution no statement can be more conclusive than that given in the preamble of the act of incorporation (26 Geo. II.).

"Whereas all arts and sciences have a connection with each other, and *discoveries in natural philosophy*, and other branches of speculative knowledge, for the advancement and improvement whereof the said Museum or collection was intended, do and may, in many instances, give help and success to the *most useful experiments and inventions;* therefore, to the end that the said Museum may be preserved and maintained, NOT ONLY FOR THE INSPECTION AND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE LEARNED AND THE CURIOUS, BUT FOR THE GENERAL USE AND BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC, be it enacted," &c.—*An Act to incorporate the British Museum.*

To this we may add the no less convincing evidence of some of the officers of the place, who would seem to be the enemies of all improvement. Mr. Forshall, the secretary and keeper of the MSS., says as follows:—

[612.] "I have always looked upon the Museum as the great national storehouse of literature, arts, and science, and that its chief object is *to assist persons engaged in any of these pursuits;* but IT IS ALSO IMPORTANT AS A PLACE OF INNOCENT AND INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT for the population of the metropolis."

Mr. König's evidence was to the following effect:—

[2908.] "Do you not think that a national collection ought rather to induce and stimulate enquiry than to furnish information to those who are already learned? He replies, Certainly, it may be considered the chief object, in forming these collections, *to stimulate the exertions of the unlearned;* but whether or not the British Museum has that effect, I cannot say."

Mr. Gray, one of his assistants in the Natural History department of the Museum is still more explicit:

[3322.] "State what you conceive the objects of the Institution to be.—To encourage a taste for science *among the people generally*, and to advance it among those who are more especially to be regarded as men of science and students, *not by giving facilities to one set of students in particular*, but to open the collection *to all who are desirous of studying it*, and capable of profiting by it. There is also, in my estimation, another object, viz. to supply a collection of standard authority, as complete as possible, which may serve as *a model and a guide to all the other institutions of the country*. For this purpose it ought to be kept, in point of arrangement and nomenclature, on a level with the constantly progressing state of science."

It needs, then, no further argument to prove what the objects of the Museum really are *and are understood to be* by those men who are the most forward in defending the generally acknowledged abuses of this national establishment. The officers have themselves allowed every principle that we have contended for. We propose shortly to show how little they have carried their acknowledged principles into practice. First, however, with the view of putting our readers in possession of every circumstance, which knowledge is necessary to an impartial decision, some details must be furnished respecting the early and progressive history of the British Museum; and this constitutes the second part of our enquiry.

Till the middle of the eighteenth century (as Sir H. Ellis says, or causes to be said in the article "British Museum" of the Penny Cyclopædia) the project of establishing a national museum had never been entertained in this country. To Sir Hans Sloane, one of the most eminent physicians and naturalists of the last century, the founder of hospitals and the patron of medical botany, must be attributed the still greater honour of having had a large share in the foundation of the British Museum. This great man died at a very advanced age in 1753, and by his will left the nation a very rich collection of medals, objects of natural history, books, and manuscripts, the whole of which cost no less a sum than 80,000*l.*, on condition that 20,000*l.* should be paid to his executors for the benefit of his family. Whether such a treasure could be purchased at the present day for double the sum given for it by the original owner is at least doubtful. Among them may be mentioned above 24,000 specimens of coins, seals, cameos, and other antiquities, 8,230 mineral productions, 22,000 specimens of animal and 13,000 of vegetable organization, in addition to which may be mentioned above 200 valuable (310 in all) paintings and drawings, and a library consisting of no less than 50,000 volumes and nearly 4,000 manuscripts.

The point insisted on more strongly than any other by the testa-

tor was that *the collection should be kept and preserved together whole and entire.*

Parliament accepted Sir Hans Sloane's offer; and on June 7, 1753, an act of parliament was passed empowering the government to raise 300,000*l.* by a lottery for purchasing the Sloanian Museum,* and also the Harleian collection of MSS., and for providing a general repository for the same, as also for the Cottonian Library, given to the nation in William the Third's reign. This is the Act of Incorporation of the British Museum. Montague House was afterwards purchased by the government for 10,000*l.*; and, the various collections having been removed to this depository, the British Museum was opened for public inspection on the 15th of January, 1759.

Among the *first elected* trustees appointed to conduct the new establishment were several persons eminent for learning and science: viz. the Right Honourable Philip York, author of the "Athenian Letters;" Sir George afterwards Lord Lyttleton, the well-known author; Sir John Evelyn, Bart., son of the celebrated Sir John Evelyn; Nicholas Hardinge, Esq., a barrister, author of Latin Poems, and distinguished for the cultivation of the Belles Lettres; the Rev. Dr. Birch, Secretary of the Royal Society, and author of many well-known biographical and historical works; Dr. John Ward, Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College; and Mr. William Watson, afterwards Sir William Watson, a celebrated physician of the day.

The first establishment of *officers* consisted of a principal librarian at 200*l.* a-year, three under librarians, 100*l.*, three assistants, 50*l.*, a keeper of the reading-room, 50*l.*, a porter and messenger, 50*l.*, one man, 30*l.*, and four women-servants, which would probably amount to 900*l.* a-year; and, notwithstanding the insignificance of their pay, we read in Dodsley's Guide that "the officers were remarkable for being a sensible and learned set of men."

This national collection, on its first opening, was divided into three departments: printed books, manuscripts, and natural history.

The printed books consisted at first only of Sir H. Sloane's and

---

* The net produce of this lottery (100,000*l.*) was thus distributed:—

To Sir Hans Sloane's executors	£20,000
To the earl of Oxford, for the Harley MSS.	10,000
To Lord Halifax, for Montague House	10,250
Expense of repairs and furniture	17,523
Reserve fund	30,000
	£87,773

Major Edwards's libraries; but, before the opening, King George the Second added the royal library, which contained all the valuable literature of the country from the time of Henry VIII.; and to his gift was annexed the valuable privilege of claiming a copy of all books entered at Stationers' Hall. The subsequent additions to the library are too numerous to mention. King George III. gave a collection of pamphlets written between 1640 and 1660; and since then, at different times, acquisitions have been made by gift and purchase from Dr. Birch, Sir John Hawkins, Dr. Charles Burney, David Garrick, Tyrwhitt the classical scholar, Sir William Musgrave, Dr Bentley (with MSS. notes), Sir Richard Hoare, the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, Sir Joseph Banks, and many others. In 1823 the library of George III. was presented by his son to the nation, and ordered to be placed in the British Museum.

This library contains selections of the rarest kind, more especially of works of the first ages of the art of printing: it is rich in early editions of the classics, in the history of the states of Europe in the languages of the respective countries, in the Transactions of Academies, and in a grand geographical collection. Its formation was commenced at the time when the houses of the Jesuits were suppressed, and their libraries sold through Europe. It was still further enriched from the secularized convents of Germany. It was fed for more than half a century by an expenditure of little less than 200,000*l.*, and is in itself, perhaps, the most complete library of its extent that was ever formed.

Enriched by various editions and by large annual purchases, the Museum library now contains upwards of 220,000 printed books, and about 22,000 volumes of MSS. Under judicious management the collection might have been much larger, and *really* have been what Sir H. Ellis calls it, upon a range with the greatest libraries of continental Europe.* The parliamentary enquiry has brought many curious facts to light about the library which the jealousy of the present managers would fain have kept buried in Cimmerian darkness.

* The following account of the different libraries of Europe may be relied on as being tolerably correct:—

Paris	Printed Books 700,000	MSS. Volumes	80,000
Munich	500,000		16,000
Copenhagen	400,000		20,000
St. Petersburg	400,000		16,000
Vienna	350,000		16,000
Naples	300,000		6,000

The manuscripts originally consisted of the Harleian, Sloanian, and Cottonian collections, enriched by highly valuable papers from the royal library given by George II. The late marquis of Lansdowne's MSS. (purchased for 4,900*l.*), chiefly consisting of the Burghley papers and archbishop Kennett's MSS., were added in 1807. The Hargreave law MSS. were purchased in 1813, and Dr. Burney's classical MSS. in 1818. Two valuable oriental collections are in the Museum—one made by Mr. Rich, when consul at Bagdad, and purchased in 1825, the other bequeathed by J. F. Hull, Esq. in 1827. The late earl of Bridgewater left a collection of MSS. in 1829, with 5,000*l.* for further purchases, and 7,000*l.* more, the interest of which should pay a separate librarian. This librarian has never been appointed, and the proceeds go into the pockets of Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Forshall. The Howard Arundel MSS. were purchased from the Royal Society in 1831, at an expense of 3,600*l.* There are many other smaller collections, of considerable value; but those above mentioned are the most conspicuous.

The *natural history* collection is founded on that of Sir Hans Sloane, who, in this as well as every other department, may truly be called *the father of that great institution.* Large additions were made, corresponding with the rapid progress of science; purchases were completed at different times, and, at the present day, the natural history collection holds a very respectable station among the museums of Europe. The collection of minerals left by Sir H. Sloane, though rich, was deficient, made as it was almost before the existence of scientific mineralogy; but it has since been enlarged from time to time, chiefly by the Hatchett and Greville minerals, which last were bought by parliament for 13,730*l.* This department is, perhaps, the most complete in the museum. The arrangement is on the system of Berzelius.

The department of antiquities is one of much later date than those above mentioned; for, in the infancy of the Museum, the few antiquities then deposited were appended to the natural history: the coins and medals were classed with the MSS., and the engravings with the printed books. Sir William Hamilton's collection of vases and other Greek and Roman antiquities were purchased in 1772 for 8,400*l.* The Egyytian marbles were deposited by order of Geo. III. in 1801, and the Townley marbles in 1805.; and these large addi-

tions required additional buildings, and the formation of a new department. The department of antiquities was formed in 1807. Further purchases were made from the Townley family in 1814, to the extent of 8,000*l.*; and, in 1816, the Phigalean and Elgin marbles were added, which together cost 50,000*l.* The bronzes of Mr. R. Payne Knight and of the chevalier Brondsted ought not to be forgotten as valuable portions of the antiquities in the Museum.

The coins and medals of Sir Hans Sloane were 22,000, to which have been subsequently added others collected by Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Cracherode, Mr. Roberts, Captain Cust, Lady Banks, Mr. R. P. Knight, Mr Rich, and Mr. Marsden. Mr. Payne Knight's Greek coins and Mr. Marsden's splendid oriental coins are specially worthy of notice. The botanical department was formed in 1820, at the death of Sir Joseph Banks, who left his books and botanical specimens to the Museum. The books were incorporated with the rest of the library, and the botanical collection was united with that of Sir Hans Sloane, the whole being put under the superintendence of Sir J. Banks's librarian, Mr. Brown. We understand that it is a very fine collection, one of the finest in Europe; but it is not sufficiently easy of access.

The government of the Museum is vested under the act of parliament 26 Geo. II., and two or three other acts, in 48 trustees, including 23 official trustees, nine family trustees, one royal trustee, and *fifteen trustees who are elected by the other thirty-three.* The official trustees are the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, the speaker of the House of Commons, the lord president of the council, the first lord of the treasury, the lord privy seal, the first lord of the admiralty, the lord steward, the lord chamberlain, the three principal secretaries of state, the bishop of London, the chancellor of the Exchequer, the lord chief justice of the King's Bench, the master of the rolls, the lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, the president of the Royal Society, the president of the Society of Antiquaries, and the president of the Royal Academy. Of the family trustees, two represent the Sloane, two the Cottonian, two the Harleian, one the Townley, one the Elgin, and one the Knight families, by whom they are respectively appointed. The preseut royal trustee is the duke of Northumberland, appointed by his Majesty. The appointment of the trustees of the Sloanian, Cottonian, and Harleian families was

provided for by the act of 26 George II. Those of the Townley, Elgin, and Knight families are nominated under the respective acts by which the collections they represent were acquired. The act for the appointment of the presidents of the Society of Antiquaries and the Royal Academy, as official trustees, passed 5 George IV. That for the nomination of a royal trustee (who, in the first instance, was the duke of Gloucester) passed 2 William IV.

The following are the regulations under which the Museum is maintained at the present moment for public use. It is open for general inspection every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in every week, from the hour of ten till four, except in the Christmas, Easter, and Whitsun weeks, during the month of September, and on four single holidays. Tuesdays and Thursdays in every week are devoted to artists and other students in the different departments. Foreigners and artists are also admitted during the month of September.

The reading room of the Museum is open from ten till four every day except on Sundays, and except for one week at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide respectively, and on the four single holidays already mentioned. Persons desirous of admission send their applications to the principal librarian, or, in his absence, to the senior under-librarian, who either admits them immediately, or lays their applications before the next general meeting or committee of trustees. All persons who apply for this privilege are to produce a recommendation satisfactory to a trustee, or an officer of the house.

We have thus, by a concise statement of historical and other circumstances, put the reader in possession of those facts which are prerequisites to the proper understanding of the question respecting the competency of the Establishment, under its present economy, to satisfy the public wants. It now remains for us to point out the defects of the Museum constitution, and to show why it is not fully available, as it ought to be, in the promotion of national education.

The Museum constitution is not a subject of such interest to the public generally that our readers can be expected to know much of it; but its reformation is absolutely necessary to all improvement, inasmuch as every evil may be traced to the inefficiency of the governing body as the first cause. The trustees, take them individually as men illustrious by birth, education, and talent, are worthy of the highest respect; but, when they are to be considered as the legislative body of an Institution dedicated to national education, some en-

quiry respecting their special competence is surely not impertinent; and, at any rate, a regular attendance on their duties is quite indispensable. That the visits of the Trustees have not been regular, nay, have been scandalously irregular, may directly be proved; for out of sixty-three committee meetings of Trustees, held during the years 1832-3-4, five did not attend *at all*, five others attended fewer than *five* meetings, nine attended less than *ten* times, and seven less than *twenty* times. Lord Farnborough attended fifty-five meetings, the bishop of London and Mr. Tyndale forty-two, and the archbishop of Canterbury thirty-six; and these Trustees were in truth the acting trustees or managers of the place. Surely such a state of things ought not to last; for no *four* men out of thirty-five, be they who they may, should be invested with such dangerous power. With respect to their competency for the specialities of their office some doubt may be reasonably entertained; for, with reference to science, it would be difficult to find a single name among the whole entitled to express a scientific opinion, and on subjects of learning and vertu, and on the antiquities, the professed hobby of the aristocracy, not more than seven or eight can claim to be regarded as thorough scholars, much less to have a voice in deciding the merits of books and manuscripts, which require the examination of the most experienced professional talents. But it may be said that the chief officers of the house assist them in forming their decisions: why then do they not act *ex-officio* as members of the board? And, if the Trustees say that the officers' opinion is consulted and acted on, they could not object to resign all except a financial connection with the establishment—to resign all except what properly belongs to *trustees*. Such a proposal would be rejected with insult. But, supposing the officers' opinion to be consulted, is their body, we may well ask, so composed that the first opinions in the country could have been had on the subjects of their respective departments? Let the reader who is conversant with the really scientific men of the country, and who knows them from their works as well as their titles, look at the list of the officers—look at the list and decide how many have been elected *because* they were the most competent men that the country could furnish. With respect to the official trustees, it is quite right that his Majesty's government should have a check on the proceedings of the council, and they should always have a seat at the Board; but, surely, thirteen out of thirty-five are rather too many. With the family trustees we

need not interfere any further than to suggest that their trusteeships should not be extended beyond the property which introduced them to the council. Here are thirteen elected Trustees, noblemen and other members of the aristocracy, *elected by the rest of the body*—elected generally with little reference to any thing beyond Parliamentary influence, or family distinction. Indeed out of the whole council it would be difficult to find an individual who, on the score of his scientific attainments only, would have gained a seat in the managing committee. This must be reformed ere any great improvement can take place in the management. There must be members of the council and officers of the house united in the same managing body, a large proportion of them holding an exalted station in the world of science; or else the Trustees must content themselves with a financial province, and leave the rest to the officers who henceforward shall be chosen (and paid accordingly) from among the most scientific men of the day, without interest or distinction of party.

The division of the departments is another subject of complaint. There are at present only four departments, which, considering the great accessions to the Museum—the number of specimens being now multiplied at least fifty times since the year 1807—are quite insufficient for their proper arrangement. There should be at least sixteen departments, over each of which a competent officer should be placed, who should be held responsible for the preservation and proper arrangement of his work. We enumerate, 1. Geology and Mineralogy—2. Botany—3. Entomology and Conchology—4. Fishes and Reptiles—5. Ornithology—6. Mammalia, with a subdivision for Comparative Anatomy, making altogether *six* departments for Natural History instead of *one*—four departments of the Antiquities (1. Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities. 2. Greek and Roman ditto. 3. British ditto)—*one* department for the Fine Arts—*one* for Ethnography, a subject totally distinct from antiquities—*one* for the Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain—and *three* connected with the Library: 1. Manuscripts—2. Printed Books—3. Maps, Charts, &c. &c..

A highly important part of the enquiry before parliament has been the formation of the catalogues. As respects the cataloguing of the natural history and antiquities, we know of none that are accessible beyond the Synopsis sold at the doors, which is quite insufficient for

the wants of even the ordinary enquirer. Ought there not to be special scientific catalogues in the rooms for the consultation of students? Are the attendants such catalogues? With respect to the library the unanimous vote of the readers in the Museum would, we are sure, decide on the inefficiency of the catalogues both of the MSS. and printed books, inasmuch as every person who has resorted thither for any purpose beyond mere amusement must have experienced much inconvenience from the merely alphabetical arrangement of Author's names. Indeed the trustees and officers themselves acknowledged the imperfection, and had resolution to go on for five years in making a classed catalogue, on which more than 5000*l.* was spent. Would that they had possessed resolution enough not to have abandoned their virtuous plan! Alas! the whole has ended in the formation of a comparatively useless alphabetical catalogue. The literary public are the sufferers, and in themselves reside the means of full satisfaction.

Nothing connected with the Museum has given more dissatisfaction to the public than its difficulty of access. In a public—a national—institution supported by the nation, the convenience of the people at large should be the first consideration, and every effort should be made, whatever the sacrifice, to make the place available for amusement and instruction. This has not been done either with respect to the collections or the library. The collections are shut on those days and during those hours when a great mass of the people desiring information can alone afford to visit them, and thus they are virtually excluded from all the inestimable benefits derivable from them. Not to over-state the matter, at least 50,000 intelligent members of the metropolitan community, who would under more favourable circumstances visit the Museum, are virtually excluded. With respect to the library, many gentlemen who ornament their professions and literary societies—men who hold exalted stations as professed men of letters—are excluded from the library, by the exercise of those honourable professions which give them their high standing in society.

There are other deficiencies and abuses connected with the Museum which have been brought before the public; but as the *whole* of the evidence is not yet published we refrain from any other exposures.

It is surely, then, not a small consideration, if the constitution of

the place be bad, if the officers be inefficient and insufficient in number, if the means of obtaining information be difficult or rather quite useless, and if there be not that facility of access that should lead us to agree that the Museum is fully available as a 'great national storehouse of literature, arts, and science.'

A select committee have been engaged in the investigation of the Museum affairs during two sessions of parliament; and we shall present the results to our readers accompanied by a few passing comments. But it will be right, out of respect to the committee, to give their names.

The committee of 1835 was much larger than that of the following year, those marked with the asterisk only being on the committee of 1836.

*Mr. Estcourt, Chairman
Mr. Baring (now Lord Ashburnham, a Trustee)
*Mr. Bingham Baring (relation of Trustee)
Dr. Bowring
Mr. Carter
Mr. Clay
*Mr. Ridley Colborne
*Mr. Compton
Mr. R. Clive
Lord Dalmeny
*Mr. Evelyn Denison
Lord F. Egerton
*Sir Philip Egerton
*Mr. Elphinstone
Mr. Ewart
Mr. Fazakerly
Lord Claude Hamilton
Mr. Benjamin Hawes
*Sir R. Inglis (Trustee)
Earl of Kerry (dead) son of Trustee
Lord Morpeth
*Mr. J. Parker
*Mr. Pease
Sir R. Peel (Chanc. of Exchq. and off. Trustee)
Mr. Spring Rice
Mr. Ross
Lord John Russell
*Lord Sandon (son of Trustee)
Mr. Poulett Scrope
*Lord Stanley (son of Trustee)
Mr. E. Tennant
*Mr. Thorneley

Such was the committee of the enquiry, containing, among others, seven members personally interested in the continuance of the present government.

The result was the following paper:—

"At a Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum, July 20th, 1836, the Resolutions passed by the Select Committee of the House of Com-

* For Mr. Clay Mr. W. Marshall was afterwards substituted.

mons, appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Museum, as printed in the Votes of the 14th instant, were read to the following effect:

1. "*Resolved* That the great accessions which have been made of late to the Collections of the British Museum, and the increasing interest taken in them by the public, render it expedient to revise the establishment of the institution, with a view to place it upon a scale more commensurate with, and better adapted to, the present state and future prospects of the Museum."

Every intelligent person at all acquainted with the Museum—either those who resort thither for research and other scientific purposes, or those who visit the place from mere curiosity and for amusement—must agree with us that nothing less than a complete revision, or rather purification, of the Establishment, will make it available as a place of national education.

2. "*Resolved* That this Committee do not recommend any interference with the family trustees, who hold their offices under acts of parliament, being of the nature of national compacts."

The office of a trustee is to watch over the property committed to him, and to see that it is not injured by those who are privileged to use it. Trustees are not managers, and certainly not managers to the exclusion of the scientific men officially connected with the place. The head-officers of each department ought to have seats at the council-board and act with the trustees. The officers are men of rank and consideration sufficient to entitle them to this privilege.

"3. *Resolved* That though the number of official trustees may appear unnecessarily large, and though practically most of them *rarely, if ever, attend*, yet no inconvenience has been alleged to have risen from the number; and the committee are aware that there may be some advantage in retaining in the hands of government a certain influence over the affairs of the Museum, which may be exercised on special occasions; yet, *if any act of the legislature should ultimately be found necessary*, a reduction in the number of this class of trustees might not be unadvisable."

4. "*Resolved* That, with regard to the existing elected trustees, the committee think it *very desirable* that the trustees should take steps to ascertain whether some of those whose attendance has been the most infrequent, might not be willing to resign their trusteeships,—that in future it be understood that any trustee hereafter to be elected, not giving personal attendance at the Museum, for a period to be fixed, is expected to resign his trusteeship, *being however re-eligible upon any future vacancy.* (!!!)

5. "*Resolved* That in filling up vacancies it would be *desirable* that the electing trustees should not in future lose sight of the fact that an opportunity is thus afforded them of occasionally conferring a mark of distinction upon men of eminence in literature, science, and art."

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the temporising tone of these resolutions. We know not at whose suggestion they have been drawn up; but we are fully assured that no *recommendations* of the legislature will have the effect of reforming the constitution of the Museum. Nothing less than an "act of the legislature" will accomplish the desired

object. With respect to official trustees connected with the government, we quite agree that a much smaller number would suffice; and official trustees should be no more than trustees—not managers. Those distinguished personages are too much involved in public business to allow of their proper attendance to the Museum affairs. With respect to the elected trustees, the mode of their election should be wholly different. So long as the trustees have the election of their own body among themselves, private interest will often prevail for the election of improper persons. The king's government are the only proper electors of these trustees; and the desirable men for such an office are scholars and highly distinguished scientific persons.

6. "*Resolved* That the extension of the collections which has taken place, and the still greater extension which may be looked for, render a further division of departments necessary,—and that at the head of each department there be placed a keeper, who shall be responsible for the arrangement, proper condition, and safe custody of the collection committed to his care."

The suggestion of a further division of the departments is very good; and we trust that the council will act upon it. All the departments need division, and none more so than that under Mr. König, one of the most efficient officers of the place. The evidence of Dr. Grant, Mr. Vigors, and other naturalists, is quite conclusive as to the inefficiency of the arrangement in the Natural History department.

7. "*Resolved* That it is desirable that the heads of each department shall meet once in three months, for the purpose of consulting with reference to any matters of detail relating to the internal arrangements of the Museum, which they may desire jointly to submit to the trustees in writing."

The heads of departments ought to sit at the board and act with the trustees, having a vote on all subjects but expenditure. According to the present system, the officers go into the council-room only when called, and *stand* during their brief conferences with the trustees.

8. "*Resolved* That whenever there may be a vacancy in the office of principal librarian, or in that of secretary, it is desirable that the distribution of the duties now discharged by those officers respectively, including the expenditorship, be reconsidered, and that the office of Secretary be not combined with the keepership of any department."

An immediate separation of these offices should have been recommended. Sir Henry Ellis is only fifty and Mr. Forshall forty-two. This is indeed waiting for dead men's shoes. Mr. Forshall is a highly respectable man; but human nature is not inaccessible to the evil temptations of official influence. The possibility of evil should be removed out of mere charity to that excellent clergyman.

9. *Resolved* That it is desirable that the hours during which the Museum shall be open on public days be hereafter from ten o'clock until seven

throughout the months of May, June, July, and August,—and that the reading-room be opened throughout the year at nine o'clock in the morning."

One of the greatest evils—one that has been more complained of than any other—is here left untouched without even the recommendation of reform. The Museum library is the national storehouse of literature; and its books should be at once liberally thrown open to the reading public, and to those among others whose occupations give them respectability and standing in society. Those who are not *professionally* literary men, or mere idlers, are excluded by their occupations. Barristers and other professional men have a right to be considered; and we trust that the question of an evening reading-room will be unceasingly agitated by men of letters, until the object shall have been gained. The winter evenings require artificial light, which, if *badly* managed, *might* set fire to the building; but surely, during six months, the natural light of the sun would be found sufficient until seven in the evening. This, however, after all, is not sufficient. The rooms should be open, like the libraries of the Royal and London Institution, to all who visit the Museum for purposes of study. The expense of extra servants is too paltry for consideration. The Museum library thirty years ago—that is, before it was generally used—was opened in the evening during two days of the week when not open in the morning. (See Sir Henry Ellis's evidence.) This was an arrangement *made for the convenience of the officers*—an alteration, not an extension, of the hours of admission. Besides, to reason from the inutility of evening admission in 1801, when scarcely twenty readers could ever be counted in the rooms, and to contend that it is needless at present, when the readers amount to several thousands, is absolutely ridiculous, a weak invention of the enemy!

"10. *Resolved* that it is desirable that the Museum be hereafter opened during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks, except Sundays and Christmas-day."

The public rooms of the Museum should be open on *every* day during the holiday weeks, not merely on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, as at other times. The mass of the people should have every opportunity afforded them of spending a rational holiday. The provision of innocent enjoyment for the lower orders will effect more than many sermons and prohibitions against licentious revelry.

"11. *Resolved* that it is expedient that the Trustees should revise the salaries of the Establishment, with the view of ascertaining what increase may be required for carrying into effect the foregoing Resolutions, as well as of obtaining the whole time and services of the ablest men, independently of any

remuneration from other sources; and that when such scale of salary shall have been fixed it shall not be competent to any officer of the Museum paid thereunder to hold any other situation conferring emolument or entailing duties."

The sum voted to the Museum last year was 11,000*l.*, quite sufficient for every purpose if due regard be paid to economy. With respect to ability, there is much room for improvement, though we fully admit the high talents of many as men of letters. Fitness for the particular duties of each office should be always regarded in making the appointments.

"12. *Resolved* that it is desirable that the Heads of Departments do consult together as to the best method of preparing, on a combined system, an improved edition of the Synopsis of the museum,—that each officer be responsible for that part which is under his immediate control, and attach his signature to such part,—and that the work be prepared in such a manner as to enable each part to be sold separately, which should be done at the lowest price which will cover the expenses of the publication."

In no matter connected with the Museum is there greater need of improvement. The present Synopsis, which is sold for two shillings, answers the purpose of no parties, neither the scientific nor the unlearned; and its many absurdities and inconsistencies have called down the ridicule of intelligent men. There should be two kinds of Synopsis: one a mere guide book, of a nature to satisfy the necessary enquiries of casual visitors; and another, of an exclusively scientific nature for students,—persons who would make the collections available for scientific education. The latter might be sold in parts.

"13. *Resolved* that it is expedient that every exertion should be made to complete, within the shortest time consistent with the due execution of the work, full and accurate Catalogues of all the Collections in the Museum, with a view to print and publish such portions of them as would hold out expectations of even a partial sale."

Full and accurate catalogues are certainly desirable, but we for our part should have wished the words systematically arranged, to have preceded catalogues. The necessity of classed catalogues both in the library and in the scientific departments, is so severely felt by every person who resorts to the Museum for purposes of *study* and *research* that we are sure that parliament could not confer a greater benefit on the literary public than by making it compulsory, when making the next year's grant, that classed catalogues should be forthwith begun and completed within a stipulated time. There is, so far as we know from enquiry, no properly classed catalogue of the collections. With respect to the manuscripts, each collection has its own catalogue without classification (unless we except the im-

perfect classification of the Harley MSS.), and readers have the trouble and vexation of looking through many volumes before they can find the required document. Why is there not a general index to the manuscripts? But even a general index would be of little service unless it was classed. It is a *general classed* index of the MSS. that is wanted. And this directs our attention to the printed books, which even more than the manuscripts require a classed catalogue; inasmuch as all the valuable literature of our own country, dating so late as the middle of the sixteenth century, may be found in types. We hesitate not to say that nine-tenths of the present readers use almost exclusively the printed books of the library. It is to be hoped that many years will not have elapsed ere the catalogue that was so auspiciously begun shall have been re-commenced and completed. In the mean time we should not forget that two separate offers have been made by individual publishers to complete the work from which the whole body of trustees shrunk on the ground of expense.

"14. *Resolved* That it be recommended to the Trustees that every new accession to the Museum be forthwith registered in detail, by the officer at the head of the department, in a book to be kept for that purpose,—and that each head of a department do make an annual report to the Trustees of the accessions within the year, vouched by the signature of the principal librarian, of desiderata, and of the state and condition of his own department."

This is quite insufficient. It is due to the public that an advertisement should be made in a regular manner in the most public papers of the dates of such additions, in order that the public shall know how soon the books or collections so received may be reasonably expected to be open to the general visitors of the Museum. The Legislature is the only body besides, which ought to be responsible for the Museum.

"15. *Resolved* That it be recommended to the Trustees to take into consideration the best means of giving to the Public a facility of obtaining Casts from the Statues, Bronzes, and Coins, under competent superintendence, and at as low a price as possible."

Every person connected with the arts, who is acquainted with the antiquarian department of the Museum, is well aware that sufficient provision has not been made for artists, particularly designers, carvers, chasers, and others engaged in the practical and mechanical departments of the arts. This recommendation demands immediate attention.

"16. *Resolved* That the Committee are well aware that many of the alterations, which they have suggested, cannot be carried into effect, *except by increased liberality on the part of Parliament*, both with respect to the

Establishment of the Museum, and also to a much greater extent, for the augmentation of the Collections in the different Departments; but they confidently rely on the readiness of the Representatives of the People to make full and ample provision for the improvement of an Establishment which already enjoys a high reputation in the world of science, and is an object of daily increasing interest to the people of this country."

The parliamentary grant has been increased to the amount of 4000*l.*, and certainly, notwithstanding Mr. Hume, there is no disposition in 'the representatives of the people' to deprive the Museum of its just demands, so long as it holds the station to which it should aspire in the world of science.

"17. *Resolved* That the Committee, in the alterations which they have suggested, do not mean to convey a charge against the Trustees, or against the officers of the Museum, whose talents, good conduct, and general and scientific acquirements are universally admitted; and they are aware that, where imperfections exist in the Collections, those imperfections are mainly attributable to the very inadequate space hitherto available for their exhibition, and to the limited pecuniary means at the disposal of the Trustees; and they are of opinion that the present state of the British Museum, compared with the increasing interest taken in it by all classes of the people, justifies them in the recommendations contained in the above Resolutions."

From a resolution so negatively complimentary to the present management, we ought not to dissent in deference to the honourable members of the committee; but, at the same time, we hope that such compliments will induce 'the powers that be' to comply the more easily with the recommendations of that committee. We have seen the collections of fossil-zoology and botany, and of zoology generally, as placed in the new buildings, and certainly no very high compliments are due to Messrs. Children and Gray, for the arrangement of the various specimens. (See Dr. Grant and Messrs. South and Vigours, in evidence.)

"18. *Resolved* That the Committee, having taken into consideration, the Petition presented to the House by Mr. Charles Tilt, and referred to the Committee, which Petition prayed for public assistance in the preparation of a work from the Medals in the British Museum, and having taken Evidence on the said subject, consider that in no way can they more satisfactorily discharge the duty confided to them by the reference in question than by simply laying before the House the Minutes of Evidence so taken, and ordering the Petition of Mr. Charles Tilt to be placed as an Appendix to that Evidence, and to these Resolutions."

The relief process of M. Colas of Paris, which Mr. Charles Tilt has proposed by petition to apply to the copying of the medals in the British Museum, is most beautiful, and should be immediately adopted. Nothing but the jealous interference of some of the family trustees can stand in the way of so reasonable a proposition.

We have thus given to our readers, accompanied with a few passing remarks, the resolutions of the select committee of enquiry, which

the trustees, by their treatment of them, evidently consider merely as recommendations to be adopted or not as should seem fit to them, and at the time most convenient to them. The resolutions of the trustees are inserted in a note,* and the results are now before the public.

Thus has ended the parliamentary enquiry. The evidence during both sessions has been most conclusive in favour of every point for which men of science and literature and the public in general have a right to contend; and from a mere *enquiry* nothing further can be gained. The moral triumph has been complete; but, of course, in a select committee of the House of Commons a certain regard must be paid to personal interests and to parliamentary etiquette, so as to prevent any strong measures being used. It is to be hoped that the next session will not have passed ere the chief recommendations shall have been put in practice. The public will not rest content with trimming measures. Nothing less than a thorough reform of the Museum will be generally satisfactory. The result we shall await with patience. H. H. D.

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*"The Trustees proceed to consider these Resolutions, and having adverted to each of them in order, Resolved as follows :—

"1. With respect to such matters in the first five Resolutions as appear to call for the intervention of the Trustees, this Committee recommends the several points to the serious consideration of the General Board of Trustees, whenever the occasions arrive for giving practical effect to these resolutions."

"2. With respect to the 6th Resolution, this Committee advises the immediate appointment of a Sub-Committee of Trustees, to make a Personal Survey of the Museum, and in conjunction with the Heads of the existing Departments, and with such other Gentlemen employed in the Museum as it may be thought expedient to consult, to take into consideration and report to the General Board the best mode of giving effect to the said Resolution.

"3. With respect to the 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, and 14th Resolutions, the subject-matter of which appear connected together, and have reference to new internal arrangements which may be immediately necessary, this Committee is of opinion that the consideration of these Resolutions, and of the best practical mode of giving effect to the Recommendations which they involve, should be referred to the same Sub-Committee to which the 6th Resolution is referred.

"4. That a special Memorandum be made of the Recommendations contained in the 8th Resolution with a view of ensuring the attention of the Trustees to them on the first opportunity of Vacancies."

"5. With respect to the 12th Resolution, this Committee understands that measures have been already taken for giving effect to the Recommendation contained therein."

"6. This Committee is further of opinion that a General Meeting of the Trustees should be convened at the earliest practicable period for the purpose of deliberating upon the Recommendations contained in the 15th Resolution, and of entering into such communication with the Chancellor of the Exchequer as may appear advisable, with reference to the Financial Considerations connected with the Report of the Select Committee, and particularly with the 16th Resolution of that Report.

"Extracted from the Minutes."

"J. Forshall, Secretary."

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.

"I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
* * * * *
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?"

Romeo and Juliet, Act I. Scene 5.

The carnival, properly so called, is the time from Christmas to Shrovetide, during which interval the theatres are opened, and the town begins to assume an appearance of gaiety. But *the carnival* so famous all over the world is the eight days* immediately preceding Lent, when Rome and the Romans seem changed to another place and a different people. In the spring of 1835 this last and concentrated carnival commenced on Saturday the 21st of February. But long before the actual commencement, its approach is indicated by various and unequivocal symptoms. Gradually and one by one, as the stars come out after sunset, a mask or a fancy dress, often of the humblest materials, makes it appearance in the shops; now and then a race-horse is led up the Corso, to familiarize him with his future career; organ-grinders, tambourine-players, toy-sellers, wild-beast-men, giantesses, dwarfs, and phenomena of all sorts, creep from their dark retirement and disperse themselves about the town. Day by day benches and scaffoldings gradually rise along the Corso, and their progress is anxiously watched by multitudes of shaggy-cloaked expectants, who have little hope of being able to purchase a seat there when they are finished. The markets, which in Italy always exhibit a curious and incongruous display of eatables, are now fuller and more incongruous than ever. The word *carnival* or *meat adieu!* has its proper effect, and every one prepares for a last and vigorous effort of indulgence. Delicacies, which an Englishman would denote by some other name, pour in from all quarters—wild boar, kid, and occasionally an otter or a hedgehog, dog-fish, cuttle-fish, red mullets, crawfish, baskets full of small fry about half an inch long, dandelion, wild asparagus, young shoots of the hop plant, and thistle roots, thousands of thrushes, starlings, linnets, goldfinches, and tom-tits, all nothing but feathers and skin.†—These form a very small extract from the Roman bill of fare. To make the approaching fête still more brilliant, the public fountains are cleansed out, the

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* In these eight days are not included two Sundays and a Friday, which intervene between them, and divide the festivities into four portions. Laying aside the claims which Sunday has on all Christians, and Friday on the Roman Catholics in particular, eight days' continued merriment would tire the highest spirits, and make the wildest imagination flag, were not some such agreeable relief as this interposed.

† A lady on her first visit to Italy saw with some surprise a dish of these little birds produced at a table d'hote, and enquired what they were. "Madame," replied a hungry Frenchman, "*ce sont des illusions.*"

streets are swept by galley-slaves or convicts sentenced to that office, and criminals are publicly decapitated, perhaps as a warning to others to make a discreet use of the coming license. Even the monastic world relax their severities; and religious orders who pass the rest of the year in seclusion may now be seen enjoying liberty and fresh air, and indulging in a walk or a drive. Here passes a hackney coach containing three or four nuns; there a procession of pretty novices, neatly dressed in black, steals by on its way to some garden or villa—well watched and guarded, however, by one or two nuns of authority, who bring up the rear. And at night a heavy brick-red capacious carriage, which claims a prelate for its owner, may occasionally be seen about the theatres, conveying, doubtless, not himself, but his suite and household, to hear an opera and see a ballet.

These are a few of the symptoms of that explosion which is to fire off at one burst the long-subdued gaiety of the Roman populace. The day before the carnival men on horseback, in an antique red and yellow dress, parade about the town with eight banners, which are the prizes of the horse-race on each day, calling for a drink-money at the houses of the principal officers engaged in the festivities. One banner is cloth of gold about three yards long, another cloth of silver, a third of crimson, a fourth of scarlet velvet, the rest of inferior silks; but on each is painted or embroidered a victorious horse, and a sort of streamer at the top is decorated with the pope's arms.

But, in order to convey a clear idea of the carnival, it will first be necessary to describe, with some minuteness, the Corso, the street where it is held, and in which all the fashion as well as the humour of Rome are, for the time, concentrated.

In almost every large town in Italy there is one long narrow street called the Corso, from the horse-races which are held there at this season; but I know few cities except Rome where the Corso is the principal thoroughfare, and where, on other occasions also, the greatest bustle and movement is to be found. Here, on every saint's day and Sunday, through the cooler part of the year, a procession of carriages regularly passes up and down from about three in the afternoon till sunset, the foot-pavement is crowded with well-dressed *men;* and this display is so much a thing of course that guards are stationed to prevent any of the carriages from breaking the line, or interrupting the regular course of this whirlpool of men and horses. In short, the Corso is the Hyde Park of Rome.

But this Hyde Park is a long, straight, narrow street, about three-quarters of a mile in length, and terminated at one end by the Piazza del Populo, the principal entrance to Rome, and at the other end by the Piazza di Venezia. At about the middle of its course it passes by another square called the Piazza Colonna, from the beautiful historical column of Antoninus Pius which rises in its centre. On the Sunday promenade these three squares form a sort of eddy to the tide which runs through the Corso. Here they turn, drive off, or fall in, as it may be: and without these spaces for rallying the narrowness of the Corso would render it a scene of inextricable confusion. So great is the passion for this drive among all classes in Rome that

the lower orders will club their purses to procure an occasional hackney coach; and you see the lady's maid, the small tradesman's wife, and the well-doing washerwoman, lolling in a wretched carriage, bowing, with great airs, to each other, and looking down on the pedestrians with an expression of such contempt that I have once or twice seen it returned by a chorus of laughter. Nor are they ever tired of this amusement. The Roman drives up and down the Corso, down and up again, without appearing to suspect that this pastime may be dull or monotonous, and remains most firmly attached to a custom which is produced by the indolence peculiar to a warm climate, and perpetuated by the vanity common to the human species.

The Corso of Rome is so narrow that in few parts it would allow more than three carriages to run abreast, and generally not more than two. The houses on each side are very lofty, and mostly built in that gloomy though grand style of architecture which distinguishes the Roman palaces of the time of Leo X. In many the windows of the ground floor are protected and completely covered with solid gratings of wrought iron; and, though their design and workmanship are often very elegant, still the whole effect is heavy and sombre. In others the ground floor is appropriated to shops and warehouses, the upper apartments being retained by their noble owners, or let to such travelling milordi as can pay for them. So that the Corso is at the same time a busy lively thoroughfare, and a street of dark majestic palaces, which give to the mind serious and even melancholy impressions; and it is terminated by one, the Palace of Venice, which is doubly the representative of fallen greatness, for it was built with stone torn from the Coliseum * of Rome to form a diplomatic residence for the representative of the Venetian republic. Austria, into whose hands Venice has fallen, now holds possession of this remnant of two states, perhaps the two most interesting in the history of the world.

But, stately and grand as the Corso may be at other times, when the carnival begins its character alters and the scene is changed. Outside the houses temporary balconies are erected, and gaily hung with tapestry and fringes; and the pope issues a notice (*avviso*) recommending *that they be strong*. From every window coloured cloth, drapery, or carpets are suspended, so that the face of every house is nearly overspread with a party-coloured covering. A flag is seldom seen in Italy; but on fête-days these carpets and damasks answer nearly the same purpose. The ground is strewed with a light brown volcanic gravel, both to improve its appearance and to give a firmer footing to the horses. All this, united with the height of the houses, the softness of the climate, and the gaiety of the costumes, gives to the Corso the air of a vast ball-room or gallery, decked out to receive an assembled nation in their hours of festivity, and one forgets entirely that it is a mere street, or that it ever has been or ever can be used for the common purposes of every-day life.

* Bad as was the fate of the Coliseum, namely, to supply stones for many of the modern churches and palaces of Rome, other buildings have been destroyed for a yet lower purpose—to furnish the mortar. Many are the temples *and statues* which were broken up during the middle ages and burnt *to make lime*.

When the carnival commences, and the signal for the reign of misrule is given, very little is done on the forenoon of the first day, or of any succeeding one. It would be too much to play the fool from morning till night, and so men save themselves for a grand and united burst of folly. It is at about half past two that the tide begins to flow: men, women, children, and carriages may then be seen tending from all parts to a common centre. The Corso is the attractive power which draws to itself the most discordant particles of society, there to work and ferment as they may. At every avenue a dragoon is stationed to hinder ingress and egress by any other except the right one. Parties of infantry are continually marching up and down, to prevent the disturbances, civil or political, that might easily arise in such an assembly. Bands of military music are posted here and there, to show that the papal army is employed on this occasion to adorn and not to intimidate. But the carriages have formed two close and connected lines; there is a train of pedestrians in the middle and another on the foot-pavement on each side, and a scene is commencing to describe which would require, as Homer says of a different display, a hundred brazen mouths, as many tongues, and as many different voices.

And first we will begin with the masks on foot; nor are the simplest of these the least elegant—for instance, when a country girl of Tivoli or Murino appears in the native costume of her beautiful country, merely concealing her face with a mask of black silk. There are several of these women constantly in Rome, who not only are worthy to be, but who really are professionally models for painters. But fun, not elegance, is the order of the day, as a list of groups and characters will clearly show. A black bear walks arm-in-arm with a cat, and a man after them dandles a dog dressed like an infant in swaddling clothes.* A white bear runs about in a rampant attitude, occasionally taking off his head to cool himself, or quiet some child that had been frightened. A warrior with a lance and helmet charges the crowd, at the same time humorously counterfeiting imbecility and cowardice. A foot soldier, in a ridiculous uniform and yellow complexioned mask, struts before the pope's shabby troops, and caricatures their ill-disciplined manners. Sometimes a handsome fellow, clean shaved and dressed to represent a bouncing woman of forty, singles from the throng a well-dressed man, perhaps an Englishman, and kisses him with a loud smack, to the great amusement of the bystanders. Then come Harlequins, Punches, and Scaramouches by dozens. Two physicians strut along, followed by an apothecary bearing a syringe of awful dimensions. The Quaker, dressed in an old-fashioned English suit of clothes, is not so favourite a character as

* Almost immediately that a child is born the Romans bind it up in a peculiar manner, and so tightly that the poor thing cannot stir its legs. On the Epiphany, or *Festa dei tre Rè, i. e.* Feast of the Three Kings, a miraculous image of the infant Saviour is exhibited at the church of S. Maria, in Araceli, and this image is an exact model of the present Roman method of swaddling children, except that the clothes are covered with gold and jewels, and that the tips of the toes are uncovered. Every stranger observes that Rome contains a very large proportion of dwarfs and deformed persons, and the plan of nursing adopted there furnishes one sufficiently obvious cause.

it was some years ago, but he is still occasionally to be seen talking and staring with stiff impertinence. There are brigands, negroes, madmen, Turks, and Persians without number. There are wigs of scarlet, green, and blue hair; noses like birds' beaks or elephants' trunks; and faces of a brilliant blue or scarlet complexion.

On the other hand, the carriages, though generally filled by the upper classes, and people who do not choose to disguise themselves, are yet not occupied by people too fine to make merry; and, even when the masters do not choose to travestie themselves, the servants are allowed full liberty of embodying their fancies. Thus you see a coach driven by a lady six feet high, who has feathers on her head, a reticule on her arm, and who, with mincing modesty, is very fearful her legs or feet should be exposed; Harlequin, or Scaramouch, or a fine-looking woman (apparently), or a mameluke, acts as footman. A sort of open omnibus, holding twelve or sixteen absurd characters, and driven by a devil or a monkey, comes next; and a general grin is caused by a broken-down carriage filled with young ladies apparently in their night-gowns. In short, the further a person can depart from his real character the better. Children three or four years of age are dressed as very old men, or bearded Turks, or general officers. Men appear as wild beasts or as women. The Romans have a particular pleasure in taking this opportunity of ridiculing female vanity and affectation—sometimes even carrying their humour beyond the limits either of reason or delicacy: for example, by representing a woman *very far* advanced in the family-way. By a similar perversity young ladies have a peculiar *penchant* for male attire: the surtout, boots, and hat cocked on one side, do not prevent their being recognised.

Well, now that my forces are all drawn out on the field of battle, nothing remains but to put them into action. And, though the unlearned reader may suppose the last sentence to be only a figure of speech, it is really no such thing. A battle does commence, and in good earnest. For the Italians, thinking it might become insipid to parade continually up and down and do nothing else, invented the not inelegant custom of saluting each other by throwing a handful of sweetmeats or a bouquet of flowers—a graceful action, which, when executed in good style by a handsome woman, brings into real life and existence the Aurora of Guido or Guercino. But, though the original fashion still remains, some other degenerate ones have been engrafted on it, which might be considered ill-natured and spiteful were they not highly ridiculous.

There is a kind of comfit made of chalk, about the size of a pill, and altogether very like the first efforts of an apothecary's apprentice. They are of various colours, green, pink, and brown, but generally white, and are prepared in such quantities that bushels and sacks full are sold in the streets. Every one, whether on foot or in a carriage, takes care to be well provided with this ammunition, and some even make use of a tin funnel, and others of a spoon with an elastic handle, in order to throw with greater force and certainty. Such are the common materials of warfare, and a mask of fine woven wire is generally used by those who have no other defence against

these annoyances. But the more elegant pelt each other only with bunches of flowers or bon-bons —the less elegant with egg-shells full of flour, or handfuls of pounded chalk.

It is easier to conceive than describe the different encounters which take place in the general skirmish. Sometimes a pair of combatants, beginning at first *piano, piano*, gradually lose a little temper, and advancing from *crescendo* to *forte*, only stop because their shot is exhausted, by which time they are generally both as white as millers. Sometimes two carriages, in passing each other, stop for an instant to fire a broadside, which leaves terrible traces on velvets and satins. Another party, posted in a balcony, and selecting some commanding corner, with the skill of a Wellington, hail down such showers on the passers by that to escape is all they can do—and the crowd often prevents that. At the end of the day the ground is quite white, as if after a violent hail-storm. No one is ever supposed to be offended with any thing that occurs. Are you pelted, you must pelt in return. A person stops you in the crowd, and tries to raise a laugh against you—make the best use of your wits in reply. A mask gets up behind your carriage, on the box, and even into it—but, as he generally behaves with the utmost civility, all you can do is to laugh at his impudence.

When this scene of confusion and fun has reached its greatest height, which is at about half-past four, a cannon is fired on the Capitol to give notice that the Corso is to be cleared of carriages for the race, and the same signal is repeated along the line, and answered by another cannon in the Piazza del Populo. In a few minutes the guns again fire, and it is then supposed that the street is occupied by pedestrians alone; and it is really surprizing with what precision, and in how little time, every vehicle disappears. But the whole Roman people are so practised year after year in the details of the carnival that they execute each of its movements almost as mechanically as a soldier on drill performs his exercise. Now, when the carriages are gone, succeeds another and a greater difficulty—to open a passage for the horses through the crowd. Various are the means employed, but none are effectual longer than for a moment. First, half a score of dragoons charge the multitude, and gallop along the course. The multitude opens and closes again as the waves rush on in the track of a steamer. Then a party of infantry march along, dropping a soldier on each side of the street, every five or ten yards, to keep open a passage, if he can. And, lastly, a body of foot soldiers, exactly the breadth of the street, march along, and sweep before them every one who is not included within the prescribed limits. But, even then, except just near the starting-place, the motley mass closes in again, led on, perhaps, by some half-dozen masks, who in general consider themselves privileged persons.

Suppose, then, that the course is clear, that each dragoon is posted in his nook, that the guns are again primed and loaded, that all is ready. Quick, then, to the Populo, for it is an anxious moment! The rope is stretched across the course, and, hark! Bang!—the cannons. The gates are opened, and, look! there are the horses, plunging and kicking—the grooms can scarcely hold them. They

are to run without riders, guided by themselves alone; and well they know it. See! that brown pony, covered with tinsel, has got half under the rope in his struggles to be off; and the black one, painted with white stars, has his fore-legs over it; and the bay, with lighted crackers on his back, is kicking most furiously. They will be gone before they can take their stations fairly. Yes, it is so! The trumpet sounds—the rope drops—the grooms let go—and off they scamper like the winds let loose. For one moment we see them rushing into the distance, but the crowd closes in—they are gone—they disappear.

Another day let us go to the Piazza di Venezia and see the termination of the race. The nearer we can be to the end of the course, the better; for those two sail-cloths stretched across the street are the goal which decide the victory. The Roman Senate, resembling their predecessors in name and title* only, take their station here; and their gilded carriages and gaudy liveries will serve to amuse us while we are waiting. But in the midst of these laces, and furbelows, and cocked hats, and bag-wigs, do not overlook those fine wild-looking fellows, with nothing to distinguish them from the other peasants but a scarlet cap, with a gold tassel. They look more serious and determined than the rest. They had need be so; for each is here to catch his horse at the end of the race, and he well knows that, unless he do it boldly and skilfully, his life may pay for it. But the cannons have fired for the third time, and there is a movement in the crowd. Something must be coming. Yes, they open—it is they!—the horses! But, ah! they do not come in so quick as they started; and at the head of the body there are three abreast. It is near the end, and which will win? Yes, one has sprung forward—he is first—he bounds to the cloth, which he can scarcely see, touches it, starts back, rears, and falls. But he wins, and he is not hurt, for his master has caught him, and is leading him away.

And now for the rest, that come charging in a herd. With what precision each groom darts into the body as they sweep by, and seizes his horse! One fails, and is trampled under foot, but his friends lift him up again; he may, perhaps, be unhurt.

Is it all over? No, I think not yet, for a sound of laughing, cursing, and yelling arises: and, at last, like hunted wild-beasts, two horses, that had been long, long behind, come in, pursued with execrations (the mob hates a failure), and they say that two others, frightened by the throng, have bolted from the Corso, and escaped.

So, now that the race is over, let us go home.

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The prize which has excited all this contention is two-fold. One of the strips of cloth which had been paraded about the town, and a sum of money. And the history of these banners, like that of almost every thing else in Rome, is characteristic and memorable. During the more intolerant days of the papal church, when she had survived persecution, but had *not* learned mercy, the Jews were compelled in person to run the same races in the Corso, for the satisfaction of their

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* S. P. Q. R. is painted on the panels of the state carriages of the executive government.

believing brethren, and were followed in the course by the same yells, shouts, groans, and execrations, which now fall to the lot of the hindmost horses. In course of time, as the church became more tolerant or less powerful, this degradation to both parties was commuted into a fine of money, to assist the expenses of the carnival—and now, the cloth of gold, and the cloth of silver, the odds and ends of velvet and silk, are a tribute of no very great weight, which the Hebrews pay for being tolerated. The money gained by the winning horses is furnished by the government. For six days, the first horse gets thirty scudi (about 6*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*); on Thursday, or Giovedi Grasso, he gains sixty scudi, or 12*l.* 15*s.*; and on Shrove Tuesday, the last day, eighty scudi (about 17*l.* 0*s.* 5*d.*) is the reward of the victor. There are, on an average, about ten or eleven running horses each day. There is no betting on these occasions. Formerly, some imitators of the English betted small sums, but it is now out of fashion. None but Roman horses are allowed to run; and, even if a foreigner choose to enter one, it must be a horse of the country, as the ostensible motive of the premium is to improve the breed of horses in the Roman states.

There is, doubtless, a great deal in all this which appears childish and ridiculous. The horses, running through a paved street, upon much the same principle as a dog with a tin canister tied to his tail, hunted by the mob, and made wild as antelopes, have certainly not a fair trial of speed or strength. The prize also seems, to our ideas, rather small. But, as every one is satisfied, all ends are answered. The farmers, and small landed proprietors, who furnish the horses, are very proud of the banner, and contented with the sixty or eighty scudi. The pope and cardinals may fancy that they improve the race of *barberi*, as they are called; and nothing can surpass the delight of the Romans at the whole exhibition. As the horses are being led to the course they count them, one, two, three, and so on, with a nervous sort of anxiety; and when the rope drops, and the barbs start off in a body, people clap their hands, and lean back, in their enthusiasm exclaiming, "Ah, bella! bella! Dio mio, che bella cosa!" "Oh, beautiful! beautiful! Good heavens, what a beautiful sight!"

On every evening during the carnival all the theatres are open; but they are not always very well attended, because a greater object of attraction is found in the masked balls given at the Teatro Aliberti,* in the Via del Babuino, the largest theatre in Rome. As the admission is but three pauls, or about fifteen-pence English, it is always crowded; and there are frequently between three and four thousand people assembled. At a popular entertainment like this, we are not to expect the same splendour of costume or display of wealth as would be found at a masquerade or fancy ball in England, because with us such scenes are frequented only by the higher classes: but there is no lack of fancy or humour, there is no rudeness or boisterousness, and it is not necessary to hire buffoons to amuse the duller part of the company. The more distinguished people confine themselves principally to the boxes, holding a sort of levee

* This theatre is not at present used for dramatic purposes.

to receive their friends, who may pay their respects masked or unmasked, as it best pleases them. The area, or pit, is filled by a more lively set, who dance, promenade, or tease each other in a shrill, feigned, masquerading voice. You are not suffocated with bonbons, and the people are of a more respectable class; otherwise the whole scene is little more than a repetition of what has been described as taking place in the Corso.

There is not so much humour to be seen on the first day of the carnival as afterwards. Carriages and walkers throng in great numbers, but very few masks make their appearance. Foreigners of all nations then come merely as spectators, to take a lesson in the part they are to play on the succeeding days, and learn *how to do carnival.* On all other occasions it goes on increasing in liveliness, and the two great displays of fun are, *Giovedi Grasso*, Thursday in the middle of the festival, and Shrove Tuesday, which is at the end of it.

About the middle of the carnival the pope publishes a notice or regulation, which is stuck about the streets like a play-bill, declaring the manner in which Lent is to be observed, when they are to eat meat, when to fast, and what religious observances will ensure a certain degree of indulgence. The sight of this unwelcome edict seems to have the same effect upon the Romans as the display of a skeleton in the midst of a feast had upon the ancient Egyptians, admonishing them to make the most of life while pleasure was still in their power. No contrivance is spared to make gaiety succeed to gaiety during the last two days of the carnival. After the religious duties of Sunday are over, there are the theatres and the opera, and, as these are concluded by about midnight, at one in the morning a masked ball begins, which lasts till dawn. On Tuesday, at ten o'clock, there is a morning performance at the opera, daylight being shut out, and the lamps lighted. One feels that it is almost like an impure debauch to leave the beautiful Italian sunshine, and shut oneself up in a close dingy theatre. But the Romans do it with great delight, and show still greater delight in leaving it. "Ah che bello lume! What beautiful sunshine!" they exclaim on coming out, saluting each other as if the day had suddenly dawned in the night time. "Buon giorno, ben levato, ben alzato: good morning, how d'ye do? good morrow," pass about from mouth to mouth. After the theatre, there is the Corso and the horse-race; after the race comes the illumination, which I will describe by and by, and the whole ends with a masked ball, from which the company are turned out at eleven at night, to prepare for Ash Wednesday. And *on* Ash Wednesday you may walk through the streets of this strange inconsistent Rome and find every thing so quiet, grave, orderly, and sober, that you ask yourself whether the carnival is not a dream and an imagination, rather than the recollection of a thing which actually has been.

The carnival of Rome is a fête whose character is national rather than popular. It comprises all ranks, and softens all distinctions. It is true that the majority of masks are persons of the middle and lower classes, but the nobility, and even the ecclesiastics, are there also, to grace by their presence, and to assist the observance of good order. And from the circumstance of its being a national rejoicing,

and of such a nation as Rome, there also arises a certain dignity and grandeur very imposing to a stranger. The best troops are employed, in their best regimentals;* good military bands parade the town, and are stationed in different parts of the Corso; and every movement of the day, such as clearing out the carriages, the preparations for the race, and the readmission of carriages, are all regulated by the sound of cannon. The horses start from the foot of that obelisk, more than three thousand years old, which Augustus Cæsar brought from Egypt, and dedicated to the sun: and they stop close by the Capitol. After the race, the winning horse is actually led off to the Capitol, attended by drums, the banner he has won, and a detachment of soldiers, on the outskirts of that very Via Sacra through which passed the triumphs of so many victorious heroes of ancient Rome. The conduct of the people too shows that they know how to respect themselves. Never once, during the whole eight days, did I witness, or hear of, a single case of indecency, insult, drunkenness, or pocket-picking among the masks—an astonishing instance of good behaviour, if we consider how many thousands are congregated on each day. The governments of Rome and Naples have lately been nervous about the carnival, fearing political disturbances, but I think without sufficient grounds, as the people are too much intent upon pursuing their own whims to pay attention to more serious matters.

To this fête the Romans look forward from one end of the year to the other. It is this, and one or two other such festivals, which reconcile them to the espionage of the priests,† and the burdens imposed by an impoverished and overgrown hierarchy; and it may be that it is such seasons of general relaxation and enjoyment which diffuse among the Roman poor a happiness, a content, and a good feeling, which is certainly not to be found among the labouring classes in England.

Few sights can be prettier or more elegant than the illumination, which concludes all things, and takes place on the last evening of the carnival. Immediately that the race is ended, which is about five or ten minutes after sunset, the cannons fire, to give notice that carriages may again enter the Corso. In a very short

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* It must, however, be confessed that bad are the best, both troops and regimentals. It would be difficult to find in all Europe a more unwashed, unshaven, undrilled, ill-matched, and insubordinate set of soi-disant soldiers than the papal army. To give one trait:—The inferior officers and private soldiers associate together in perfect equality, and a man will not receive orders unless he be addressed by the title of "Signore, or Sir." The handful of Swiss, and the body guard, or Guarda Nobile, who are gentlemen and noblemen, are certainly superior to the rest; but then these latter are merely soldiers of parade, to adorn the ceremonial on days of state.

† Besides those ecclesiastics who reside in their colleges and convents, there are so many others dispersed about the city, that it would be difficult to point out, in the inhabited parts of Rome, a space of a hundred yards square where one of these gentlemen is not to be found. Each of them, in his little circle, is well acquainted with what passes both within doors and without. If a foreigner stands but five minutes in the streets in conversation with a native, he will soon find that a cocked-hat and a black gown are anxiously eaves-dropping. And *never* in Rome do you see Punch or a ballad-singer, or an extempore story-teller, without finding a priest attached to the group, who, *evidently*, both from look and attitude, is scenting after treason, not loitering for amusement.

space of time it is filled with its usual throng; but every person, whether in carriages, at the windows, in balconies, or on the foot pavement, holds in his hands two or three lighted tapers. The trial of skill is who can best put out the tapers of his neighbour, and keep his own lighted. Every method of extinguishing is considered fair. The common implement is a handkerchief tied to the end of a stick, or the bough of a tree; but the most amusing is a fan at the end of a very long cane like a fishing-rod, which is used by some one at a window, and which sweeps half across the street with fearful execution. The more candles people can put out, the greater is their satisfaction, and they taunt their victims with the continued cry of "Senza moccoli! Senza moccoli! Your candles are out! Your candles are out!" Of course when men are attacked they will defend themselves, and, therefore, some are provided with long reeds to ward off the offending handkerchiefs; others protect their lights by enclosing them in little paper lanterns at the end of a high stick; and others suspend little strings of candles from house to house, high up in the air, and far above the reach of any enemies.

Childish as this may seem, every thing is done and taken good-humouredly. The pelting ceases, and masks are laid aside, or turned to the back of the head, but every one appears in the fancy costume he had worn during the day. Here comes a waggon full of the heathen gods and goddesses, each with their respective emblems illuminated. Mercury has a taper at the end of his wand, Diana on her bow; Apollo's lyre is blazing with candles, and Jupiter's lightning really flashes fire. There stalks a man with a weathercock on the top of his hat, holding a flambeau at the end of a very long stick. A devil is making himself at home with his natural element, and the crowds of Swiss, Greek, and Italian peasant girls suffer from no scarcity of *sparks*.

As the sun is but just set when the illumination commences, its effect is at first scarcely visible. But softly and gradually the sky becomes of a deeper and a clearer blue, the stars peep out one by one from their azure hiding place, and the Corso shines and sparkles with the brilliancy of a fairy festival. The tapers that are used being very small, they do not give much light, though countless in number, but glitter and shine as if a shower of golden spangles had fallen from the sky. Nor is their brightness fixed and monotonous; the lights dance about like motes in the sunshine, and, as the carriages move up and down through the crowds of an eddying multitude, it would require but a slight stretch of fancy to imagine one saw the track of some magical ship over the waves of a luminous sea, or the passage of a cloud of fire-flies on their way to some happier abode.

D.

THE ROSE'S MESSAGE.

Lady, I come not now to deck
That circlet on thy brow;
To worship, in my beauty's wreck,
A thing so bright as thou.
I come from one thou knowest well,
Here at thy footstool, for his sake,
A tale of mutual griefs to tell,
And faults that, in confession, make
That mission sad—which else would be
A punishment too sweet for me.

Proud dreams, for earthly hearts unfit,
Vengeance—the cup divine,
Which is so sweet, that men with it
Are drunken, as with wine.
Scorn for the lowly ones around—
Envy of every fairer thing—
Hatred and jealousy profound—
Deep love that brooks not rivalling—
Weakness, that with our birth began—
Or faults that we have learned of man.

Such are my crimes; the tale is read,
And pity none I seek—
Though he who sent me hither said,
Thy lips my doom should speak.
Would'st give me life? 'Twere mercy vain—
My leaves, once heavy with sweet dew,
Hang parch'd and faint—no sun again
Shall in this wasted cheek renew—
Yet listen, lady, I must plead
For one whose hope has greater need.

I name him not. False tongues have shed
Their venom on the word;
Soon by the distant and the dead
Is this world's slight incurred.
Yet he was once the child of fame,
And loved thee, lady—loved thee when
His 'scutcheon was unsoiled—his name
Seemed fair upon the lips of men;
And the proud heart and stubborn knee
Were never humbled, save to thee.

But this is altered—gone the light
Of triumph from his brow;
The world's discarded favourite
Has none to love him now.
O think, when busy slanders creep
Into thine ear, that men can lie;
And love, like his, so pure, so deep,
Hearts, worthless else, can sanctify.
Lady, he knows not grief or fear,
If *thou* but hold the exile dear.

Let his soul's light wax faint and dim,
Contempt his portion be,
The world's worst hatred light on him—
He has *no* world but thee.
Ah! lady, turn not from this prayer,
These withered hopes, this blighted name,
For though ambition's dreams despair,
And scorn succeeds to man's acclaim,
And every hope, save one, is o'er,
That heart is but thine own the more.

W. H. S.

HALF HOURS

No. II.

Never trust yourself with the man who says he is only come to spend half an hour with you, unless you have on hand a superfluity of time and patience, or unless you are quite sure of your man as a regular Stock Exchange goer, who sets his watch by St. Dunstan's! Few besides know what half an hour means. A mere idler may now and then labour under an uncommon distress of doubting the acceptableness of his company, and if you have reason to believe he really likes yours, and is only out foraging for amusement, you may possibly be safe in giving him credit for singleness of purpose in his adoption of the above beguiling announcement. If you are on a diet of idleness and the day be not too sultry, well and good, let him come in, only bear in mind, lest it should become rainy, that Ripa's personification of beauty—a lady with her head hidden in a cloud, signifying the diversity of opinions upon that mysterious gift—is not more vague than is such a person's notion of the length and breadth of half an hour.

But when a timid *single knock*, or a consequentially accented double one, a shrewd-looking stranger, a *soi-disant* "relation from the country," whose name you never heard before, or can with difficulty recollect, any manner of man with an old-fashioned hat, or with an old umbrella under suspicion of taking care of a new one, any known "poor man," or any unknown person "on particular business" stipulates for your half hour—the more indirectly, the more to be distrusted—be sure you take a glance at the balance side of your banker's account, and turn your eye over your memorandums of patronage, before settling him in a chair, for you may rely on having to grapple with a knowing and stedfast negociator for some other of your possessions, more accurately computed, perhaps, than your time, and which you may fancy you have under better security, but which may, nevertheless, be more *tangible*, and, both in your eyes and his, at least *equally valuable*. My last half hour,—nay, my last three half hours, have been wiled from me through a species of mendicity which has of late become alarmingly common in this metropolis—not to mention other parts—and which wins its way under disguises as various and surprising as the metamorphoses of Grimaldi in a pantomime, which we in London usually sit prepared for—would I

could boast of having better profited by the preparation experience brings! Doubtless many of your readers, Mr. Editor, may have had similar experience, and may have employed it more wisely—but notwithstanding the seven-league-capacity of modern pedestrianism, and the facilities afforded by steam, there may possibly be various sequestered nooks in the united kingdom which have not yet been put under contribution by the new Tzigany tribe who "rave, recite, and madden round the land," particularly in the remoter parts of the north, which Scotchmen of the *caste* alluded to are remarkable for travelling away from, and if I can condense the narration of my recent adventures within the prescribed limits, and afford timely warning to *one* unadvised patron of the march of intellect, not to admit indiscriminately all men and parcels purporting to be *literary*, I shall not have to weep with the Roman emperor for having lost a day, though I have lost *more* than half hours!

A smart double knock—too late for the postman, and too early for any legal visitor, disturbed the serenity of my breakfast-table, and I rung hastily to prevent intrusion—for my niece and her young friend Laura, having been late at a ball, were indulging under certain toilette negligences which would only be excusable in the presence of an uncle and a guardian. There was no mirror in the room, save one of hideous convexity, and no escape out of it for *them*—and, for myself, I hold with the ingenious author of "La Medicine de l'Esprit" that those who value domestic harmony, and would preserve the moral equilibrium unimpaired, should never permit being disturbed at meals. My orders on this hand were express; but I knew old Benjamin, like his master, to be sterner in purpose than in action, and he had of late so frequently been won over to transgress my laws of exclusion at such times, an extra emphasis on the bell-pull was both natural and advisable under existing circumstances, as well to remind him of his duty as to spirit him up to the defensive. A lengthened hall-parley ensued, parts of which we distinctly caught, consisting of expostulation from the stranger, and repulse on the part of my liege Dromio, in his best got-up gruff tones—"I am quite confident"—"literary name"—"honour"—"happiness"—"half an hour,"—assailed our aural nerves from the one; clear, brisk, rapid,—any thing in the world but supplicatory—he might be a dun, but it would be highly imaginative through any door to figure such accents issuing from a beggar! "Impossible"—"positive orders"—"late last night"—"bad headache this morning"—"as much as my place is worth, Sir, I can assure you"—blurted out at intervals from the other. Nevertheless, I perceived plainly the enemy was gaining upon us, and knew that this prolonged hearing boded no good—for Benjamin, still too like his employer, had not the gift of withstanding perseverance—so I rang a second time, still more significantly than before. "A gentleman in black, Sir," said Benjamin, with a hesitating air of conscious delinquency, "begs to speak to you on particular business—he would not detain you half an hour—I told him you could admit nobody at present, but he will wait your time—he has brought a book." "Did you not tell him I was at breakfast?" interrupted I (now thoroughly alarmed) in tones intended to carry further than the room we were

in, and conceiving this intimation to be as authoritative as the issue of a papal bull. "Yes, Sir, I told him you were at breakfast—but he says he is going away to foreign parts, and is mightily hurried. He said at last, poor man! if you would but see him for five minutes." "Not five moments!" cried I, testily and valorously—"unless I knew his name and errand previously, I added after a pause, somewhat intimidated by the rising disorder in the biliary, and danger to the digestive organs I was becoming sensible of, and moreover rather ashamed of the *audibleness* of my vehemence, into which I am not wont to be betrayed. "He says, Sir, his name is a very *literal* one—and he has a great heap of names to show you in the superscription to his book—and he mentioned pitickererly one General Phil something, a gentleman as you know well, and who he knows would recommend him to you at a word. But to my thinking, Sir, he is a poor clergyman, for he spoke a deal about divinity, and the heathen; and about wrangling with St. John at Cambridge, which may be the means of his being so out of plight now. Truly he looks like a nine days' fast Sir!" My niece and her companion tittered; but I was stricken with the rueful sincerity of old Benjamin's compassionate looks, who had become a sort of barometer to me—and with a secret consciousness, despite of Monsieur Camus, that a man indulging in the luxuries of a well-appointed breakfast-table, ought the rather in such circumstances to open his heart to appeals of benevolence, and so, if this should be an unfortunate clergyman! how could I excuse myself for denying him at least a fair hearing?" "Well! request the favour of the gentleman to send in his name,"—my old infirmity of patronising letters kindling fast within me in conjunction with my natural sympathies, and my respect for the cloth. But I had not the remotest thought of disconcerting female nicety by subjecting my *negligé* young friends to the intrusion of a stranger, by just then and there inviting him into the presence, when to my astonishment, close upon the heels of old Benjamin with his announcement as "the Rev. Mr. Carpenter," stalked into the room a colossal personage arrayed in rusty and dusty black, in gait not much happier than Dominie Sampson, but possessed of colloquial fluency that might have endowed a whole college of Dominies, who with a perfectly self-satisfied air, though begging pardon for intrusion, literally talked me dumb ere I had rallied a misty recollection of having somewhere in the world before seen that remarkable assortment of hard-carved features, and listened to those peculiarly accentuated provincial tones, in connection, too, with the *very name* my servant had given in! Yet there was an equivoque in this latter reminiscence of affinity which at first increased my perplexity, but which speedily tended to my complete illumination.

Certain *set* terms and phrases—of a less *original* cast, however, than the countenance and character of the speaker, were duly reiterated in each clause of his voluminous harangue, reminding me of the worthy Wakefield Vicar's cosmogony-man, and these were "talented persons,"—"gifted minds," "general philanthropy" (my imputed friend), "grasp of intellect," "calibre of genius," and "spread of knowledge,"—but I could give the reader only a very faint out-

line in half an hour of the various regions he travelled over in description, whilst I was standing mute and stock still (having risen at his entrance in compliment to *the Reverend* ———, and continuing the same posture through an instinctive adoption of a certain well-known *ruse* of courtesy, which precludes offence by putting you on a footing with the visitor you do not incline to seat yourself beside). General philanthropy had alone prompted him to undertake the *arduous* campaign in "regions of moral darkness," of which part of his rapid narration gave me an account, and whence he had recently returned: and he was anxious to go forth again "under the same banner." But it came out in the sequel that the general's troops were not so well paid as might have been expected. For after having laid claim to the highest honours adjudged to conquerors in the Christian warfare, detailed the judicious arrangements he had made towards re-organizing the church militant in America, professed an apostle's zeal and a martyr's constancy, and, in short, panoramed the world before me in the enumeration of his various "grasp of intellect" exploits, performed and projected,—my high-sounding orator concluded with requesting me to buy his book, price six shillings. I looked at the table of contents. The first article was "True Religion Defined and Simplified." The second, "On Indiscreet Zeal." The third was entitled "Dumb Dogs." The fourth, "A Geographical Survey of the Millennial Kingdom." But here I must stop. I would not by proceeding hazard the possibility of ministering to their licentiousness who dare to speak or think lightly concerning holy mysteries. I had seen and heard enough, however, for the prudent guardianship of my purse and patronage; and I returned the volume to the owner, saying that I never purchased books, especially on religious topics, unless they were *recommended by my knowledge of the writer.* Here an equivoque escaped on my part which would have made his ears tingle had they been capable of tingling, and he under any apprehension of its being intentional. "Have you read my title page?" enquired he briskly. "You will there see a name, Sir, tolerably well accredited in the world of letters. I might have had professorships as I have had prizes, both in foreign and in native universities, in logic, in metaphysics, in mathematics. But I have renounced all worldly honours that might limit my sphere of usefulness! A taste for travel, and a facility in acquiring languages, co-operate with my ardent love of mankind, and the diffusion of light and truth amongst the benighted nations is the glorious object of my loftiest ambition, and which far outweighs any considerations that are merely personal. But travel cannot be prosecuted without expenses. While we are in the body the sustenance of this corporeal frame must be cared for, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. The pecuniary profits of this little book are destined to a purpose commensurate with the importance of its contents. They are intended to equip me for another journey in the *same cause.* To a gentleman of your condition and benevolent aspect, the price can be but of small consideration, and without dispute the things therein contained are worth its weight in purest gold, a thousand times computed." The Dominie's attenuated longitude and wan visage contrasted wofully

with the lofty character of his apparent mental hallucination, and with his imperturbable self-conceit, and, though I had long ere this stage of our interview penetrated his incognito, I had not nerve to proclaim my discovery manfully; so I contented myself with affirming that I really could not afford to lay out six shillings on the purchase of his book, and was on the point of motioning him to the door, when he proved himself to be perfectly ready to meet this objection, by pulling out of the dexter pocket of his forlorn-looking outer garment, a smaller brochure, "a sample of the first," price only one shilling, which I might peruse till he did himself the pleasure to call again, and return if not approved of—but of so mortifying a result he would not allow himself to entertain the slightest apprehension. As I was by no means desirous of *his* return, and was only anxious to get rid of him quietly, I readily entered into one part of this compromise, but paid him the shilling on the spot, and told him I was going out of town; and to show my respect I accompanied him myself to the street door:—a quick bow and exit! But my attention in this particular, which I own was not purely disinterested, nor, as the sequel will prove, without good reason, brought me within reach of a new petitioner, the Scylla I had *not* escaped threw me upon Charybdis. A wretched-looking youth, with famine and diffidence in his eye, and hectic on his cheek, another "wanderer of the world of letters," was lying in wait, and came forward at the opening of the door as the other retreated. He presented a parcel neatly folded and directed to my address; sealed too with a laurelled lyre. I knew it was a book! yet, notwithstanding my recent encounter, I had not the heart to refuse it—a wistful wild look from a pair of beautifully mournful eyes, and a few muttered sounds of indistinct supplication, and the unfortunate vanished. I returned to the girls, and proceeded to the opening of my parcel, without one yearning after my unfinished breakfast, so much had I been affected by the legible misery and despair imprinted upon the haunting countenance of the spectre who presented it. A slip of paper first attracted my attention, on which was written in a delicate clear hand, "The unhappy man who offers this book for sale entreats your candid perusal of it. A wife and six children are dependent on his literary efforts for support. (Unhappy they! thought I. But surely this stripling cannot be the husband and the father?) If you think it worthy, the price, half a crown, may not materially inconvenience you to part with, and would be most gratefully received. If otherwise, the applicant only begs that the book may be returned unsoiled, and will call again to-morrow." It was signed James M'———. We found what the ladies call some really sweet poems, which in the days of Herrick would have immortalised their author—moral, sentimental, amatory, all bearing marks of taste, and refined cultivation; and their perusal, interspersed with reflections on the prevailing mania which beguiles so many juvenile aspirants to abandon bread-winning handicrafts for the ungrateful service of the nymphs of Helicon, who are notorious for never giving board-wages, had quite obliterated the Dominie, and our preceding flutter. The girls were each in imagination cutting out frocks and petticoats for the six children

aforesaid, and I was meditating to astonish poor James when he "returned," by "making his half crown a pound," when old Benjamin, who had been some time withdrawn with the breakfast equipage, re-entered, consternation staring on his lack-lustre visage, and informed us that three silver forks, and a salver of no mean dimensions, of the same material, which he recollected too late, were on a distant table in the hall whilst he was pleading within the breakfast-room for the Rev. Mr. Carpenter,—were gone! gone irrecoverably, "for they were not to be found in all the house."

The poor Hectic had not crossed the threshold, and I could have no doubts respecting the purloiner. The *soi-disant* Rev. Mr. Carpenter was in fact the *son of a carpenter*, of a person truly respectable in his own character and condition, who in my boyhood had been frequently employed about my father's country mansion, and he himself had been articled to the same trade. My change of name and abode on succeeding to the property of a distant relative, and probably the ravages of time on my outward man, had, I believe, effectually sheltered me from his recognition, and borne him through our late interview with a perfect unconsciousness of the peril of detection and exposure into which he had run himself; but through what quirk of fancy, or of *metaphysical* subtlety he had been tempted to the adoption of an *alias* the most likely in the world to betray him into such consequences, I leave to abler casuists than myself to determine. Possibly, being "a lover of truth" by profession, he was led to it by some notion of a compromise with conscience, John Carpenter being a legitimate enough abbreviation of John the carpenter. His real name was Hood (what changes might here be rung upon it in wittier hands!) He was considered a remarkably clever boy; and he had been the best learner in the best school his native village afforded; but he was of a turbulent and intractable temper. His genius could not brook restraints, much less the ignominy of the plane and rule—so his poor father, yielding to his vehement importunity, liberated him from his indentures, and with infinite toil and difficulty, procured means to get him equipped and admitted as a servitor at Cambridge—each, though in a different degree, buoyed up with hopes that his talents, transplanted to a more congenial soil, would germinate to future distinction. After the lapse of a few years he came back to his native village, well qualified to be a senior wrangler there, for he had been dismissed from his college with ignominy, and under suspicions which, if proved, would have entitled him to the eminence of the gallows. But he had a plausible tongue, which the schools had not failed to improve, and a powerful arm wherewith to defend his logic; and he soon stood unrivalled as a village orator, and unquestioned as an enlightened champion of plebeian rights; until his too forward zeal on the occasion of a seditious mob-rising once more brought him within the perils of legal investigation, which he evaded by disappearing from the scene of action. I saw him next in the character of an itinerant methodist preacher, and subsequently learnt that he had gone abroad on a self-appointed "mission to the heathen." All these traits rising upon my recollection sufficiently accounted for my cautious civility in attend-

ing him to the door, and for my missing plate; but my wonder was reserved for the perusal of his pamphlet, which might have deceived a saint by its tone of earnest piety, and ninety-nine out of any hundred of *belles-lettres* critics by the confident flow of its eloquence, and the glitter of its metaphorical illustrations. I have mentioned *handicrafts*—here was fine writing (which I had been wont to reverence) brought down to their level as an art, and infinitely beneath them as an honest calling! and "powers of mind" (my almost tutelary divinities) prostituted in the service of the powers of darkness! "The disenchanted *pen* lost all its charm." An illustration of "you might have knocked me down with a feather" came over me. Here was a carpenter, mob-leader, fork-stealer, outrivalling my best verbiage, and "rushing in" where "angels dare not tread," with the unction and familiar handling of an adept.

"I flung down the mortifying document with indignant disgust (but I shall treasure it carefully nevertheless, both as a *curiosity* in its kind, and as an antidote against pride of intellect), and we turned again to the pages of our unfortunate poet. Grace, harmony, tenderness—the hues of the rainbow, and the softness of the summer shower, were all here. If there was no development of powerful genius, there was perfect elegance; and, if no traits of originality, a delicate perception of the beautiful and the just disclosed the aurora of a superiorly gifted youthful mind. Alas! I thought, how little likely to struggle through the clouds of adverse fortune to that bright meridian which was doubtless prefigured to the fond enthusiast, while ranging in their earlier emanations these elements of pure thought! My young companions wept over his pages, and not fifteen years back I could have wept outward as well as inward tears too.

Another knock at the door. Figure if you can our revulsion of feeling from tenderness to horror. Officers of justice were in pursuit of him. He had committed a peculiarly base and extensive forgery, of which the proofs were in their hands. *O tempora! O mores!*

The above instances are facts—both in their leading features, and in their connections. Z.

LINES WRITTEN WHEN LOOKING ON WARWICK CASTLE.

Thou stately pile, could thy gray walls unfold
Tales of earlier days, of ages past,
Hand down thy records of doings old,
Since thy bold front first smiled upon the blast,
Then could'st thou tell of maidens dazzling bright,
Of palfreys swift, and pages gay,
Of lady's hand bestowed on gallant knight,
By valour won in the deadly fray,—
Thou'dst tell of thy stout earl's defying power,
Whose lion heart struck terror to his foes,—
Of noble blood that flowed for England's crown,
When the yell of war was blended with the rose.
Thou hast seen ambition's reckless flight,
Men's lofty climbings and dishonourable falls,
Dark treason bud, bloom, and sudden blight,
And proud hearts moulder 'neath thy old gray walls.

THE BAWN VONE.

(*Concluded from page* 136.)

In the centre of the town where our hero was located there had been erected, some years before, what was properly termed a market-house, a lofty, commodious building, of an oblong shape, to which resorted upon stated or market-days the surrounding farmers or their wives, with the produce of their industry. A country town has seldom many attractive features, but, on a market-day, the dullest becomes interesting. On such an occasion we see the best specimens of our country-people—snug farmers, with immense jock-coats, alike intended for resisting wet and *keeping out the sun;* the dress, however, somewhat lightened in its effect by the light corduroy small-clothes and gray stockings, displaying the well-proportioned legs—the women, with bright scarlet mantles, sometimes clasped with a silver buckle, and a *real* silk handkerchief drawn over the head and tightened under the chin, yet not so as to hide the cap-border of thread-lace, when thread-lace cost as much by the yard as would now load a pedlar's back with the production of the looms of Nottingham. Then the anxiety to dispose of the sacks of meal, or potatoes, or butter, or eggs, or yarn, in order to go shopping through the town, and complete all necessary purchases before dark, with the usual chorus of beggars and ballad-singers, who find also their best market on the occasion, presents altogether a scene of bustle and vivacity which makes the market-day to be looked forward to as something to relieve the monotony of country-town life.

It was upon such a day that, as the "neighbours" were flocking in with their different commodities, a creature of miserable aspect was seen squatted in the centre of one of the principal entrances of the market-house—the simplicity of the times rendered gates or doors unnecessary for such a place. An idiot, or, in the language more generally applied, a fool, was an object of such frequent appearance that such a creature never excited a stronger feeling than that of compassion—one whose claims upon charity were unquestionable. But upon the present occasion there was every thing in the aspect of the unknown to cause alarm and disgust. A wretched remnant of a cloak was sufficient to wrap up the miserable little figure, which was that of a female, to whom other causes rather than that of years gave the stamp of advanced life. The hair, which was a grisly black, almost hid the face, and, being matted with the rain, conveyed a miserable chill to the beholder. The eyes literally glared with insanity, and the whole look was that as of one deprived suddenly of reason and totally paralyzed by some horrible spectacle. This feeling was considerably strengthened by the ceaseless gibbering of the wretch, who, rocking herself backward and forward, repeated the same sounds, and which perhaps the fancy, coming to the aid of the sensation first caused, interpreted into something of which the word murder formed as it were the burden. She was invoked, after every

possible manner, to explain or give some account of herself. Threatened or coaxed, it made no impression. The creature still muttered the same gibberish. She was offered charity, but touched it not—food, she did not taste it. Conjecture deepened into superstition. But it is only when the cause has disappeared, and after the lapse of time, that superstition can seize upon the legendary tale. That day little business was done in the market house. Crowds succeeded crowds, all gaping at the sudden spectacle, which seemed to have dropped from the clouds, or to have arisen from the earth, for none could tell where it had come from, how it had entered, and how, of all places in the world, it had been found there. As night approached, the lady whom we have almost lost sight of, the Bawn Vone, who had heard of the circumstance, determined to visit the poor being. Even to her commanding yet gentle accents nothing could be accorded. She determined to take her under her own care, and ordered two stout hearty fellows whom she knew "adored the ground she walked upon" to raise up the poor unfortunate. After an expression of that disposition to swear, implied in a *bedad* or two, that "they feared she'd bite the nose off them," and after making the sign of the cross, an attempt was made to obey the injunction. The two *boys*, with that blended feeling of mirth and compassion which the Irish peasant knows how to mix together in his own odd way, stooped down, and each crossing his arms in such a fashion as that the right hand of the one met the left of the other, and *vice versa*, commenced gently to raise the poor object, singing together—

"Give me a pin to stick in my thumb,
To carry my lady to London."

But no sooner had they attempted to put their well-meant kindness into effect than the low-muttered gibberish arose into the most discordant shrieks, still retaining the same mysterious form of language. They were obliged to lay her down again, exclaiming, "The Lord preserve us; we can make no hand of you. How could we mean ye any harm avich, and the Bawn Vone herself watching over ye."

The shrieks continued, and they were leaving her in despair, when the Bawn Vone declared that at all events the creature should be sheltered from the cold of the night, and, what was the utmost she could do, had her forced into the corner of the building, where clean straw was provided for her, with some covering and food; the latter she did not taste, but, upon returning however at morning, it was observed to have disappeared. Some few nights after the idiot had been so lodged, Henry Lacy was returning home from a party. It was one of those nights which you do not know whether to call wet or fine. Dark masses of clouds swept across the sky, occasionally obscuring it, and sending down a swift smart shower, which, passing away, the moon shone out, unless, another mass coming on, she was either partially or entirely hid. As Lacy was passing by the market-house, the rain came down heavily, and he struck into it for shelter. The idiot within was roused, and made use of the same sounds which were now thought to indicate a share in some terrible transaction. Our hero, when abroad, had been engaged in an affair of honour, the result of which, although not to blame in the transaction,

was yet such as to have left after it a gloomy feeling which it was not well to disturb.

At this moment he had entered rather with the disposition which a tipsy man feels for an idle or mischievous frolic. He approached the creature. As he did so she literally screamed. He d—d her. "Did she think he was going to eat her?" The moon did not shine in, but there broke through the clouds a dim uncertain light, sufficient to show the spitting devilish lips, and the demoniac eye. The half-drunken man fancied the illusion were to himself. 'Twas a devil sent to mock him, to reproach him for his past misfortune, his murder. The vivacity of his spirits were not subdued; they unfortunately took another direction. Is there a time when there may be a sympathy with madness? Was he moon struck? He seized a heavy stone and hurled it at the head of the idiot. There was a sudden darkness, and no sound. The devil was roused within him, and he kicked at the unyielding mass, which lay rolled up in the dark corner. The light suddenly streamed in—there was Lacy, looking downward, as if rather with curiosity than horror, the eyes of the idiot meeting his, yet in the glassiness of death; the mouth fixed into the expression which was habitual to it; the head streaming with blood, in which the locks were dabbled; while his own shoes, stockings, and trowsers, bore terrible evidence of who was the MURDERER OF THE IDIOT.

PART II.

Let us return to the Bawn Vone.

Surrounded with her daughter and grandchildren,—the latter have already been glanced at—the former I shall merely introduce as a cheerful matronly lady, the charm of her domestic circle; the father, a good man too, has not perhaps yet returned from the day's sports, and the parlour therefore simply presents the female group, composed indeed of fair specimens of woman, from infant archness and simplicity through womanly grace up to mild yet active beneficent old age. It is an evening in the latter end of October; there is a low wailing wind without, like a pensive lament for the passing autumn; the fire burns cheerily within, shedding a glow of comfort, and yet in all that blithesome family there is no disposition for mirth. They were at tea, too—the most social of domestic festivities—and yet the children *croudled* together and whispered; the titter was suppressed almost at the moment of its involuntary outbreak, and the *chuchuments* alone disturbed the almost solemn silence that reigned around.

The Bawn Vone had announced her intention of going abroad unaccompanied. She did so in a way which forbade all remonstrance. It was evident that her mind was made up for no uncommon object. The family were used to remain in ignorance of the motive of her resolves until the period of their complete fulfilment. They dare not stop or question her when bent upon a secret expedition of mercy. The old lady manifested that her mind was working and uneasy, by her frequent recourse to the snuff-box, by the hastiness with which she

sipped the beverage "that cheers;" but yet the spirit of determined will shone through all such impatience.

Wrapping her cloak firmly about her, and rejecting all aid, as if she feared there was something of betrayal of intention in mere contact, she took her golden-headed walking-stick; but ere her majestic figure disappeared from the eyes of the inquisitive rather than wondering group, she pronounced her usual solemn benediction, "May God bless you all, and, with his blessing, I hope soon to return."

Winding her way down the long avenue which fronted the old fashioned dwelling-house, she often had to stop and prop herself as she encountered the sudden gust. As her gray hair escaped and her noble countenance was for the moment displayed, one might almost fancy that the old trees bent down their heads in homage to the oldest of her house.

On arriving at the high road which bordered on the avenue, there might be observed a countryman attired in a loose jock coat, with a whip under his arm, blowing at his fingers and beating his hands against his sides. "Och then it is mortal cowld, Father Flannery. Is the dhrop all gone?"

"Patience, Mickey Brien, you that people call daicent Mickey Brien, for no other raison, that I can see, but because you have a daicent slip of a wife to keep you out of harm's way—but, daicent or not, you shall not make a baste of yourself, and the Bawn Vone depending on you for a sarvice."

The voice proceeded from our old friend the friar, who, ensconced in a low car, to which his favourite ass was harnessed, was partially concealed by the shade of the trees and the wall.

"Why then, Father," says the daicent one, "you never were considered a bad fellow at the bottle, either to share or to take it. Howsomdever, as you have your own raisons for denying me the sup this cowld night, I must only put up with them, although I doant know what they are, and may be you'd be afther telling them to a body."

"Be whisht, Mick, you are as curious as a woman."

"Och, aye, sour grapes. You're always a running down the women and their curiosity."

"Me! I neither meddle nor make with them. I am married, you know, long ago to holy mother church."

"Faix, then, may be your mother, as you call her, may sue for a divorce, on the score of relationship."

"By my soul, Mickey, I'll tell the wife on you."

"Tell her what ye likes."

And Mickey whistled a tune with an air of the most provoking independence, during which he thought he heard a smack of the lips and a certain deep drawing of the breath, very like that which a man gives in acknowledgment of the satisfaction he inhales from the potency of a cordial.

"By my sowl," says Mickey, "that's stronger than wather, and better too, or may I be made a bishop."

"If you prayed that for me," replied the friar, "I'd give you a charm better than holy wather itself against the cowld and the blue devils."

"Och then may ye be made an archbishop, or the pope itself—and that's all the harm I wish you."

The friar held the bottle to the mouth of Mickey Brien. The ass cocked his ears as if he thought something was going on in which he ought to have a share. Suddenly the bottle is pulled from his mouth, which indeed seemed to fasten to it with the eagerness of a hungry infant, and the Bawn Vone stands before the somewhat discomforted pair.

"Mr. Flannery, I should not have expected that upon this solemn occasion you would be rendering our friend incapable of performing the task which lies before us."

Mickey Brien was incapable of making any excuse, as "the *dhrop* having gone against his breath" threw him into a fit of coughing.

The friar's reply was brisk, the lady's anger short-lived, and they all proceeded. As the car was drawn into the middle of the road it might be seen that there were twists of hay coiled about the wheels in such a way as to dull their noise, while the friar appeared to be sitting upon something of a box-like shape, and which, although much care was taken with the disguise, looked like—what it really was—a coffin.

They struck down a long narrow street, and as they arrived at a somewhat respectable-looking house the lady stopped.

"Mr. Flannery," says she, addressing the friar, "you and Brien can proceed; ye can take shelter in the market-house, and wait for me, I shall only have a quarter of an hour's delay."

This proposal was received with a shudder.

"Not there, not there," exclaimed the friar, "not that *I* fear—(he trembled from top to toe)—but Brien, you know"—

"Father, be aisey—you fear yourself as much as Brien, and small blame to ye. Christ save us! Shure the sperrit of the murthered innocent haunts at night that fearful place. No one can pass it now. The beggar, without house, or home, or shelter, cannot lay down his *wad* in that place as of ould. And then the creather is seen, the same as in life, rockin to and fro, and crying murther in an unknown tongue, with the blood on her face and on the stones.—It would have been betther to have kilt a rigimin of men and women, or a whole *faction* off the face o'the earth that could speak and defend themselves, than that poor innocent whom God gave 'specially for protection and charity."

Brien had worked himself up to a state of excitement which was almost ungovernable.

The friar, his eyes dilating as his companion ran on, was in a glow—the perspiration teemed from his forehead.

"I honour your feelings," spoke the venerable lady, who alone, while sharing the indignation and horror, retained her self-possession, "but blame your superstitious fears, they are unmanly; and, Mr. Flannery, you, who ought to have more sense, from your education and calling, should reprove them."

"Tell you the truth, Ma'am, I believe there are some superstitions so nathural that they are badly paid for by the best knowledge."

"Indeed, Mr. Flannery, I fear so.—Let us pass on."

They could not avoid passing the market-house; and, although she should return and then again pass back alone, she saw that her own sustaining spirit was necessary to her male companions. As they approached the place, instead of pausing, they hurried by rapidly and in silence; the teeth were clenched, the breath retained. While, as the wind swept through the building, empty and open at all sides, voices might be heard as of the converse of troubled spirits. The scene of horror passed, the male portion of the company drew up and made the sign of the cross; while, despite of entreaty, the old lady returned back to the house above noticed, leaving her companions in anxious expectation of her soon rejoining them.

If there were any danger to her from the invisible inhabitants of another world, the hearty and fervent prayers which accompanied her footsteps would have shielded her from their malevolence.

She entered what was once the house of the ill-fated James Lacy. As might have been forseen by the discerning reader, he paid the penalty of his crime upon the gallows, unfelt for, unsympathised with. His crime was regarded as something devilish. To his body was denied the rites of Christian burial—he was hung in chains upon a gibbet; and lest humanity, or fear, or any other motive might prompt his removal, a heavy penalty was affixed upon whoever should be the means of honouring the murderer of the idiot with the last sad rites of humanity.

And there the black object, swathed in its pitchy dress, mummy-like, creaked, and creaked, and creaked. As the wind turned it upon the pivot to which it was suspended, one might fancy a demon of the air turning it and looking at it with a feeling of grinning curiosity. The country people crossed the distant fields to avoid the sight, and females who were obliged to take the high road left home at early morning, lest the night might surprise them on their return home in the neighbourhood of the object that spoke from its very bones.

To the neglected widow of this unfortunate man was the visit now paid. The poor creature lay undressed in bed, while Ailleen, the good-natured feeling girl, rocking an infant to sleep, listened to her as she read from the Bible. How truly did she seek the waters of consolation. And, deep as was her sorrow, it was not marked by that wild abandonment as of one in despair, and sorrowing without hope.

"This is so good, Mrs. H——, at such an hour too," and the poor woman burst into tears.

"I come to make a request, which you must grant me, that is, that you will rouse yourself—you and Ailleen. She can wrap the child up warmly, and step up to the house. I have to make a call to a neighbour, and shall not return for an hour after you. I shall then have something *particular* to say to you.—Now don't deny me."

"I could not deny you any thing—you who visited me in my affliction, who alone visited my husband in his cell and softened his last moments, who would have saved from insult"—

Here she was getting into a paroxysm of grief.

"Well, well, we shall speak some other time of that."

"Oh, dear Mrs. H——, 'tis Ailleen alone prevents me keeping

my window open night and day. I fancy I hear the sounds from that horrid spot where he hangs—oh God! hangs in death. Monsters! monsters! In *heart* he was no murderer, and God only punishes the deeds of the heart. I'll prove it to you from the Bible, Ma'am—listen to me."

She said this sinking from the very madness of her feelings into the calmness of almost ordinary conversation.

When she had finished one of those numerous passages, which indeed fully proved her belief, she relapsed again into her former strain. "I could listen, and listen, although listening sets me mad. I know I am getting mad."

Ailleen kept rocking the cradle with a violence which showed how strongly she was moved. Her eyes were blinded with tears.

"Do not say what would be a sin," observed Mrs. H——. "Your reason will be preserved you; and you ought to pray for a better frame of mind, if only for the sake of that infant which depends upon you."

"And don't I pray? Ailleen you know it. And don't I pray for that dear orphan of a murdered father?"

She sprang out of bed, and, throwing herself on her knees, uttered a prayer wildly and fervently.

Mrs. H., when she had done, knelt solemnly, and poured forth a prayer so subduing, so touching, that when she had done she found her poor Mary so rational and so passive in her hands that she literally dressed her with her own hands, wrapped up the sleeping infant (whom she kissed) in Ailleen's cloak, and saw them up to the avenue which led to her own house.

She hastily returned; and in a short time after the friar, Brien, and the Bawn Vone, were at the foot of the gibbet, where swung in the night blast all that remained of the murderer.

I wish to pass over the details of this transaction. For no person, perhaps, on earth, but for Mrs. H—, who tended his own "Jenny Murphy's daughter" in her accouchement, and danced at the christening of his son and heir, *could* daicent Mickey Brien have so subdued his superstitious fears as to mount in a wild October night the gibbet of a murderer, with his troubled ghost howling over him like an eagle over its killed young, and thence remove the tainted corpse. For no one but the friend of the *Conwent* would friar Flannery have brought out his favourite ass and harnessed it to a car, that it might convey the body to the grave which was decently prepared for it in the abbey burial-yard. While at any time, to relieve a distressed mind and bind up a broken herat, to answer the promptness of duty and of generous feeling, would Mrs. H— have done the same thing.

That night the bones of the gibbeted criminal, despite the terrors of the law, in this case alone perhaps not unjustly violated, were consigned to a Christian grave; and there was one there—that good woman—who sufficed in herself for all the honours which numbers might have conferred by her presence alone.

When it was surmised whose was the hand that deceived the law, no means were taken to bring the delinquent to justice; and the bones of James Lacy rested in peace.

Before I conclude, it may be asked, What was the object in bringing poor Mary Lacy from her home upon that night?

Mrs. H— feared that the shock she might receive in her own lonely house would be too much for her spirits. She wished further to give her that air of countenance and protection following the event as would dispose the neighbourhood and friends in her favour. She wished, above all, to cheer and console the widow.

That night, when she returned, of course all were joy and gladness to receive her. Mary had detailed her visit; and among all there was a kind of ill-defined feeling, almost a surmise, as to the nature of her expedition. Her exalted firmness of character, her determination, and her surpassing goodness, suggested what mere womanly weakness might have been unequal to. Accordingly her return was expected with uneasiness, with alarm, and there was an exclamation of joy at her return. The widow beheld her with a look so piercing that Mrs. H— involuntarily whispered to her, "Poor Lacy, my dear, sleeps in his silent grave;" and the arms of the widow were flung round the neck of the Bawn Vone.

THE WARRIOR.

THE trumpet's hoarse throat on the battle plain
Had sounded the charge, nor sounded in vain.
The hollow ground they thundered along,
And death strode the warrior-ranks among.
Ere the trumpet's brazen note was o'er,
Ere a burnished lance was dimmed with gore,
Ere a sword had drank of life's purple stream,
Ere a falchion had glanced in the red sunbeam,
Ere the groans of the wounded and dying were heard,
Ere a helm was cloven or courser spurred,
Thus spoke a young hero, whose haggard eye
Seemed to mark his fearful destiny:—
"I never have known a father's care;
A warrior he, he fell in war,
And his sun-blanched bones were laid in the tomb
While I was yet in my mother's womb.
I have seen a mother's death-glazed eye,
But I was not there to see her die.
I have wept o'er my loved one's watery grave,
And I saw her sink and yet could not save,
Though mail-clad I plunged in the foam-crested wave.
Heart-broken, forlorn, unfriended, I rove,
Divided in life from all that I love,
Until I may meet them in heaven above!
I am bound to earth by no earthly tie,
The only joy I seek is to die!
I long for, hope, what others dread,
And the laurel shall bloom o'er my gory bed."
He dashed the rowels in his steed,
And rushed on death with furious speed.
The din of arms rung out his knell;
And covered with wounds and honour he fell!

T. S. R.

LOUIS PHILIPPE,
THE CAUSE OF THE PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE.

The French nation is at present divided into four political sections. The most honourable but unpopular, the wealthiest but the least vigorous, is that of the friends of legitimacy, because it is composed of the ancient nobility, of the magistracy, of the clergy, and of almost the whole of the west and south provinces of France. Next come the republican party, to which belong the greatest part of the young generation of the middle classes that have received some education, and all the admirers of the United States of America. Then follow the partisans of the present dynasty, who are not very numerous, but powerful, because they are supported by the public money, and by nearly a million of passive and bribed slaves. The Buonapartists form the last section; but since the death of young Napoleon this party is on the decline, because many of the most influential among them have either been bought by the family of Orleans or have embraced republican principles; and in a few years this section will be entirely extinct, because there is not a single member of the family of the great Corsican general who possesses those qualities which are indispensable to a leader of a great nation.

However, the great mass of the people of France are of no party, and are always ready to revolutionize for the sake of anarchy and plunder; and all the low inhabitants of the great cities are of this description. It may be asserted, without exaggeration, that Paris alone contains above 200,000 of these worthies, who in a few hours may form a truly formidable body against the existing government, and in behalf of any party that has the courage to raise the standard of revolt, and lead them to fight with the hope and promise of bettering their condition, because they have nothing to lose and much to gain by a great national convulsion. Without the powerful aid of this lawless class, neither the revolution of 1789 nor the "Three Glorious Days of July" could have effected the wondrous political changes which they produced.

A nation, therefore, composed of such elements cannot be easily governed; and the man who presides over its destinies must not only endeavour to gain the respect of all parties, and especially the affection of the working and poorer classes, but must possess no ordinary ability and great conciliating energy to maintain himself in power and prevent agitation.

If the son of the famous Egalité had not been, from his very youth, the most selfish and the most deceitful double-minded man in existence, if the modern Dionysius of Europe could have renounced his unparalleled thirst of gold and power, France would not be at present on the eve of a new revolutionary eruption; because, if the four abovementioned political parties would not have entirely ceased to exist, at least they could not be so alarmingly exasperated and opposed to

each other, and thus the mobility of the lower classes could not be easily put in action at any time.

In fact, if we survey with impartiality the conduct of Louis Philippe during the last forty-five years, we find that if he served under the republican standard with Kellerman and Dumouriez it was only because he thought that his father, by corruption, intrigue, and Macchiavelism, would possess himself of the throne which he himself had been the principal instrument in destroying; but as soon as Robespierre, having become the all-powerful dictator of the committee of public safety and of the convention, destined to the scaffold old Egalité, the wondrous hero of Gemappe and Valmy, forgetting his oath, deserted with arms and baggage, and retired into Switzerland, there to imitate the tyrant of Syracuse. But this was also an act of deception, because at that epoch young Egalité had in his possession nearly a million of francs, sent to him by the duchess of Penthievres a few days before his desertion.

If from Switzerland we follow him to England, we shall see him courting the exiled Bourbons, and, all contrition, begging forgiveness of Louis XVIII., under the plea that critical circumstances alone had forced him, against his will and inclination, to be carried away by the revolutionary torrent, which however he heartily abhorred and detested.

If we visit him at Palermo, we find him not only surrounded by many money-lenders, accumulating his wealth by all sorts of speculations and usury, but in the mean time, under the cloak of religion, humbugging his ignorant and bigoted cousin Ferdinand IV., in order to obtain for his wife one of his daughters.

Having succeeded in this project, Louis Philippe began to play double game, and according to his principles, through the medium of his father-in-law and of the exiled royal inhabitants of Hartwell, endeavoured to be appointed commander-in-chief of the Anglo-Sicilian army, which was then combatting in Spain under the present duke of Wellington; while, on the other hand, through his friends in France, he was represented at the Thuilleries as a man who had not only forgotten the past, but who, being a great admirer of Napoleon, ardently wished to return to his country, there to live as a private faithful subject of the existing government.

When Napoleon, abandoned by the majority of the French nation, already too much tired of his despotism, ambition, and continual wars, was conquered by the gold of England and by the allied powers of Europe, Louis Philippe left Palermo and hastened to Paris to offer his congratulations and servile submission to Louis XVIII. and his court. However, soon after, the Palais Royal became the rendezvous of the most influential members of the opposition of that epoch.

At the sudden, unexpected, and almost incredible reappearance of Napoleon in the French territory in 1815, and when it was thought almost impossible that he could again place himself at the head of the French nation, Louis Philippe demanded and obtained the command of a French division; but as soon as Napoleon took possession

of Paris he resigned his post, and after the "hundred days" returned to England, where he lived in disgrace and exile.

However, through the entreaties of the young duchess of Berry, his niece, Louis XVIII. recalled the duke of Orleans to France, where, for several years in his apparent conduct, he was neither more nor less than an industrious speculator, a secret usurer, an artful Macenas, and the greatest shopkeeper of France; but, concealedly and underhand, he was incessantly preparing the downfal of the elder branch of the Bourbons, and his own elevation to the throne.

Under the infatuated and imbecile administration of Polignac, Louis Philippe, with his gold and through his creatures of the press, almost forced the government to have recourse to the subversive ordinances of the 25th of July; while, at the same time, he was instigating the court to that unconstitutional and fatal attempt. It is reported as a fact that, a few days before Charles X. signed the warrant of expulsion from the throne of France for himself and for his family, the duke of Orleans said to that old fool, who was complaining of the great obstacles he met with to govern his dissatisfied subjects, "Sire, tirez votre epée, montrez la à votre peuple, et tout rentrera dans l'ordre."

During the "three glorious days," uncertain of the result of that sudden revolutionary eruption, Louis Philippe, acting according to his principles, kept himself aloof both from the court and from the people, ready however to side with the conquering party after all had been settled. In fact, when the people of Paris had defeated and expelled Marmont and the troops under his command, when old Lafayette, placed at the head of the provisional government, was humbugged by his colleagues, the creatures of the duke of Orleans, and foolishly consented to appoint Louis Philippe lieutenant-general of France, the present citizen-king was found by Sebastiani and Dupin near the forest of Bondy, still unwilling to declare his exultation in having at last obtained what he most ardently had wished for, because Charles X. was still at St. Cloud, and because the sentiments of the army and of the departments were not yet known.

However, on the 1st of August, pale as a ghost, with tears in his eyes, with an enormous tricoloured cockade to his hat, and shielded by Lafayette, Lafitte, Odilon Barrot, Manguin, Dupont de l'Eure, Gerard, and Sebastiani, Louis Philippe presented himself to the people from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, and was at first received with mingled applause and groans; and, had not Lafayette placed himself before him, he would have been, probably, shot by the heroes of July, who, apprehending what has since happened, gave manifest signs of their murderous intention. It was on that occasion that Lafayette, in order to appease the republicans, embracing Louis Philippe, said, "My friends, behold the best of republics."

From that day to the 9th of August Louis Philippe became the most generous man of France, the most humble adorer of the members of the provisional government and of the most influential deputies. As for the heroes of July, the lowest of them were courted by him, and they were also appointed to be his body guards.

But soon after his elevation to the throne Louis Philippe began to throw off his mask, and little by little Lafayette, Lafitte, Odilon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Audry de Puiraveau, Manguin, and all those who had the most contributed to his usurping an undeserved crown were disregarded and disgraced; and thus the dictatorship of the present citizen-king began and continues under the nominal responsibility of a constitutional ministry, who are nothing more than the tools of the tyrant of France.

Now let us historically compare the state of France during the restoration and under the reign of Louis Philippe, and we shall see whether the French nation have gained or lost by the change.

During the fifteen years of the restoration, notwithstanding the brutal persecutions of MM. Corbière, Delaveau, and Mangin, the dwelling-house of every Frenchman was sacred, and no arbitrary domiciliary visit ever disturbed the peace of a private family or of any individual. But under the paternal government of the king of the barricadoes, through the patriotic solicitude of MM. Perrier, D'Argout, Montelivet, Thiers, and Gisquet, thousands and thousands of domiciliary visits have taken place, and daily take place in every town and in every corner of France; and *nine-tenths* of those inquisitorial and unconstitutional profanations are acknowledged to be not only arbitrary and vexatious, but also useless and uncalled for.

During the restoration the prisons of France scarcely ever contained above *thirty individuals* condemned in consequence of political offences or of *ex-officio* information, notwithstanding the famous severity of MM. Marchangy, Frayssynous, and Foudras. But under the citizen-king, through the zeal of MM. Persil, De Beranger, and Martin, several hundred literary, scientific, and political writers have been confined and are still confined in the common gaols of France.

During the restoration persons of every class were permitted to assemble in their private houses, there to amuse themselves or to do whatever they chose, without the least fear of being suddenly surprised by the armed force and arrested. The Palais Royal and the Château de Neuilly, the hotels of Lafayette, Lafitte, Perrier, and Foy were respected, although they were openly denounced as the rendezvous of the enemies of the existing government. But under the patriot-king such re-unions cannot be tolerated; and if a few individuals are *suspected* or *denounced* to assemble together, and their place of reunion be known, they will be certainly arrested, and then be probably kept in prison for ten or twelve months before their trial and acquittal.

During the restoration the house of the hereditary peers of France often opposed and rejected several despotic projects of the government, although they had been sanctioned by the chamber of deputies. But, under the renowned hero of Gemappe and Valmy, the regenerated house of the elective peers of France, being almost all servile creatures of the reigning dynasty and entirely dependent on its pleasure for the continuance of their peerage, are always ready to approve and sanction any project the government may choose to submit to their consideration; and, if Louis Philippe were to demand of them the abolition of the whole charter, he would certainly obtain

it, as he has already obtained the annulment of two of its most vital articles with regard to the press and jury.

During the restoration the press was only *thirty-four times* prosecuted *ex-officio*, and *six times* only for having personally attacked royalty or its rights. But, under the liberal citizen-king, the press has already been prosecuted, *ex-officio, two thousand seven hundred and forty-six times*, and *fifteen hundred and sixty-nine times* for having personally, but historically, censured the acts and life of Louis Philippe.

During the restoration only *four partial conspiracies* were discovered against the existing government, and they were almost all secretly and indirectly fomented and supported by the agents of the late duke of Orleans. But, since the "three glorious days of July," how many *mock conspiracies* have not been invented by the present government to serve the despotic purposes of Louis Philippe? How *many real ones* have not been discovered against the throne and life of the king of the barricadoes?

During the restoration, notwithstanding the unpopularity of the Bourbons, the government only once were obliged to call into action a few battalions of troops, after the elections of Paris, to check a kind of tumult which a furious mob was making in the Rue St. Dennis, at Paris, and then only *three* of the lowest order fell victims of their disorderly conduct. But, under the patriot-king, Paris has been several times in a state of rebellion, its edifices and streets have witnessed the destruction of thousands of lives of the middle and instructed class, *the state of seige*, and *the establishment of martial laws and martial courts*. Besides Lyons has had *four patriotic butcheries*, and martial laws and martial courts, St. Etiénne *four Philippist massacres*, Marseilles *two Orleanist human hecatombs*, Toulouse *several Philippist slaughters*, and *Vendée* and *Britanny* have been almost always in a state of *continual legal butchery under martial laws*.

During the restoration no attack was ever made on the persons of the royal family, with the exception of the murder of the Duke of Berry by the mysterious hand of Louvel, who, according to his own confession, for the good of the Orlean family, intended by that assassination to prevent the ancient branch of the Bourbons from reigning long over France. But, since the "three glorious days," Louis Philippe has often been the object of premeditated assassination; and, within the last twelve months, he has been twice saved from imminent death by mere chance, and it is more than probable that, if a very great change does not soon take place in his governmental and political conduct, he must ultimately fall a victim to the hatred of the French nation, which he has not only deceived by false promises, but has also oppressed and degraded.

During the restoration the police of France and of the court was performed by *six thousand* secret agents, and that system was justly considered unconstitutional, oppressive, and inquisitorial. But, under the government of the barricadoes, more than *forty thousand* spies are employed for the welfare of France and for the protection of the patriot-king, who is described by his partizans and paid defenders to be the elected of the majority of the French nation, while it is an histo-

rical fact that he was precipitately chosen by *two hundred and nineteen deputies* out of nearly *six hundred*, who ought to have concurred in his election. Moreover, it is also a fact, that during three months after the 9th of August, M. Guizot, and all the prefects and mayors of France, his creatures, did all in their power to obtain from the departments addresses approving of what the two hundred and nineteen deputies had sanctioned, and that, after having spent nine millions of francs of the public money, they scarcely obtained four thousand three hundred and seventy-one addresses out of forty thousand communes that compose the French kingdom.

During the restoration the civil list swallowed up every year about thirty-five millions of francs of the public money. However, out of this sum twelve millions of francs were employed for the support of the royal body guards, and three other millions for the encouragement of literature, science, and arts, and for the improvement and keeping of the royal domains. But, under the present government, the economic patriot-king, possessing himself an annual private fortune of more than seventeen millions of francs, receives the round sum of twenty millions of francs per annum. But the civil list of Louis Philippe may be also truly considered his own private fortune, because it has no incumbrances, and not a single farthing of it is employed for public purposes. Besides, the great stock-jobber and shopkeeper of France makes a capital speculation with the productions of his royal domains, because all that can be disposed of for money is publicly adjudged to the highest bidder, be it a Carlist, a Republican, a Buonapartist, a Philippist, or the devil himself, provided there is the certainty of payment.

During the restoration the standing army scarcely ever exceeded 200,000 men, who were sufficient to maintain tranquillity at home, and to inspire respect abroad; and the interference of France at that epoch was of some weight with the continental powers of Europe. In fact, under the administration of Martignac the diplomatic mediation of France saved from the scaffold and from the dungeons of the despotic tyrants of Italy and Germany many political victims. But, under the present government, notwithstanding that France keeps at an enormous sacrifice of the public money a well disciplined standing army of nearly 500,000 men, backed by 800,000 national guards, with much difficulty it is enabled to prevent agitation and revolt at home, and its interference in the continental affairs is, if not utterly disregarded, not much thought of by the great powers. Nay, the generous patriot-king and his partizans, notwithstanding the entreaties and declarations of the most liberal and most enlightened statesmen of France, have witnessed with apathy, or rather with sympathy, the *re-establishment* of the order of Warsaw, the destruction of the nationality of Poland, the enslavement of the Roman legations, and the butcheries of the petty tyrant of Modena; and all this has been permitted, although those improvident patriots had been directly instigated by France to raise the standard of national freedom in imitation and support of the "three glorious days of July."

These are historical facts which have occurred within our own knowledge. How can we be surprised, therefore, in seeing France in

a state of almost continual disturbance and agitation? How can it be expected that a nation like the French can endure much longer the yoke of the present government? How can it be ever possible for Louis Philippe to become a national king after what has already taken place, even if he were now willing to direct his domestic and foreign policy on more liberal and more humane principles? Would it not be wise, and much better for himself and for France, if the now old, and indiscribably wealthy king of the French were to appoint a truly liberal and popular regency, and then resign into its hands the high post which through his selfishness and misconduct he has rendered himself unworthy of? Under that regency the present hastily-concocted charter could be calmly and deliberately remodelled on a broader scale of national freedom, and of equal justice, granting to at least 1,500,000 Frenchmen the right of electing the representatives who are to legislate for a nation of more than 30,000,000 of subjects. Then let the son of Louis Philippe, the present duke of Orleans, offer himself a candidate for the national crown, and if the majority of the chamber of deputies chosen by the 1,500,000 new electors think him worthy of reigning over France, then he will deserve the honourable appellation of national king, and France will then, and not until then, enjoy the fruits of all the struggles and sacrifices which for more than half a century it has endured, in order to obtain its glorious independence, and its national freedom. If what we humbly suggest and earnestly hope for should really take place, in a very short time all disturbances and political agitation would cease in our sister country, and Great Britain and France, united as they already are by the similarity of their institutions and liberal principles, will progressively bring civilization and freedom into every quarter of the globe, and all despotic governments in a few years will be obliged for their own interest and welfare to renounce their unreasonable obstinate determination of ruling over their subjects as if we were still living at the beginning of the modern civilization of Europe.

EPIGRAM, BY A BOY AT SCHOOL.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

The school-boy, poring o'er his hated books,
Dreams but of happy home and summer flowers,
And wreathing myrtle groves, and purling brooks,
And chides the drowsy lazy-footed hours
That slowly bring the long-expected day,
When, for a time, he throws those books away.

But when his merry holidays are past
(How long soe'er, their end must come at last),
Ere yet the measure of his joy is full,
With visage woe-begone, and tearful eyes,
And hardly half-check'd sobs, and smothered sighs,
"My time already out," the urchin cries.
"Must I so soon go back again to school.
Ah me! how very, very quick time flies!"

LETTERS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

We sailed from Southampton for Jersey, by the *Lady de Saumarez*, at six o'clock, on Saturday, the 6thof August. The opposition, which has reduced the prices, has very much increased the number of passengers, so that the only or at least the best birth vacant was over the paddle-wheel, and that was worse than none at all; for the vibration of the engine, the slapping of the paddle-boards on the surface of the water, and the odour of the molten cart-grease were all together utterly insupportable. However, the night was fine, and I found a tolerably comfortable corner on deck, where I lay down, and slept soundly, with the sky for a coverlid and the stars for night-lamps.

Before the moon rose the lights at Hurst Castle and the Needles had faded from our view, and we were alone on the deep dark sea. There is something indescribably agreeable in the sensation produced by first losing sight of land. The feeling of solitude, however irksome when continued for any length of time, is the reverse of painful when one knows it will last only for a few hours. After indulging for a time my thoughts I retired to my bed as before described, and laid my head on the hard boards to enjoy a slumber, which was as sweet and as sound as though it had been on a bed of down. One of the advantages of a couch *al fresco*, on the open deck, was the early waking, which enabled me to see the sun rise. We were off the island of Aurigny, or Alderney, when I first shook the night dews from my hair, where they had gathered somewhat abundantly, and looked out on the broad red belt which skirted the eastern horizon. That part of the heavens nearest the water was free from clouds, but they had clustered rather thickly above, and, as the hour of sun-rise more nearly approached, the far reaching beams of the sun kindled the opaque, and it glowed with a brightness almost too intense for the eye to bear, till at length the ruddy god peeped over the bounding line and showed his broad disc on the face of the waters.

Not long after we arrived at Guernsey, and had no sooner brought to, than half a score of boatmen from the island leaped on board to make prize of such passengers as were thither bound. They are a fine hardy, healthy-looking race, and their appearance agrees exactly with the character they bear—that of inveterate and daring smugglers. At ten o'clock we reached St. Heliers, in Jersey, and shortly after were safely landed.

I had expected to see something of a French character in the people or the houses; or both, but this is by no means the case. The town, which is said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants, much resembles an English country-town of the same size, both as regards cleanliness and the mode of building and laying out. The people in dress and manners entirely resemble the English, the only mark of their foreign descent being the recitative, if I may so call it, of their language, which is French. Indeed, the intonation is precisely that of a Frenchman speaking English perfectly well, though of course the idiom is purer than a foreigner can possibly acquire. Of their

character I can give no very just opinion. The shortness of my stay in the island, and the peculiar circumstances of my visit, may perchance have impressed me with too favourable ideas of them:—but they appear to be hospitable and obliging, certainly very loyal and independent. Indeed they are highly favoured both by nature and political circumstances. The climate is exceedingly healthy. Poverty is almost unknown among them, and taxation exists only in name. Custom and excise laws there are none; and, in short, they may be considered as independent republics living under and enjoying the protection of a powerful empire. They seemed to me prejudiced and self-important, but this must not be wondered at, considering their situation; and even if their trifling magnitude and importance were so low in the scale as to justify the contemptuous observation* of the great Lord Thurlow, when threatened by them with a rebellion in case of the English council persisting in some measures which they thought harsh and unjust; yet right sorry should I be if any ill-judged severity or arbitrary interference with their internal administration, should crush or tend to crush the loyal and Antigallican spirit of the Channel islanders.

One of the peculiarities of this people seems to be an indifference to the accumulation of wealth. No man here is ambitious of being thought a man of fortune:—provided they have a competence they are satisfied; and competence here is very different from the same thing in England. A limited income, which in England would scarcely suffice for the necessities of life, will here amply supply all the luxuries that can be desired. A man must, however, be satisfied with a domestic life, for there is almost an absolute lack of places of entertainment, and you must seek for enjoyment within your own circle of connections, or find it not. There is also a lassitude, a want of energy apparent in the character of the inhabitants which would ill assort with the active spirit of one accustomed to the busy habits, the tumult and struggle for advancement in place or means which pervades a metropolis of itself covering a space of ground equal in magnitude to the whole island.

The courts of law here still use the French language, a corrupt dialect of which is much spoken by the common people; but a passing visitor may not hope to explain the mysteries of a judicature which is neither written in statutes nor founded on precedents, as far at least as I could learn. Indeed, they scarcely seem to have any criminal code at all; and there is a culpable lenity prevalent among them which forbids the destruction of life even in cases of the most unmitigated description. One singular custom still remains, which is a part of the old Norman law of Rollo, called the "*clameur* de Haro." The great freebooter, after the cession of Neustria to him and his pirates, governed them and the other inhabitants of the district, from the new comers called Normandy, with justice and paternal care. One of his laws was to the effect that any one who considered his property unjustly trespassed on should cry aloud three times, "Haro!" that is, "Aid me, Rollo!" and such was his known equity that none dared continue his aggression till it was decided by some tribunal which of

* Tempestas in matulâ.

the parties had justice on his side. This law is frequently observed in Jersey, and in cases of disputed property prevents the trespass being carried to an irremediable extent before the right is decided.

Every resident, whether native or not, is obliged to serve in the militia. I saw them reviewed by the lieutenant-governor, and though their personal appearance was the reverse of favourable, they performed their evolutions with considerable precision and readiness. When the island was attacked by the French, in 1781, the militia assisted in the defence—not without some loss of life. There is in the church a monument to the memory of Major Pearson, who fell on that occasion, which is beautifully executed; but the name of the sculptor is effaced, nor could any person whom I had the opportunity of asking supply me the information I required.

The people of Jersey are, for the most part, of low stature, in that respect being inferior to the natives of the English side of the channel. But they are stout and healthy, and many of them boast pedigrees which would do honour to the most distinguished blood in the empire. The de Carteret family (of which Captain Carteret the circumnavigator was a member) have been so long established in the island that their origin is lost in the darkness which preceded the historical period, and Philippe de Carteret was, in the year 1685, the fifty-ninth seigneur de St. Ouen, all having borne the same name and descended from the same stock.

The face of the country is agreeably varied, and offers most charming prospects to such as are satisfied with the picturesque without the sublime. There are some remnants, too, of antiquity by no means devoid of interest: the chateau of Mont Argeuil, memorable for its seiges, the Fort Elizabeth, at the mouth of the small harbour of St. Helier's, and the Tower of Hogue Bye, which, by the way, has been rebuilt not many years since. From the top of this tower may be seen the greater part of the island, broken as its surface is by valleys and hills of no great magnitude, but enough to relieve the eye from the monotony of a plain, and studded with what appears from that elevation to be forests, but are in reality orchards. I leave to the guide-books and chronicles particular descriptions and historical anecdotes, and here close an account of Jersey, which I fear you may find somewhat of the longest. The other islands, which I did not visit, are I am told so similar that one description will serve for all. "*Ab uno disce omnes.*" My next letter will be dated from Paris.

Letter II.

Paris, August 13.

I have just arrived here, after the usual troublesome journey by diligence—diligence, quotha! it bears no resemblance to its name. Five miles an hour is but sorry pace for one accustomed to English stage-coaches and double that speed. I left the island of Jersey by the *Ariadne* steamer, wind fair and sun shining, and arrived at St. Malo in four hours. We landed after the usual examination by the douanier, and I found myself on French ground, after eleven years' absence from—"the sacred soil," as our neighbours call it. The first thing was to secure a place in the diligence, and none was to be

found except on the bouquette. Now this is the cheapest part of the coach, and, for the most part, appropriated to inferior passengers. But in reality it is by far the most agreeable, being, in fact, the front seat on the top, with a cover over it like that of a cabriolet. As it happened I had the company of two Englishmen, as eager to get forward as myself, and we passed our time pleasantly enough. Normandy in its general appearance, as far as nature is concerned, very much resembles England. The same perpetual verdure,—the trees and hedge-rows, the waving surface of the soil—all was familiar-looking and delicious; but, then, one need not come so far for it. However, there was much to satisfy me of the identity of Normandy and France. The first signs were in the *cuisine:* at breakfast we had, among others, a dish of pigeons' wings fried in what appeared to me to be train oil, but I suppose I was mistaken. To return however to St. Malo, the town requires little description; it is built on a tongue of arid soil that runs into the sea, is surrounded by high walls, and is as dirty and uncomfortable as can be well imagined. But my business lay not here. So that after a visit to the sous-prefecture to obtain my passport, and a stroll round the town and along the ramparts, my curiosity was amply satisfied; and I spent the remainder of my spare time in watching the drill of some companies of the thirty-third regiment, which was quartered here. You must not suppose that the much and deservedly-praised French soldiery show so well as we might expect. They are, for the most part, much shorter and slighter than our fellows, and though they have a peculiar character, and that too very military, I do not think they are nearly so perfect in their evolutions. You look in vain for the regularity and firmness of our troops; and, though I do not pretend to be a judge in military affairs, I think, without knowing it to be the truth, I could guess that they would give way before a charge of English bayonets, however gallant and fearless of danger their spirits might be in any other situation. The weight alone would bear them down. But I may, perhaps, be able to say more about them after I have looked round me in Paris. I return to the point of departure from St. Malo—*the messageries.*

"*A vos places messieurs les voyageurs,*" cried the conductor; and I mounted the diligence. "*Eh! roule, cocher,*" for the postillion no longer exists. The harness is not improved, but the horses are driven much after the fashion of our own four-horse coaches. The whip, formed of a long strip of untanned hide fastened to the end of a clumsy stick, was cracked, and off trotted our five ragged-heeled, rough-coated horses, dragging the lumbering vehicle after them as fast as they might. Of course during the night we could see nothing; but, as the morning advanced, we were presented with every variety of the high Norman cap, which, to my eye, is the reverse of graceful. The eternal *blouse* and a straw hat, or a white cotton nightcap, furnished a head-dress for the he-peasants, with occasionally the addition of sabots. The pigs, who like all French pigs I have ever seen, are long-legged and lank-bellied, have collars formed of four staves, each pair parallel and at right angles with the other pair, the head being inserted in the square of the centre. I have no doubt that they are very inconvenient to the wearers, but they seemed admirably adapted

for preventing their passage through hedgerows and trespassing on forbidden ground. At Caen I found a French town utterly uncorrupted by English travellers, very few of whom pass through this part of France. Many of the houses are exceedingly old and picturesque, with beams of carved wood on the outside, two of which opposite to the hotel where I dined appeared to be the subject of one of Prout's drawings. There was much reason to regret not having time to visit the cathedral, or that of Coutances. Both are said to be fine, with beautiful stained glass-windows. From Caen to Paris, another two-and-twenty hours journey, gives one a sufficient taste of the pleasures of land travelling, but to those who could spare the time to traverse it more leisurely this road offers much that is inviting. Part of this road lies on the banks of the Seine, passing by the château de Rosney, the birth-place of Sully, lately belonging to the duchess of Berri. Among the inconveniences of inside places in the diligence not the least annoying is an unpleasant companion. My opposite neighbour was an old French woman, who, to judge by her appearance, might have been the mother of Methusaleh; but I can conceive that in these days she cannot have been much past a hundred. Now her appearance alone was so disgusting that it was absolutely painful to look upon her; and, to render her presence still more annoying, she had a huge pannier of eatables and drinkables, which occupied the place where my legs ought to have been, which legs in consequence were squeezed into another place, much against their will. For what purpose such a decrepit old creature could travel I cannot conceive; but surely she must have had pressing affairs to induce her to undertake a journey from St. Malo to Paris at her time of life. But the road shortens. We arrive at St. Germains, at Nanterre, and at length pass the barrière de Neuilly, *et "me voila" encore une fois à Paris.* Before I leave the French capital I shall give you some account of the changes which have taken place since we visited it together in 1825.

Letter III.

Paris, August 17.

Having now paid a hurried visit to many of the chief places of Paris, I proceed to redeem my promise at the close of the last letter. The first step I took on my arrival was to visit an old acquaintance, in order to learn what there was to be seen new since our visit some years ago. Having obtained the requisite information, I repaired to the Madeleine, now at length completed. A church founded by the unfortunate Louis XVI.—in the reign of terror converted into a temple where the mad republicans might worship their goddess Liberty (alas! that so fair a name should ever have been desecrated by the horrors of that period)—by Napoleon destined for a temple of glory, wherein should be inscribed the names of all his heroes—during the restoration left untouched, and now at length completed and about to be opened for the worship of God, in a nation the vast majority of whom openly profess infidelity. Indeed its appearance is that of a heathen temple, not of a Christian church. There can be no question as to its beauty; originality it does not claim. The form

of the Parthenon, with only some slight variations in the detail, cannot fail to excite admiration. The pillars which support, or appear to support the roof, are of the Corinthian order—light, elegant, and rich. A magnificent flight of steps leads to it in front, and the yet unsullied brightness of the stone adds not a little to its splendour.

In the Hotel de Tours I am lodged, on the place de la Bourse, which is a magnificent building of much the same character as the Madeleine, and indeed, as far as external appearance goes, would answer the purpose of a church quite as well as the other. The triumphal arch at the end of the Champ Elysées is another object deserving of attention, which has been completed since my last visit, though I am not by any means so well satisfied with it as with the Madeleine and the Bourse. The arch itself is doubtless magnificent, but the ornaments are too numerous. It is very much overloaded with bas reliefs of gigantic dimensions, and an immense quantity of gingerbread-work, which pleases the French, perhaps, better than a more chaste and subdued style. After all, I derived at least as much pleasure from the sight of an unfinished building of less pretension, on the Quai d'Orsai, as from any of the greater lions. It was originally begun by Napoleon as an hotel for the *Bureau des Affairs Etrangères,* was neglected during the restoration, but since the accession of Louis Philippe has been finished, and will, I believe, be used as an hotel for the *affaires intérieures.* It is a large building, formed of a centre and two small wings, not pretending to much beauty of decoration, but exceedingly elegant and graceful. Facing the river, and opposite the Thuillerie gardens too, it is in a particularly advantageous situation, as you see it at a sufficient distance to embrace the whole at one glance. The statue of Napoleon on the column at the place Vendôme is the only other conspicuous object of public interest that I have yet seen. The figure is dressed in the three-cornered hat and redingote, with which all the world is so familiar as the dress of the great warrior, and is of such proportions as to be seen distinctly, notwithstanding its considerable height.

Much has been done in late years to embellish Paris in the improvement of its streets; many have been made of considerable dimensions where before there were only narrow alleys; arcades have been built or enlarged; pavements added to the broad streets, and even to some of the narrow ones; above all, the *sewerage* is improved. More might still be done.

The Boulevards are not improved, as you may suppose, by the loss of the magnificent trees, whose places are now supplied by things like mopsticks with a few leaves at the top of them; but the shops have been much embellished, and, magnificent as the cafés were, they now far exceed their former splendour. The Café des Panoramas, at the corner of the new Rue Vivienne (which is now continued to the Boulevards) is adorned with a beauty and costliness that must be seen, not described. For the rest I find Paris the same as heretofore. Nor are the manners of the Parisians apparently changed, though it is said suicides and duels have increased to an extent perfectly horrifying.

In my last letter I made some mention of the French soldiery.

Since then I have had further opportunities of seeing them, and still continue in the same opinion. To an English eye the small size of the men is a prominent defect. Not that I would have an army of giants, nor do I think strength, activity, and the power of enduring fatigue are qualities to be looked for in very tall men (and surely these are absolutely necessary in a soldier); but the majority of the French army are what in England we should call *undersized* men; and, indeed, I believe the standard height of the French army is four feet ten inches French, which is rather less than five feet two inches English; and many of them do not appear to pass these dimensions. The cavalry and artillery are for the most part larger men, and have a soldierly appearance. Continual changes take place in the mode of arming and equipping them, but they do not seem to have improved on the fashion of ten years since. The national guard is an object of much interest to a stranger, though the Parisians find the duty very harassing. However, they keep things quiet; for they are the parties who are most interested in the preservation of internal tranquillity. I was much surprised at the military air and freedom from restraint and awkwardness in managing the accoutrements which appeared in these warlike shopkeepers. I do not mean to say that they march with the regularity of trained soldiers, but few I think, unless aware of the fact, would suspect them to be any thing else. They mount guard at the palace, and wherever else the regulars are, dividing the duty with them, and being better dressed, and for the most part a superior class of men, certainly do not suffer by comparison.

I went the other night to one of the salons de danse in the Champs Elysées, to which, as the admission was only sixpence, you may suppose the company was not very select. I believe the women were servant girls, and the inferior ouvrières; the male part shop-boys, and such others. I went in the hope of seeing the *cancan* danced, but was disappointed. The original cancan was a revel of so disorderly a nature that the police stopped it; but they have preserved the air, and adapted another dance to it, which, though not objectionable, is, I am told, very curious. I was, however, very much amused, for you are not to suppose there was any thing like the stamping, floundering, jumping, and rollocking of the same class in our country. O! no; nothing but quadrilles—aye, and those too performed after a fashion far superior to any thing we usually meet with in a London drawing-room. They gallope and waltz with a spirit and neatness that quite astonished me. They alter the figure a little, for they are unwilling to lose any time; and so, where usually but one or two couple are in motion, they continue to move two and four couples at a time. Altogether it was a very pleasing sight, and quite national and characteristic—two qualities much to be sought for by all travellers.

The present fashion at Paris, that is, the extreme point of puppyism, is to wear long hair hanging on the shoulders, a pointed beard, like a goat, large mustachios, and a straw hat with a black ribbon; this, with a pale thin face and an air of gravity and suffering, forms the *ne plus ultra* of a Parisian dandy. Mind, I do not mean a French

gentlemen. A gentleman is the same throughout the civilized world, no extremes, nothing conspicuous in dress or manners, obliging to all, intruding on none, and carefully avoiding any act or word that might offend the feelings or shock the ideas of those in whose society he may at any time be thrown. The demoiselles, who savour of the romantique, draw back the hair from the forehead, leaving it bare, and the shape of the head exposed—a mode of coiffure not unbecoming to those whom nature has favoured with a classical outline, but absolutely ridiculous when adopted to a nez retroussé in the centre of a dumpling countenance.

I suspect I shall not be able to quit Paris quite so early as I wished, inasmuch as the passports do not always arrive when they ought, and mine happens to be one of those unfortunate exceptions.

OH! DITES MOI,—OUI.

ORIGINAL LINES, BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

Souvent une fille,
Et jeune et gentille,
'A coquetter passe son tems.
L' amour est voalge ;
Allons, c'est plus sage,
De profiter de son printems.
Ce cher cupidon,
Dieu de trahison,
S' occupe toujours d'amourettes.
Mais il est leger,
Et peut s'en aller
Faire pleurer les pauvres fillettes.
Trouve-et-on jolie
La coquetterie ?
A sa beauté c'est faire tort :
Car amour sincère,
Est plus doux à faire,
Et ne laisse pas des remords.
Le plus tendre amour
Ne fait pas sa cour
Auprès d'une dame cruelle.
C'est un sot amant,
Qui veut gémissant,
Mourir aux pieds de sa belle.
Belle créature,
Ne soyez pas dure,
N'attendez pas qu'il soit trop tard.
Et ceuillez les roses,
A present écloses,
Ne remettant rien au hazard.
Acceptez mes vœux,
Vous me ferez heureux,—
Le plus heureux qu'il est possible.
Oh ! dites moi, oui,
Ou je mourrai d'ennui,
Détruit par ce refus terrible.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

If, thirty years ago, the question had been mooted in a society of men taken as an average of the educated and intellectual part of the English community, —whether it were expedient or not that the lower or operative classes of the English people should be taught to read and write, and such other branches of knowledge as would make them efficient members of their class, we doubt not that the jealousy of inferiors, inherent, as it would seem, to human nature, would have prompted a negative reply. At the present day, we are happy to say—thanks to the exertions of many high-minded men, and more than all to Lord Brougham, whose highest praise and claim, notwithstanding his encyclopedic genius, to the respect of historians is that he was the patron of popular education — in no company except that of a few clergy and country gentlemen of the old school would the negative side of the question be defended; so changed is the feeling of the educated classes with respect to this momentous subject.

It cannot be denied that much has been done to diffuse useful knowledge, and that knowledge has been really diffused and is still in course of diffusion,*—that the press has found the current setting in that direction and has answered to the call, and that many great schools, expressly for the lower classes, and on a very large scale, have been established by public bodies and private individuals, and been really and gloriously useful in different parts of the country. All that has been done should be gratefully acknowledged, and the names of those who have aided in putting the great machine at work should never be forgotten. But still enough has not been done, much remains still to be done; and it must be done undoubtedly ere the English become in time of peace that really great and influential people which the success of their arms made them during the lingering years of a continental war, in which the administration of those days involved us. In the towns which boast of a large population, it is true that a large portion of the operatives have been enabled to furnish to their children, either at no expense, or at an expense immeasurably below its value, an education of a kind very superior to that which the confined means of private, unmonied, and uneducated individuals could furnish; for in such places there has been a demand sufficient to call philanthropic exertions into play on a large scale.†

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* We do not wish it to be understood that we are here advocating the cause of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." So gross a monopoly as that attempted to be set up by that body, whose committee boasts a large proportion of *do-nothings* and *say-nothings*, with a few really great and working men interspersed, could not wholly succeed. Where is that dullest of all *dull* periodicals, "The Journal of Education;" and when will the next volume of "*Entertaining* Knowledge" appear? Alas, poor Yorick!

† That this remark, however, must be taken with some reservation, the following calculation, made by the Committee of the Manchester Statistical Society, with regard to Education in the borough of Salford, will abundantly prove; and an extension of the enquiry into the state of other towns would be equally conclusive.

But, when we consider how large a portion of the English people are engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are of necessity thinly scattered over the rural districts, and the intellects of their children left to languish in the Sunday-school and the dame-school, under the superintendence of a lazy or bigoted pastor, or of an incompetent matron—and we unhesitatingly assert this to be the fact with respect to three-fourths of the superficial area of England—we may naturally draw the conclusion that little, very little has been done for national education.

We offer in proof of what has been alleged respecting the dames' and common country day-schools—those schools we mean in which reading, sewing, and at best some few *silly* and *inefficient* lessons in writing are taught—some extracts from a report not very long ago published by the Manchester Statistical Society. Females, or old superannuated labourers whose good fortune it is that they themselves know how to read, are usually acknowledged by the agricultural population as the best calculated to do the work which they might, but cannot do themselves; and, as the demand for educational labour is not sufficient within their limited sphere for the supply of their wants, they of course, as might be expected, enlarge their very limited income (averaging 18*l. per annum)* by shop-keeping, washing, mangling, and other rather unacademic employments. Listen to the report where it speaks of the poverty-stricken state of the schools visited by the Committee to whom we have above alluded.

"These schools are generally found in very dirty, unwholesome rooms—frequently in close, damp cellars, or old dilapidated garrets. In one of these schools eleven children were found in a small room in which one of the children of the mistress was lying in bed ill of the measles. Another child had died in the same room, of the same complaint, a few days before, and no less than thirty of the usual scholars were then confined at home with the same disease.

"In another school all the children to the number of twenty were *squatted upon the bare floor*, there being no benches, chairs, or furniture of any kind in the room. The master said his terms would not yet allow him to provide forms; but he hoped that as his school increased, and his circumstances thereby improved, he should be able sometime or other to afford this *luxury*.

"In by far the greater number of these schools there were only two or three books among the whole number of scholars. In others there was *not one*; and the children depended for their instruction on the chance of some one of them bringing a book, or a part of one, from home. Books, however, are occasionally provided by the mistress, and in this case the supply is somewhat greater, but in almost all cases it is exceedingly deficient. One of the best of these schools is kept by a blind man, who hears his scholars their lessons, and ex-

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"3131 or 5.7 per cent. of the population attend Day or Evening Schools *only*.
3410 or 6.2 . . . . . attend *both* Day and Sunday Schools.
6344 or 11.5 . . . . . attend Sunday Schools *only*.

12,885 or 23.4 per cent. of the population.

"Of these, about 2,235 were found to be either under five or about fifteen years of age, leaving about 10,650 as the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen under course of instruction. The total number of children between these ages in the borough of Salford being computed at 13,750, it would thus appear, that 3,100 (equal to 22½ per cent. of the whole) are receiving no instruction whatever."

plains them with great simplicity. He is, however, liable to interruption in his academic labours, *as his wife keeps a mangle, and he is obliged to turn it for her.*

"Occasionally, in some of the more respectable districts there are still to be found one or two of the old primitive dame-schools, kept by a tidy elderly female, whose school has an appearance of neatness and order, which strongly distinguishes it from the generality of this class of schools. The terms, however, are here somewhat higher, and the children evidently belong to a more respectable class of parents."

Those of our readers who do not know the miserable and degraded condition of rural teachers—male teachers we mean—might suppose that a report somewhat more creditable might be given of them. We quote the report literally:—

"One of these teachers observed, during a visit paid to his school, that there were too many schools to do any good, adding, 'I wish government would pass a law that nobody but *them as is high larnt* should keep school, and then *we* might stand a chance to do some good.

"Most of the masters and mistresses of these schools seemed to be strongly impressed with the superiority of their own plans to those of any other school, and were very little inclined to listen to any suggestions respecting improvements in the system of education that had been made in other places. 'The old road is the best,' they would sometimes say. One master stated that he had adopted a system which he thought would at once supply the great desiderata in education. 'It is simply," he said, 'in watching the dispositions of the children, and putting them especially to that particular thing which they take to.' In illustration of this system, he called upon a boy about ten years of age, who had *taken to* Hebrew, and was just beginning to learn it; the master acknowledging that he himself was learning too, in order to teach his pupil. On being asked whether he did not now and then find a few who did not *take to* any thing, he acknowledged that it was so; and this, he said, was the only weak point in his system, as he feared that he should not be able to make much of those children.

"One of these masters, who was especially conscious of the superior excellence of his establishment, began to dilate upon the various sciences with which he was familiar, among which he enumerated Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Geography, Geology, Etymology, and Entomology. It was suggested to him that they had better perhaps take the list of queries in their order. On coming to the subjects taught in the schools, he was asked,—Do you teach Reading and Writing?—'Yes!' Arithmetic?—'Yes!' Grammar and Composition?—'Certainly!' French?—'Yes!' Latin?—'Yes!' Greek?—'Yes, yes.' Geography?—'Yes,' &c., and so on till the list of queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded the visitor remarked, 'This is *multum in parvo* indeed!' to which the master replied, 'Yes, I teach that; you may put that down too.'"

Without arresting our readers' attention by the wretched joke implied (no fault of the reporters) in the above statement, we cannot help calling their attention very seriously to the degraded condition of the masters which is so strongly marked by these reports.

Of the morals of these gentry the evidence is not a whit less conclusive. Instance the three cases here given.

"The Committee met with two instances of schools kept by masters of some abilities, but much given to drinking, who had, however, gained such a reputation in their neighbourhood that, after spending a week or fortnight in this pastime, they could always fill their school-rooms again as soon as they returned to their post. The children during the absence of the masters go to

other schools for the week, or play in the streets, or are employed by their parents in running errands, &c. On another occasion, one of these instructors and guardians of the morals of our youth was met issuing from his school-room at the head of his scholars to see a *fight* in the neighbourhood; and, instead of stopping to reply to any educational queries, only uttered a breathless invitation to come along and see the sport.

"One master was found in the act of turning his wife and daughter out of doors, in consequence of their presuming to request him to remain and attend to his school; he then closed the shutters, locked the door, and marched triumphantly to the beer-shop, where he was found domiciled, when enquiry was made, four or fives times during the following fortnight, his family having, meanwhile, found an asylum with a relative."

With respect to the intellectual instruction enough has been said; but as we have ever considered, in common we trust with many of our readers, who know that man has *mental faculties* and an *eternal soul*, that that part is only one-third of the essentials to human training, some attention must be paid to discipline, morals, and religion. Of course, where the morals of the teachers are bad, little good can be expected on this head in their schools.

"There are very few schools in which the sexes are entirely divided, almost every boys' school containing some girls, and every girls' school a few boys. They are chiefly the children of mechanics, warehousemen, or small shop-keepers, and learn reading, writing, and arithemetic; and, in a very few of the better class of schools, a little grammar and geography.

"In the great majority of these schools there seems to be a complete want of order and system. In one of the seminaries of learning, where there were about 130 children, the noise and confusion was so great as to render the replies of the master to the enquiries put to him totally inaudible; he made several attempts to obtain silence, but without effect; at length, as a last effort, he ascended his desk, and striking it forcibly with a ruler, said in a strong Hibernian accent, 'I'll tell you what it is, boys, the first I hear make a noise, I'll call him up, and kill him entirely;' and then perceiving probably on the countenance of his visitor some expression of dismay at this murderous threat, he added quickly, in a more subdued tone, 'almost I will.' His menace produced no more effect than his previous appeals had done. A dead silence succeeded for a minute or two; then the whispering recommenced, and the talking, shuffling of feet, and general disturbance was soon as bad as ever. The master gave up the point, saying, as he descended from his desk, 'You see the brutes, there's no managing them!' The confusion arising from this defect, added to the very *low qualifications of the master*, the number of scholars under the superintendence of *one* teacher, the *irregularity of attendance*, the great *deficiency of books*, and the injudicious plans of instruction, or rather the *want of any plan*, render them nearly inefficient for any purposes of real education.

"Religious instruction is seldom attended to, beyond the rehearsal of a catechism; and moral education, real cultivation of mind, and improvement of character, are totally neglected. 'Morals!' said one master, in answer to the enquiry whether he taught them; 'morals! how am I to teach morals to the like of these?'"

Such then is the state of things in the vicinity of one of the most populous towns and parliamentary boroughs of the kingdom. Whether it ought or not to be the case, considering the great opulence of the neighbourhood, we need not stop to enquire.

The remedies for this national disease—this disease which affects not individuals, but an epidemic running through the whole pauper

population of the country, a disease fostered by the ignorant prejudices of a large class of men whose knowledge should lead them to more exalted notions—the remedies, we say, which are to make us not individually, but generally and nationally well instructed, are now to be considered. The experiment of making education a public concern has been tried in two continental nations, Prussia and France; and in one of them, however we might disapprove of its government, we may say that the trial has been fairly made, and with unquestionable success. And we may undoubtedly expect that in our own country, if every proper attention should be paid to national and peculiarly English prejudices so far as they might not really interfere with the general plan, a success no less signal might attend this institution.

Some persons, however, have objected to a system of national education; and even our government, much as we are sure that they approve on conviction of such a system, have not ventured to bring forward the subject in that bold and uncompromising way that zealous educationists might desire. It is not necessary to stop here and enquire the motive of this tardiness, nor is it our intention to canvass the objections that might be made to the adoption of a general system that shall enable every Englishman, however low his rank in life, to get a good and practical training for his children. In parliament and out of parliament, in lectures, reviews, books, and pamphlets, the subject has been considered and reconsidered, until no new ground remains which an advocate could take. On this account we prefer taking a view of the existing institutions of our country in order to ascertain how far by the adoption of some wholesome measures of reform they might be made really effective in the great work of educating the people.

Charity schools may be classed under three heads:—First, those supported by property left by individuals in the hands of trustees,—secondly, charities maintained by corporations out of lands either their own or held in trust,— thirdly, those supported by the direct influence of the clergy of various denominations. And in all, even the best of them, defects are on all hands acknowledged to exist. Many of the longest established schools have been neglected by the trustees, and allowed to decay, or been put in the hands of incompetent preceptors; while in other establishments the books used and the mode of instruction have not been varied during two centuries, although during that period, more than any other, have improvements been made in the science of education. In a third class of schools instruction in religious dogmatism is made to take the lead of every other useful branch of learning, and the Bible, or at least selections from Scripture, are made to serve for reading, spelling, explanation, &c. to the exclusion of all knowledge useful to the scholar as a social being. If the funds at present nominally devoted to education were substantially and economically bestowed, and the old charities examined and restored to something like efficiency, we have no doubt that the sum would be fully adequate to all the wants of that portion of the community whose means require such assistance; and then there would be no occasion for those wretched schools kept by infirm or idle men, or by superannuated dames, who know little more than their

scholars—schools whose existence is still upheld by an antiquated and left-handed sort of benevolence which, with the view of keeping a few imbecile paupers out of the workhouse, would sacrifice the intellectual and moral interests of hundreds and thousands of the rising generation.

It may indeed be said that many of the large charities are so constituted, so oppressed by an incubus in the shape of managing committees, composed of ignorant persons whose money is their only claim for interference, and so hampered by conditions of bequest, making the whole concern a mere absurdity, that all improvement is hopeless. Be it so (and let them await their time of visitation from parliamentary commissioners); there is still a large number in which the strong hand of the legislature is not required to interfere—charities which the good sense of individuals and school-societies can make useful engines of national improvement. The example of Mr. Wood in Edinburgh, whose sessional school may be justly regarded as a working model of our *beau ideal* has not been lost; for we could name many instances in which schools have been established on the same plan in the south of Britain, and wherever they have been established they have succeeded most triumphantly. The British School-Society, and two or three other public bodies, have also done much for the advance of national cultivation. The spirit therefore is not wanting: the elements are ready and only want to be combined into a system.

We propose now to consider what ought reasonably to be insisted on as the components of a fitting course of instruction for the operative classes. And here we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are not of the party that would banish religion from the school on the shallow pretext that it is better taught by the parent or the clergyman. We hold every course to be deficient in a main and essential feature which is not based on religion, which does not proceed on the principle that love to God is the parent source of, and is indissolubly connected with, social duty, which does not give positive instruction on Christian faith and Christian morals apart from sectarianism. The theorist in his closet may talk and write of moral training and social obligations as separate from religion, but the practiced schoolmaster who has observed the characters of children knows that there is a want of something beyond mere human instruction, a want which the book of our holy faith can alone supply. We are the advocates of a religious system; we would have the Bible read by the master as well as by his scholars, its harder parts explained, its history made familiar, and its moral lessons inculcated by catechetical instruction under a competent and benevolent preceptor; but we would not, as some do, make the Bible odious to children by placing it before them as a task-book to be taken up with sorrow, and remembered with disgust; and, in our regard for their immortal interests, we would not forget that in the probationary state they have certain duties to perform, certain employments to hold, in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them. We should give them *knowledge*, and teach them also to apply the *power* in doing good:—nothing less will do at the present time. In some places the people ask for knowledge as hungry men craving for bread, and will satisfy themselves if those to whom they

should naturally look neglect their claims; and, where this is not the case, the business of education is taken up by a set of politicians, who look on human beings as mere particles in a great machine which they would work to serve their own purposes. To stop the current, or to retard it, would be impossible; and to sit waiting till the rage should have passed or the general thirst for knowledge have been assuaged is an act scarcely less silly.

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis,—at ille
> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

It becomes the friends of education, under these circumstances, to use every exertion that those kinds of knowledge which are suitable for the working classes should be freely furnished in conjunction with a judicious moral and religious training.

We shall proceed to declare our meaning a little more particularly with respect to the topics of general instruction, the moral and religious parts of it having been briefly explained a little above; and here, perhaps, we shall make our intentions better understood by showing from what already exists what we do not mean. An intelligent stranger on entering for the first time a good working model of the national-school system cannot fail to be struck with the admirable order, regularity, and apparent intelligence that pervades the school, as though it were one man; his curiosity is excited, and he prepares to examine in detail the various components of the teaching machine. No school of this kind, however, can bear a close examination: the whole consists in the following of a certain routine by a large collection of automata that can only say or do what the machinery empowers them; and, accordingly, a very slight examination of even the most intelligent boys as to their substantial acquaintance with the narrow range of subjects there taught proves incontestibly the hollowness of the scheme.* Children must not be treated as machines, although the arrangements of the school itself should be as perfect and its movements as regular as the most exquisite machinery. No teaching can be good that is not based on the principles of mental development; and no teacher can be regarded as performing his business efficiently who does not continually regard his pupils as pos-

* "1000. Should you say the system of the National Society gives them confused notions? Yes; I think it gives them nothing else. I do not see how, from the mode of teaching in such schools, the boys could be made anything they wished to be made, or the girls either. If you attend to that system, you will find how little is taught: and the mode of teaching the doctrine of the Church of England, is in a way that cannot make a good impression on the children. 1001. You think that the pupils of the National School Society will never retain a correct knowledge of the doctrines of the Church of England? They never will. 1002. There is nothing in the rules which prevents the fullest explanation of the scriptures? No; but, if you sit for hours to see how it is done, you will be satisfied of its inutility. Do you mean to say that the system is defective in communicating knowledge, or that the knowledge is such that the children will never attain to a full understanding of it by any system? It is clear to me, that the younger children can have no interest in any particular doctrine, teach it how you will: they may be made submissive, but their understandings are not sufficiently formed for the purpose. And those who are older, excepting in some schools where a particular clergyman is very diligent, they are not likely to attain it. In the great schools of London, the teachers do not inculcate it."—*Mr. Place's Evidences before the Commons' Select Committee.*

sessed of reasoning faculties which it is his office to discipline by regular and judicious employment. The teacher's first duty then is to teach the children to think; and this is not an easy thing, for it requires much energy, tact, and vigilance, to keep alive, even for a short time, the interests of large masses of boys, such as are sometimes to be seen in active and happy employment under energetic and competent schoolmasters. The infant-school system, when practised by an intelligent and kind master, is admirably calculated to call forth the energies and unfold the faculties of young children; and there are many parts of the plan which may be advantageously transferred to schools for older children. But, let the details of the machinery be what they may, one thing is imperative—the children, however low and uncultivated, must be treated as sentient beings; and the master must descend to the level of the youngest and most ignorant child, in order to succeed in raising it towards his own level. In accordance with what has been thus generally advanced, we recommend such lessons to be given to beginners as shall open their minds and awaken their interest—lessons on easy and familiar subjects, of a nature to exercise the senses and to lead to active thought, such lessons as Miss Mayo's "Lessons on Objects," or even easier (for the easier the better at the outset), as the Useful Knowledge Society's "Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses"—such lessons as these, not however passively communicated by the teacher from a book, but by means of mental intercourse in the way of conversation between the master and his pupil, continually illustrated by pictures of the objects discoursed, or if possible by the objects themselves; and we recommend them to be given to children as either introductory to or in connection with the necessarily dull process of learning to read, which process, by the way, *with a little management*, might be made much less disagreeable than children usually find it at present. To such easy lessons others on general topics might succeed, that would continue the good work of mental development and lead to the acquisition at once of a well-disciplined mind, and of much sound knowledge—lessons on Geography and Arithmetic, of a nature calculated to fix the *willing* attention of the scholars and at the same time to make them understand the common-sense principles, and particularly of the latter, which is scarcely ever taught as it should be, even in seminaries of higher pretensions. Besides what has been suggested already, short readings on the History of England would not be inappropriate to the instruction even of the most humble of our fellow-countrymen, whatever lessons a *true* history of the various events might give on the character and conduct of its greatest politicians.

Such is the course that has been proposed for the children of those persons who wish at the cheapest rate, or who are not able sufficiently to provide for their education—not with the view of raising them above their station, as the enemies of education would insinuate, but in order to make them competent to perform their duties in the best manner, and when they become parents to extend the same advantages to their children. From what has been said it will be sufficiently clear that *intelligent* masters are indispensable. No others can carry these objects into execution; and they must be trained also

to the work in good model-schools under competent superintendents.* But learned masters, men of a station of life far above that of the scholars, are not required, nay, owing to the temptations which such persons have to shoot over the pupils heads, ought to be studiously avoided.† A plain and useful education and a good store of common sense are the points to be desired: training and practice will do the rest. Do objectors say that more is proposed than can be attained in the short time that parents allow for their children's *schooling*, and that by attempting too much the risk is incurred of teaching nothing thoroughly? Our own great maxim is *learn a little thoroughly:* and it is not unreasonable to suppose that four years—that is the interval between seven and eleven (the average time of leaving the day-school)—are fully sufficient to make the pupil respectably conversant with the leading facts of geography and English history, and to teach them the elements of arithmetic, say the four rules, with their application to money and the weights and measures. The statement here made of what not only can be, but has been, realized on a large scale, will, we are sure, be confirmed by the testimony of intelligent teachers and inspectors of the British schools, and of those formed on the model of the Edinburgh sessional school. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to the adoption of

* On the subject of the training of masters, Dr. Bryce observes: "I consider the education of the masters to be more important than all other elements, on a system of public education, put together." He conceives it to be as absurd to establish a school, without taking care that the master be an intelligent man, who understands human nature, and how to manage the human mind, as it would be to establish a dispensary, and fill its shelves with a store of medicine, and then place it under the superintendence of some weaver or cobbler, who had not been able to procure employment in his own trade. He conceives that a teacher of a school for the poor requires less learning than a teacher of a school for the rich; but he requires more professional skill, because the children of the upper classes, from the circumstances in which they are placed, have greater facilities of acquiring intellectual improvement; the teacher of the children of the poor has to deal with minds which require more skill to bring out their faculties. —*Dr. Bryce's Evidence before the Commons' Select Committee.* Dr. Bryce's Lectures on Education, delivered in town a few weeks ago, were particularly worthy of every teacher's diligent attention. Schoolmasters unfortunately are often too conceited to listen to the instructions of one whom they would fain call a theorist. Dr. Bryce is not a mere theorist.

† Nothing requires more judgment and discretion than the apportionment of the work, both as to kind and degree. Professor Pillans, in his "Principles of Elementary Teaching," makes some very good observations on this subject:—

"It requires a considerable share of judgment—and in this an otherwise accomplished teacher may be greatly deficient—to resist the temptation there is to go beyond what is fit for the present use of his pupils, a temptation likely to be the stronger the more knowledge he himself possesses. And as his own familiarity with the subject before him is on the one hand apt to mislead him into the abstruser parts of it, whither the child cannot follow him, so on the other he is sometimes tempted to feed the vanity of parents, by encouraging a display of attainments in their children which he himself knows to be fallacious. To exemplify this in the instances of the tree and the cart. A teacher would surely be showing more zeal than judgment, if, not satisfied with those obvious characters which the youngest pupil can examine with his own eyes and hands, he should waste his time in describing the process of smelting the iron of which the wheel-ring is made, or even in explaining the reason why it is first heated to redness, applied in that state to the wooden circle, and then suddenly cooled. Nor should I think him better employed, if, instead of making a boy acquainted with the parts of trees, their different species and appearances, and their uses in furniture and machinery, he should descant on the process of fructification, or on the circulation of the sap, and the vessels by which it is conducted."

such a plan as that just marked out, setting aside the prejudices of those who should be the first to engage in the good work, is the scanty supply of good and cheap class-books, which, however, have been very lately well provided by the Irish Board of Education, and at a reasonable rate. Geography should be taught solely by maps, and arithmetic should be explained on the black board, without any other aid except the arithmetical tables. Books on such subjects are made for masters, not for the children.

It may be said that, in the plan thus rather circumstantially laid down, the interests of large communities only are consulted, and that these improvements cannot reach the retired hamlets of the rural districts, where the want is most deplorable. On this head it is only necessary to say that in every parish where a hundred poor children could be found, each able to pay two-pence a week, such a school might be established; and it cannot be doubted that, when the prejudices of the country-clergy and gentry have sunk under the conviction of the superiority of large and good day-schools to the wretched village-schools at present too frequently seen, they will meet with that additional support which wealth and local influence can afford. Let then, the men of influence in different parts of the country—those of the manufacturing as well as the agricultural interest—apply themselves seriously and conscientiously to the enquiry, Is all right? Are the poor happy in their homes and among their families? Are they efficient in their condition as moral beings, as social beings, as beings responsible to God, and having imperishable souls? Is their condition sufficiently elevated? Are their minds sufficiently cultivated for their situation? Perhaps an affirmative may be the reply of some persons. To such, of course, these observations are not addressed. With regard to those who do acknowledge the imperfections, or rather the utter inefficiency of the day-schools, including national schools, scattered over the country for effecting any mental improvement, it becomes a duty no longer to indulge in passive lamentations. The active zeal of a few can kindle into warmth the indifference of hundreds, and their personal exertion can win the pecuniary support of those whose benevolence is less energetic and practical.

And the reward of the philanthropist amid his labour of love will not be small if general success shall be deemed a sufficient one. The little that has been already done—little we say, not as ungratefully disparaging the work, but in comparison with what may and we hope will be done—has had the effect, as may be seen from the prison returns, of diminishing crime in our country—a fact which proves the humanizing effects of education; and from the evidence before the Commons' Select Committee on Education there is just ground for supposing that a very favourable change in the condition of the artizans in large towns has been produced by the establishment of schools and mechanics' societies. There is every promise of success. Perseverance in the good work and an improved management, grounded on a scientific view of education, will not fail of being accompanied by beneficial results in an increased ratio; and it is not too much to hope that not only will there be a gradual decrease of crime, but that in a few years the use of spiritous liquors will be confined to a much

smaller number of persons than at present, that is, to the positively vicious, who will still be found, spite of every humanizing effort, in the highest as well as in the lowest ranks of life. Drunkenness, or rather dram-drinking, very generally proceeds from poverty, and poverty in its turn is the result of idleness or imprudence, both imperfections of character which judicious training must tend to diminish, at the same time that it substitutes for them habits of inappreciable value—application, regularity, and forethought. Can it be a matter of surprise that the labouring man whose mind cannot rise higher than the clods that he has been breaking, and who at most can with difficulty and without intelligence read a few lines in the Bible or the Prayer Book, is it surprising that, like "the school-boy whistling for want of thought," he should seek the company of his boisterous and rollocking boon-fellows in the skittle-ground and the tap-room? There is the poor man's ruin effected; he either gambles or drinks his earnings, and on his return to his cottage is met by the intemperate scoldings of a sour wife and by the cryings of a starving family; and thus his home becomes weekly not dearer but more and more abhorred, quitted with pleasure and entered with disgust, by the ignorant and demoralized labourer. Alas! this picture is too true, and too generally true. To humanize, to reform such a population is surely the object of a generous ambition. The establishment of a judicious system of education through the country—education fitted for the labouring classes, such as shall provide means of mental enjoyment and give them a distaste for the gross pleasures of a semi-barbarous state—will be an inestimable blessing to the nation; and, if the government cannot be induced to take up the subject heartily themselves, it is still to be hoped, in this philanthropic age, individuals and societies will stir themselves in promoting the success of a cause which may raise the condition and increase the wealth, happiness, and social comfort of at least five millions of our fellow-countrymen.

A Teacher.

SONNET.

Vexed with vain thoughts, I anxious haste
To the green woods and ever-fresh'ning sea,
That 'mid their myriad echoes I may taste
Thoughts of a kindred sanctity.
Yet 'tis not there whence comes the breath
That bids the spirit to be free;
'Tis not from earth, so fraught with death,
We learn our nobler destiny.
Then look we to the stars that, scattered round,
Like beacons pointing to some happy shore
Of spirit land, amid the far profound
Of heaven! O, I could dream for evermore
Of that blest land, and deem the sounds I hear
Of once loved voices, 'mid the ecstatic swell
Of angel choirs, calling to those that dwell
On this dark world to fix their yearnings *there!*

E. W. G.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE POLITICIAN AND LITTERATEUR.

"Il tourne au moindre vent, il tombe au moindre choc
Aujourd'hui dans un casque, et demain dans un froc."—BOILEAU.

AMONG the distinguished characters who figured in the great political drama that has been acting in France during the last forty years, none is so highly entitled to the notice of literary men as M. de Chateaubriand, whether we regard him as a politician or as a man of letters. In the following observations it will be our endeavour to lay before our readers the chief events of his life, and to make *en passent* such strictures on his political and literary character as appears to be justifiable when made by a person who has paid a watchful attention to his conduct during at least twenty years: and with whatever severity we may have commented on some of the vicissitudes of this great man's life, we would in the outset wish our readers to understand that he deservedly holds, and ever must hold, a very high station as a literary man, inasmuch as he is regarded by his countrymen as the true leader of the *romantique* school of French literature. In taking up this subject we have been induced, in great part, by the appearance of a work on English literature, which perhaps, as respects his lasting reputation among really learned men, would have been better suppressed. We proceed to give some account of his life and his earlier and better works, reserving his lately published work for the close of the article.

FRANÇOIS AUGUSTE, VISCOUNT OF CHATEAUBRIAND, the issue of an ancient and noble family of Bretagne, was born in 1769, at Combourg, near St. Malo. At the early age of seventeen he was second lieutenant in the army of Louis XVI. Shortly afterwards, at the beginning of the revolution, he repaired to America, where he passed two years, fully occupied in exploring all the poetic wildness which gigantic nature holds out to view in this new hemisphere; and his vigour and enthusiastic imagination was deeply impressed by the spectacles so sublimely grand and richly varied which this wonderful country continually offered to his view. At this period the classic literature of the seventeenth century was visibly perishing under the redoubled blows of its indiscreet and indefatigable panegyrists. It was admired from motives of respect, but little read or truly valued; for politics then afforded an all-absorbing theme for meditation. The *musked* literature of the eighteenth century had fallen with the Sybaritic luxury and frivolous manners which had given it birth. The philosophy of Diderot and Voltaire no longer excited interest when the priests, who encouraged it by their intolerance and ill-judged fury

against knowledge, were from persecutors become victims of execrable and frightful excesses. The romantic, chivalric, and Christian literature of Europe had, even in the sixteenth century, found its place by the side of that produced in the truly golden ages of Greece and Rome; nevertheless it had not in France taken its proper flight, because the rage for *classicisme* had deprived the poets of their vigour and prevented them from soaring to the heights to which their natural genius entitled them to aspire. It was requisite then to create a literature absolutely new, which would at once form a school and satisfy at the same time the imperious wants of the nineteenth century. Chateaubriand was, in France, the founder of this new system; and, like a second Columbus, he discovered his rich mine of literature in the forests of the new world. Filled with an idea so thrilling and exciting to a young mind just opening to life, and enlightened by the dazzling rays of a brilliant genius, he composed his American poem of "Natchez," which, however, was not published for more than thirty years, its author during a part of the interval having been, so to speak, buried in a kind of *cabane* in England. He carefully avoided writing this poem in verse, although pre-eminently endowed with a talent for poetry; because at that period (1790) poetry had begun to fall into discredit, for the revolution had almost annihilated it—a statement which may be easily understood at present, when, both in France and England, the drama is enacted rather in parliament than on the boards of their theatres. His prose offers all the brilliancy of poetry, without the monotony of rhyme,—more vigorous, dignified, and original than Telemachus. Besides almost all its own positive charms it has none of the faults of that far too highly lauded work. The French revolution broke out in the midst of these lovely and brilliant compositions, and tore this author from his country in order to combat men who dishonoured that liberty that he said he adored. It must be confessed that he chose the longest road to render it homage; for, having disembarked from America in 1792, he rejoined the army of the prince of Condé, whom he accompanied in his two unfortunate campaigns on the Rhine.

Seeing at length the inutility of his efforts to aid the cause of the Bourbons and of his *caste* by his sword, he retired to England, where, during several years he was most painfully situated, and in the course of his stay became a prey also to a lingering fever.* During his residence in London, Chateaubriand published his "Historical Essay on Revolutions," in which he shows himself by turns, in the same chapter, aristocratic or democratic, accordingly as he was wrought on by the cruel malady under whose influence he wrote. It was likewise in England that he completed his famous "Genie du Christianisme," a work more justly celebrated and more generally read than any other of that period; and, if it had appeared before the revolution, it would

* The thought of his family, persecuted and massacred by the butchers who then reigned, made him fall into a profound melancholy which would doubtless have overwhelmed him, if, in the noble hospitality of England, he had not found the most soothing balm to his wounds. At a later period, and in happier times, he paid the debt that he had contracted towards England by proclaiming what he had received of her from The Literary Fund.

doubtless have been condemned to the flames by the Sorbonne. But in 1802, the epoch in which it came out, the clergy, only just escaped from the shipwreck of their order, while they were singing the praises of the consul Bonaparte, who had just formed a compact with them that stripped them of three-fourths of their dearest privileges, thought themselves but too happy to encourage a work which, although treating religion as novel-writers handle history, could not fail at any rate of being a great support to them at the most critical juncture of their affairs. The French clergy confidently trusted that the pen of Chateaubriand would become for them what the sword of Charlemagne had proved to the Romish Church of old—a sword which had been worn out in immolating thousands of Vaudois, Albigeois, and Protestants. It is only just, however, to say that Chateaubriand did not become the tool of the priesthood, but rendered a far greater service to the cause of religion by taking the pilgrim's staff and the device of the troubadour than he could have accomplished if he had entered the lists as its sword-girt champion of the cross.

In the midst of these pious occupations, however, he cultivated elegant literature with success, and encouraged it with liberality: in this respect his conduct merits the highest praise. A short time previous to the events of July he gave in his resignation as the king's ambassador at Rome, not, as many have been simple enough to believe, because he disapproved of the steps of the minister Polignac, who would have substituted absolute power for a constitutional government *selon la charte,* but because he felt a pique, arising from the circumstance that Charles X. had judged him incapable of figuring in this famous conspiracy of the *ordonnances.* During the *grandes journées* he did nothing either for Charles or Philippe, doubtless in the hope of being called to recompose the monarchy.* When, therefore, he saw on the 7th of August, 1830, that France was saved, and saved without him, he became furious, and in his famous or rather *infamous* speech, in which he refused to take the oath of allegiance to Louis Philippe, he proposed nothing less than to cause a second revolution—always supported by the hope of being called to re-organize the broken materials of the government. He struggled like a madman, but in vain; he gained nothing, save his removal from the peerage. His friends were distracted at the ridiculous part he had played in these events. Those who favoured the only order of things at all practicable in such times shrugged up their shoulders at his absurd vanity; whilst the least indulgent hissed him. His next step was to employ his utmost endeavours in order to be persecuted and *exiled* by the new government, whom he furiously attacked; and, being unsuccessful even in this, he at last, when driven to despair, adopted the magnanimous resolution of flying from France and its blind government, and of *exiling himself,* in lieu of receiving the crown of political martyrdom so ardently desired by him, which he too well felt could be no longer gained in that country. In compliance with this notable de-

* "Jai toujours dans ma poche
L'Aigle ou la fleur de lis."
Chanson sur les Girondettes.

sign, Chateaubriand made his will towards the close of 1830. Before his departure he gave the public some undoubtedly fine historical discourses, "fragments of a complete history, which death has prevented him from terminating"—*Fragments d'une histoire complète que la mort lui empêchoit de finir*) ! ! ! This he himself informs us in his *posthumous* preface. He hoped that all France would rise to oppose his departure to Switzerland, or the other world. How miserably must he have been disappointed: France allowed him to expire quietly, and had it not been for the elegies of the *Journal des Débats*, in which the pretended *defunct* wrote many excellent articles, none would have known of his departure. In this posthumous epistle he has the modesty to compare himself to Herodotus, forgetting that Herodotus, instead of writing a preface longer than an unfinished history, completed his without any preface at all. But the lyric poet *par excellence* of our epoch—*par excellence*, we repeat, because, though endowed with a talent comparable to that of La Fontaine, he seized upon the species of poetry most suited to his anti-poetic age,—Beranger we mean, admirable by his talents and independence, took pity on the *ennui* of the noble exile, and by addressing to him some beautiful stanzas,* furnished him with a fair pretext for returning to his much-longed-for country, which he accordingly seized with the most marvellous avidity.

On his return to France, under the consulate, he published a delightful episode, an illustration of the principles contained in his great work "Seu le Génie du Christianisme,'—we mean his charming poem, though in prose, "Attala." French literature possessed nothing written either before or subsequently that can be compared with this sublime picture, unless we except the "Paul and Virginia" of Bernardin de St. Pierre. Shortly afterwards Chateaubriand became the minister of Bonaparte, whom he then entitled *'l'homme envoyé par la Providence pour le salut de la France;* but when, at the beginning of the year 1804, Bonaparte caused the Duke d'Enghien to be put to death, Chateaubriand testified his disapproval more nobly than by publishing pamphlets—he gave in his resignation. No longer hoping to accomplish any thing in politics, he again returned to his literary occupations and applied himself to the composition of his favourite work, the poem of "The Martyrs," a work which, though better written and more highly finished than most of his other productions, was eclipsed by the greater fame of the "Génie du Christianisme," and consequently did not meet with its just reward of public admiration. In order to depict more correctly the scenes that he was about to sing, he set out for Palestine in 1806, passing in his way through Greece. In 1811 the interesting journal of this excursion was brought before the public, under the name of "Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem," where we also find a eulogium on Napoleon. Did Chateaubriand wish thus to pave the way for his return to the favour of his great master? This "Itinerary" is a valuable work, viewed historically, and full of interest for Christians, especially Catholics; but still it is too much spun out, and in some passages there are slight touches of affectation.

* Chateaubriand pour quoi fuir ta patrie, &c.

When he was nominated a member of the Institute, in 1811, he made himself amends for the praise that he had thought fit to bestow on Napoleon, by making a very violent attack on the memory of his predecessor, Joseph Chénier.* At the birth of the king of Rome, in the same year, he saluted, by a panegyric address, "*le berceau chargé des destinées de l'avenir.*" At length the restoration of 1814 drew the courtier poet from his false position; he threw himself *à corps perdu* into legitimacy, and he was in all places and unceasingly the panegyrist *par excellence* of the Bourbons and their cause. He discharged against the usurper (who by the way was very far from, after having heroically handled the pike, wrapping himself nobly in the purple) all the thunders of his eloquent philippics.

On Bonaparte's return from Elba, in 1815, he fled to Ghent with Louis XVIII., and was there minister to a king without a kingdom. In the midst of these important diplomatic avocations some booksellers at Ghent insulted him most infamously, by reminding him that he was *an author*, and that too of the first class in his own country. His answer was very different from that of a certain illustrious painter, sent as ambassador, who acted the diplomatist for amusement, whilst painting formed his occupation. It was as follows:—"That he was the minister of his king, and forgot that formerly he had written something as a sort of recreation." On his reentrance into France in July 1815 with the Bourbons, he was so inconceivably weak as to seek to justify the political massacres made in the south, particularly at Nismes and at Paris, in the name of the clemency of "the charitable children of St. Louis." This condescension secured to him the title of Peer of France in addition to the honour of being the king's minister. Nevertheless, in 1816, he had the *hardiesse* to admit into his work, "De la Monarchie selon la Charte," some propositions which, not being deemed orthodox by his legitimate master, involved him in complete disgrace. The Faubourg St. Germain were indignant at it, and Chateaubriand in vexation hid himself in retreat, hoping by this act to alter the movements of that great and newly restored monarchical machine of which he believed himself to be the main spring. As the case proved eventually to be otherwise, he wrote again; and, in June 1818, he quarrelled with the *Times* newspaper, then the organ of the liberal party, and in this dispute he received a formal *démenti*, the injustice of which, notwithstanding all his eloquence, he could never satisfactorily prove. Under the influence of the stinging blow that had so recently been dealt to him by the English press, he began to attack the press of his own country. These lances broken against the latter in favour of the *lois d' exceptions*, which were destroying it, contributed more than his biography of the unfortunate Duc de Berry to his restoration to court favour.

* Joseph Chénier was a celebrated revolutionary poet. Chateaubriand imagined, as was long generally believed in France, though without foundation, that he caused the death of his brother, André Chénier, a celebrated elegiac poet, by not employing his favourable influence with Robespierre; but it is now known that he refrained only in the hope that the republican tiger, before whom it was impossible to speak in favour of a living being without being put to death, would forget his interesting victim on the eve of the very day that was to witness the fall of the tyrant.

At the birth of the Duc de Bourdeaux he proclaimed him "*l'enfant du miracle*," and was enchanted at being able to produce for the infant prince's baptism, in 1820, the bottle containing the waters of Jordan, which, happily for him, had been missing at the birth of the son of Napoleon in 1811. Shortly after he obtained the *portefeuille* of the minister for foreign affairs, and was soon afterwards necessitated *to resume his spurs and once more buckle on his sword*, in order, as the representative of a great and free people, to break his lance against Spanish liberty in the tournament of Verona,* where the flower of the crowned chivalry of Europe were then assembled. Notwithstanding his zeal for despotism however, his political blunders occasioned him again to be driven out of the ministry by M. de Villèle, who expelled him from the hotel of the minister for foreign affairs in the most unceremonious manner, through the medium of a subordinate clerk carrying only a note containing two lines, and without any other formality.

Mocked, deluded, and betrayed by the Bourbons, for whom he had sacrificed all that is held most valuable in the world, Chateaubriand joined the opposition, and became the leader of the liberals in the chamber of peers. Here he distinguished himself by speeches of admirable vigour and eloquence in favour of the liberty of the press, and it is but justice to say that he powerfully contributed to its preservation. The people, who know not on one day the history of the preceding, admired him, praised him to the skies, and attributed to themselves and to their cause all which had been solely inspired by the vexation of having been disgraced and driven from the ministry by M. de Villèle. Power being now beyond his reach, he wrote nobly and eloquently for Greece, which is in reality much indebted to him. Still, however, his writings for the public papers, his defences of the Greeks, and his discourses in the Chamber of Peers, formed a theatre too narrow for his vast genius; and, accordingly not finding himself sufficiently the object of public *monoculte*, he threatened France with his departure, hoping that he might make his country long lament his absence, and eagerly solicit his return. He made his farewell, as if about to depart for the other world, and retired into Switzerland, hoping from thence to hear the sighs of his ungrateful country. During his retirement he busied himself in re-editing a complete set of his works, which he sought to arrange "before the tomb closed over him;" but at length, disappointed at the nonchalance and forgetfulness with which his self-imposed exile had been treated by his countrymen, he returned to Paris in order to add a fresh volume to the edition which had been irrevocably fixed as the last. Charles X., who from the commencement of the liberal ministry of Martignac had thought of once more seizing the sceptre of Louis XIV., sent Chateaubriand to Rome, a commission at which the latter was enchanted, for he thought that he was about to enact a fine part there, and would be sure to cut a fine figure among the monks; and in a short space of time he pronounced the best *capucinades* in the world.

* We allude here to the Congress of Verona in 1823, at which Chateaubriand acted as the French plenipotentiary.

This great poet of modern France, a just admirer of the talents of the author of *Attala*, trusted that he would avail himself of his return to defend the cause of the newly-risen monarchy, or at least would seek to calm the agitation of a country torn by greedy and entirely selfish factions. Judge of Béranger's astonishment and regret at having so unsuccessfully penned his splendid invitation, when Chateaubriand, immediately on his return to Paris towards the end of 1831, set about depreciating the administration of one so capable as M. de Perrier, and in terms so violent that we should blush to repeat them; for on reading this rabid effusion we sincerely believe that vanity had entirely turned M. de Chateaubriand's brain. Since this period he has lived in retirement, and no mention has been made of him, excepting in consequence of an article penned by him on Shakspeare, and published in the *Revue de Paris*—a kind of pseudo-criticism, so entirely anti-Shakspearian that it would seem to have been dictated by Voltaire. In the present day to write against Shakspeare in France is more than a fault—nay, amounts almost to a crime; for he justly inspires there the liveliest enthusiasm and admiration.

After having thus given a brief memoir of Chateaubriand, more particularly as connected with the politics of his country, we address ourselves to the more pleasing task, and one more strictly within our province, of criticising his literary merits as the author of the "Essay on English Literature." This work, to which are appended considerations on the genius, men, and revolutions of his times, proves to us, unfortunately, that M. de Chateaubriand writes at the present day under the influence of necessity; and we need go no further in proof of this than to refer our readers to the last chapter of the work before us for a literal confession, *totidum verbis*, of the fact. Oh! malesuada fames! After reading the work through with attention, we cannot allow that it has been rightly entitled (and it is unconnected, incomplete, and quite unsatisfactory); but still we cannot agree with the sweeping censure and unlimited abuse passed on the author and the book by the reviewer in the *Athœneum* of July last. Our own way of thinking does not fall in with that of M. de Chateaubriand any more than that respectable reviewer's; but in deciding the merits of a literary work we would carefully distinguish the writer from the politician, and not condemn the productions of his imagination because we disapprove of his parliamentary speeches. The reviewer in the *Athenœum* was, apparently, unaware of the fact, which may be fully relied on, and which accounts also for the want of connection between the chapters of the Essay—namely, that the whole is a mass of loose and unconnected fragments, written at different times and thrown aside, which the publisher, partly out of a delicate regard to the author's necessities, partly as a trading speculation, abstracted from him by gentle force, and published in spite of his scrupulous objections. Chateaubriand has been condemned by the English with somewhat of illiberality, not because he has severely criticised the great writers of our country (for he has generally spoken of them with more praise than Johnson, Warton, and other native biographers), but because he, a foreigner, has dared to open his lips on the subject

at all. Of this attack it seems reasonable to suppose that he had some presentiment; for he says somewhere in the course of his work that the people themselves are the only competent judges of works produced in their own country. This admission undoubtedly entitled him to the indulgence of his English critics. Whatever faults Chateaubriand has been charged with, whatever wrong views of particular writers he may have taken, whatever political prejudices he may have allowed to disfigure a purely literary work, he cannot be charged with ignorance of his subject. Every body knows that he passed the greater part of his life in *attempting* to translate Milton. Whether he succeeded or not we do not stop to enquire here, for that would of itself require an extended article. Every one knows also that such a work could not be done respectably without much preparation, without reading and profoundly studying the English writers who lived before and after the singer of Paradise Lost. These volumes, loose, vague, and unconnected as they are, furnish nothing else but the very proof that the translator of Milton did not venture on his task without a very considerable stock of materials. Whether he should have risked ruining a justly high reputation by undertaking so difficult a task at all it is not for us to consider. We are not ignorant of the fact that Chateaubriand has inserted portions of his *outre-tombe* mémoires, as, alas! he himself terms them with ghastly merriment, and thus presents himself to our notice like one in full health attending his own obsequies. The publication of the "Lectures des Mémoires de Chateaubriand has brought on him the sneers of the malevolent and moved the pity of his literary advocates in France. That Chateabriand is a weak man the acts of his life testify. His vanity is clearly discoverable in all his works, and perhaps more in the Essay before us than in any other. But it is not fair in educated English writers to charge on Chateaubriand a failure, if it be so, in an attempt that might have daunted the genius of greater minds than are at present to be found on the continent of Europe.

"THE HOUR WHEN KINDRED SPIRITS MEET."

The hour when kindred spirits meet,
Harmonious, blends all feelings sweet:
Our hearts, with sympathetic glow,
Make the soul's music here below,
And, emulous of angel's love,
Swell with the tones of that above!
Seldom, alas! on earth we feel
The rapture which such hours reveal;
Yet, Memory oft, with glistening tear,
Lingers o'er scenes to her so dear,
Each hallowed voice she hears again,
Soft as the wild harp's dying strain!

R. S.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Excursions in Switzerland. By J. F. Cooper, author of The Spy, Pilot, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

No people of Europe are more restless or more dearly love the sight of other countries than the English. Soon as the summer fairly sets in flocks of these sight-hunters rush to the out-ports and pour their living flood on the continent with a regularity not less remarkable than the periodical visits of the migratory birds. Not even the most retired nook of middle and southern Europe is free from the curious eyes of our countrymen. A few paltry pounds suffice to waft the tourist up the Rhine, and the facilities of steam communication convey him, by way of Mayence, into Switzerland in so short a time that a visit to the land of lakes and glaciers becomes as easy and inexpensive as a trip to the northern lakes. That this extension of national intercourse has been, in some sense, a benefit to all parties we are willing to believe; but the attendant disadvantages have been in some instances so great as to make it extremely doubtful whether or not the evil is balanced by the good. We are not disposed to quarrel with the increase of wealth resulting from an intercourse with wealthy foreigners, because it is necessarily accompanied by the adoption of less simple manners; but we cannot congratulate our continental brethren, and the rural population more particularly, on a very sad moral change which every intelligent observer acquainted with the continent for the last twenty years will agree with us in saying has taken place wherever the English have sojourned, and that too so regularly as to mark with a painful accuracy the track of their journeyings. With our countrymen rests the fault, and a heavy one it is, of tainting the morals of the simple and happy peasantry of France and Switzerland, by the example of conduct which they would blush to exhibit to their countrymen. We speak not of the literary or scientific men who travel with a definite object in view, to ascertain the state of foreign science, or to investigate the natural phenomena of countries,—we speak not of fathers of families who usefully and economically pass the summer months with their beloved circle in the retirement of a Swiss valley,—we speak not of the ardent lover of nature and the true observer of life and manners, who assumes the incognito, travels alone and on foot, mingles with the people, and rejoices in the privilege of seeing their rude but single-hearted and characteristic manners; we allude to that large class of English tourists to whom the leisure from a laborious occupation—legislative, legal, or commercial, matters not—to whom, we say, such leisure brings no repose, but rather a bustling eagerness for an expensive and dissolute holiday-keeping. Travelling with such impatient speed as the quality of the cattle and the obstinate disposition of a native postillion will allow, making a permanent stay only in those populous town where an assemblage of curiosities marked in Mr. Leigh's rubbishing "Itineraries" collects a crowd of gapers of the same stamp as themselves, having the same associations, loving the same pleasures, and therefore successfully claiming their society and fellowship, they carry all the vices and prejudices peculiar to our country, rife and rank, into the provincial towns of the continent; first shock the simple natives by their coarseness and moroseness, next seduce them with their purses, and lastly, by their example, work on the imitative propensities of human nature, and permanently lower their standard of morality. Thus baneful, we regret to say, is the moral influence of a large class of English tourists, who, with a disgraceful ignorance of the resources which the father-land supplies to a legitimate love of enquiry, yearly rush to the continent, and show a want of acquaintance with men and

things that makes them the laughing-stock of intelligent foreigners (who, by the way, are too well-bred to show it openly, as we too often do) and a disgrace to their own—the greatest manufacturing and trading nation of Europe, the medium of peaceful communication between all the members of the European confederacy. Some of our readers may think that the matter is overstated, that English travellers are not the selfish, prejudiced, merely sight-seeing race that they are here represented. Our own opinion is before the public—put forth not without a keen and laborious investigation of facts. We ask of those who have gone and *staid* abroad, and in the heart of the continent—not at Paris or Brussels, or those towns were the more artificial manners of society prevail already, but in the south of France, in Switzerland, in southern Germany—are these statements true or false? Has not the increase of foreign intercourse demoralized the rural population of the more accessible and attractive parts of the continent; and, what is more important to us as a professingly moral nation, has not our influence, as recognized through our representatives, contributed very largely to produce this baneful effect? *Sub judice lis est.*

After so long and severe a stricture on foreign travel, it becomes us now to perform the duty, which perhaps lies more within our province, of considering the merits of the work in question.

The reputation of the "American Magician"—the man so invidiously put forward by his countryman as the rival of the author of Waverly—was so great as to raise a degree of expectation in us which has not only been not realized but has been miserably disappointed. We are aware that the situation of a person who draws on the imagination of himself and his readers, and paints the scenes which his country and his early habits have fixed indelibly on his memory, is widely different from that of the person who faithfully records to a private friend; but when a person whose love of the picturesque enables him to invest the terrors of the ordinary storm at sea with the terrors of a tornado, and to paint so beautifully, so seductively, but yet so falsely, the charms of an American forest, goes abroad, and,with the candid confidence that a friendly communication inspires, talks to us, as an English public, of the Alps, its glaciers, and its passes, of Switzerland, its towns, villages, farm-houses, and *chalêts*, of the people with whom he meets and the travellers whom he passes, we naturally expect something that shall repay the trouble of perusal. We have not been repaid; and we do not think that, if Mr. Cooper had, with the feelings of a poet—and as such we had ever considered him—applied himself to the strict investigation of the Alps, their rivers, valleys, and their passes, we should not have read the crude and unsatisfactory notices which are given in these volumes respecting some of the most celebrated, though, nevertheless, not the finest and most picturesque passes of the Alpine barriers.

Mr. Cooper with his party entered Switzerland by Dijon, Pontarlier, and across the Jura range, made way to Neuchatel, and thence to Berne, one of the three great entrées to Switzerland known to our travelled countrmen. His first trip to the mountains was to the Oberland Alps along the valley of the romantic Aar, by the lake of Thun, the valleys of Lauterbrunnen, and Grindewald, as far as the neighbourhood of the Jungfrau, whose highest summit was surmounted the same year that our traveller was in the Alps. He returned by nearly the same route to Berne, whence, in his second excursion, he proceeded nothward to the Rhine, Schaffhausen, Lake of Constance, Freyberg, &c. He subsequently visited the Lake of the Four Cantons, Altorf, and other parts of Switzerland. In leaving Switzerland he chose the route over the Simplon. The journal closes on the author's arrival at Milan.

It is perhaps rather unamiable to be severe in noticing the books of a deserved favourite; but from such a man we expected something of the first character, and we have been disappointed. More sober matter-of-fact readers than ourselves may still find much that is worthy of attention in these volumes.

Hase's Ancient Greeks. Translated from the German. Post 8vo., pp. 358. Murray.

The accomplished Mrs. Austin has placed the literary world under a fresh obligation, in addition to the many favours received by her previous productions; and it is to be hoped that her industry has reaped a more solid reward than the commendations of her reviewers.

The idea that occurred to us on turning over the leaves of this elegant little manual was that the school-boys of the present day are much to be envied by their elders for having their path smoothed by light and easy books like this before us. Without doubt it supplies what had before been a lamentable deficiency, ill supplied by Potter's Archæologia and Paul's abridgment of the same work. We ourselves recollect Potter; and certainly never was there book so miserably inefficient, so very unsatisfactory, for the purpose of illustrating the historians or the orators, which last, indeed, cannot be read by the tyro without some assistance in the way of technological explanation.

Dr. Hase (Ph. D. of Dresden) has divided his work into two parts: one illustrating *the heroic age*, and the manners, government, laws, religion, and military establishments of Greece before the decline of the monarchies; the second explaining the social, political, and religious institutions of the *historic age*, in which oligarchy and democracy took the place of absolute rule, and ranged the different states into two parties, the advocates either of oligarchal or democratic sway, the adherents of Athens or Sparta. The manners of the two parties were essentially different one from the other; and they require and receive in Dr. Hase's book a separate description.

We wish this manual all the success which it undoubtedly deserves, and hope to see it very widely diffused through our universities and classical seminaries. A similar book is much wanted to supply the defects of Adam's Roman Antiquities. Germany, we believe, can furnish the materials ready to the translator's hand.

Jerningham; or The Inconsistent Man. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

There are two heroes to this work. The one is a decided advocate for religious establishments, and the "ancient order of things;" the other is the inveterate foe of all religion, and a thorough leveller in politics. He is a disciple of the Shelley school. The author makes the latter state his infidel opinions, and then calls in the other to answer them. What the author's own opinions are on politics or religion is not very clear; but the moral tendency of his work is very doubtful. If Christianity had not more sincere or able defenders than our author, it would fare but indifferently with it. Considered as an intellectual production "Jerningham" is respectable. It is in description the author excels.

Suggestions for obtaining the best Medical Advice at the least possible Expense. Whittaker and Co.

This is a small pamphlet consisting of only eight pages; but the subject is one of the deepest importance to the class to whom it is addressed, namely, to those "of a limited income, but respectable station in society." Doctor's bills in all families have, from time immemorial, been the subject of complaint. Any plan, therefore, which would materially reduce their amount without trenching on the quality of the medical advice given is a desideratum of the most important kind. Our author thus introduces the subject:—

"Sickness, at all times the greatest of personal misfortunes, afflicts in a tenfold degree those of narrow income and slender means. The desire of maintaining a decent appearance, and possessing what may be termed the respectabilities of life, is the great national trait of an Englishman's character; and to it may

be traced much of the national importance. In no other country is there such a large mass of what is styled the middle class; and no where is that important part of society so peculiarly characterised by regularity and honesty. Removed above the coarseness of the labouring class, and uncorrupted by the luxuries of the wealthy, its members pass their lives, in most instances, in an unvaried routine, and in unremitting attention to their duties. Their pecuniary resources extend from a bare competency to an income which, carefully managed, may afford all the necessaries and some of the refinements of life. Care for their families, one of their most prominent and best characteristics, begets a rigid prudence; and year follows year with the same expenditure. Provision is carefully made for the landlord, the butcher, and the baker—the tailor and the linen-draper have their appropriated portion of the income; and instruction and even pleasure are duly provided for. But one, and that the most important item, is not deliberated upon; it may not come; it is painful to speculate upon;—and no provision is made for sickness and its long train of expenses. 'The Doctor' is not provided against: he will be sure to attend when called upon: he is very liberal when engaged: and, in fact, it is a distant evil. But the child sickens, or the stirring housewife and mother is become feeble and nerveless—or the active father, on whom all depends, is prostrated by the burning fever. Then come the hourly draughts; the costly prescriptions; the frequent fee; the daily visit; the nightly visit; and, lastly, the long, but just bill! the fear of which has added to the very evil the anxious patient dreaded. It is true, medical men are in general easy creditors; they will take their demand as is most convenient; often inconvenience themselves rather than their patient: but the day of payment must and does arrive; and sad inroad and havoc is then made on the year's slender income; an eighth or a sixth of it is gone: and that at a time when the expediture has been increased, and the means of procuring the income lessened. Involvement is thus often commenced: the exactness of expenditure is destroyed; and an anxious and ruinous state of circumstances is too frequently the result. Those who may think this statement overcharged, have only to observe from what almost imperceptible irregularities and pecuniary embarrassment begins, to acknowledge its correctness."

The author of this little pamphlet purposes to remedy or alleviate the evils in question by forming an association, the objects of which shall be to

"1. Prevent sickness by timely treatment.

"2. Procure the best medical advice at the most reasonable and easy rate; and

"3. To make such arrangements as shall give the Profession an interest in promoting health rather than sickness.

"To secure these desirable results, the following means are suggested:—

"1. To form a Medical Establishment or Board, on the principles of the common Dispensaries; but as it will not be established for charitable purposes, but with the full intention of liberally rewarding professional talent, a greater control than is usual at such institutions to be vested in the subscribers, who will be in the same situation as private patients, *paying*, though in a different way, for attendance and medicine.

"2. This Board to consist of such functionaries as shall be found necessary; including one or more eminent physicians; one or more eminent surgeons; and practising and visiting medical men of approved ability; together with an establishment for the purchasing and compounding, at the cost prices, the most genuine medicines.

"3. The expenses thus occasioned to be defrayed by annual subscriptions, the amount of which is to be based on the outlay; which shall be such as to afford a liberal remuneration to medical ability, but no profit on the medicines, they being compounded and dispensed from prescriptions by a servant of the institution, who is to be paid by salary.

"4. Such regulations to be made as, on a full examination of the circum-

stances and statistics of the case, may be required. The chief aims being that advice for prevention of disease shall be had by periodical visits: and that the best and most prompt attention shall be secured on being attacked by sickness, without any immediate outlay, or increased annual expenditure."

The author concludes by stating the advantages which would result from such an institution under three heads: namely, the advantage to the individuals; the advantage to the medical profession; and the advantage to the public. He says,

"The advantage to individuals is the primary object in view, and consequently includes most points. The chief benefits will be,—the procuring the best advice at the least cost,—the being relieved from any additional expenditure at the time of sickness, and all its anxieties,—the having the best medicines administered in the best manner, and from the purest motives,—the security of having no more medicine than is absolutely necessary, nor any other treatment than is requisite, it being the interest of the medical attendants to keep the books as clear of patients as possible, they having no interest in useless attendance or in the sale of thedrugs,—the having periodical attendance, so that the first approach of diseases may be perceived and prevented. This last is a most important point, as it is well known that a greater proportion of the severe diseases terminate seriously, and often fatally, from the want of timely remedies. Those engaged in business too often defer having advice from prudential motives; and all are unwilling to contemplate a sick bed, however obvious it may be that 'prevention is better than cure." Several minor advantages will present themselves in the working out the scheme, such as the joint use of expensive apparatus, baths, &c.

"The advantages to the profession are—the certainty of ability gaining a remuneration, without, as is too often the case, having to mingle the anxieties of the tradesman with the practice of a profession,—the formation of new schools for the promulgation of medical science, by the extension of the field of professional observation,—the removal of the possibility of incurring the accusation of venal motives in the application of remedies,—the consequent destruction of unfounded prejudices against the profession, and the dissemination of sounder opinions of medical requisites,—the avoiding the risk of bad debts, a contingency to which medical practitioners are more liable than any other,—the formation of certain scales of professional incomes, which may regulate the entrance into the profession, and give a more equal and beneficial employment to all members of it.

"The advantages to the public are many of them included in those appertaining to individuals and the profession; in addition to these, however, will be found several which would benefit even those who did not belong to such institutions: the chief of these are—the removal of vulgar prejudices against medical science, and the dissemination of sounder opinions as to it, and the consequent destruction of empiricism,—the improvement of medical science by the inducements held out by the offices to be filled, and by the competition and rigid examination requisite to procure them,—the improvement of the public health, and probably morals, by the means thus given of preventing not only ordinary disorders, but the spread of those which are contagious,—the formation and distribution of boards of medical ability, the consultation and concentration of which, in any particular times of pestilence or peculiar sickness, and whose knowledge at all times must be most serviceable."

Tales of a Rambler. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a handsomely got up volume. It is illustrated by various beautiful etchings. The literature is also respectable. It is well written; but the author does not always infuse enough of spirit into it to ensure the reader's attention. The characteristic of the tales is a fluent rather than forcible style of diction.

The Church and Dissent considered in their Practical Influence. By Edward Osler. 12mo. pp. 266. Smith and Elder.

The time has arrived when a change in the ecclesiastical arrangements of the country is absolutely required. We are not advocates of the dissenters who wish to pull down the church of England and replace on its ruins the many-headed hydra of sectarianism; nor on the contrary would we venture to defend every part of our church-institutions from the strictures of our dissenting brethren. Peace and amity may still be maintained, and that too without lowering the condition and station of the establishment. But we see little good sense in denying that evil is to be found in it, and a total want both of good-sense and charity in decrying every thing that does not fall in with our own views. Mr. Osler has, we doubt not, been influenced by right motives in sitting down to write the volume before us; and it would have been well if he had been more temperate in the execution. Neither party can gain any thing by an undiscriminating abuse of their opponents.

Church Review and Scotch Ecclesiastical Magazine. No. III. & IV. Fraser, Edinburgh. Smith and Elder, London.

This periodical which seems to be the organ of the national church of Scotland is conducted with much ability. The numbers before us are fully equal if not superior to their predecessors. Two papers are of particular interest: one on the study of Hebrew literature in Scotland, a subject of the first importance to the educated clergy of any Christian church; the other on the connection of geology with the Mosaic record, a subject surrounded with many difficulties, and a question of some importance.

If the Scottish Church Review continues to be conducted with the good sense and sound discretion apparent in the numbers before us, it cannot fail of winning the support of our religious brethren north of the Tweed.

Science of Etiquette. Glasgow. J. Reid.

In a world where every person acted on honest motives and was wholly guided by truth and sincerity etiquette would be justly despised. In the present state of things, in which evil so much preponderates over good, the observance of its rules is absolutely necessary to the peace of men moving in society; and this book consequently, as containing a code of conventional politeness, is worthy of attention. The writer is evidently a gentleman and a person of some talent; and the little that we see of him in this very little volume induces us to hope that his next literary effort will be of a more exalted nature.

Lardner's Cyclopædia. Mackintosh's History of England continued. Vols. IV., V., VI. Longman.

The work which was so sadly terminated by the death of the illustrious author has been resumed by a gentleman whose talents seem fully equal to a task made the more difficult from having been begun by such a man as Mackintosh. The continuator has evidently not contented himself with taking facts for granted without research; for his work bears evident marks of severe and original investigation. His political principles are of a liberal character, but not so strong as to bias his fair judgment of the merits of historical personages; and his style of treating the subjects that successively invite his attention shows that he is perfectly at home and can handle them with the touch of a master.

We should feel much pleasure in canvassing more particularly the merits of some political questions discussed in these volumes; but we must refrain.

The following defence of the much-slandered Cromwell will not have been made in vain, if the reader shall experience any thing like the pleasure felt by us in its perusal:—

"The passions of all parties were enlisted against his memory. Royalists and presbyterians would revile him as a rebel and traitor; republicans, as a usurper and regenade. He was slandered in every trait of his character, and every action of his life. But the supremacy of his talents has stood unquestioned and alone. He was acknowledged by all to have been a soldier of the first order, and the greatest genius of his time in the art of government.

"His early irregularites, greatly exaggerated,—his melancholy imagination and temperament in his youth, the former reformed, the latter strengthened and brightened by religious enthusiasm as well as by reason and by the principles of morality,—have been alluded to in every notice of his life. A contemporary has recorded with graphic force his first appearance, sitting in the house of commons: his slovenly dress; his awkward sword; his plain hat; his unpretending band, with the ominous red spot (imaginary or real); his uncouth features; his harsh tones; the rude energy and contagious fervour of his elocution. The same writer, again as an eye-witness, has described him at a more advanced period of his life and fortunes, supporting the character and wearing the robes of sovereignty with majesty and comeliness of deportment and countenance. It was the consequence and the proof of his having been but raised to his proper place among men, his natural station in the scale of human intelligence. Another eye-witness has described his person and character with a friendly but not unfaithful hand: his frame compact and vigorous; his stature five feet ten inches; 'his head so shaped that you might see in it a storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts;' his glance penetrating; his look, when he chosed, engaging and mild, or commanding and stern; his temper fiery, but subdued by reason and discipline; his heart full of courage, but compassionate and tender as that of a woman; 'his soul so large as hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay.' Of his magnanimity the evidence is most decisive. Constantly menaced with assassination by his enemies, and a murderous price set upon his life by Charles II. in a proclamation, he yet disdained to avenge himself upon the forfeit-lives of assassins within his power. The sentiment of vengeance seems to have vanished in the fearless and superior grandeur of his views. How great his force and generosity of soul who in the course of a life of constant peril from the brave in the field, and the secret and greater danger from hating and hireling private murderers, never lost his resolution or his humanity!

"But it is as a master of the art of government that the reputation of Cromwell appears in its full glory. The proudest courts and the proudest nations bowed before the supremacy of his genius and powers. It has been remarked by English writers that his reputation was exaggerated abroad because foreigners were not acquainted with the defects of his domestic government. They naturally judged him by his foreign policy; and that policy which overcame every prejudice against a regicide and a usurper, which raised the nation by a rapid movement from the lowest debasement to the highest rank, must have been pre-eminent in wisdom and force.

"The domestic government of Cromwell has been censured with some reason. There is a want of that creative power, that legislative genius, which calls into existence a political system capable of surviving its author. He has been described as essentially a man of immediate action rather than of grand prospective conceptions or comprehensive views. It is certain that in governing three nations he seemed to rely wholly or too much upon his own personal direction and control. Every impulse, movement, and restraint proceeded from his hand. His government wanted systematic order, and the consequent inherent force. But had Cromwell time, with his most intractable materials, to construct a great system of political government, which could be brought to act in his life-time, and survive him for the benefit of mankind?

To answer this question in the negative it is only necessary to recall to mind the state of parties, royalist, presbyterian, and republican, the temper of his very army, upon which he must have mainly depended, and the short and troubled period of only five years from his usurpation to his death.

"Even from expressions which fell from him, and which have been before alluded to, it may be inferred that he entertained great designs, which should redeem his usurpation and reconcile him to his country. There are strong glimpses of them visible in his administration. It is obvious, even in his violences to parliaments and his nomination of that called Barebones', that it was his purpose to arrive gradually at a system of government by free parliaments regenerated. There are in his various institutes of government many just and profound views of civil and parliamentary liberty, and the sacred principle of religious liberty was carried by him as far as it could have been carried in his age.

"It is true that prelacy and popery were excluded from the pale of legal toleration. But Whitelock, Baxter, and Bates have borne indisputable testimony to Cromwell's reluctance in complying with the ordinances of parliament against the observance of religious festivals and the reading of the book of Common Prayer, and to the indulgence with which he more than connived at other proscribed forms and observances. To catholics, who were more obnoxious and feeble, and therefore more open to be oppressed, he was singularly tolerant. He received Sir Kenelm Digby, a catholic, with distinction at Whitehall; he rescued many catholics from imprisonment and confiscations; he gave protections under his hand and seal to Romish priests—an unchristian scandal, according to the presbyterian Prynne; and he contemplated an arrangement with the pope for the residence of a bishop of the church of Rome in England to preside over the religious communion of the catholics. His principles of toleration were so far in advance of his age as to embrace the Jews. Menasseh Ben Israel, a trading Jew of Amsterdam, came over to solicit from Cromwell freedom both of religion and trade, and was received with the utmost liberality. The protector summoned an assembly of divines, lawyers, and merchants, to consider how the religion, laws, and commerce of England would be affected by giving Jews a legal toleration. The assembly could not come to an agreement, the business was abandoned, and the rabbi deputy was dismissed by Cromwell with a present of 200*l.*

"To make the lawyers subservient to his ambition through their grovelling interests he sacrificed his designs of law reform, but would doubtless have resumed them had he lived. A mind so vigorous as his, untrammelled by authority or prescription, would have conferred benefits beyond calculation, by the fearlessness with which he would have touched abuses and obliquities in that branch of social economy, into which so many interests and passions conspire to introduce obliquity and abuse, and upon which, notwithstanding, social virtue and civilization are most dependent.

"Cromwell is said to have wanted not only eloquence, but common facility and propriety of expression. His speeches and letters are, it is true, mystical, obscure, and involved, but only in situations where he used words for the concealment, not for the communication, of his thoughts. He who was able by his conversation to mould to his purposes such men as Broghill, Ludlow, and Lambert, must have possessed the art of persuasion in the highest degree; and his letters to the governor of the castle of Edinburgh prove that, when he would express frankly what he really felt, his style was not deficient in vigour or perspicuity.

"But, supposing him to have neglected personally the accomplishments and graces of cultivation, he yet appreciated and encouraged genius and merit in literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. He rescued the two universities and the general course of the education of youth from being over-run by the fanaticism and Judaism of those who looked upon the Mosaic law as the only requisite rule of conduct, and the Bible as the only book which

should be saved from the flames. He founded a college at Durham for the more convenient education of the northern English youth. The library of archbishop Usher was purchased and presented by him to the university of Dublin; and he presented valuable manuscripts to the university of Oxford, of which he was chancellor. The learned Usher was pensioned and honoured by him. Milton was the corresponding foreign secretary to his council. Hartlib, now remembered only as the friend of Milton, a native of Poland, whose life was devoted to one of the greatest interests of mankind—education, Andrew Marvell, Cudworth Pell, were pensioned, employed, or patronised by him. A secretaryship is said to have been offered by him to the famous sophist of Malmesbury. Waller was his kinsman and friend, and his praise lives in the verses of Milton, Waller, and Dryden.

"The drama, the most popular and enchanting of the fine arts, was condemned not so much by the protector as by the spirit of the age. He is described by two royalist chroniclers of the time as a great lover of music, and liberal to all who cultivated that and any other art. It is apparent from a conversation with him recorded by Whitelock that he was no enemy to the accomplishments and recreations of social intercourse. The arts cling with a parasite adhesion to the luxuries of a court, and upon the ruin of Charles I. they, for the most part, expired or fled. There are therefore but few painters, and no sculptors or architects. Robert Walker, a contemporary of Vandyck, was Cromwell's chief painter, and made several portraits of him, some few of which escaped the poor vengeance of the restoration upon his image and his remains. The engravers Blondeau, Violet, and especially Simon, were employed and distinguished. The achievements of the protector and the commonwealth, which it was the custom to commemorate by medals, gave opportunity and occupation to the graver.

"Cromwell had the virtues and affections of private and domestic life. As a son, husband, father, friend, his heart was full of tenderness, generosity, and faith."

British Colonial Library. By R. M. Martin. Vol. III. Southern Africa. 18mo. Mortimer.

The Cape of Good Hope, though not the richest, is one of the most thriving of our British colonies. Its superficial area is not less than 200,000 square miles, and its coast line is upwards of 1200 miles. It was first discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, in 1487, and called by him Cabo dos Tormentos; but the sanguine hopes of happy results from the discovery induced John II. of Portugal to call it *Cabo de Bonne Esperanze*. Ten years after, Vasco de Gama doubled the promontory, and reached Malabar. The English took formal possession of the Cape in king James's name, in 1620; but, as no settlement was formed by them, the Dutch government in 1650 sent out a small colony, and retained possession of the post for 180 years. The independent feeling induced by the French revolution infected even the distant colony of the Cape; and they would, probably, have succeeded in establishing their independence, if the British government, in 1795, had not taken up the matter and sent an armed force, who obliged the people to capitulate. The Cape then became an English colony; but at the peace of Amiens it was again given up to the Dutch. In 1806, our government, seeing the indispensability of the possession of the Cape to the maritime interests of England, sent out a force under Sir David Baird and Sir H. Popham, which soon obliged the colonists to surrender in favour of the rights of England. Since 1806 the Cape has been a British colony. Of all the governors who have had the management of the Cape none seems entitled to so high praise as the Earl of Caledon, whose firm but temperate and Christian-like government has contributed more than any other favouring cause to alleviate the miseries and improve the condition of the native and colonial population.

We make a short extract on the general geography of the Cape, as well to furnish information as to give some general notion of the work before us:—

"Southern Africa is generally composed of chains of lofty mountains and intervening plains and valleys, extending east and west, excepting one range beginning at Table Bay, opposite to Cape Point, and stretching to the northward along the western coast about 200 miles, which is as far as Olifant's River.

"The first great chain running east and west has, along the southern coast, a belt of undulating land, varying from ten to thirty miles in width, indented by several bays, and intersected by numerous streamlets; the soil is rich, the hills are well wooded, and the climate equable and mild, from its proximity to the ocean.

"The next great chain is the Zwaarte Bergen, or *Black Mountains*, more lofty and rugged than the coast chain (in some places consisting of double and treble ranges), and divided from it by an interval from ten to twenty miles wide, the surface of which is very varied, in some places barren hills predominating, in others naked and arid plains of clay, termed by the colonists the *karroo*, while widely interspersed are patches of well watered, fertile, and beautiful grounds.

"The third range is the Nieuwveld's Bergen. Between these mountains and the second range is the Great Karroo, or Desert, an elevated steppe or terrace, nearly 300 miles in length from E. to W., eighty in breadth, and 1000 feet above the sea, exhibiting a clayey surface, thinly sprinkled over with sand, studded with occasional isolated hills, with here and there a few stunted shrubs which seldom receive a friendly shower.

"Along the western coast the country also ascends in successive terraces, the most elevated of which (the Roggeveldt) unites with the last-mentioned chain of mountains, the Nieuwveldt. Indeed the Roggeveldt Bergen range may be said to commence in nearly 30 S. latitude, running nearly south for two and a half degrees, when its course is bent to the E. and subsequently to the N.E., until the range reaches Delagoa Bay, that part of it forming the north boundary of the Great Karroo, being termed Nieuwvelds Bergen.

"At the most southern extremity there are several eminences, the heights and names of which are Table Mountain, feet 3,582; Devil's Peak, 3,315; Lion's Head, 2,760; Lion's Rump, 1,143; Muyzenberg, about 2,000; Elsey Peak, 1,200; Simon's Berg, or Signal Hill, 2,500; Paulusberg, 1,200; Constantia, 3,200; Cape Peak, 1,000; Hanglip Cape, 1,800 feet.

"I rode to the summit of Cape Peak in 1825. The surface was covered with piles of huge stones, loosely thrown together, as if giants had been at play. The cliff was so perpendicular as to prevent my descent, except at some distance from the point; but I had an opportunity of sailing almost underneath this singular promontory in his Majesty's schooner *Albatross*, in 1823, when we ran inside the "Bellows Rock," on our passage from Table to Simon's Bay. I scarcely know whether my feelings were more excited in the latter situation, or when viewing the vast expanse of the Indian and Atlantic Oceans from the wild and desolate extremity of Southern Africa.

"But the most conspicuous feature of these lofty ranges is *Table Mountain*, the north front of which, directly facing Cape Town, presents nearly a horizontal line of two miles in length, rising to the height of 3,582 feet above the level of Table Bay, with a plain at the summit of about ten acres in extent. In front are two wings—the Devil's Mountain, 3,315, and the Lion's Head, 2,760 feet, which evidently at one time formed a continuation of the table, the summits being washed away by torrents and the crumbling hand of time, the base is still attached to the "Table" at a considerable elevation. The Devil's Mountain is broken into irregular points, but the upper part of the Lion's Head is a solid mass of stone, rounded and fashioned like a work of art, and resembling, it is thought, in some points of view, the dome of St. Paul's, placed on a high cone-shaped hill.

"This is Mr. Barrow's opinion, but though I visited Table Tay several times, and rode on horseback to the summit of the "Table," I could not see the resemblance alluded to. The ascent on horseback I was induced to attempt from hearing so much of the difficulty of the enterprise. Owing (under Providence) to the kindness of a Dutch gentleman, who lent me one of his best-trained horses and accompanied me, I safely accomplished the undertaking. Sometimes the road or path wound round a shelving mountain, or along the verge of a precipice where there was not room for two animals to pass, and down whose fearful chasms I durst not look. At other times it lay across huge loose rocks, adown and up whose steep and slippery sides my noble steed trod with the steadiness and security of a chamois. Frequently was I obliged to grasp his neck when clambering up these dangerous precipices, where a false step would have hurled horse and rider to the bottom of yawning ravines, if perchance they had not been intercepted mid-way by some impending rock, and dashed to atoms in descending from ledge to ledge. But when I gained the summit, and sat astride on my horse nearly 4,000 feet above Cape Town, the perils of the ascent were forgotten; well might I exclaim with the immortal bard,—

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock.
The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

"In fact the fishermen did not appear so large as mice; they were mere black dots on the minute tracery of lines which Cape Town exhibited. The descent was more perilous than the ascent, as the "table cloth" was spreading rapidly. Ladies have ascended to the top of the mountain from the cleft or gorge at Cape Town.

"The bold face of Table Mountain is supported by a number of projecting buttresses that rise out of the plains, and fall in with the front a little higher than midway from the base. The east side is the most elevated, and some points are estimated at 4,000 feet; the west side, along the sea shore, is rent into deep chasms topped by many pointed masses. About four miles to the southward, the elevation of the mountain is diminished by terraces, the lowest of which communicates with the chain that extends the whole length of the peninsula.

"On first viewing this singular-looking mountain from the bay, it appears like the ruined walls of a gigantic fortress—the front divided into three sections, a curtain flanked by two bastions; the former is separated from the left bastion by a deep chasm, which is about three quarters of a mile in length; the perpendicular cheeks at the foot 1,000 feet high, and the angle of descent forty-five degrees. At the entrance the chasm is about eighty feet wide; but it gradually converges until it is not more than a few feet at the portal, which opens on the extensive flat summit.

"Cape Town, built immediately at the foot of Table Mountain, along the shores of Table Bay, on a plain which rises with an easy ascent towards the mountain, is regularly constructed, with straight and parallel streets intersecting each other at right angles, and shaded with elm or oak trees; the houses chiefly of red brick or stone, of a good size, and generally with a *stoup*, or terrace, before the door, shaded with trees, beneath which the English as well as Dutch inhabitants delight to lounge by day, sheltered from the fervid rays of the sun, or to inhale the freshness of the evening breeze.

"The population of the metropolis of South Africa is at present more than 20,000, of whom upwards of 10,000 are white inhabitants—the majority being Dutch, or of Dutch descent. With the exception of Sydney, New South

Wales, there is a more English appearance about Cape Town than any colonial station I have visited. The squares are well laid out, the streets extremely clean, the public edifices numerous and substantial. Throughout the week there is a continued busy hum of industry; and, on the Sabbath morn, the melody of the church going bell, and the groups of well-dressed individuals flocking to their respective places of worship, may readily induce the traveller to forget that he is on the southernmost extremity of Africa.

"The Castle, situate on the left of the town (entering from Table Bay), is a strong fortification commanding the anchorage, and, if well defended, capable of successful resistance against any force which may be brought against it. The fortress is pentagonal, with a broad fosse and regular outworks. It contains within its walls most of the public offices, and barracks for 1,000 men. There are other works defending Cape Town. Fort Knokke, on the east, is connected with the castle by a rampart called the sea-lines; and further east is Craig's tower and battery. On the west side, and surrounding the Lion's Rump, are Rogge, Amsterdam, and Chavonne batteries, all bearing upon the anchorage. The entrance of the bay is commanded by a battery, called the *Mouillé*.

"The colonists are indebted to the paternal sway of the Earl Caledon for the laying down of hydraulic pipes, by means of which a plentiful supply of excellent water is furnished to every part of the town, and ships' boats are supplied at the landing place with a beverage which, even after many months keeping at sea, I found equal to that of the Thames."

Mr. Martin's work, so far as we have had leisure to examine it, is well worthy of public notice. The Author has not, by these smaller publications, injured the reputation which his larger work on the colonies has so justly won for him.

Notes of a Ramble through France, Italy, Switzerland, &c. By a Lover of the Picturesque. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This volume is respectably written, in so far as mere composition is concerned, but there is nothing but words in it. There is, as Falstaff would have said, "a most plentiful lack" both of incident and of sentiment. The work is made up of the most common-place circumstances—of the merest trifles. What could have induced the author to "go to press" we cannot divine. We should think, however, the success of this effort at authorship will not be such as to encourage him to make a second attempt "in a hurry."

Diary of a Desennuyée. 2 Vols. 8vo. Colburn.

We have often in society heard the question asked "who wrote the Diary of a Desennuyée?" and with such empressement that we were led to suppose ere we read the book that it must be a second Waverley. The work is not entirely without merit. Many of the lady's remarks on society are caustic and satirical, and she is evidently in her own circle a person of distinguished abilities. It is still very questionable whether the authoress would add to her private reputation by the abandonment of her literary incognito. The first volume is chiefly an acconnt of the gay widow's London season; the second describes her introduction to the beau monde of Paris. The French fashionables must be pre-eminently silly people, if they are half so silly as those represented by the Desennuyée.

Such books as those before us will we suppose always obtain the support of a certain class who prefer namby-pamby common-place and scandal to the genuine productions of the imagination: and the reviewer has fully discharged his duty by entering his protest against the whole system. A short time ago the Quarterly Review passed a sweeping censure on the novels of France: it would not be difficult to write an article equally severe and more to the point on the novels of our own country. We may perhaps revert to the subject.

A Trip to Rome at Railway Speed. By T. Barlow. 18mo. pp. 428. Hamilton and Adams.

As we have before, in reviewing Cooper's Switzerland, deprecated the practice of fast travelling, we need say nothing on the score in noticing a work whose writer boasts in the preface that *the same tour* (up the Rhine and through Wertemburg and Bavaria and across the Tyrolese Alps into northern Italy and so to Rome, returning by Milan and over the Simplon through Switzerland and France) *has never been accomplished in so short a time.* To have done all this in two months may be a subject of congratulation to a private individual whose time of leisure is limited, but when an author writes for public instruction something more is expected than the hurried scribblings of a diary written in a caliche or a diligence. We must not, however, be illnatured with the author of this volume. His aim has not been very ambitious. As an easy dégagée kind of narrative this book deserves some little attention, and the hints given about travelling expenses are occasionally very good. In order to give the reader a notion of the author's style of description we extract a portion of the chapter on Venice.

"August 7th. Thomas Moore has beautifully written as follows:—

"'If you would save some dreams of youth
From the torpedo touch of truth,
Go not to Venice—do not blight
Your early fancies with the sight
Of her true, real, dismal, state.
Her mansions closed and desolate,
Her foul canals, exhaling wide
Such fetid airs as, with those domes
Of silent grandeur by their side,
Where step of life, ne'er goes or comes,
And those black barges plying round
With melancholy plashing sound,
Seem like a city where the pest
Is holding her last visitation,
And all ere long will be at rest—
The dead sure rest of desolation.'

"Poetically beautiful and strictly correct are the lines above quoted; though, when we first looked out upon the view from the dining-hall of our hotel, we thought that the desolation of Venice had been too much talked of and written about. The dining hall is a very large, lofty, airy room. It is adorned by several fine casts from the antique and some original marble busts of great merit. Two, the laughing philosopher and the lachrymose one, are worthy of a conspicuous place in any of the celebrated collections on the continent. From the windows of the hall which look upon the harbour and quay, once crowded with the vessels and merchandize of all quarters of the globe, very few vessels are now to be seen. A solitary man of war, stationedt here more for appearance' sake than ought else by the Austrian government, the Trieste steamer, and a few merchantmen, now indicate that Venice is still a port; and the swarm of country boats, which arrive every morning with cargoes of fruit and agricultural produce, prove that Venice imports the necessaries of life for the consumption of its inhabitants: more cannot be now said of the once proud queen of the Adriatic and its departed mercantile glory. On the quay a busy scene is yet enacted, especially in the cool of the morning. The dealers in fruit, and the water-carriers with their shrill cry of aqua, aqua fresca, keep up a continual tumult, and give an appearance of business on a REDUCED scale. A continual stream of persons throughout the day pass and repass on their way to and from the place of St. Mark's, which is the Regent

Street of Venice. The numerous gondolas, which are constantly gliding on at a rapid speed on the fine and open expanse of water in front of the hotel, leave one no occasion to regret the absence of the omnibus, coach, or cab. There are no coaches in Venice, nor even horses, none being necessary. Every street is accessible by water, and the gondolas, of which there are thousands, form a delightful, easy, and swift mode of communication. The distant land of the Lido, the barrier of the Adriatic, was pointed out to us on the left, and the church of St. Marie de la Salute with its beautiful cupola on the right; many other pleasing objects are seen from the hotel. The absence of the stench, so unpleasant from the canals, renders an additional reason why such a situation should be chosen as the temporary abode of visitors, who wish to have a central situation, and one divested of the many drawbacks which must be found elsewhere.

"The far-famed Piazza of St. Mark presents at one view a very interesting combination of objects. From the centre of the open space on entering it are seen the following objects:—In the piazetta, or smaller place, are the two lofty granite columns brought thither by one of the doges on his return from the Holy Land, in the twelfth century; one is surmounted by the figure in marble of St. Theodore, high in repute in the calendar, and the other by the winged lion, removed to France in the wars of the republic, and at Paris ornamenting the Hôtel des Invallides: at the restoration of the Bourbons it was RESTORED to Venice. The restoration of the lion has been more permanent than the other. The ducal palace and the cathedral of St. Mark, in themselves a host, will have further mention. In the larger piazza is the Campanile, rendered immortal by the observations of the star-gazer, Galileo.

"Around three sides of the extensive area of the piazza, are the buildings now converted into shops, &c. screened by a covered gallery, which is the lounge of the city. The principal cafés are the Florian and the Fenice. Milliners' shops (I beg their pardon), artistes des modes, are in such abundance as to convince one that the fashions are not neglected by the Venetian fair ones. The print shops furnish their quota of amusements: the specimens of art displayed there are, in general, of a superior description. We entered the ducal palace, which flanks the quay and the smaller piazza. It was built in time of the doge Marino Faliero, of Byronic fame. From the bronze cisterns in the court some noisy girls were drawing water of a questionable quality. A multitude of statues adorn the exterior. We ascended the giant's staircase, and STARED at the colossal figures (the Gog and Magog of Venice) from which it derives its name. On the landing-place at the top of the staircase, in days of yore, the doges of Venice were crowned by the senior councillor. The council-hall, now the library, is a very large apartment, tenanted by statues, paintings of Venetian exploits, portraits of their rulers, a great number of pigeons, which fly about at pleasure, students, bookworms, and visitors from all parts of the world. My space will not allow me to descant upon the treasures of art contained in this and the adjoining room, about which a volume might be written. Near the entrance is Tintoretto's largest easel-paining "the Glories of Paradise," containing a vast number of figures in various postures, depicting pleasure and adoration: the whole in a good state of preservation. Our guide did not fail to draw our attention to that strange morçeau of sculpture, the Leda: in no public collection in our own land would such a work be allowed to remain exposed to public gaze. Many other strange freaks of art there exhibited will reward the curiosity-seeker. The walls of the apartment are adorned by upwards of twenty paintings by Tintoretto Paul Veronese, Palma, Bassano, &c.; the pope blessing several of the doges on their departure on warlike missions is the subject of many of them: the conquests of the Venetians at Constantinople, and over the Genoese, and the Emperor Otho and Barbarossa his son are strikingly depicted. I shall only particularize two paintings of great merit; one is the veteran Doge Henri Dandolo, at the siege of Constantinople, in 1203, then above ninety years old,

fighting at the head of his soldiers, and though nearly blind, performing prodigies of valour, painted by Palma; and the other, the assault of Zara by sea and land, painted by Vicentino, containing one of the finest horses that can be found on canvas. Above these heart-stirring reminiscences of the olden exploits, are the portraits of the Doges of Venice, upwards of seventy in number. The portrait of one is wanting, that of Marino Faliero; the space which it should have occupied presents a black tablet, on which is painted in white letters, "Hic est locus Marini Falethri decapitati pro criminibus," The apartment adjoining to the council-hall contains a great number of paintings on the walls and ceiling, of a similar cast to those before mentioned. We made a cursory survey of the council-chambers appropriated to the sittings of the select ten, and the more powerful three, in whose hands were placed the lives and fortunes of the whole population of Venice. In passing through these chambers, how many thoughts came over us of the modes of accusation, the forms of trial, and the blood-thirsty decisions of which this place was the scene. The lions' mouths, into whose jaws of stone were dropped the anonymous accusation sufficient to cause the arrest of the suspected parties, the small chamber hung with black cloth, and the three masked and robed inquisitorial judges seated in their chairs of office, whilst their secretary cross-questioned the unfortunate, and in many cases, innocent victim of a malignant secret foe, the decisions too often guided by views of state policy and expediency, will always cause this once-dreaded place to be entered with a feeling of sorrow by all subjects of free states. In the hall of the senate is the throne of the doges, placed in the centre of the seats reserved for the ten: seats for the subordinate members of the senate are placed on each side. Such inscriptions as the following, which are inscribed in large letters, are a species of mockery: "CUSTODES LIBERTATIS—NUMQUAM DERELICTA."

"In the cathedral of St. Mark are the *veritable* bones of the evangelist. The five domes give the exterior an air of oriental grandeur. Externally and internally the walls are laden with hundreds of columns of porphyry, and variegated marbles. The floors, ceilings, and compartments, are inlaid with mosaics, gilding, and bronze. There are no fewer than fifteen gates of brass, —spoils brought from Constantinople nearly seven hundred years ago. The columns most thought of are eight, supposed to have come from the Temple of Jerusalem. When I looked up at the four bronze horses, the glory of Venice, which adorn at a high elevation the front of the cathedral, I thought of a remark made to me by a gentleman who was present when the allied armies, in 1815, caused them to be taken down from the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel at Paris, whither they had been taken in 1797, when the republic of Venice was prostrated by the republic of France. When the blocks and machinery by which they were removed were first put in motion, volleys of sacres, pestes, and other ejaculations of anger burst forth from the enraged spectators, who, in their indignation at the removal of the trophies of the victories of the French army, were almost induced to oppose the proceedings. The presence of the allied forces caused them at last, on more mature REFLECTION, to swallow the bitter pill. As the Venetians have no living horses, no wonder they should be proud of these, whose symmetrical proportions are pronounced to be faultless. Corinth, Rome, and Constantinople, have been by antiquarians named as the places from whence they were brought.

"To the Rialto ho! where "Signor Antonio had many a time and oft" rated the Jew Shylock about his moneys and usury. When there I thought of Shakspeare and of Kean, and looked at the bridge, and was disappointed. Twelve shops, six on each side of the bridge, betwixt which is a narrow space for the passengers, contain "the jewellers of the Rialto," now few in number who sell their wares in places more like booths than aught else. Having imagined a spacious elegant place, where the merchants of Venice at hour of 'change resorted, we were not prepared for the reality. It is now a much-frequented place. In passing through an abundantly-supplied fruit market,

not far distant from the bridge, we stopped a few minutes to watch an auction sale, principally of old clothing. The female part of the audience were by far the most numerous; and it was laughable to observe how eagerly they examined each article, and how they outstrove one another in bidding. What temptations are to be met with at an auction sale, when the idea of meeting with a cheap bargain, whether wanted or not, hurries one away into expense!

"We were fully as much pleased with the church dedicated to St. John and St. Paul as any place in Venice. In the open space before it is the noble equestrian monument of the famed general Colleoni, one of the first who made use of cannon. The interior of the building, with its numerous side chapels, is crowded with magnificent monuments in memory of the most noted names in the chronicles of Venice: the families of the doges Mocenigo, Valier, Morosini, Vendramin, and a host of others, as well as scores of generals, admirals, &c. We could barely devote one hour to it: three or four might well be spent there. Mention of several paintings of considerable merit by Bassano, Bonifacio, Tintoretto, Padovanino, Palma, and Paul Veronese, must not be omitted. One by Titian, "The Martyrdom of St. Peter," was honoured by a journey to Paris. The most extraordinary production of art is six bas reliefs in bronze, pourtraying scenes in the life of St. Dominique, executed with amazing skill. The pillars of the church are covered with crimson damask, and the curtains are of the same material and colour, the whole throwing a very effective and vivid hue on the numerous works of art. Our ramble had given us a good appetite for our five o'clock dinner, to which we now wended our willing way, calling on the route home to see a manufactory of those highly finished gold chains, for which Venice is so famous. The manufacture of the very minute watch guards is certainly worthy of inspection: quite a liliputian process. The man we called upon was a Jew in principle: he valued a chain of good gold which we submitted to his verdict, at one-fourth of its value, and asked for one which did not weigh half so much twice the amount of the valuation. John Bull would not be bamboozled by him.

"In the cool of the evening we took a gondola to the Lido, wishing to relieve our eyesight with a view of the rolling sea, and our heated frames with a cool breeze. Having crossed the Jews' burial ground (of which more elsewhere), we were rewarded for our trip, by the desired gratification of the senses before mentioned. Having determined that we would, before leaving Venice, enjoy a morning plunge in the brine, we returned to the gondola: our guide pointed out the place where the doge was annually in the habit of wedding Venice to the Adriatic, by dropping a ring into the sea from the prow of his splendid barge. We were put ashore at the public gardens, which are merely a collection of trees and walks, and were almost tenantless. Adjoining them is a fine street which Bonaparte made, by having the canal which ran through it filled up, and literally making land of it: it is a favourite promenade. Taking boat again we were soon landed at the Piazetta, and proceeded to the Café Florian, where we took some of the delicious ices made there. What an enjoyment we had in gazing upon St. Mark's, the Palace, and the Square, &c., lit up by the silvery splendour of the moon, and feeling the cool evening air upon our cheeks! Numerous were the parties scattered about in front of the cafés. The hawkers of sweet meats, biscuits, &c. were busy in their vocations: tempted by the offer of slippers at one shilling per pair, we became purchasers. To close the day, which we had not idly spent, we again embarked on the waters, and made a pilgrimage to the palace which Lord Byron inhabited when a resident of Venice—the Palazzo Mocenigo, on the grand canal. Having feasted our eyes with a view of the shell which once contained so great a genius, we returned to our hotel and had no lack of food for reflection. During our sojourn in Italy we never saw or felt a musquito: I am very much mistaken if I did not this night hear one buzzing in our room. No matter, he let us alone."

Mr. Barlow is rather prosy; but his book may be useful to travellers.

FINE ARTS.

Beattie's Switzerland. Nos. 23 and 24. Virtue.

The engravings of this work are not all executed with the same ability; but, on the whole, the work is well worthy of the notice of those who are fond of mountain-scenery. We notice more particularly the Wildkirchlein (or chapel of the wilds), in Appenzel, as conveying a good idea of the mistiness incidental to scenery in the higher regions of the Alps. The effect, although produced at infinitely less cost of labour, conveyed to us nearly the same notions as Brockedon's beautiful delineations of the same district. The fall of Handek is also given with much spirit. With the Hofbrücke, at Luzern, we were certainly disappointed, as we have ourselves seen the bridge from the other side, which is by far the most picturesque point of view.

The engravings are, on the whole, creditable to the artists employed; and the letter-press descriptions are given with considerable accuracy, as far as we have had leisure to examine them, except in the German names, which are occasionally mis-spelt; and we certainly disapprove of giving letter-press in the respective numbers unconnected with the engravings inserted in them. This is not creditable to the publishers of such engravings, and ought to be reformed. This hint is necessary to others also.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts I.—X. Smith and Elder.

Mr. Stanfield's celebrity as a marine painter is such that we need not say that, so far as his duties in the work were concerned, the work must merit public approbation. The draughtsman has been assisted by able engravers; and it is not too high praise to say that these views ought to attract general attention. We instance particularly the Needles—the Hamoaze—Hastings—Wreck off Boulogne—Dover Pier—and the Eddystone. The letter-press is not inferior to that usually accompanying books of engravings.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Parts I. & II. C. Tilt.

This work, if we mistake not, is one of the very best that we have seen of the cheap engravings. The drawings are executed with spirit, especially the two views of Bamborough, in the second number; and the engraver has used his *burin* to good purpose. We wish Mr. Finden's work all the success which it undoubtedly deserves.

Winkle's Continental Cathedrals. V., VI., VII. C. Tilt.

Winkle's Illustrations of Winchester and Lincoln Cathedrals. Effingham Wilson.

Winkle's Ground-plans of the Cathedral Churches. Effingham Wilson.

No drawings require laborious engravings more than those of ecclesiastical buildings. There are perhaps only one or two artists of our own day who have succeeded in furnishing to the public satisfactory engravings of our cathedrals. We need not say, however, that we do not expect in the cheap numbers before us such highly-finished engravings as those of Le Keux. What could have been done, considering the low price of the publication, has been done; but we do not think that the subject of architecture is at all calculated for plates on which only a very limited degree of the engraver's art can be bestowed withdue reference to economy.

Fisher's Views of Syria, the Holy Land, &c.; with letter-press by J. Carne, Esq. Parts I.—III. Fisher.

No country in the world is more rich in scenery, interesting by its novelty to a European and a Christian, than Syria and Palestine. These countries,

in which most of the scenes were enacted which must ever be interesting to the believers in holy writ, present certain features which must be well understood by the intelligent student of the scriptures. We pity the individuals who can read his bible and study the lives of Abraham, Samuel, and others of the Hebrew worthies, and yet be indifferent respecting the manners of the people and the scenery of the country in which such important transactions have occurred. The view of Tripoli is, perhaps, the best in the numbers that we have seen. Mr. Carne's illustrations ought not to be passed unnoticed. They are elegantly written, and well worthy of the author of "Letters from the East." An extract or two would not be out of place, but space does not allow a more extended notice.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Close of an Unproductive Session.—Parliament was prorogued on the 20th of August by the King in person. His Majesty went in the usual state to the House of Lords, soon after two o'clock, and delivered the following speech:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen—The state of the public business enables me at length to relieve you from further attendance in parliament; and in terminating your labours I have again to acknowledge the zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the public business, and the attention which you have bestowed upon the important subjects which I brought under your consideration at the opening of the session.

"The assurances of friendly dispositions which I receive from all foreign powers, enable me to congratulate you upon the prospect that peace will continue undisturbed.

"I lament deeply that the internal state of Spain still renders that country the only exception to the general tranquillity which prevails in the rest of Europe: and I regret that the hopes which have been entertained of the termination of the civil war have not hitherto been realized. In fulfilment of the engagements which I contracted by the treaty of Quadruple Alliance, I have afforded the queen of Spain the co-operation of a part of my naval force; and I continue to look with unabated solicitude to the restoration of that internal peace in Spain, which was one of the main objects of the Quadruple Treaty, and which is so essential to the interests of all Europe.

"I am happy to be able to inform you, that my endeavours to remove the misunderstanding which had arisen between France and the United States have been crowned with complete success. The good offices which for that purpose I tendered to the two governments, were accepted by both in the most frank and conciliatory spirit; and the relations of friendship have been re-established between them in a manner satisfactory and honourable to both parties. I trust that this circumstance will tend to draw still closer the ties which connect this country with two great and friendly nations, with which they have so many important relations in common.

"I have regarded with interest your deliberations upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to consider the state of the Dioceses in England and Wales; and I have cheerfully given my assent to the measures which have been presented to me for carrying into effect some of these most important recommendations.

"It is with no ordinary satisfaction I have learned that you have, with much labour, brought to maturity enactments upon the difficult subject of tithes in England and Wales, which will, I trust, prove in their operation equitable to all the districts concerned, and generally beneficial in their results.

"The passing of the acts for Civil Registration, and for Marriages in England, has afforded much satisfaction. The provisions have been framed upon those large principles of religious freedom which, with a due regard to the welfare of the established church in this country, I have always been desirous of maintaining and promoting; and they will also conduce to the greater certainty of titles and to the stability of property.

"It has been to me a source of the most lively gratification to observe the tranquillity which has prevailed, and the diminution of crimes which has lately taken place in Ireland. I trust that perseverance in a just and impartial system of government will encourage this good disposition, and enable that country to develop her great national resources.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I thank you for the liberality with which you have voted not only the ordinary supplies of the year, but the additional sums required to provide for an increase in my naval force. I am also gratified to perceive that you have made provision for the full amount of compensation awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, and that the obligations entered into by the legislature have thus been strictly fulfilled.

"The increased productiveness of the public revenue has enabled you to meet those charges, and, at the same time, to repeal or reduce taxes, of which some were injurious in their effects upon my people, and others unequal in their pressure upon various parts of my dominions abroad.

"The present condition of manufactures and commerce affords a subject of congratulation, provided the activity which prevails be guided by that caution and prudence which experience has proved to be necessary to stable prosperity.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—The advanced period of the year, and the length of time during which you have been employed in public affairs, must render you desirous of returning to your respective counties. You will there resume those duties which are in importance inferior only to your legislative functions; and your influence and example will greatly conduce to the maintenance of tranquillity, the encouragement of industry, and the confirmation of those moral and religious habits and principles which are essential to the well-being of every community."

Some people are disposed to blame the government for the unproductiveness of the present session. We rather blame the lords who have rejected no less than *eighteen* bills sent up by the commons, among which are, the Municipal Corporation Amendment, Voters' Registration, Imprisonment for Debt, Irish Church, and Roman Catholic Marriage, bills. The whole conduct of the lords as a body calls imperatively for a *reform of the house of lords*.

Value of Dirt.—To many of our readers who have in common with us a dislike to dirt, dirt moral as well as dirt physical, it may be a matter of curiosity to hear that even this detested article has a value in the market.

"The parish of St. Andrew, London, formerly paid a scavenger 400*l.* a year for cleaning their streets; which after some time being thought too much, the person engaged to do it for 300*l.*, then for 200*l.*, for 100*l.*, and finally for nothing. The parish afterwards contracted with a person who gave *them* 200*l.*, then 400*l.*, and now they actually receive 700*l.* a year for the soil of their streets. Some years ago the vestry of Marylebone parish paid a Mr. Harper the annual sum of 500*l.* for that service, then 300*l.* was given, and so on. At this moment, however, instead of paying any thing, the vestry yearly receive from their scavenger 1700*l.*!"

What may be the value of all the moral and political dirt of the *Times* newspaper and some of its tory brethren?

DEATH OF MR. ROTHSCHILD THE LOAN-CONTRACTOR.—This extraordinary person, who from very small beginnings attained eventually to the possession of an enormous property, perhaps three, and three only, being more wealthy than him in all Europe, and by reason of that property was enabled to exercise a very powerful influence on international politics, has at length paid his last instalment due to nature. He died at Frankfort on the Maine on the 28th of July, in his 60th year. His remains, after having been sent home to his residence in St. Swithin's, were interred with great ceremony and every show of respect from a very numerous retinue of mourners in the first class of society on Monday the 8th of August. We extract for the information of our readers a brief account of the distribution of his property, we mean his actually amassed property, independently of that which is still employed in the gigantic concerns of the house, whose head he is no longer.

"The will gives no statement of the amount of the property accumulated, nor of the kind of securities in which it is invested. There are eight executors appointed under the will, namely, the four brothers of the deceased, Mrs. Rothschild, one of his sons, his son-in-law, and Benjamin Cohen, his brother-in-law. The executors are strictly prohibited from interfering with any thing in their official capacity beyond the line of their duties as administrators. The testator had given to each of his sons on their coming of age 25,000*l.*, which the will directs shall be made up to 100,000*l.* in each case, the eldest son, lately married to his cousin-german, having already received his amount in full. The business is left to the three sons without any distinction or preference, and the youngest son, not yet of age, is in every respect to be placed on the same footing with his brothers on reaching his majority. The three daughters of the testator are also each to have 100,000*l.*, this sum being already paid to the eldest, married to her cousin. The two youngest, yet unmarried are to have the same sum paid, provided they marry with the consent of their mother and brothers, *and not otherwise.* If they remain unmarried they are to have 50,000*l.* each on reaching the age of twenty-five, and on arriving at forty they are to have the other 50,000*l.*, and no reversionary claim whatever on the residue of the property. The will throughout expresses the warmest affection for, and places the most unbounded confidence in, Mrs. Rothschild. She is secured an annuity of 20,000*l.*, clear of all incumbrance, during her life, and also the family town-house in Piccadilly, and the country-house at Barnsbury, with all their appurtenances, without any condition. The possibility of her again marrying is not once glanced at. The will declares that *the testator had an interest in all the houses conducted by his brothers on the Continent*, and, they having a reciprocal interest in the house conducted by him in London, that the joint business shall in future be carried on as heretofore by his sons, in conjunction with their uncles, for five years certain from his demise,—that the sons shall be guided by the advice of their uncles, and enter into no new undertaking on their own account without previously advising with and obtaining the consent of their mother. The testator has bequeathed nothing to public charities, servants, or dependents. He has entrusted the whole of this arrangement to Mrs. Rothschild, to act upon her discretion, without any control from the other executors; there are very few legacies under the will, and the principal one is 10,000*l.* to his brother-in-law and executor, Mr. B. Cohen; with about 500*l.* to each of the testator's sisters, and a few small sums to others, not exceeding in the whole 15,000*l.* to 16,000*l.* Tokens of remembrance to other friends and relations he leaves entirely to the discretion of Mrs. Rothschild."

DEATH OF QUESADA.—The Queen of Spain having been compelled by the late revolt to dismiss Quesada, captain-general of Madrid, he on the 15th, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, left Madrid, attended by a single servant, disguised in plain clothes. On his arrival at Horteleza, distant about a league and a half, he was asked for his passport by the alcadi of the place, when, in the act of delivering it, he was recognised by a corporal of the national guard. He and his servant were at once arrested. Intelligence having reached Madrid, one of the soldiers immediately mounted his horse, followed by others of the national guard. They proceeded to Hortaleza. On arriving at the house where Quesada was imprisoned, they entered it. The general was perfectly calm ; the only observation he made was "that he had fulfilled his duty, and that were he again to find himself similarly circumstanced, he would act in the same manner precisely." The soldier, who had a musket, now fired, and Quesada instantly fell. The unfortunate man, exhibiting signs of life, was beaten on the head by one of the Madrid national guards until the brains protruded from his skull, whilst others hacked his body with their blunt sabres. The general's servant endeavoured to escape, but was also murdered. Quesada's body was horribly mutilated, and his head was severed from his body.

VARIETIES.

The Ascent of the Ortler in the Alps of Tyrol.—At Mont Gallo, a few miles north east of Mount Bernina, and east of the valley of the Inn, the chain of the Alps bifurcates, the larger ridge running north-east towards Nauders, the other, a smaller limb, branching eastward, with many subordinate ridges running southward into Upper Italy. The most elevated mountain of this chain lies on the Tyrolese side of the point where the confines of Tyrol, Lombardy, and Switzerland meet; by the Tyrolese themselves it is called the Ortlespitze, Ortler, or Orteler; its longitude is ten degrees thirty-one minutes east, and its latitude forty-six degrees thirty-eight minutes north. Surrounded on all sides by a desolate wilderness, and rising above the valleys of Taufers, Schludorns, Fubra, and Martell, its snow-crowned pyramidal summit is the most elevated spot in the Austrian dominions, and reaches an altitude of 12,814 English feet. The open and lofty summit is well laid down in General Jomini's excellent chart of the Alps. Until 1804 the foot of man had never reached it, but in September of that year a chamois-hunter, named Joseph Pichler, on the side of Taufers, after repeated failures, succeeded in mounting to its highest peak. In 1805, the Archduke John of Austria caused a hut to be erected on an elevated part of the mountain, and rings and iron staves to be attached to the perpendicular surfaces; with these helps Dr. Gebbard, the celebrated naturalist, thrice succeeded in ascending it. The best place from which to start upon this interesting excursion is Mals. Proceeding to Taufers, and advancing about two miles from thence, the traveller comes to the isolated Pilgrim's Church, called the Three Springs, on the stream of the Taufers; he then ascends a desert Alp over a mass of snow to the Riffelu, a rocky ridge, from the foot of which the route ascends, over a surface of loose shifting soil, for nearly four miles, along the edge of an abyss of 2080 feet deep. He now steps upon the Ferner mountain, and crosses it in a southern direction straight towards Mount Cristallo; after proceeding for seven miles and a half, he turns towards the Schneerinne (snow-edge), an almost perpendicular wall, to mount which requires at least four hours, and so dangerous is it that not even the chamois flies thither save when in fear of his life. The soil is loose and shifting; the slightest breath of wind is sufficient to set it in motion, and if a stone is disturbed, it is immediately precipitated downwards. In this manner the traveller must go round the whole Ortler, and at last reaches the snow-ridge, which conducts from the Zwedul to the summit. The view may be easily conceived to be

boundless. The first night is passed about the region of wood, and the second night is spent at the same place; on the third Mals is regained. This was the route pursued by the party who ascended in 1826. Previously a less arduous way through the vale of the Schuld has been sought out. From this stream, as well as that of Taufers, the chapel of St. Gertrude had been gained, and two nights passed under the Black Head, an overhanging rock about the region of wood. The mountain is of the mica formation, or gneiss. Professor Thurmwieser, who ascended it in 1834, beheld the peak of Mont Blanc from its summit. The direct distance of Mont Blanc is at least 170 miles. To those who have travelled in the south west of France, or in other mountainous countries, and who can make proper allowance for refraction and other physical aids and appliances, this will not appear to be improbable, considering the heights of the two points of observation.

Newspapers in British America.—The first English newspaper in Canada was the *Quebec Gazette*, established in 1765. The *Montreal Gazette* was set on foot in 1775. In 1810 there were ten papers in Lower, one in Upper Canada, and three in Nova Scotia. There are now (1835) thirty-four papers in Canada; and in the whole of British America there are no less than fifty-seven newspapers.

French Cotton Manufactures.—Our own greatness, as cotton manufacturers, is apt to blind us to the increasing success of our neighbours. A few well-authenticated facts respecting the French cotton works will, perhaps, not be unacceptable to our readers. French cotton-spinning is chiefly carried on in the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine, and in the adjacent parts of the Vosges, Upper Saone, and Doubs, in which much calico is made from the spun cotton of Mulhausen, a town of rising population, and manufacturing importance. These departments, the inhabitants of which are employed in the manufacture of one article only, form together a compact district, containing fifty-six factories; forty of them are in the department of the Upper Rhine, but four in that of the Lower Rhine, and twelve in the adjoining departments. These factories have 700,000 spindles at work; and, at the present moment, not less than 120,000 more are in course of construction. When they are all constructed and at work, the quantity of cotton spun may be stated at about 148,000 cwt., obtained from about 180,360 cwt. of the raw material. The latter consists of American cotton, and the sort of Egyptian cotton called "cotton jaumet," in the proportion of 15,000 bales from Egypt, and 10,000 bales from America. In the district above designated there are but five or six establishments which have large power-loom mills, but a great number of single hand-looms are dispersed throughout it. The result of some experience has shown that a hand-loom cannot furnish much more than 210lbs. of cotton, or about twenty-five pieces per annum, and, as the looms are laid aside by the workmen during harvest-time for the labours of the field, the number that are in action may be roughly stated at about 60,000, inculuding 3,000 impelled by machinery. The number of persons employed in this part of Alsace, on every branch of cotton manufacture, is probably about 105,000 or 110,000 of both sexes and all ages, of whom about 18,500 are spinners, 72,000 are weavers, 14,000 printers, and about 1100 are bleachers. This amount of labour produces annually from 1,800,000 to 2,000,000 of pieces of coarse and fine calico, muslins, and tissues of various colours.

English Silks as estimated by the French.—The English are, we own, our rivals as to plain silks, and sell their Gros de Naples and Levantines at a lower price than ourselves in the American markets. It will, however, appear, upon examination, that in the first and chief place they are inferior both in dye and finish, particularly the black kinds; in the second, that they are less uniform in their texture, and readily fray and unravel; and in the third, that the slightest drop of rain draws up the material in a most extraordinary manner. The Spitalfields goods are better manufactured than the Lancashire, but a better price is paid for them. With respect to ribands, it must be allowed that Coventry has made rapid strides of late years; and St. Etienne must redouble its exertions, unless its manufacturers be inclined to suffer their rivals to get the start of them. The latter are still incontestably superior to them in point of design; but their rivals are taking the best course, by instituting schools for the education of better artists, to place themselves on equal footing with them. What might we not hope for, if all the injudicious taxes on the English silk-weavers were repealed, and we could compete with the foreigner on equal terms?

Expenses of Military Establishments.—The nations of Europe, in the calm of reflection that has necessarily followed the bustle of war, have begun to understand the folly of involving the whole continent

in turmoil and misery, and themselves and their governments in irretrievable debt and ruin. The additional labour and consequently national wealth that might be made effective, if standing armies were not deemed necessary for the dignity of empires, may be understood from the following statement:—"Throughout Europe there are rather more than 2,300,000 men under arms, which is in the proportion of upwards of 1 in every 100 souls, supposing its whole number of inhabitants to be 225,000,000. Now, if we allow each soldier to have been capable of earning but eighteen pence per day, had he remained at home, we have here a dead loss of labour amounting to 172,500*l.* per day, or, taking the number of working days at 313 in the year, of 53,992,500*l.* per annum; but, in addition to this enormous sacrifice, what amount shall we add for the value of wasteful equipments, for wasting and wasted clothing, provisions, ammunition, &c., and for the thousands on thousands of horses withdrawn from agriculture and other useful purposes, and consigned to the unproductive homestead of the barrack?"

LITERARY NOTICES.

Works in the Press.

Introduction to Medical Botany, third edition. By T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.

Linnæan System of Botany, illustrated and explained. By T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.

British Flora Medica, Part VI. By B. H. Barton, F.L.S., and T. Castle, M.D. F.L.S.

Scientific Memoirs; selected and translated from Foreign Journals, and from the Transactions of Foreign Academies and Learned Societies. Edited by Richard Taylor, F.L.S., G.S., and Astr. S.

Shortly will be Published,

An English Grammar. By Matthias Green, Birmingham.

Select Plays from Shakspeare, chiefly adapted for the Use of Schools and Young Persons, with Notes, selected from the best commentators. By E Slater.—This selection comprises the following admired Plays, viz.—Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III., King John, Coriolanus, and Julius Cæsar.

Mr. Jacob Jones announces for publication, during the month, a *third edition* of "The Anglo-Polish Harp," "Scenes from Longinus," and "Poems," with emendations and considerable additions.

This day is published, 12*mo.*

First Progressive Latin Exercises, adapted to the Orthography and Etymology of Hiley's Latin Grammar: to which are added, Exercises on the most general Rules of Syntax. By Richard Hiley.

BRISTOL MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

This great assemblage of British and Foreign *savans* commenced on Monday 22d, the general committee having previously assembled on Saturday for the arrangement of business:—and the Marquis of Northampton was appointed to fill the place of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose absence was owing to the lamented death of the Earl of Kerry, his eldest son. The whole number of visitors according to our latest information was very nearly 1300.

The following was the arrangement of the different sections during the meeting:—

A. Mathematics and Physics.—(At the Merchant's Hall) President, Rev. W. Whewell; Secretaries, Prof. Forbes, W. S. Harris, Esq., and F. W. Jerrard, Esq.

B. Chemistry and Mineralogy.—(At the Grammar School) President, Rev. Prof. Cumming; Secretaries, Drs. Apjohn and C. Henry, W. Herapath, Esq.

C. Geology and Geography.—(At the Institution) President, Rev. Dr.

Buckland; Secretaries, W. Sanders, S. Stuchbury, T. J. Torrie, and F. H. Rankin, Esquires.

D. Zoology and Botany.—(At Colston' School) President, Prof. Henslow; Secretaries, John Curtis, and S. Rootsey, Esquires, Prof. Don, and Dr. Riley.

E. Anatomy and Medicine.—(At Colston's School) President, Dr. Roget; Secretaries, Dr. Symonds, and G. D. Fripp, Esq.

F. Statistics.—(At the Cathedral Chapter-room) President, Sir C. Lemon; Secretaries, Rev. J. E. Bromby, C. B. Frepp, and J. Heywood, Esquires.

G. Mechanical Science.—(At the Merchants' Hall) President, Davies Gilbert, Esq.; Secretaries, T. G. Bunt, G. T. Clark, and W. West, Esqrs.

In all the sections, papers of very great interest have been read. In section A. Sir D. Brewster gave some account of an experiment made by him in making lenses of rock-salt. Mr. Lubbock made statements respecting the comparative tides of London and Liverpool, and on the influence of atmospheric pressure as affecting tides; and he was followed by Mr. Whewell on the same subject, and also on the Committee's proceedings for ascertaining the relative level of the sea and land with respect to its permanence. These remarks are so important that we venture to lay some of them before our readers.

It is intended to appoint a committee for the same purposes, who should be furnished with instructions founded upon the views at which the former Committee had by their labours and experience arrived. One method proposed was that marks should be made along various parts of the coast, which marks should be referred to the level of the sea; but here the enquiry met us in the very outset—what is the proper and precise notion to be attached to the phrase *level of the sea?* Was it high water-mark or low water-mark? Was it at the level of the mean tide, which recent researches seemed to establish? In composing hydrographical maps the level of the sea was taken from low water, and this, although in many respects inconvenient, could not yet be dispensed with, for many reasons, one of which he might glance at—that, by its adoption, shoals, which were dry at low water, were capable of being represented upon the maps as well as the land. The second method proposed appeared to be the one from which the most important and conclusive results were to be expected. It consisted in accurately levelling, by land survey, lines in various directions, and by permanently fixing, in various places, numerous marks of similar levels at the time; by the aid of these marks, at future periods, it could be ascertained whether or not the levels had or had not changed, and thus the question would be settled whether or not the land was rising or falling. Still further, by running on those lines as far as the sea-coast, and marking their extremities along the coast, a solution would at length be obtained to that most important question—what is the permanent level of the sea at a given place? Until something like this were accomplished, we could not expect any thing like accuracy in many important and even practical cases. As an example, he supposed the question to be the altitude of Dunbury Hill referring to the level of the sea: if that level of the sea were taken at Bristol, where the tide rises fifty feet, the level of low water would differ from the same level on the sea-coast at Devonshire, where the sea rises, say eighteen feet; and supposing the place of mean tide to be the true permanent level by no less a quantity than sixteen feet, which would therefore make that hill to appear sixteen feet higher, upon an hydrographical map constructed by a person taking his level from the coast of Devonshire, than it would appear upon the map of an engineer taking his level at Bristol. In the method proposed, the lines of equal level would run, suppose from Bristol to Ilfracomb in one direction, and from Bristol to Lime Regis in the other, and by these a common standard of level would soon be obtained for the entire coast.

Mr. G. B. Gerrard's researches on the general solution, which were reported by Sir William Hamilton, attracted great interest in the section, and elicited some very high eulogies from Prof. Peacock and Mr. Babbage on Mr. Jerrard's

mode of treating this difficult subject. Professor Phillips read a report of experiments made for the purpose of determining the inferior temperature of the earth, and, in connection with this subject, Prof. Forbes gave an extemporaneous account of some experiments in the mines on the Lead Hills. These were followed by a paper of Mr. Craig's on polarized light, who in the course of his remarks detailed the five ordinary methods of polarizing light: 1. By reflections at certain angles from plates of glass. 2. By reflections from similar plates, having their under surfaces blackened, so as to absorb the rays upon their coming to the back surface of the glass. and to this glass he would refer the effects of all polished surfaces, such as varnished mahogany tables and trays, japanned metals, burnished leather, &c., and he instanced the total disappearance of all diversity of colour from varnished card of several colours, when viewed under certain circumstances, through eye-pieces of tourmaline, Iceland spar, &c. 3. By transmitting the ray through certain crystalline substances, such as Iceland spar, &c. 4. By passing the ray through crystals of tourmaline cut by planes parallel to the axes of the crystal. 5. By the use of Nicholl's double fusion of Iceland spar. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to explain, in connection with his theoretic views, the play of colours observed within certain kinds of crystals of Iceland spar, the distinction between right-handed and left-handed quartz crystals, and numerous other instances derived from facts familiar to those who have studied this branch of science.

Mr. Russell gave an account of researches regarding the laws of the motion of waves, a subject deserving the greatest attention, especially when taken in connection with the investigations of Messrs. Whewell and Lubbock on the tides. Mr. Russell divides waves into four classes, to the two latter of which his enquiries were chiefly confined:—1. Waves of the first species are seen in what is commonly called ripple on the surface of a pool; these may be called dentated, and are not propagated beyond the place of their generation. 2. Waves of the second species, or *oscillatory* waves, are found when a stone is dropped into a quiescent fluid, and these succeed each other in concentric rings—these are the waves of Newton and Young, and correspond to the second species of poisson; they are propagated with a velocity proportioned to the magnitude of the displaced fluid. 3. The third species of waves are called breakers, surges, and tidal-bores; and, 4. The fourth species of waves is the solitary wave, analogous to the great tidal-wave of the ocean; it is propagated with nearly a uniform velocity. The following principles may be considered as ascertained. The two last species, the surge and the solitary wave, are the subjects of this investigation. It was observed, 1st, When a considerable and permanent addition is made to the volume of a limited portion of fluid contained in an open reservoir, such addition produces an elevation of the surface of the fluid, which is propagated in the form of a solitary wave, moving with a velocity nearly uniform. 2nd, The velocity of the propagation of such waves is equal to that which would be acquired by a heavy body, in falling through a space equal to half the depth of the fluid. 3d, The length of such a wave is nearly constant for a given depth. 4th, The height of the wave varies with its volume, and must be added to the depth of the fluid, in calculating the velocity according to art. 5th, When the height of a wave exceeds twice the depth its form ceases to be a form of equilibrium, and it breaks. 6th, When the anterior part of a wave is found at a depth less than that of the posterior portion, and the height is greater than twice the depth, the wave curls forward, forming the common surge. 7th, When the width of a channel diminishes in an arithmetical ratio, the height of the wave increases in a geometrical one until it exceeds twice the depth, when it breaks.

Mr. Russell received some very handsome compliments from Mr. Scoresby, Mr. Whewell, and Sir William Hamilton. Besides the papers above mentioned, must be enumerated Professor Powell's paper on the degrees of refraction of different transparent substances, Mr. M'Gauley's account of experiments in electro-magnetism with reference to its application as a

motive power, which was very severely commented on by Dr. Ritchie, a very successful and talented experimenter on the same subject. Papers were subsequently read by Messrs. Slevely, Wheatstone, Addams, and others; but we have not room for a more extended notice.

In section B Mr. Watson read a paper on the phosphate and pyrophosphate of soda, after which was described and exhibited a new form of blowpipe by Mr. Ettrick, so constructed as to furnish a constant blast independently of hydrostatic pressure, accomplished by small bellows worked by a wheel and pinion, and fitted with a stop-cock to the tube connecting the bellows and reservoir. Mr. Herapath followed with some remarks on the chemical constituents of the Bath waters, and afterwards with a short paper on the aurora borealis, which he attributed to the escape of electricity in streams from an excited cloud enveloped in a dry atmosphere. This view was strongly opposed by Dr. Dalton, on the ground that the phenomena occur frequently when clouds are altogether absent.

Dr. Hare next described his apparatus for the analysis of gaseous mixtures. It consists of two distinct parts, his eudiometer and calorimeter, in the former of which he measures and confines, and, by the latter of which, he fires the mixture. The combustion is not produced, as in the case of the common eudiometer, by an ordinary electric spark, but by igniting with the calorimeter a fine platinum wire, which traverses the gaseous mixture. Dr. Hare applies his calorimeter to the blasting of rocks. By this machine the powder can be fired at a great distance, and several trains also at the same instant, of course, without endangering the lives of quarrymen; and, should an immediate explosion not take place upon setting the calorimeter in action, by replacing this instrument in the inactive state, which is done in an instant, the train may be approached without fear that ignition will ensue, a thing which, according to the ordinary modes of blasting, can seldom be done with impunity. He also alluded to an apparatus, in which silicon and boron can be readily obtained by igniting with his calorimeter potassium enveloped by the fluosilicic or fluoboric gases.

A profoundly scientific paper was read by Mr. Exley on the propriety of reducing chemistry to mathematical principles, which was highly praised by Drs. Dalton and Thomson of Glasgow; but it was too difficult to be generally understood by a mere hearing of it. Mr. Babbage exhibited an old thermometer discovered in Italy, which occasioned some interesting conversation on thermometers generally, and their application to meteorological purposes.

An essay on gaseous interference, by Dr. Charles Henry, was next read. If oxygen and hydrogen be mixed, and brought into contact with spongy or metallic platinum, the combination of these gases is very rapidly effected, and, if mixed in the proper proportion, they are converted usually with the phenomena of ignition, although into water. It is also well known that if into an atmosphere of oxygen and hydrogen, mixed in the ratio necessary for forming water, certain other inflammable gases be introduced, the combination of the oxygen and hydrogen is, if not altogether suspended, at least materially interrupted. This is what Dr. Henry denominates *gaseous interference*. The cause of this remarkable effect has at different times attracted the attention of eminent chemists. Dr. Turner has ascribed it to the soiling of the platinum by the interfering gas, Dr. Faraday to some peculiar condition induced in the metal; while Dr. Henry himself, at a period long prior to the present, conceived it to arise from the fact of carbonic oxide and olefiant gas having a stronger affinity than hydrogen for oxygen gas. In his present paper, Dr. Henry investigated the entire question. As a general rule, it may be laid down that the interfering influence of the gas bears an inverse relation to the energy with which the platinum acts, and the degree of heat—conditions, however, which may be considered as identical. The diminution, and even disappearance, of interference at high temperatures, Dr. Henry attributes to a

relative augmentation of the affinity of hydrogen for oxygen, an hypothesis indeed established by other and independent facts.

That Dr. Henry's theory of gaseous interference is the true one, he infers from the general fact of no gases exercising any such influence but those which have an affinity for oxygen; and that it is strictly true, at least in the case of carbonic oxide, there can be no question, seeing that some of the oxygen is actually employed in the production of carbonic acid.

Papers were also read by Mr. Horapath on arsenical poisons, by Professor Johnston on chemical constants, by Dr. Hare on Berzelius's nomenclature, by Dr. Dalton on atomic symbols, and by others whom we cannot further mention for want of room.

In section C the business commenced with a memoir by Mr. Charlesworth on the vertebrated animals found in the Norfolk and Suffolk crag; and what the writer seemed most desirous of proving was that the tertiary formations in the eastern counties, the mammifera and mollusca, are found in association. The northern part of the crag, that is, from Cromer to Aldborough, differs materially in its fossil remains form the southern part in Essex and Suffolk,—particularly in the fish and testacea; but in both parts the genera of mammiferous animals could be identified with those still existing or others exclusively belonging to the diluvial deposits. Bones of birds were also discovered, chiefly those of the natatorial tribes. The variety of the testacea in different parts of the crag led to the supposition that its formation had taken place at different eras, and the absence of reptiles seemed to prove that the climate at the time of the formation was similar to that of the Polar regions. An animated conversation followed between the writer, Messrs. Sedgewick, Greenough, Conybeare, and Murchison, on the period of the formation of the crag. Mr. Sedgewick considered the crag to be of one epoch, and dissented from Mr. Charlesworth about the extinction of the mastodon before the formation of the diluvial beds, as there were not facts sufficient to justify the conclusion. Mr. Bowman read a paper on the bone-caves in the mountain-limestone at Caefn in Denbighshire, after which two models by Mr. Ibbotson, of the country about Neufchatel and of the undercliff in the Isle of Wight, which were well entitled to the praise bestowed on them by the Committee. The great feature of the second day's meeting in this section was a memoir by Messrs. Sedgewick and Murchison on the classification of the Devonshire slate-rocks, and on the position of the culm deposits in the middle of the county. It appears that up to the present period the older slate-rocks have been represented by one colour only, and so likewise the different limestones by one only. The object of this paper was to ascertain the position and nature of the several deposits so that they might be separately marked on the maps. The ascending order of the series is said to be as follows:—1. A system of slaty clays with casts of organic remains, passing into glossy clay-slates and a reddish flagstone or sandstone. 2. A series of rocks characterized by masses of thick-bedded sandstone and red micaceous flagstone, with very few organic remains. 3. The calcareous slates of Ilfracombe abounding with organic remains, and containing many distinct ribs of limestone. 4. A formation of green and blueish slates passing superiorly into a great bed of variously-coloured sandstones and micaceous flagstones. 5. The Silurian rocks, containing many subordinate beds of limestone, very rich in characteristic organic remains. 6. The carbonaceous system of Devonshire, in a direction east and west across the county, in its southern boundary so close to Dartmoor that its lower beds have been tilted up and altered by the granite. It occupies a trough, the northern border of which rests partly upon the Silurian system and partly upon older rocks. Its southern border also rests on the slate rocks of Launceston. It every where exhibits a succession of violent contortions. In some places it is overlaid by patches of green sand, and west of Bideford by conglomerates of the new red sandstone.

We regret that our report of this learned meeting must here close for the present; but we shall hope to return to the subject next month.

THE

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OF

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VOL. XXII. OCTOBER, 1836. No. 140.

		Page
1	The present Crisis of Spain	309
2	Agricultural Committee of 1836	319
3	The Dervises	325
4	The Man of Two Lives	331
5	History of the Ancient Philosophy	347
6	Twilight Musings	354
7	The Watch-Tower of Koat-Ven	355
8	A Fragment	365
9	Letters from a Continental Tourist	368
10	Lines on the late N. M. Rothschild	375
11	Principle and no Principle	376
12	Philoctetes in Lemnos	380
13	New school of History in France	381
14	The Fine Arts	389
15	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE — Memorials of Mrs. Hemans — The Mammon of Unrighteousness—Popular Songs of the Germans — Report and Prize List of the Edinburgh Academy—The Tailors, a Tragedy for Warm Weather, with designs by Cruikshank—Adventures of Bilberry Thurland—Mr. Midshipman Easy — Abbott's Works Abridged — Bellchambers's Biographical Dictionary — Remarks on our Foreign Policy — The Great Teacher—The Young Divine—The Works of Sallust — Progressive Exercises in English Grammar, Composition, and Rhetorical Reading—Letters of Dr. Sigmond and Mr. Pettigrew on the Management of the Charing Cross Hospital	390
16	Theatrical Intelligence	409
17	Notes of the Month	413
18	Varieties, scientific & amusing	417
19	Literary Notices	420

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The History of Incidents" is incomplete, and on other accounts will not suit us. "The Last Vacation," we are sorry to say, is still too long, and, as it will not bear further curtailment, we must decline it. "Are you a Tory?" would be witty in prose; its author minds neither metre nor rhyme. "Umbra's" and "Robin Hood's" verses have been read; but to them and others we are obliged to say that *we cannot promise to return short pieces of poetry.* We thank our Newcastle friend. "E. S. D.'s" visit to St. Peter's will appear in our next.

Many reviews of books have been necessarily deferred, owing to want of space; but we have not forgotten them.

*** The cordial co-operation of all persons interested in literature and science, and of such as are connected with scientific or popular institutions *in the provinces* as well as in London, is especially requested—as it is the particular desire of the proprietor to make this Magazine an efficient organ of scientific and general education no less than of the lighter department of literature. All communications to be addressed to the "Editor of the Monthly Magazine, 12, Warwick Square, London."

ON THE PRESENT CRISIS OF SPAIN:

ITS REAL CAUSE AND ITS MOST PROBABLE RESULTS, IN CONNEXION WITH THE PRESENT STATE OF FRANCE AND EUROPE.

During the last fifty years the Spanish peninsula has been, unfortunately, the subject of many severe domestic and foreign trials, and has been visited by all sorts of heavy calamities. The weakness, ignorance, and superstition of its queen-governed and monk-ridden monarch Charles IV., the ruinous and inconsistent dictatorship of the parvenu musical Cupid, Don Manuel Godoy, prince of the peace, and the brutality of the Holy Inquisition, led the way to its political degradation and national distress.

In 1789, when kingly despotism and spoliation, aristocratic selfishness and insolence, and ecclesiastical domination and craftiness, produced that popular eruption which destroyed the French Bastille and buried under its ruins the absolute monarchical institutions of France, the electric revolutionary fluid from the Parisian volcano soon crossed the Pyrenees, and, communicating a vivid shock to the oppressed descendants of the Moors, awoke in their minds a certain sense of their national honour. But as the naturally interested supporters of all despotic governments, the priests and monks, declared themselves in favour of the queen and her Cicisbeo Godoy, the reign of oppression and spoliation were permitted to continue in spite of all reclamations.

In fact, the political system of Godoy was at that epoch foolish and inconsistent. Spain at first remained neutral with regard to France; afterwards its armies marched against the republicans, and then Spain and France formed a league which of course involved the peninsula, and caused the annihilation of the Spanish navy and the loss of all the resources which the mother-country derived from its American possessions.

However, the national misfortunes and distress of Spain did not prevent Godoy from taking great care of his own private interests, and, notwithstanding the national troubles, he kept the most splendid,

costly, and princely establishment, and amassed a colossal fortune of nearly forty millions sterling.

In 1807, Napoleon having formed the project of adding the Spanish peninsula to his usurpations, by diplomatic stratagems, and through political intrigues, and the instrumentality of Godoy, sent into that kingdom, under the plea of invading Portugal for the benefit of France and Spain, more than 100,000 troops; and they were of course received and treated as friends and allies. However, the eyes of the nation began to see, alas! too late, that Napoleon wished to possess himself of their country before his promised division of Portugal, and this having produced great dissensions between the king, the prince of Asturias, and the people, Charles IV. was almost forced to abdicate in favour of his son Ferdinand. Then the French fomented this agitation, and caused a partial civil war between the partisans of Charles and those of his son, and, the popular indignation having openly manifested itself against the treacherous Godoy, he would have certainly paid with his life the penalty of his crimes had not the French authorities interposed, and seized and imprisoned the prince of the peace, with the promise of delivering him to his national judges as soon as his trial should be fixed.

At this period Napoleon cunningly offered his mediation between the contending parties, and engaged the old king to retire to France during the negociations. Soon after Ferdinand was also decoyed, and brought to meet his father and family, and then Godoy was at last secretly transported thither to accomplish the projects of Napoleon. In fact, shortly after this, Charles IV., persuaded by Godoy and the queen, forced Ferdinand to lay down the crown, and to join him with the other infants in the abdication of the kingdom of Spain which he was about to make in favour of Napoleon. After some difficulty, this being obtained of Ferdinand and his brothers, the act of abdication was solemnly ratified and signed; and thus the Spanish peninsula became the prey of Napoleon through the imbecility of its court and the treachery of Godoy. Joseph Bonaparte was recalled from the kingdom of Naples, where he had already become an object of national hatred in consequence of his despotism and depredations, and he was now created by his brother *nominal* king of Spain, and sent thither to pursue the same system which he had followed in Naples, that is to say, to plunder the country for the benefit of France and his own private interest.

But the Spanish nation felt too degraded by so infamous a transaction quietly to consent to submit to the French yoke, and, being well seconded by the priests and monks, they rose simultaneously in arms against their oppressors. The duke of Infantado put himself at the head of the national junta, and, having proclaimed Ferdinand VII. as king of Spain, assumed the reins of government in his stead; and then began that truly national peninsular warfare of extermination and plunder during which France lost nearly half a million of men, the flower of its armies; but its generals and governors plundered the Spanish dominions, and were not satisfied with all its gold and silver, for with the exception of its fine buildings and churches, which they could not carry off, they literally took away from Spain all that was worth any thing. Murat, Beauharnais, Grouchy, Bessieres, Massena, Suchet, Soult, Ney, Sebastiani, and many others became immensely wealthy by their services during the peninsular war. As for brother Joseph, he was not a man to be last in the career of accumulating wealth, and consequently his private fortune was much increased in Spain.

As it is easily to be imagined the richer the French oppressors grew the greater became the pecuniary difficulties of the oppressed Spaniards; but a true patriotic enthusiasm and the hatred of a foreign yoke increased their courage, and made them struggle with perseverance and hope for their national independence; and at last, supported by the powerful co-operation and assistance of the English troops, they succeeded in driving from their country the cruel and rapacious French invaders. In the meanwhile the national junta of Spain in 1812 calmly and deliberately framed a constitution which was to be the future palladium of the Spanish nation, and it was proclaimed and acknowledged as the national charter in Cadiz, and in all the towns, districts, and provinces, which were not in possession of the French.

When Ferdinand VII. re-entered Spain to resume the crown which had cost his subjects such numberless sacrifices of life and property, he promised to reign according to the constitution of 1812, and proclaimed a general amnesty; and hence his return was hailed with joy and acclamation. As soon, however, as the sun of Marengo and Austerlitz ceased to shine over the eagles of the ambitious king-dethroner and king-maker of Europe, when conquered Napoleon, like a new Prometheus, was nailed to the immortal rock of St. Helena

Ferdinand's naturally despotic inclinations were put in action by the royal despots of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, and then the Constitution, Cortes, amnesty, and all his royal promises were plunged in everlasting oblivion, and the Inquisition, despotism, and oppression became the sole supporters of his government. This sudden unexpected reaction set to work the Spanish executioners, crammed the prisons with victims, caused the expatriation of the most enlightened and popular Spaniards, and hastened the rebellion of the Spanish American colonies, a disaster which greatly increased the difficulties of the Spanish treasury.

Ferdinand, however, was not reclining on a bed of roses during his absolute government. Discontent and agitation were making rapid progress: now and then the appearance of a patriotic Guerilla put in commotion all his satellites, and a crisis was gradually preparing. The exiled patriots succeeded at last in kindling within the hearts of their friends who had remained in Spain the sacred fire of liberty, and thus, in 1820, a military conspiracy was set on foot under the direction of the brave but unfortunate general Riego, and the petticoat-making king, Ferdinand, forced by necessity, and advised by his minister Ballasteros, publicly acknowledged the constitution of 1812, and afterwards solemnly swore to its maintenance, and thus the National Cortes again reassembled, and all appeared to promise well for the future happiness and prosperity of Spain.

In fact, notwithstanding the great obstacles which the Cortes met with at home and abroad, economy and regularity were introduced into every branch of the civil and military administration, the immense revenues of the church were partly appropriated for the benefit of the nation, the demoralizing wealth of the idle and crafty monks became national property, the Inquisition and its brutal appendages were abolished, and in their stead individual and civil liberty was proclaimed, and, to repair the financial ruin brought on the country by the extravagance of the absolute monarchy, an advantageous loan was contracted by the Cortes, and public credit was in some way re-established.

How soon, alas! was every hope of the constitutionalists blasted! The mock constitutional king from within, and the kingly despots from without, could not bear the existence of a popular government in the peninsula, and soon began secretly to conspire against its welfare. The nobility and the ecclesiastical harpies of Spain reluctantly obeyed the existing laws, and Ferdinand secretly implored his cousin

despots to relieve him from the control of the nation. A natural calamity, the plague, unfortunately broke out at this time in Spain, which made great ravages in the peninsula, and the superstitious monks purposely ascribed it to the wrath of heaven, which was averse to the constitution, and thus the ignorant Spaniards were led to believe the existing state of things to be against the will of God. Then Villele was charged by Metternich, Nesselrode, and Ancillon, to put an end to the Spanish popular constitution and to liberate the martyr king from the Cortes; and thus the unjust French invasion of 1823 took place, and Ferdinand VII. was again restored to his absolute despotism, when all those who had relied on the oaths of their king fell victims to his tyranny and revenge. This new French crusade aggravated the evils of Spain; new ruinous loans were contracted by the king to defray the expenses of his French liberators, and in consequence the Spanish credit was greatly involved; but the monarch, his satellites, and the contracting Jews, gained immense wealth from the losses of the imprudent speculators. Aguado alone, the agent of Ferdinand, realized thirty millions of francs for his *share*.

When in 1830 France expelled from the throne the elder branch of Bourbon, and Paris foolishly gave the crown to the bastard branch of Valois, Ferdinand VII. was again threatened with a general reaction, and his throne was tottering under his feet, because the Spanish patriots, in imitation of the French, had decided on re-establishing their popular constitution. The frontiers of Spain were soon visited by the principal military and civil Spanish exiles, and patriotic corps of Gallo-Spanish troops were forming in order to cross the Bidossoa, and thus kindle again in the breasts of the oppressed Spaniards the sacred fire of liberty and national independence.

Louis Philippe, however, and his *juste milieu* tools, under the appearance of forwarding the success of the Spanish patriots, indirectly paralysed all their operations, and ultimately frustrated their most sanguine hopes. Casimir Perier, Guizot, Molé, Sebastiani, and Gerard, with the citizen-king at their head, advised Ferdinand to make some concessions, and to mitigate his tyrannical despotism, but as for their urging the turn-coat king of Spain to re-establish the constitution it was a thing not to be expected from such mediators, who, on the contrary, would have been greatly displeased had a popular government been introduced in the Spanish peninsula.

In 1832, Ferdinand having been suddenly taken very dangerously

ill, Christina, his young queen, took the government into her own hands, and apparently showed herself favourable to liberal measures, proposed several ameliorations, and certainly reformed some of the most disgusting abuses. In the meanwhile, taking advantage of her position and power, she persuaded her gouty sire to change the order of succession by re-establishing the Salic law, and thus to deprive Don Carlos from succeeding Ferdinand in case she should not have a male infant. Ferdinand accordingly granted her request, and this act may be considered as the beginning of the present civil Spanish warfare. All-powerful death having at last put an end to Ferdinand's infamous career, Spain was freed from one of its worst inhabitants and from its greatest tyrant and scourge. At the demise of Ferdinand, Christina became regent, and her infant daughter was proclaimed and acknowledged queen of Spain by all the authorities, with the exception of Don Carlos and his partisans, who publicly protested against this act, and soon after civil war openly broke out in several provinces. Shortly after this period Don Carlos with all his family retired into Portugal, whence he fomented the civil discord raised by his party. The little energy and the almost inactivity which the regent showed in adopting strong and decisive measures to extinguish the Carlists increased the evil, and the civil warfare made progress, and began to rage with fury and success in the Bastan and in other provinces of the north of Spain.

In these trying circumstances, Christina, like all her predecessors, was in great want of money to keep up her government and to carry on the war; consequently the rapacious Jews were again allowed to increase the debt of Spain, and to augment their wealth by making up a new loan for Christina.

However, when the Nero of Portugal, Don Miguel, was conquered and expelled from the throne which he had unjustly and sacrilegiously usurped, Don Carlos not only was obliged to leave Portugal, but became a prisoner of war, and as such was brought to England to prevent him from fomenting civil discord and civil bloodshed in the peninsula. But, although every body till then considered Don Carlos to be nothing more than a bigoted fool, he proved himself so clever as to be capable of duping Talleyrand, Palmerston, and all the French police, and it was discovered, to the surprise of all parties, that while he was thought to be in London he had been unaccount-

ably smuggled, and was actually at the head of his partisans in the Bastan. From that epoch the state of Spain has been truly dreadful; for civil war has been carried on on both sides with vindictive and unparalleled cruelty. But it must be acknowledged that the Carlists have gained during the struggle both ground and strength, while the Christinos have failed in all their attempts to put down the pretender, notwithstanding the great help of the quadruple treaty and the foreign auxiliary corps which have gone to support them from England, France, Belgium, and Portugal.

This state of civil discord and warfare, the inconsistent system of *juste milieu* introduced from France, and the frequent changes of ministry, with their useless projects heretofore adopted to restore tranquillity and prosperity in Spain, have at last produced another revolutionary crisis, and the constitution of 1812, which had cost Spain so much blood, has been again proclaimed as the palladium of the Spanish nation, and has been prudently acknowledged by the regent and all her ministers, who have also officially convoked the Cortes for the 24th of the present month.

These are the historical events which we have thought it to be our duty to present to our readers before we undertake briefly to speak of what we think will be the result of the present Spanish crisis.

And first of all we have no hesitation in stating our belief that *Maria Christina is not sincere in her apparent attachment to the constitution of* 1812. Moreover, we boldly assert that, if great care be not taken, the Spanish regent will in course of time imitate the treacherous example of her perjured husband; and we assert this boldly, because the disease of perjury appears to us to be hereditary in her family, as she is the grand-daughter of the late perjured Ferdinand I., daughter of the late perjured Francis I., sister of the present perjured Ferdinand II. of Naples, and niece of the present perjured king of the French, to whom, it is confidently reported, she has secretly applied for help and advice, and therefore we say to the Cortes and to the Spanish nation: *Consulite ne quid detrimenti republica capiat.*

While we deeply and sincerely deplore the excesses that have occurred in Madrid and in other towns of Spain during the present crisis, we consider them as the natural consequence of a sudden popular eruption, but not as indications of a permanent disorder and

anarchy; besides, taught by experience, we apprehend that those excesses have been perpetrated at the secret instigation of the party opposed to the new state of affairs, and therefore we earnestly recommend those that are entrusted with the executive power to adopt strong and prompt measures in order to organize the army, to strengthen the liberal party, and to force the clergy, their sworn enemies, to follow strictly their religious profession, without interfering in the least in worldly affairs, foreign to their calling. Don Carlos could not have so long maintained his Guerillas and his position in the north of Spain without the secret intrigues and powerful aid of the church.

A general unlimited amnesty ought also to be soon proclaimed, to show to the world that regenerated and free Spain opens her arms to all her children, and wishes to see them all united under the same standard for their common happiness and prosperity, and for their national glory, freedom, and independence.

During great national difficulties, great national sacrifices must be made in order to overcome them; consequently it behoves the executive power to adopt every means temporarily to procure a sufficient supply of funds to carry on the government without having recourse to foreign loans, which necessarily ruin the nation; and, as the property of the church is immense, a great part of it must be appropriated to the general welfare of the nation, and its sale will soon fill the coffers of the Spanish treasury.

The only real domestic enemy of Spain is the civil warfare, which is, unfortunately, committing great ravages amongst its inhabitants; and it is the only enemy able, not only to paralyse, but also totally to frustrate, the good effects that would necessarily arise from its acknowledged popular constitution. It is therefore to that quarter that the Cortes must direct all their efforts; and, if conciliatory means and just and reasonable representations prove ineffectual, then brute force and speedy coercion are to be employed to save the country from destruction. And here we must remark that Spain is at present very differently situated from what it was in 1823. Then the royal despots of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, were firmly seated on their absolute thrones, and France was groaning under the restoration. Now England has a reformed parliament, and its nation is the open and sincere friend of liberty and civilization. Austria is obliged to concentrate all its military and civil strength to keep in obedience Lombardy, Gallicia, and Hun-

gary. Prussia cannot rely on her oppressed Polish and Silesian possessions; and the emperor of Russia is not so powerful as he is commonly represented by those who are affected with the fashionable malady of Russo-phobia; in fact, the scantiness of the military resources of the czar was clearly proved during the late conquest of the Polish independence, where the Russian army would have been defeated by Polish valour had not Prussia and Austria helped the Muscovites, and had not bribery and treason frustrated the most sanguine hopes of Poland.

As for France, whatever may be the naturally despotic inclination of her present tyrant-king, she cannot interfere with safety and impunity against the popular constitution of Spain; and, although Louis Philippe has already shown openly to the world his utter want of principle and his infamous perfidy, he dares not condescend to the secret solicitations of his cousin despots of the north, and march an army against free Spain

It is true that the citizen-king is at present surrounded by the most unpopular and most brutal ministers that ever disgraced a constitutional cabinet, and that at the head of his council figures Count Molé (unworthy descendant of Molé in the Fronde), the avowed friend of the despot potentates, and rather averse to England; but it is also certain that Louis Philippe cannot firmly rely either on the army or his brother shop-keepers and stock-jobbers of France, and much less on the people of Paris, who alone made him what he is because they were deceived by his promises and hypocrisy; and, if he were now madly to undertake the task of Villele towards Spain, a new revolution would soon put an end, not only to his tyranny, but to the whole of his unpopular family.

However the mock-patriot king of France, seconded by his tools Molé and Guizot, will probably attempt to undermine the popular government of Spain by the medium of his diplomatic agents. Diplomacy we consider one of the most dangerous and most immoral inventions of civilization, and as it is founded entirely on hypocrisy, cunning, and intrigue, we very seldom may expect from its effects any real advantage for the general well-being and prosperity of mankind.

In fact, Machiavelli says that *candour*, *honesty*, and *truth* must be perfect strangers to a good diplomatist; and for this reason Talleyand, Pozzo di Borgo, Nesselrode, Metternich, Guiseneau, and

Apponi, excel in diplomacy. Spies and common and private informers are justly reprobated, and their character is marked with the stamp of infamy in all civilized countries; but it is quite the reverse with diplomacy, because the greater is the *shrewdness*, *roguery*, and *duplicity* of a diplomatist, the more he will be esteemed by his employers and *by the diplomatic body*.

Diplomatists, therefore, are in their public capacity dangerous and immoral beings, and the atmosphere they breathe in and the persons with whom they associate are always to be approached with great prudence and caution. But, when a diplomatist represents a king who is already well known for his dishonesty and perfidy, his very appearance in a country during a national crisis must excite public alarm and general distrust; his movements and acts, nay, even his nods and signs, are to be carefully watched, to frustrate his treacherous machinations and to counteract his political intrigues and courtly snares.

Louis Philippe, during three weeks, has employed all his resources to find out among his creatures a devoted ambassador to whom he might confide his secret intentions with regard to the present crisis of Spain, and he has at last succeeded in selecting his man, and Count Septime de Latour Maubourg has been officially appointed ambassador to the court of Madrid. Were we to judge of this diplomatist from his past career, we must say that his nomination, accompanied by the official disbandment of the French legion which was forming in favour of the liberal party in Spain, speaks volumes against the sincerity of Louis Philippe towards the popular government of Spain. In fact, Count Septime de Latour Maubourg is the most servile tool of the King of the French, has always shown himself a doubtful friend of the people, and has acquired the reputation of being an artful politician. It is not unlikely, nay, it is more than probable, that this French plenipotentiary, before he leave Paris, will have received, not only from his master of the Tuilleries, but from the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, those instructions which generally originate from such channels, and the means of acting "double parts."

Diplomacy, then, is the only real foreign enemy that Spain has to contend with, and its ministers must beware of the foreign ambassadors, and of their friendly promises and mediation, because they are capable of assuming all sorts of faces and characters to deceive them.

The Spanish Cortes in the mean time fearlessly, boldly, and deliberately are to work out the regeneration of their distracted country, and by annihilating the temporal power of the priests and monks, by promoting useful knowledge and civilization amongst the lower classes, by encouraging industry and commerce, and, above all, by introducing order and economy in all the branches of the civil and military administration, and especially in the civil list, Spain may soon recover from its present embarrassments, and will in time do honour to all its foreign and domestic engagements, because the Spanish soil being the richest in Europe may work wonders in favour of its industrious and free inhabitants.

Since writing the above, the happy news has arrived that a glorious bloodless revolution has taken place in Lisbon, and that the troops having sided with the liberal party Donna Maria has been also compelled to proclaim the constitution of 1820. This popular crisis of Portugal is of the greatest advantage to Spain, as it will increase the difficulties of the despots of Europe, and must destroy the superstitious partisans of Don Carlos. Let us hope that all may soon be settled in the peninsula in favour of liberty, civilization, and independence.

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE OF 1836.

No subject has given rise to more discussion or has been less wisely treated by the legislature since the peace of 1815 than the landed interest of Great Britain. Until the passing of the Reform bill, a large majority of the House of Commons consisted of the landed gentry—country gentlemen biassed by their own and merely local interests in favour of measures injurious to the general body of farmers, and ruinous to every other part of the community; and thus, the ministers of the day were induced, nay compelled, by their supporters as the price of their ministerial votes—to bring forward or promote measures resorted to as a nostrum for the remedy of their own embarrassments. Different remedies for the evil have been suggested :—one proposes that the currency should be depreciated or a paper currency be substituted for cash payments; another would have ministers *force* up the price of corn to sixty shillings the quarter, that is, fourteen shillings higher than the average of the last four years, a third party seek a panacea of every evil in the abolition of the malt-tax ; a fourth set would impose a tax on every class except their own. While the country gentlemen could secure majorities in the Commons, such measures would do to cajole the farmers into the notion that however others might be injured, they were really benefited ; and the wise advice of more skilful economists that they should

rely on their own exertions for a deliverance from their self-entailed embarrassment and not on acts of parliament was treated with neglect and ridicule ; and now that times are changed, these self-willed partisans of a mistaken policy rave with all the fury of vexation and despair because wiser men of their own class unfold to the world the injustice and absurdity of their propositions. Times we say are changed :—there are commercial, manufacturing and monied interests, to be consulted as well as the landed interest ; and the country-gentleman can no longer hope to be preferred to every other class in the community :—the Marquis of Chandos himself—arch-farmer's friend as he is, cannot cure the malady with all his specifics . The landed men and the farmers must work out their own deliverance by reforming the luxurious habits consequent on war prices—by economizing labour generally,—if by machinery so much the better,—by adjusting rents to a scale proportionate to produce,—and by improving on the present method of cultivation. These are the means, —and we believe, the only means by which the distress of the agriculturists can be alleviated ; and we wish them to recollect that great encouragement is now offered to their honest endeavours by relieving the farmer from the pressure of tithes, removing many local burdens unfairly laid on him and by the improvements in the poor laws.

The numerous complaints made by the farmers and their representatives in parliament and the loud expressions of dissatisfaction with every measure of relief suggested or carried in the three previous sessions led to the appointment of a Committee of enquiry in February last which had for its special object the examination—not of land-agents, corn-factors or others who by any possibility might be wrongly biassed—but of men actually engaged in farming, men able to give a practical and intelligent judgment on agricultural affairs. How this committee was chosen and on what principle we cannot say :—but at any rate it contained a large portion of the old-fashioned twaddling and very obstinate gentlemen whose wish was to compel the legislature to sacrifice every other interest for their own ; and they were not likely to agree to any set of resolutions falling short of their own exalted views; much less would they acknowledge with their intelligent and honest chairman—a man whose interests are bound up with their own,—that "the remedy for the present distresses is within the farmer's power" and that "industry and good management on his part with a generous forbearance on the part of his landlord will produce that result which it is in vain to seek (because not in their power to grant) from the government or the legislature." Accordingly when Mr. Shaw Lefevre's report which embodied suggestions like those offered above was presented to the committee, (who in a previous stage might well have amended it), it was nearly unanimously rejected ; and thus the labours of about four months have ended in the mere accumulation of a little good and much useless evidence on this important subject. Under these circumstances it became incumbent on the chairman—who was grossly attacked and vilely misrepresented by the tory newspapers—to explain to his exclusively agricultural constituents of North-Hampshire the principles of his own conduct and if possible to convince them of its propriety.

We shall lay before our readers a few extracts from this excellent letter; and first of all let us hear what degree of encouragement seems to be afforded by several measures of relief passed during the last two sessions.

"Tithe, from its tendency to check improvement, has operated most prejudicially to the interests of agriculture. But a bill has just passed the legislature for its permanent commutation; tithe in kind has been abolished, and it will henceforth be charged on the estate of the landowner; and the farmer, having once made his arrangements with his landlord, may invest any portion of his capital in the improvement of his farm, with the certainty that he will derive the full benefit of its expenditure.

"The County Rate has already been the subject of enquiry before the Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons, and as a member of the latter Committee, and also of a Commission appointed to consider especially what reductions can be made in that portion of the rate which is expended in prosecutions, I may state, with confidence, there is every prospect, when our recommendations can be carried into effect, of this Tax being so far reduced that its pressure will be but lightly felt by the Agriculturist.

"The Poor Rate has hitherto been a great burthen to the farmer in those districts in which agriculture has been depressed from other causes. Whenever an opportunity offered for obtaining satisfactory evidence of the working of the new Poor Law Bill, the Committee did not fail to take advantage of it; and it is gratifying to learn, from various parts of the country, that the effects of this measure have exceeded the anticipations of its most sanguine advocates.

"The moral effects of this important measure will be more beneficial to the agriculturist than the pecuniary relief: the agricultural labourer is already aware that, under the new system of administering relief, the parish must, in future, be his last, instead of his first resort, and there has, consequently, arisen in his mind a strong desire to work, and remain in the service of his employer.

The author then proceeds to combat some of the alleged arguments tending to prove the reality of Agricultural distress,—accounting satisfactorily for the low price of wheat as proceeding from increased cultivation not from importation out of Ireland or Scotland, and proving that the average scale of English wheat between 1831—34 was considerably greater than that between 1828—31. The ruinous consequences resulting from the non-adjustment of farm-rents to a standard remunerating to the tenant are ably exposed. Let Mr. Lefevre speak for himself:—

"In some districts, and more particularly in the case of farmers of small capital, distress has been aggravated by a continuance of high rents, and it is matter of deep regret that owing to the expectations held out, by the Corn Law of 1815, that permanent high prices could be obtained by legislative enactment, neither landlords nor tenants were prepared for that satisfactory adjustment of rent which ought to have been made at the termination of the war. Reductions in rent have been made from time to time, limited as was supposed by the necessities of the tenant; whereas, if considerable abatements had been made at once at that period, less upon the whole would have been required, the capital of the tenant would not have been diminished, and much of the present distress might have been averted.

"It has generally been supposed that excessive rents are only injurious to tenants under lease; but a moment's reflection will show that a tenant at will, who, owing to a fall in prices, cannot realize the same amount for his stock as when he entered upon his farm, is quite as dependent upon his landlord as a tenant on lease, and he will rather submit to the payment of too high a rent, in the hope of a recurrence of high prices, than hazard the loss of a consider-

able portion of his capital by a sale. Whenever rent begins to encroach upon the capital of the tenant, it becomes impossible for him to attempt any improvement on his farm; nor can he employ the labour necessary for its due cultivation; the land by over-cropping becomes gradually less productive, and is at last reduced to such a state of exhaustion that it will scarcely repay the expense of cultivation, without leaving any surplus for rent or profit.

"These observations are only applicable to those cases where farms have continued in the occupation of the same tenants at war rents, where the land has not been permanently improved by an expenditure of capital either on the part of the landlord or tenant, or where it has been taken under the expectation that a higher average price of wheat would be maintained than has been realized under the corn laws of 1828."

It appears that great pains were taken by the Committee to ascertain the comparative excellencies of the Scotch and English systems of tillage; and the result of the investigation seems to be highly in favour of Scotland. Of three English farmers, selected no doubt for skill in their profession, the most successful rated the expenses of cultivation at 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* per acre, rent, tithe, &c. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*, making a total of 5*l.* 5*s.* per acre. The lowest estimate sent in by three Scotch farmers was 2*l.* 1*s.*, rent, tithe, &c., 1*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*,—total 3*l.* 9*s.* 3*d.* The estimates of produce as compared with the rental were considerably in favour of the English. This calculation, if it can be depended on, is quite decisive in favour of Scotch husbandry. Great benefit was thought to have been derived by the Scotch farmers from the practice of letting farms on long leases at a corn-rent; but as a corn-rent can only be useful to the farmer in abundant seasons, it was thought that a portion of the rent should be a fixed money payment,—the rest to vary with the price of the corn grown on the land.

The author then proceeds to discuss the subject of the malt-tax and the probable consequences of its reduction; but we cannot follow him through that argument. He ends it with a recommendation that the scale of duties on foreign corn should be reduced one half, and—as an offset—that half the malt duty should be relinquished; and he then goes on to say:—

"I am quite aware of the jealousy with which a proposition of this nature will be received by a numerous body of farmers; and to those gentlemen I would address myself, whilst I endeavour to show that the Corn Law of 1828 has been a delusion, and that under an altered system an equally high average during a series of years would in all probability be maintained. The avowed object of the Government who proposed that law was to secure a steady range of prices, varying (in wheat) from 60s. to 64s.; whereas it will be seen by a reference to the returns which have been laid before Parliament, in six years ending January 1836, the average price of wheat has not exceeded 54s. 7d.; and on an average of the last three years, 46s.; a variation in price that must have been ruinous to all farmers who have contracted engagements on the faith of the present law."

We must here close our remarks on Mr. Lefevre's pamphlet for the present; but as we conceive the whole matter to be highly important, we shall return to it next month and confirm the very sound conclusions of the chairman by copious extracts from the Evidence. We congratulate Mr. Lefevre very heartily on the manly and unreserved manner in which he has expressed his honest convictions in spite of a factious opposition from his fellow land-owners.

OF THE DERVISES.

[The following paper is translated and arranged from the writings of Count Andreossy, formerly ambassador to the Porte, M. Courray, an eminent orientalist, and M. Ruffin, a *détenu* at the Seven Towers during the French expedition to Egypt.]

As soon as Islamism had taken root in the East, religious orders known by the name of dervises grafted themselves upon it. The dervises have been compared to the monks of Catholicism; but they have in truth a very remote resemblance to them.

The word *dervise*, indicating a class of poor by voluntary profession, signified originally, like the Arabic *faquir*, an indigent person without roof or home.* The founders of the first orders of dervises experienced great difficulties in introducing this novelty into Islamism. Restrained by the sentence, "*la ruhbaniètè fil Islam*"—no monkery in Islamism (a sentence conveying to every true Mussulman a national proverb and an article of faith), they were compelled scrupulously to avoid in their statutes all that bore the slightest resemblance to the monks of Christianity: they therefore refrained from imposing upon the dervises the obligation of taking irrevocable vows of the cloister and of celibacy, and the too rigid observance of abstinence and prayers. These new founders took for their model, on the contrary, the *bonzes* of China and the *dèbôussi* of Persia, and, in imitation of these latter, tried to attract the gaze of the multitude by violent and extravagant exercises, dangerous and superhuman trials, and incredible macerations and austerities. But this was only a sacrifice of their predilections and opinions dictated by policy to the necessity of circumstances; for their writings breathe the purest morality, and are enthusiastic in the praise of solitude and celibacy. The austerities of the monks are prescribed for the atonement of crimes and habitual errors, or as labours whereby to purchase the favours of another world; but the dervises, in the abrogation of self, think only of annihilating themselves before their Creator, in order to be identified, if possible, even in this world with the Divinity: to be brief, it is the contemplative life carried beyond the limits of human perfectibility.

The Turkish dervises deduce their origin from Ali, and even from Abubekr, who was the first of the four caliphs who succeeded Mohammed. The fourth caliph, Ali, is however their reputed founder; not as having himself instituted the order or erected the convents of dervises, but because he was the first Mussulman who renounced the goods of this world to devote them to the service of the poor. His example was followed by others, and thus a class of men was formed consecrated to the service of the destitute, and voluntarily reducing themselves, for their sake, to poverty. But this order of things is now

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* *Dervise* is a Persian word composed of the substantive *dèr*, gate, and the participle *vich*, extended, spread out: illustrative of the poor, who, for want of a lodging, lay themselves down at night in the gateways to rest there, rather more under shelter than in the open field.

inverted: instead of the rich giving to the poor, it is the poor who wear the garb of dervises to find means of subsistence. They habitually receive money from the Turks who solicit their prayers, and legacies from the pious, who seldom forget them in their last testaments. Persons of distinguished rank will likewise occasionally endow a convent with property in land.

The dervises also draw a further revenue from the ignorance and credulity of the people, by sell ng them amulets. When a child is ill they write his name and that of his mother, with a verse of the Koran, on a scrap of paper, which is hung round the neck of the invalid, with the idea that it will effect his recovery.

The son of a dervise, accustomed to the idle life of his father, generally becomes a dervise in his turn; and other Mussulmans embrace this profession, either from a deep religious feeling or from a love of change. Amongst the number of these latter is mentioned Surouri Effendi—*reis effendi*, who, under the reign of Selim I., abandoned the statesman's pursuits for the retirement of a simple dervise.

As soon as one sect of dervises was admitted numerous others appeared also: thirty-two founders of orders successively started up, rivalling each other in the whimsicality and extravagance of the ceremonies they instituted. These ceremonies, the exercise of which is now a complete charlatanism, form an amusement for the idle, for whom the dervises carefully go through the ritual of representation. Hypocrisy however so artfully extols these exertions as meritorious that there are still to be seen pious Mussulmans who, deceived by this brave show of penitence, form into parties and follow for a few minutes every day the rules and habits of the order in their own dwellings: and these superstitions have even reached some in the highest ranks. A devotional excess of this nature is indeed an apt illustration of the contradictions of the human mind; for the institutions of the dervises do not at all harmonize with the Koran: they are in strong contrast to its inculcation of practices quite unconnected with every ostensible device for exciting the imagination; and their condemnation is expressly pronounced by that very book, in its interdiction of music and dancing.

The institutions of dervises, originating in laudable motives, speedily degenerated, so that the dervises fell into general disrepute. There are now scarcely any except the Mèvlèvi that enjoy any consideration; the others are despised by the higher orders, who pay them a deference conventional rather than actual. The dervises enjoy the prerogative of unlimited freedom of speech; they are likewise entitled to bear arms. With the Koran in their hand, they animate the soldiers against the infidels, like the Spanish monks, who, in the name of the gospel, preached the extermination of the Indians.

United in communities under the authority of a sheik or superior, the dervises are subject to a noviciate, and to religious practices independent of the prayers obligatory on all Mussulmans. The dervises who are married do not reside in the convent, but pass the night there previous to the days of ceremony, that they may go through the routine of preparatory observances.

Besides the dervises who live in communities there are wandering

dervises, who subsist on plunder rather than alms, and who render themselves formidable by the disorders they commit under licence of the impunity generally granted them in their quality of dervises. They are called *seüah* (traveller), a generic term designating dervises who travel by order of their superiors to receive donations, foreigners of religious orders, and dervises who are dismissed from the convents for serious offences, as well as others forbidden by the statutes of their order to have any fixed place of abode.

More than thirty orders of dervises are reckoned, but we shall limit the present notice to the orders of the *Mèvlèvi*, the *Bèdèvi*, and the *Rufaï*, as the heads of the three principal divisions into which the orders of dervises existing in Turkey may be divided.

The Mevlevi Dervises.

The *Mèvlèvi* dervises claim as founder *Djèlalèddin*, surnamed *Sultan-ul-Ulema*, or sovereign of the learned.

Djèlalèddin was born at Balkh, the capital of Khorassan, in the year 604 of the hegira. His paternal grandfather had married the daughter of Ala-èddin, the last king but one of the dynasty of the Khorassmians, kings of Khorassan, and was himself of a distinguished family, as by his father he was descended from the caliph Abubekr, and his mother also was daughter to a king of Khorassan.

Djèlalèddin succeeded his father in the title of Sultan-ul-Ulema, and likewise inherited his acquirements. He publicly taught in Iconium, after the custom of the ancient philosophers, and his lessons were diligently sought after by the whole city, when, in 642, the dervise Chems-eddin of Tauris, a disciple of Abubekr, sheik of an order of dervises, came to Iconium and endeavoured to draw off to a contemplative life Djèlalèddin, who was devoted to the physical sciences and the visible things of this world. His numerous disciples, who found their master suspend his instructions and shut himself up with Chems-eddin, resolved on the ruin of that dervise, who avoided death by flight. Djèlalèddin, inconsolable for his departure, renounced the world, became a dervise, and established, in 643, the order of the Mèvlèvi dervises. His work entitled "Mèsnèvi," much celebrated in the East (where most of his verses have passed into proverbs), and a voluminous collection of his odes, are the depositories of the moral doctrines he taught. The poems of Djèlalèddin, always on a didactic subject, are lively, and in that terse and animated style that our national poets have occasionally imitated with success, but the type of which is only to be found in oriental writers, and more particularly in the scriptures.

Djèlalèddin died in 672, aged seventy-eight years. Tchèlèbi-Effendi, resident at Konieh (Iconium), is now the head of the Mèvlèvi. He is entitled, as descendant of Djèlalèddin, to name the sheik of the convents of his order, and enjoys the prerogative of buckling on the reigning sultan the sabre of Othman.

He who wishes to become a Mèvlèvi must renounce the vanities of this world, and busy himself in the lowest drudgery of the kitchen, during a noviciate of a thousand and one days, without ever quitting the walls of the convent. When this period has expired the sheik

receives the candidate, and assigns him a room with his brethren; thenceforth he participates in all the ceremonies and privileges of the order.

The Mèvlèvi dervises devote themselves twice every week to public exercises, that take place on Tuesdays and Fridays, after the mid-day prayer, in their oratory. This oratory is an octagon hall, encircled by two galleries, one above the other, on the ground floor. The space enclosed by the lower gallery is inlaid by boards, fixed by large round-headed nails, placed at short distances from each other, which arrest the dervises in their rotatory movements. The only ornament to be seen in this hall is the cypher of the founder, written in large golden letters and placed in the upper gallery on the wall fronting Mecca. The place for the sheik, indicated by a sheep-skin on which he kneels, is in the hall underneath the cypher. The orchestra is opposite to the cypher. On one side, in a rather elevated position, is a box with a lattice, appropriated to the grand seignor when he is present at the exercises of the dervises.

At noon the doors of the oratory are thrown open and the crowds rush in and fill the galleries. Shortly after the dervises come in one by one, bend to the cypher of the founder, and kneel down round the hall; they prostrate themselves with their forehead to the earth, then rise up and squat down upon their heels. The sheik enters in turn, bends submissively to the cypher of the founder, goes and sits down in his place, and begins to recite the prayer called *Fat'-ha.** After prayer the dervises, standing in the department of the orchestra, chant a Persian ode to the sound of instrumental music.

During this interval the rest of the dervises enter and take their places, after similar greetings and prostrations. When they are all assembled, the orchestra, composed of small kettle-drums and flutes made of bamboo, performs a sonata of measured cadence. Suddenly the movement becomes extremely rapid; the dervises then jump up and make the circuit of the hall three times, at a slow pace, with the sheik at their head.

Having completed the third turn, the sheik stops and continues standing; each dervise passes him, bending lowly, and taking his hand carries it to his lips and forehead, and commences turning round.

The dress of the dervises consists of an open vestment, one of the corners of which is fastened by a long and broad gown of wool, confined round the body by a girdle; these gowns are not all of the same colour.

The dervise, preparatory to turning round, holds out this gown, till it forms the shape of a bell, and then pirouettes by himself, describing a very narrow circle, while the instruments in the orchestra play an air that regulates the movements of the dance.

This air accompanies at the same time the chant of an ode, generally moral and relating to the dervises, whose duties it recapitulates. The number in the groups that whirl round is fixed at nine, eleven,

* The *Fat'-ha* is the first chapter of the Koran. This word comes from *fet'-h*, to open.

and thirteen. When they commence they cross their arms over their chest, but afterwards extend and raise them, as if to assist the balance.

The dervises whirl round during the space of five or seven minutes, and recommence the exercise four times.

When the dance is finished the sheik, before retiring, offers up prayers for the prosperity of the empire and the welfare of the sovereign, as well as for all Mussulmans present and absent. The dervises respond in chorus by *Hou*, in Arabic Him,* meaning the Deity, after which they leave the hall without observing any regular order. The sheik leaves the place the last.

Djèlalèddin was the first who introduced this custom of whirling round. He gives several explanations of it in his works, of which the two principal are these:—In describing a circle we turn round in every direction in search of God, whom we find on every side of us, because God is every where present; and again, The act of a continual change of position denotes a detachment from worldly possessions, not any one of which has power to arrest our attention.

The almost literal translation of one of the odes chanted before the dance presents us with a sort of summary of what has been said of dervises in general, and of the Mèvlèvi more particularly. This ode is by Djèlalèddin. He composed it when separated from Chems-eddin, his director in the contemplative life, and complaining of the dervises of Iconium, who, as we have already observed, had compelled that dervise to remove. The ode has in the original as many verses as there are sentences in the translation. Each verse, composed of two couplets, finishes by the same word *dervichan* (dervises). It must be premised that in the course of this ode the word dervise has, according to its etymology, one of two meanings, namely, that of a *poor person*, and that of *one who devotes all his property to the service of the poor;* this, in the Persian text, makes a continual play of words, the beauty of which is lost in a translation. The repetition of this word, that would be wearisome to a European ear, has, in the soft and harmonious sounds of the Persian, all the charm of the double rondeaus of the French, the simplicity of their ancient ballads, and the elegance of the *refrains* of their modern *vaudevilles*.

ODE.

"I am transported out of myself, and am in a delirium of enthusiasm for the dervises; but I know not where to find the dervises.

"By dervise I do not mean every one who wears the garb of a dervise; there are many such vagabonds in the world, many wretches of that sort who imitate the dervises!

"The dervise that I seek is he who if he hears the sigh of a poor man stops and enquires of him 'What desirest thou? Behold, I am here!'

"The dervises and their order were respected by Mohammed: God himself even sent down from heaven verses in honour of the dervises.

"At the instant when the dervises commence the dance that is accompanied by a pure delight, at that very instant God descends and enters into their spirits.

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* This is the Ego sum qui sum—*I am that I am*, of scripture.

"And, when the dervises are intoxicated with the love of God, the prophet *Khyzir* (Elias) brings them water to drink from the fountain of life.*

"The prince of the true believers, Ali, who was the son-in-law of the prophet, girded himself for the poor with the girdle of service, and exclaimed, '*I am the servant of the poor.*'

"And thou also, Chems of Tauris! or rather Djèbal! follow devotedly the career of the dervises, give thyself to the service of the poor; and in these pious usages thou wilt find the spring of immortality."

The following ode will give some idea of the morality taught by the ancient dervises. The poem is in the lyric stanza. The poet here treads earthly honours under foot, and in the thought of death sees only an incitement to lead a life conformable to religious principles.

ODE.

"Arise, my soul, the morning breaks, awake thou and adore the Eternal; there is no act more meritorious. Happy is he whom the dawn arouses! It is thou only, O religious man! thou privileged being! that rises up with the dawn. I recognize thee by thy wisdom; the delights of the other world will be reserved for thee!

"At day-break the diligent cock cries, 'Arise, stand up, whosoever thou art, cast off thy supineness.' But thou who liest inebriated with sleep, thou hearest him not, neither understandeth what he says. To understand him thou must be wise and viligant. Reason says, 'Arise!' Sloth replies, 'Yet a moment more.' Trample upon sloth, and remember that the dawn is the instant when the Sovereign Master issues his mandates.

"Weak and contemptible being! slave of imperious passions! call to remembrance, if only for an instant, that thou must die; yes, thou must die!

"All that remains for thee to do is, then, to rise up, that thou mayest shed the precious tears of repentance, and avoid the snares of the great enemy of thy weakness.

"And thou also must wake with the dawn. What matters it whether thou art called Chems † or Sultan? Soon, very soon, will thy dust be mingled with the earth: and what then will become of the pomps and distinctions in which thou now glorifiest thyself?"

The Mèvlèvi dervises have several convents at Constantinople. The principal is in the suburb of Pera. The oratory, or *tèkè*, is divided from the convent, and stands in the burial-ground of the order. This burial ground contains the tomb of the renowned Count Bonneval, who is designated, in the Turkish inscription upon it, by the name of *Achmet Pacha.*

The Bèdèvi dervises in our next number.

HOPE.

Hope gilds the stream of time with sunny ray,
While swiftly gliding to oblivion's sea;
But O how drear and sad its darkling way
When that bright gleam has flashed its destiny!

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* *Kyzir* is here supposed to be the only mortal who had found the *fountain of life*, whose waters he drank, which rendered him immortal. The author calls him the cup-bearer of the dervises. Several Mussulmans confound him with the prophet Elias.

†*Djèlalèddin* was sultan by birth. Chems-eddin means in Arabic *sun of the faith.* The poet alludes to the excitements to pride offered by those two names.

THE MAN OF TWO LIVES.

It has many times been averred by responsible witnesses in the town of Gravelstone, and their testimony has been sanctioned by the conclusive dictum of that mysterious personage commonly termed "the oldest inhabitant," that fortune never dawned more auspiciously upon the opening prospects of breathing man than when she was pleased to usher in the vigorous commencement of life on the part of Mr. Samuel Singe, the barber of that place. Truth to speak, and gratifying to tell, the earliest efforts, on his own sole account, of that individual in the hair-cutting and chin-shaving line had met with no ordinary encouragement. Even from the first outbreak of his career, when, firm of soul and fixed of purpose, but with a nervous sensibility easily to be accounted for, he caused the name of his respected master, "Lightly," to be erased from the shop-front, and the more pleasing monosyllable "Singe" to be placed in its stead, his virtuous ardour had been rewarded by fervent and zealous patronage.

He was permitted—instigated, I may say—to walk in the same path, aye, to step into the very shoes of the respected and deplored defunct. He was even taken by the hand by Mr. Uppercrust, the mayor (the mayor!) whom mortal thumb and finger had never before taken by the nose. To him was reserved the honour of tucking the first napkin between the cravat and the epiglottis of that municipal and majestic man, and the razor of Singe was the first tried weapon that had ever coursed in rapid but inoffensive semicircles over that benignant countenance. Nor were aldermanic chins less subservient to his brush; nor did Furlong the surveyor ever present himself unto the world's eye until Singe had assuaged with powder the almost intolerable effulgence of the symmetrical dome which overhung his expansive brow. Our hero was also installed hairdresser in ordinary to Ichneumon the attorney, and superintended monthly the bristly exuberances of that gentleman's multifarious offspring.

The reader is, however, mistaken if he suppose that the professional avocations of Samuel Singe were exclusively absorbed by an attention to these aristocratical customers. No. His in-door practice was considerable. It admits not of a doubt that on Saturdays—not to mention the other *five* days of the week (for Singe was orthodox and eschewed suds on a Sunday), the number of bearded and bacon-fed rustics from the contiguous villages who "went away shorn" from the well-appointed and decent shop of the barber was almost incalculable. His hours of less peremptory practice, too, were devoted to wig-weaving and peruke-plaiting exercitations, while the restoration of ladies' fronts to their pristine tortuosity employed some portion of that time which the world has consented to set apart for leisure and recreation.

But although, as I have sufficiently shown, Singe might be considered in every respect a thriving man, and notwithstanding that he "acquired a prompt alacrity" in furthering his own interests, yet

was he by no means averse from the enjoyment of such delights a are duly restrained by moderation and temperance. In summer evenings especially, at a certain hour, he might be detected wending his way over the "smooth-shaven green" towards a public-house boasting the imposing and perhaps awful title of "the Griffin." Here the company was select, and at the same time cordial; affable without moroseness, easy without vulgarity. And here was Singe lord paramount; and here, as he smoked his pipe and sipped his ale, deference conceded to him that respect which his superior information and acquirements might have exacted. Grim the farrier, when Singe outspake, drew down his mouth like a horse-shoe and was mute; Rusk the baker was upon such occasions taciturn; Halbert, the serjeant of a regiment quartered in the town, a huge portly man, with no ordinary *bow-window* and a handsome sash in front of it, one also who had gleaned a harvest of anecdote from the fields of Waterloo—even this warrior held his peace; and Spigot the landlord has been known to stand for hours with the handle of the door between his fingers, until a too familiar voice from behind has recalled him to himself, or rather to that better half of himself which he had so long deserted in the bar. In short, Samuel at this place of rational entertainment was a universal favourite, and I question whether that fabulous monster the griffin himself would not have smiled upon him as he entered the house, had there been so desirable a portrait of such monster over the entrance. But this, unhappily, was not the case, the artist employed by Spigot for that purpose, after receiving payment by anticipation for his labours, having, as though wilfully, "died and made no sign."

To a prosperous man on the wrong side of thirty marriage naturally presents itself as something claiming serious consideration. To the barber it was so, who, having debated the matter within himself long and earnestly, entered himself of the temple of Hymen, taking to partner one Kezia Thoroughgood, only daughter of old Thoroughgood the wheelwright and cooper in general. Nor was this by any means the worst choice he could have made. Kezia Singe (late Thoroughgood) was a woman in whom a pervading principle of thrift was innate, in whom prudence had shown itself marvellously precocious, in whom also frugality had begotten a large family of maxims and undeviating rules of conduct. She had duties for every day in the year, work for every week, manifold business monthly. She was expert as Arachne at spinning, and yet was a mortal enemy to spiders and cobwebs. She earned her bread where she made it—at home, and her house was as clean as a new pin, and she was the head of it. She exhibited the patriotism of a true Briton in her patronage and manufacture of English wines, and she knew the contents of her two casks (paternal puncheons), and the absorbing capacity of her servant (from the workhouse), to a single drop. The current of her wrath was fearfully let loose if she detected a defalcation in the old gooseberry; and she played up "old gooseberry" if she discovered a diminution of the currant. Added to these merits, she bore no common love for her husband, and took the very best care of him with not the very worst grace in the world; and I think (such was her scrupulosity)

that she would willingly have died before him in order to get the grave thoroughly aired for his reception.

"What more felicity can fall to creature?" Here was little Samuel Singe, with a daily increasing business, with a prudent and strenuous wife, with a father-in-law whom he loved (he was reputed wealthy), and whose gray hairs he respected ever, and cut every six weeks.

I have painted a picture of unvaried brightness of tint, of Claude-like serenity, of cloudless sunshine; but now (alas! that it must be, but rigorous truth will have it so), I must give colours of a sombre hue, and lay them on pretty thickly. I must dip, as a great modern poet says,

"My pencil in the gloom of thunder and eclipse."

Who can lay his account with meeting no reverses in life? Who can expect to trudge onwards in a long lane of luck without a turning? Who can snap his fingers at fate and cry, "That for you?" Even Samuel Singe was assailable.

The first practicable example presented to the barber of the instability of worldly expectations, and of the reed-like brittleness of hope, was afforded him upon a melancholy occasion. His father-in-law, Diogenes Thoroughgood, suddenly gave up wheel-making, cask-coopering, and the ghost. Think not that Samuel Singe was deficient in a proper resignation. He bore the calamity with fortitude, but there was a certain upshot that wounded his feelings deeply. To hint the matter strongly, Thoroughgood, although a wheelwright for very many years, had, it seemed, very little to do with the repair of the wheel of fortune; and I fear (not to speak scandalously) had in his day emptied almost as many casks as he had manufactured. Indeed, the deceased mechanic had unconsciously obtained credit for wealth amongst his neighbours which, to do him justice, he had never concurred to encourage (such opinion being founded, as it commonly is, upon a red nose, a ragged coat, and a bluff straightforwardness of speech), so that when he died, instead of coming "down with his dust," as Samuel naturally expected he would have done, the perplexed barber was himself compelled to do that office for him to the tune of a huge stout elm coffin, a hearse and four, mourning coach, two mutes, and a family vault.

This was awkward—nay, it was distressing; but Singe was not the man to be disheartened by such casualties. While there were beards to grow and to mow he felt assured of maintaining his secular position, and, except a few muttered complaints to his wife, in his more excited moments, of the improvidence and duplicity of the old and sinful insolvent, he let the matter drop entirely. But other engines were at work of an undermining tendency. Some of the Athenian citizens, amongst whom was, I think, Themistocles himself, were impatient at hearing Aristides so often termed "the just." The inhabitants of Gravelstone were, in like manner, intolerant of the fame of Singe. Some envied his colloquial qualities, many his extent of business; the former of these insinuated doubts at first, but soon openly breathed denials of his conversational supremacy; the latter, by some illogical process of reasoning, laid their own moderate success or ill-

fortune at the door of the more fortunate barber. Grim the farrier doubted,

"The while his iron did on the anvil cool,"

whether he did not shoe less horses in consequence of Singe. Rusk the baker thought it odd and hard too that Samuel should be shaving while he was drawing his rolls. Spigot merely and inwardly cursed his temperate habits; while Grigg the grocer (he did not know why it was, but it was so) "could not bear that fellow."

These were, it is true, "trifles light as air," but fate had now realities heavy as lead in store for him. Rumours had taken wind tending to the belief that his pomatum was not irreproachable, and whispers of hog's lard and tallow-grease gained daily ground. Dark and cloudy insinuations of brick-dust hung loweringly over the reputation of his dentifrice, while his shop was decided to contain no choice of articles, because upon one occasion he could not supply a corpulent customer with a tooth-brush as large as the brush of a chimney-sweep.

Well, these things must be borne. It was the common fate of merit to be depreciated, and while he scented these injurious falsehoods he could not trace them. Like the source of the Nile, they were hidden; like the Nile itself they contained crocodile calumnies that threatened to destroy him. But the worst was to come, just at a time when envious hostility had, as he fondly thought, spent its last arrow. There was a house (it had been recently let) immediately opposite—directly opposite—fatally opposite the barber's dwelling. Crook the carpenter, "a hot friend cooling," was engaged to put in a new shop-front of most imposing dimensions, of magnificent sweep, and of circular range. Adder the house-painter, no friend at all, but a foe of no ordinary calibre, was employed to beautify the exterior. The carpenter having completed, the house-painter was summoned; and now came Adder and ladder, paint-pots, brushes, easel, pallet, and guiding-stick, and in a few short hours, in large, fanciful, golden, legible characters, "Frizzle, Hairdresser and Perfumer, from Oxford Street, London," met or rather intruded itself upon the eye of Singe.

Here was a blow that might have staggered a Stoic. But Samuel was not one of the desponding genus. Indomitable energy had raised him to his present position, and the same power must keep him there. But who was Frizzle? Whence came he? From Oxford Street, London—that was a crushing circumstance; but Singe knew full well that he of barbers was the most expert, that in the use and mastery of his weapons, whether for ease, or dexterity, or expedition, the country could not find his parallel. The work of Lightly himself, his former master, was acknowledged on all chins a decided failure in comparison with his; Singe, therefore, maintained a serene dignity all that day, giving and receiving civilities with perfect grace and the most winning freedom.

On the following morning the shutters of the rival establishment were to be taken down—business was to be commenced—the tug of war was to begin. The shutters of Singe's eyes were raised long ere rustic could "help Hyperion to his horse," and, hastening down-

stairs to set his shop in unaccustomed order, arranged his window after a novel fashion, and having thrown open his door, assumed a crouching attitude upon a chair by the side of a window, from the corner of which he was in a situation to watch, unobserved, the issue. Suddenly the opposite door was opened; a young gentleman in an apron of snowy whiteness, with a handsome tortoise-shell comb stuck carelessly in a hyacinthine side-lock (could it be Frizzle?) issued forth, and carefully taking down the shutters placed them in a convenient, newly-painted, green, kind of sentry-box by the side of the door. What a blaze of splendour burst upon the dazzled vision of Singe! Pyramids of pomatum-pots towered in Egyptian grandeur, forests of hair, combs, and tooth-brushes arose in lateral amphitheatres, vast glass cases on mahogany shelves filled to overflowing with wash-balls, and smelling-bottles, green, blue, yellow, crimson, all the hues of Iris' woof, reflected the sun's rising beams. But, worst of all, three heads, two male and one female busts, larger, aye, and more natural even than life—the perfection of wax-work—stared with romantic ken through the vast windows as though proud (as well they might be) of the curled, stylish, and costly wigs that adorned their several sculls.

For the first time of his life Singe felt downright sickness at heart. His few and formal hairs, which he invariably plastered to his pate with perfumed unguents, erected themselves singly, as though appealing against this monstrous spectacle, and, as he tottered to a chair in the middle of the shop placed for the reception of customers, a cold perspiration exuded from his brow. But this was no time for supineness or despair. Measures must be taken. Could not he vie with this rival in splendour, or, at least, contrive a respectable appearance which should not be disgraced by a comparison with the exhibition of his neighbour? Sallying forth boldly, then, he took in at one ample and searching glance all that he had to contend against, and turning suddenly prepared to make a comparative estimate of his own pretensions. I feel that I cannot describe the sound which at that moment issued from his mouth. It was an amalgamation of hysteria, hiccups, and a cough. What! vie with Frizzle? Ha! ha! ha! *This* provincial pig-sty cut out *that* metropolitan establishment! Oh! he felt it was *so* impossible! What a miserable, wretched, niggard, nasty hole! What a common, mean, old-fashioned, rascally shop! what a hut, or, rather, what a hutch! What a walking-stick, what a faded wand was that which he had hitherto conceived to be a pole, compared with the variegated mast which Frizzle himself (whom now for the first time he beheld) and his genteel apprentice were assisting to lift into the air, and which in a few minutes hung its golden knob threateningly high above the pin's-head insignificance of his own! And then, the one wooden block-head, a three-quarter size of humanity, in his own window, and the three paragons, half as large again as actual existence, that ornamented the window of his adversary! He had thought his own even comely before, surmounted as it was by a filthy, dusty, fusty peruke. What a daub was that formerly pleasing production! What a hideous smirk was that once pleasing smile upon its timber countenance! I blush to record the act—I blush

to record the blush of Singe while he performed the act—when I state that, after a few day's further trial, he opened the glass-case, the shrine in which it was contained, and, withdrawing the outrage upon human nature, "hid his diminished head" in the wood-hole.

It is a mournful fact, but the reader will not be surprised at it when he reflects upon the attraction of novelty and new faces, that the business of Singe fell off rapidly, and that the practice of his rival gained daily and extensive ground. Noses, that once had been turned up inside his shop with amiable resignation to the will of the shaving-brush, were now turned up outside of it, as their owners crossed over the path (which Frizzle took care to have swept every morning) and entered the opposite concern. Mr. Uppercrust the mayor no longer extended his patronage; Ichneumon the attorney withdrew his juvenile host; and, of the gentry, the bald and glossy scull of Furlong alone shone upon him in his distress.

"In nature there is nothing melancholy,"

says Coleridge; but here was an unnatural state of affairs, and Singe was so, and with reason. Good, kind, and charitable individual as he was, *how* he hated Frizzle! He hated, I say, the bloated rascal who was fattening upon his own proper spoils. He hated to see the name stick over the door. The two vile zig-zag Z's were infinitely insulting. He hated the very utterance of the name. "Frizzle—Frizzle," he was constantly muttering to himself, and he cursed the offensive eggs-and-bacon sound of the word. He began to hate the very town (the spot of his nativity) upon which Frizzle had so suddenly come down like a wolf on the fold; in a word, he was sick to death of the ungrateful, vile, filthy, capricious, Frizzle-ridden place.

The ill-fated Singe had, it is true, hoarded a small sum of money. Like a prudent and provident man he had lain by for a rainy day; but what financial umbrella could withstand the tempest that was now raging about his ears? Little by little, accompanied by groans and inward wrestlings, it melted away. Nor did it appear likely that any speedy or even remote chances would present themselves of enabling him to recruit his exhaused budget. Besides his own jaws, which he shaved twice a day to keep his hand in, no human visage offered itself to his operations. He was his own, he was his only, customer. Existence, to be so, must be supported. Man, "nor woman either," can live without food; and certain corkscrew rumblings of the inward man spoke eloquently of duties which he owed to himself. And now he felt that he also owed to others. He had been compelled to strain his restricted credit to the utmost. He had run up several debts. *Run up!* the phrase suits not—he had walked up, sauntered up, crawled up debts, for the recovery of which threats of appeal to the County Court had been levelled at him.

Let no one hastily condemn our unfortunate barber, when I acknowledge that often in secret converse with his wife he urged the expediency of retreating from the accursed place. If, however, some lax unscrupulous moralist should demand why he did not pack up his alls and be off without beat of drum, I answer

"For this plain reason—man is not *a fly*,"

and the deuce a driver of a fly waggon would have taken charge of Singe's appurtenances without forthwith prating of his whereabout to his numerous flint and steel-hearted creditors.

Is it wonderful that, under these circumstances, his thoughts were turned tomb-ward? that he often desired death? His deplorable plight tended to encourage such thoughts; the cholera, which was at that time raging in the town, set his mind at work on that subject. How he longed to be a patient! How he wished the "blue stage" would draw up to his door and carry him away an inside passenger! How he yearned for that last refuge for the destitute, for that world of unadulterated spirits, for that licensed still with I know not how many worms to it! How he longed to leap into the other world—to have one mighty vault to himself!

That these thoughts should have possessed him is by no means strange; but that they should have given birth to a design which I am now about to unfold is not a little remarkable. Flushed with an unexpected shilling which remained to him over and above his immediate exigencies, Singe had been one evening smoking his pipe at the Blue Lion (for the Griffin had long ago closed its jaws against him), and he returned home on that night with a pint of ale for his partner, and a most unusual flow of spirits, which he kept to himself. Puffing his fragrant herb in the chimney corner, he sat apparently buried in profound thought, occasionally, however, casting a speculative glance towards his wife, who sat opposite, darning a very old stocking. He seemed as though his mind was labouring with some momentous matter of which it would fain unburthen itself. At length, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, he remarked,

"And so poor Snaggs is gone,"

"Gone where?" said Mrs. Singe, with an indifferent air.

"Gone dead," cried Samuel,—"died of the cholera last night."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the wife, with needle in rest and her hand laid upon her knee, "how shocking!"

"Um," grunted Singe, raising his eyes mournfully and resuming his pipe. There was a silence as dead as poor Snaggs for some minutes. Singe, however, drew himself together after a short period, and leaning forward, with his pipe extended some two inches from his mouth, said abruptly,

"*How*, how are we to manage, Mrs. Singe? Things are getting worse and worse every day, and I feel I shall never recover myself in this place. You know I have often said if we could manage to get to London and open an "Easy Shaving Shop" in the Seven Dials (old Lightly, his former master, came from the Seven Dials) we should do well—don't you think we should?"

"But how are we to get there," expostulated the wife, "it's impossible."

"True," said Singe, and he threw himself back in his chair. An agreeable expression, indicative of pleasure, suddenly crossed over his features.

"I say, Mrs. Singe," said he, as he placed his hand upon her knee and gave a knowing wink, "I complained of being very ill to-night at the Blue Lion."

receives the candidate, and assigns him a room with his brethren; thenceforth he participates in all the ceremonies and privileges of the order.

The Mèvlèvi dervises devote themselves twice every week to public exercises, that take place on Tuesdays and Fridays, after the mid-day prayer, in their oratory. This oratory is an octagon hall, encircled by two galleries, one above the other, on the ground floor. The space enclosed by the lower gallery is inlaid by boards, fixed by large round-headed nails, placed at short distances from each other, which arrest the dervises in their rotatory movements. The only ornament to be seen in this hall is the cypher of the founder, written in large golden letters and placed in the upper gallery on the wall fronting Mecca. The place for the sheik, indicated by a sheep-skin on which he kneels, is in the hall underneath the cypher. The orchestra is opposite to the cypher. On one side, in a rather elevated position, is a box with a lattice, appropriated to the grand seignor when he is present at the exercises of the dervises.

At noon the doors of the oratory are thrown open and the crowds rush in and fill the galleries. Shortly after the dervises come in one by one, bend to the cypher of the founder, and kneel down round the hall; they prostrate themselves with their forehead to the earth, then rise up and squat down upon their heels. The sheik enters in turn, bends submissively to the cypher of the founder, goes and sits down in his place, and begins to recite the prayer called *Fat'-ha.** After prayer the dervises, standing in the department of the orchestra, chant a Persian ode to the sound of instrumental music.

During this interval the rest of the dervises enter and take their places, after similar greetings and prostrations. When they are all assembled, the orchestra, composed of small kettle-drums and flutes made of bamboo, performs a sonata of measured cadence. Suddenly the movement becomes extremely rapid; the dervises then jump up and make the circuit of the hall three times, at a slow pace, with the sheik at their head.

Having completed the third turn, the sheik stops and continues standing; each dervise passes him, bending lowly, and taking his hand carries it to his lips and forehead, and commences turning round.

The dress of the dervises consists of an open vestment, one of the corners of which is fastened by a long and broad gown of wool, confined round the body by a girdle; these gowns are not all of the same colour.

The dervise, preparatory to turning round, holds out this gown, till it forms the shape of a bell, and then pirouettes by himself, describing a very narrow circle, while the instruments in the orchestra play an air that regulates the movements of the dance.

This air accompanies at the same time the chant of an ode, generally moral and relating to the dervises, whose duties it recapitulates. The number in the groups that whirl round is fixed at nine, eleven,

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* The *Fat'-ha* is the first chapter of the Koran. This word comes from *fet'-h*, to open.

and thirteen. When they commence they cross their arms over their chest, but afterwards extend and raise them, as if to assist the balance.

The dervises whirl round during the space of five or seven minutes, and recommence the exercise four times.

When the dance is finished the sheik, before retiring, offers up prayers for the prosperity of the empire and the welfare of the sovereign, as well as for all Mussulmans present and absent. The dervises respond in chorus by *Hou*, in Arabic Him,* meaning the Deity, after which they leave the hall without observing any regular order. The sheik leaves the place the last.

Djèlalèddin was the first who introduced this custom of whirling round. He gives several explanations of it in his works, of which the two principal are these:—In describing a circle we turn round in every direction in search of God, whom we find on every side of us, because God is every where present; and again, The act of a continual change of position denotes a detachment from worldly possessions, not any one of which has power to arrest our attention.

The almost literal translation of one of the odes chanted before the dance presents us with a sort of summary of what has been said of dervises in general, and of the Mèvlèvi more particularly. This ode is by Djèlalèddin. He composed it when separated from Chems-eddin, his director in the contemplative life, and complaining of the dervises of Iconium, who, as we have already observed, had compelled that dervise to remove. The ode has in the original as many verses as there are sentences in the translation. Each verse, composed of two couplets, finishes by the same word *dervichan* (dervises). It must be premised that in the course of this ode the word dervise has, according to its etymology, one of two meanings, namely, that of a *poor person*, and that of *one who devotes all his property to the service of the poor;* this, in the Persian text, makes a continual play of words, the beauty of which is lost in a translation. The repetition of this word, that would be wearisome to a European ear, has, in the soft and harmonious sounds of the Persian, all the charm of the double rondeaus of the French, the simplicity of their ancient ballads, and the elegance of the *refrains* of their modern *vaudevilles*.

ODE.

"I am transported out of myself, and am in a delirium of enthusiasm for the dervises; but I know not where to find the dervises.

"By dervise I do not mean every one who wears the garb of a dervise; there are many such vagabonds in the world, many wretches of that sort who imitate the dervises!

"The dervise that I seek is he who if he hears the sigh of a poor man stops and enquires of him 'What desirest thou? Behold, I am here!'

"The dervises and their order were respected by Mohammed: God himself even sent down from heaven verses in honour of the dervises.

"At the instant when the dervises commence the dance that is accompanied by a pure delight, at that very instant God descends and enters into their spirits.

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* This is the Ego sum qui sum—*I am that I am*, of scripture.

" And, when the dervises are intoxicated with the love of God, the prophet *Khyzir* (Elias) brings them water to drink from the fountain of life.*

" The prince of the true believers, Ali, who was the son-in-law of the prophet, girded himself for the poor with the girdle of service, and exclaimed, *' I am the servant of the poor.'*

" And thou also, Chems of Tauris! or rather Djèbal! follow devotedly the career of the dervises, give thyself to the service of the poor; and in these pious usages thou wilt find the spring of immortality."

The following ode will give some idea of the morality taught by the ancient dervises. The poem is in the lyric stanza. The poet here treads earthly honours under foot, and in the thought of death sees only an incitement to lead a life conformable to religious principles.

ODE.

" Arise, my soul, the morning breaks, awake thou and adore the Eternal; there is no act more meritorious. Happy is he whom the dawn arouses! It is thou only, O religious man! thou privileged being! that rises up with the dawn. I recognize thee by thy wisdom; the delights of the other world will be reserved for thee!

" At day-break the diligent cock cries, ' Arise, stand up, whosoever thou art, cast off thy supineness.' But thou who liest inebriated with sleep, thou hearest him not, neither understandeth what he says. To understand him thou must be wise and viligant. Reason says, ' Arise!' Sloth replies, ' Yet a moment more.' Trample upon sloth, and remember that the dawn is the instant when the Sovereign Master issues his mandates.

" Weak and contemptible being! slave of imperious passions! call to remembrance, if only for an instant, that thou must die; yes, thou must die!

" All that remains for thee to do is, then, to rise up, that thou mayest shed the precious tears of repentance, and avoid the snares of the great enemy of thy weakness.

" And thou also must wake with the dawn. What matters it whether thou art called Chems † or Sultan? Soon, very soon, will thy dust be mingled with the earth: and what then will become of the pomps and distinctions in which thou now glorifiest thyself?"

The Mèvlèvi dervises have several convents at Constantinople. The principal is in the suburb of Pera. The oratory, or *tèkè*, is divided from the convent, and stands in the burial-ground of the order. This burial ground contains the tomb of the renowned Count Bonneval, who is designated, in the Turkish inscription upon it, by the name of *Achmet Pacha.*

The Bèdèvi dervises in our next number.

HOPE.

Hope gilds the stream of time with sunny ray,
While swiftly gliding to oblivion's sea;
But O how drear and sad its darkling way
When that bright gleam has flashed its destiny!

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* *Kyzir* is here supposed to be the only mortal who had found the *fountain of life*, whose waters he drank, which rendered him immortal. The author calls him the cup-bearer of the dervises. Several Mussulmans confound him with the prophet Elias.

†*Djèlal'èddin* was sultan by birth. Chems-eddin means in Arabic *sun of the faith.* The poet alludes to the excitements to pride offered by those two names.

THE MAN OF TWO LIVES.

It has many times been averred by responsible witnesses in the town of Gravelstone, and their testimony has been sanctioned by the conclusive dictum of that mysterious personage commonly termed "the oldest inhabitant," that fortune never dawned more auspiciously upon the opening prospects of breathing man than when she was pleased to usher in the vigorous commencement of life on the part of Mr. Samuel Singe, the barber of that place. Truth to speak, and gratifying to tell, the earliest efforts, on his own sole account, of that individual in the hair-cutting and chin-shaving line had met with no ordinary encouragement. Even from the first outbreak of his career, when, firm of soul and fixed of purpose, but with a nervous sensibility easily to be accounted for, he caused the name of his respected master, "Lightly," to be erased from the shop-front, and the more pleasing monosyllable "Singe" to be placed in its stead, his virtuous ardour had been rewarded by fervent and zealous patronage.

He was permitted—instigated, I may say—to walk in the same path, aye, to step into the very shoes of the respected and deplored defunct. He was even taken by the hand by Mr. Uppercrust, the mayor (the mayor!) whom mortal thumb and finger had never before taken by the nose. To him was reserved the honour of tucking the first napkin between the cravat and the epiglottis of that municipal and majestic man, and the razor of Singe was the first tried weapon that had ever coursed in rapid but inoffensive semicircles over that benignant countenance. Nor were aldermanic chins less subservient to his brush; nor did Furlong the surveyor ever present himself unto the world's eye until Singe had assuaged with powder the almost intolerable effulgence of the symmetrical dome which overhung his expansive brow. Our hero was also installed hairdresser in ordinary to Ichneumon the attorney, and superintended monthly the bristly exuberances of that gentleman's multifarious offspring.

The reader is, however, mistaken if he suppose that the professional avocations of Samuel Singe were exclusively absorbed by an attention to these aristocratical customers. No. His in-door practice was considerable. It admits not of a doubt that on Saturdays—not to mention the other *five* days of the week (for Singe was orthodox and eschewed suds on a Sunday), the number of bearded and bacon-fed rustics from the contiguous villages who "went away shorn" from the well-appointed and decent shop of the barber was almost incalculable. His hours of less peremptory practice, too, were devoted to wig-weaving and peruke-plaiting exercitations, while the restoration of ladies' fronts to their pristine tortuosity employed some portion of that time which the world has consented to set apart for leisure and recreation.

But although, as I have sufficiently shown, Singe might be considered in every respect a thriving man, and notwithstanding that he "acquired a prompt alacrity" in furthering his own interests, yet

was he by no means averse from the enjoyment of such delights a are duly restrained by moderation and temperance. In summer evenings especially, at a certain hour, he might be detected wending his way over the "smooth-shaven green" towards a public-house boasting the imposing and perhaps awful title of "the Griffin." Here the company was select, and at the same time cordial; affable without moroseness, easy without vulgarity. And here was Singe lord paramount; and here, as he smoked his pipe and sipped his ale, deference conceded to him that respect which his superior information and acquirements might have exacted. Grim the farrier, when Singe outspake, drew down his mouth like a horse-shoe and was mute; Rusk the baker was upon such occasions taciturn; Halbert, the serjeant of a regiment quartered in the town, a huge portly man, with no ordinary *bow-window* and a handsome sash in front of it, one also who had gleaned a harvest of anecdote from the fields of Waterloo—even this warrior held his peace; and Spigot the landlord has been known to stand for hours with the handle of the door between his fingers, until a too familiar voice from behind has recalled him to himself, or rather to that better half of himself which he had so long deserted in the bar. In short, Samuel at this place of rational entertainment was a universal favourite, and I question whether that fabulous monster the griffin himself would not have smiled upon him as he entered the house, had there been so desirable a portrait of such monster over the entrance. But this, unhappily, was not the case, the artist employed by Spigot for that purpose, after receiving payment by anticipation for his labours, having, as though wilfully, "died and made no sign."

To a prosperous man on the wrong side of thirty marriage naturally presents itself as something claiming serious consideration. To the barber it was so, who, having debated the matter within himself long and earnestly, entered himself of the temple of Hymen, taking to partner one Kezia Thoroughgood, only daughter of old Thoroughgood the wheelwright and cooper in general. Nor was this by any means the worst choice he could have made. Kezia Singe (late Thoroughgood) was a woman in whom a pervading principle of thrift was innate, in whom prudence had shown itself marvellously precocious, in whom also frugality had begotten a large family of maxims and undeviating rules of conduct. She had duties for every day in the year, work for every week, manifold business monthly. She was expert as Arachne at spinning, and yet was a mortal enemy to spiders and cobwebs. She earned her bread where she made it—at home, and her house was as clean as a new pin, and she was the head of it. She exhibited the patriotism of a true Briton in her patronage and manufacture of English wines, and she knew the contents of her two casks (paternal puncheons), and the absorbing capacity of her servant (from the workhouse), to a single drop. The current of her wrath was fearfully let loose if she detected a defalcation in the old gooseberry; and she played up "old gooseberry" if she discovered a diminution of the currant. Added to these merits, she bore no common love for her husband, and took the very best care of him with not the very worst grace in the world; and I think (such was her scrupulosity)

that she would willingly have died before him in order to get the grave thoroughly aired for his reception.

"What more felicity can fall to creature?" Here was little Samuel Singe, with a daily increasing business, with a prudent and strenuous wife, with a father-in-law whom he loved (he was reputed wealthy), and whose gray hairs he respected ever, and cut every six weeks.

I have painted a picture of unvaried brightness of tint, of Claude-like serenity, of cloudless sunshine; but now (alas! that it must be, but rigorous truth will have it so), I must give colours of a sombre hue, and lay them on pretty thickly. I must dip, as a great modern poet says,

"My pencil in the gloom of thunder and eclipse."

Who can lay his account with meeting no reverses in life? Who can expect to trudge onwards in a long lane of luck without a turning? Who can snap his fingers at fate and cry, "That for you?" Even Samuel Singe was assailable.

The first practicable example presented to the barber of the instability of worldly expectations, and of the reed-like brittleness of hope, was afforded him upon a melancholy occasion. His father-in-law, Diogenes Thoroughgood, suddenly gave up wheel-making, cask-coopering, and the ghost. Think not that Samuel Singe was deficient in a proper resignation. He bore the calamity with fortitude, but there was a certain upshot that wounded his feelings deeply. To hint the matter strongly, Thoroughgood, although a wheelwright for very many years, had, it seemed, very little to do with the repair of the wheel of fortune; and I fear (not to speak scandalously) had in his day emptied almost as many casks as he had manufactured. Indeed, the deceased mechanic had unconsciously obtained credit for wealth amongst his neighbours which, to do him justice, he had never concurred to encourage (such opinion being founded, as it commonly is, upon a red nose, a ragged coat, and a bluff straightforwardness of speech), so that when he died, instead of coming "down with his dust," as Samuel naturally expected he would have done, the perplexed barber was himself compelled to do that office for him to the tune of a huge stout elm coffin, a hearse and four, mourning coach, two mutes, and a family vault.

This was awkward—nay, it was distressing; but Singe was not the man to be disheartened by such casualties. While there were beards to grow and to mow he felt assured of maintaining his secular position, and, except a few muttered complaints to his wife, in his more excited moments, of the improvidence and duplicity of the old and sinful insolvent, he let the matter drop entirely. But other engines were at work of an undermining tendency. Some of the Athenian citizens, amongst whom was, I think, Themistocles himself, were impatient at hearing Aristides so often termed "the just." The inhabitants of Gravelstone were, in like manner, intolerant of the fame of Singe. Some envied his colloquial qualities, many his extent of business; the former of these insinuated doubts at first, but soon openly breathed denials of his conversational supremacy; the latter, by some illogical process of reasoning, laid their own moderate success or ill-

fortune at the door of the more fortunate barber. Grim the farrier doubted,

"The while his iron did on the anvil cool,"

whether he did not shoe less horses in consequence of Singe. Rusk the baker thought it odd and hard too that Samuel should be shaving while he was drawing his rolls. Spigot merely and inwardly cursed his temperate habits; while Grigg the grocer (he did not know why it was, but it was so) "could not bear that fellow."

These were, it is true, "trifles light as air," but fate had now realities heavy as lead in store for him. Rumours had taken wind tending to the belief that his pomatum was not irreproachable, and whispers of hog's lard and tallow-grease gained daily ground. Dark and cloudy insinuations of brick-dust hung loweringly over the reputation of his dentifrice, while his shop was decided to contain no choice of articles, because upon one occasion he could not supply a corpulent customer with a tooth-brush as large as the brush of a chimney-sweep.

Well, these things must be borne. It was the common fate of merit to be depreciated, and while he scented these injurious falsehoods he could not trace them. Like the source of the Nile, they were hidden; like the Nile itself they contained crocodile calumnies that threatened to destroy him. But the worst was to come, just at a time when envious hostility had, as he fondly thought, spent its last arrow. There was a house (it had been recently let) immediately opposite—directly opposite—fatally opposite the barber's dwelling. Crook the carpenter, "a hot friend cooling," was engaged to put in a new shop-front of most imposing dimensions, of magnificent sweep, and of circular range. Adder the house-painter, no friend at all, but a foe of no ordinary calibre, was employed to beautify the exterior. The carpenter having completed, the house-painter was summoned; and now came Adder and ladder, paint-pots, brushes, easel, pallet, and guiding-stick, and in a few short hours, in large, fanciful, golden, legible characters, "Frizzle, Hairdresser and Perfumer, from Oxford Street, London," met or rather intruded itself upon the eye of Singe.

Here was a blow that might have staggered a Stoic. But Samuel was not one of the desponding genus. Indomitable energy had raised him to his present position, and the same power must keep him there. But who was Frizzle? Whence came he? From Oxford Street, London—that was a crushing circumstance; but Singe knew full well that he of barbers was the most expert, that in the use and mastery of his weapons, whether for ease, or dexterity, or expedition, the country could not find his parallel. The work of Lightly himself, his former master, was acknowledged on all chins a decided failure in comparison with his; Singe, therefore, maintained a serene dignity all that day, giving and receiving civilities with perfect grace and the most winning freedom.

On the following morning the shutters of the rival establishment were to be taken down—business was to be commenced—the tug of war was to begin. The shutters of Singe's eyes were raised long ere rustic could "help Hyperion to his horse," and, hastening down-

stairs to set his shop in unaccustomed order, arranged his window after a novel fashion, and having thrown open his door, assumed a crouching attitude upon a chair by the side of a window, from the corner of which he was in a situation to watch, unobserved, the issue. Suddenly the opposite door was opened; a young gentleman in an apron of snowy whiteness, with a handsome tortoise-shell comb stuck carelessly in a hyacinthine side-lock (could it be Frizzle?) issued forth, and carefully taking down the shutters placed them in a convenient, newly-painted, green, kind of sentry-box by the side of the door. What a blaze of splendour burst upon the dazzled vision of Singe! Pyramids of pomatum-pots towered in Egyptian grandeur, forests of hair, combs, and tooth-brushes arose in lateral amphitheatres, vast glass cases on mahogany shelves filled to overflowing with wash-balls, and smelling-bottles, green, blue, yellow, crimson, all the hues of Iris' woof, reflected the sun's rising beams. But, worst of all, three heads, two male and one female busts, larger, aye, and more natural even than life—the perfection of wax-work—stared with romantic ken through the vast windows as though proud (as well they might be) of the curled, stylish, and costly wigs that adorned their several sculls.

For the first time of his life Singe felt downright sickness at heart. His few and formal hairs, which he invariably plastered to his pate with perfumed unguents, erected themselves singly, as though appealing against this monstrous spectacle, and, as he tottered to a chair in the middle of the shop placed for the reception of customers, a cold perspiration exuded from his brow. But this was no time for supineness or despair. Measures must be taken. Could not he vie with this rival in splendour, or, at least, contrive a respectable appearance which should not be disgraced by a comparison with the exhibition of his neighbour? Sallying forth boldly, then, he took in at one ample and searching glance all that he had to contend against, and turning suddenly prepared to make a comparative estimate of his own pretensions. I feel that I cannot describe the sound which at that moment issued from his mouth. It was an amalgamation of hysteria, hiccups, and a cough. What! vie with Frizzle? Ha! ha! ha! *This* provincial pig-sty cut out *that* metropolitan establishment! Oh! he felt it was *so* impossible! What a miserable, wretched, niggard, nasty hole! What a common, mean, old-fashioned, rascally shop! what a hut, or, rather, what a hutch! What a walking-stick, what a faded wand was that which he had hitherto conceived to be a pole, compared with the variegated mast which Frizzle himself (whom now for the first time he beheld) and his genteel apprentice were assisting to lift into the air, and which in a few minutes hung its golden knob threateningly high above the pin's-head insignificance of his own! And then, the one wooden block-head, a three-quarter size of humanity, in his own window, and the three paragons, half as large again as actual existence, that ornamented the window of his adversary! He had thought his own even comely before, surmounted as it was by a filthy, dusty, fusty peruke. What a daub was that formerly pleasing production! What a hideous smirk was that once pleasing smile upon its timber countenance! I blush to record the act—I blush

to record the blush of Singe while he performed the act—when I state that, after a few day's further trial, he opened the glass-case, the shrine in which it was contained, and, withdrawing the outrage upon human nature, "hid his diminished head" in the wood-hole.

It is a mournful fact, but the reader will not be surprised at it when he reflects upon the attraction of novelty and new faces, that the business of Singe fell off rapidly, and that the practice of his rival gained daily and extensive ground. Noses, that once had been turned up inside his shop with amiable resignation to the will of the shaving-brush, were now turned up outside of it, as their owners crossed over the path (which Frizzle took care to have swept every morning) and entered the opposite concern. Mr. Uppercrust the mayor no longer extended his patronage; Ichneumon the attorney withdrew his juvenile host; and, of the gentry, the bald and glossy scull of Furlong alone shone upon him in his distress.

"In nature there is nothing melancholy,"

says Coleridge; but here was an unnatural state of affairs, and Singe was so, and with reason. Good, kind, and charitable individual as he was, *how* he hated Frizzle! He hated, I say, the bloated rascal who was fattening upon his own proper spoils. He hated to see the name stick over the door. The two vile zig-zag Z's were infinitely insulting. He hated the very utterance of the name. "Frizzle—Frizzle," he was constantly muttering to himself, and he cursed the offensive eggs-and-bacon sound of the word. He began to hate the very town (the spot of his nativity) upon which Frizzle had so suddenly come down like a wolf on the fold; in a word, he was sick to death of the ungrateful, vile, filthy, capricious, Frizzle-ridden place.

The ill-fated Singe had, it is true, hoarded a small sum of money. Like a prudent and provident man he had lain by for a rainy day; but what financial umbrella could withstand the tempest that was now raging about his ears? Little by little, accompanied by groans and inward wrestlings, it melted away. Nor did it appear likely that any speedy or even remote chances would present themselves of enabling him to recruit his exhaused budget. Besides his own jaws, which he shaved twice a day to keep his hand in, no human visage offered itself to his operations. He was his own, he was his only, customer. Existence, to be so, must be supported. Man, "nor woman either," can live without food; and certain corkscrew rumblings of the inward man spoke eloquently of duties which he owed to himself. And now he felt that he also owed to others. He had been compelled to strain his restricted credit to the utmost. He had run up several debts. *Run up!* the phrase suits not—he had walked up, sauntered up, crawled up debts, for the recovery of which threats of appeal to the County Court had been levelled at him.

Let no one hastily condemn our unfortunate barber, when I acknowledge that often in secret converse with his wife he urged the expediency of retreating from the accursed place. If, however, some lax unscrupulous moralist should demand why he did not pack up his alls and be off without beat of drum, I answer

"For this plain reason—man is not *a fly*,"

and the deuce a driver of a fly waggon would have taken charge of Singe's appurtenances without forthwith prating of his whereabout to his numerous flint and steel-hearted creditors.

Is it wonderful that, under these circumstances, his thoughts were turned tomb-ward? that he often desired death? His deplorable plight tended to encourage such thoughts; the cholera, which was at that time raging in the town, set his mind at work on that subject. How he longed to be a patient! How he wished the "blue stage" would draw up to his door and carry him away an inside passenger! How he yearned for that last refuge for the destitute, for that world of unadulterated spirits, for that licensed still with I know not how many worms to it! How he longed to leap into the other world—to have one mighty vault to himself!

That these thoughts should have possessed him is by no means strange; but that they should have given birth to a design which I am now about to unfold is not a little remarkable. Flushed with an unexpected shilling which remained to him over and above his immediate exigencies, Singe had been one evening smoking his pipe at the Blue Lion (for the Griffin had long ago closed its jaws against him), and he returned home on that night with a pint of ale for his partner, and a most unusual flow of spirits, which he kept to himself. Puffing his fragrant herb in the chimney corner, he sat apparently buried in profound thought, occasionally, however, casting a speculative glance towards his wife, who sat opposite, darning a very old stocking. He seemed as though his mind was labouring with some momentous matter of which it would fain unburthen itself. At length, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, he remarked,

"And so poor Snaggs is gone,"

"Gone where?" said Mrs. Singe, with an indifferent air.

"Gone dead," cried Samuel,—"died of the cholera last night."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the wife, with needle in rest and her hand laid upon her knee, "how shocking!"

"Um," grunted Singe, raising his eyes mournfully and resuming his pipe. There was a silence as dead as poor Snaggs for some minutes. Singe, however, drew himself together after a short period, and leaning forward, with his pipe extended some two inches from his mouth, said abruptly,

"*How*, how are we to manage, Mrs. Singe? Things are getting worse and worse every day, and I feel I shall never recover myself in this place. You know I have often said if we could manage to get to London and open an "Easy Shaving Shop" in the Seven Dials (old Lightly, his former master, came from the Seven Dials) we should do well—don't you think we should?"

"But how are we to get there," expostulated the wife, "it's impossible."

"True," said Singe, and he threw himself back in his chair. An agreeable expression, indicative of pleasure, suddenly crossed over his features.

"I say, Mrs. Singe," said he, as he placed his hand upon her knee and gave a knowing wink, "I complained of being very ill to-night at the Blue Lion."

"Goodness, Samuel, you never looked better, considering."

"And look you here," cried the barber, "I say I wish I was dead," and he winked still more knowingly.

"Why, Singe?"

"Why, Mrs. Singe," pursued the enigmatic shaver, "shouldn't I be buried gratis by the Benefit Society? Wouldn't they give you, my widow, ten pounds? Wouldn't they raise a subscription for you? and shouldn't *we* then be able to get up to London? eh!"

"*We!*" cried Kezia, with a stare. "God bless the man! he's mad. Why, you'd be in your grave."

"No, no, not *I*, not *I*," exclaimed Singe, poking the end of his pipe towards his wife; "another—something else. I'll tell you how it is, Mrs. Singe," he continued, in a solemn tone, "these Gravelstone folks have used me very, very ill, and I *will* have something out of them before I go—I *will*. I mean to feign myself dead—make believe, you see. You shall get the ten pounds and a subscription raised, and we'll be off to London, change the name of Singe, open shop, get rich, and die happy."

"Well, I never heard the like of that before." And the good woman indulged in a burst of unusual merriment. "Sam, you've been drinking—you know you have—don't shake your head, I'm certain of it—but mercy, man, how should I be able to do my part? I couldn't squeeze out a single tear."

"As others do," cried Singe, with a bitter grin, "who have less cause to weep than you have just now. Put a peeled onion into your handkerchief, and pinch your nose well before you go out, to make it look red."

"Lord! Singe, how queer!" cried the wife, scratching her left ear; but how would you manage?"

"Leave that to me," cried the barber, with dignity, waving his hand. "Did I ever fail in any thing I undertook? Did I not always succeed till that fellow yonder, that Frizzle (curse the fellow's name), sneaked into the town? Listen!"

Here a long conversation ensued, carried on in cautious whispers, which it is not politic that the reader should overhear; and some time on the wrong side of midnight the scheming couple betook themselves to rest.

On the following morning the barber and his wife despatched their frugal meal with an unaccustomed haste, which, for greater privacy, was enjoyed in the small back room, a nervous anxiety pervading each visage during the refection, which betrayed that some mighty and important work was on foot, demanding not only uncommon tact and skill, but extraordinary firmness and presence of mind.

"Kezia, my dear," said Singe, "before you go to Slash, just put down to the fire my nightcap and long bedgown; though I am going to die of the cholera I don't wish to catch my death of cold; and mind, get out the gum and powder-blue, and don't forget the shaving-glass in the shop."

"La! Samuel, I am so flustered, you don't know," cried Kezia, as she returned with the required articles and placed them upon the table; "I am certain I shall be discovered."

"Fiddle-de-dee—dont tell me," returned the barber, snapping his fingers, "why, you look half a widow already. Tell Slash—eh! cramp, plenty of cramp, doubled up like a ball, round as a hoop, curled up like those lit le sensitive ladies that turn somersets in a warm hand. Be sure, of all things, you stick to cramp, and blue spots—mind the blue spots. Think of the Seven Dials as you go along and we're sure to succeed. You may also drop hints to the neighbours—they won't come near me, depend on't."

So saying, the little barber immersed some gum into a small saucepan filled with water, and placed it carefully on the hob to simmer.

In the meantime, somewhat fortified by the encouraging and confident speech of her husband, Mrs. Singe prepared herself to go forth, dropping, however, sundry natural doubts and fears of her success, and venting praiseworthy but ill-timed conscientious scruples.

"Now, go at once, that's a good woman," cried Singe impatiently, to whose sensitive soul these appeals were any thing but satisfactory, "do as I bid you—this is the only time I mean to die, I tell you—I can't die every day, like a grasshopper. I shall make myself ready before Slash arrives. Come, pluck up a good heart—that's it—no, corners of mouth a *leetle* more drawn down—that'll do."

Left to himself, the barber straightways invested himself in his long bedgown, and endued himself with a carefully bleached night-cap, which he tied under the chin. And now, drawing forth a powder-puff, he gingerly variegated the surface of his countenance with azure-spots, and seizing the looking-glass, with anxious scrutiny examined the result.

The key of the door inserted into the lock aroused him from a reverie into which he had fallen, and, starting up, he sprang up-stairs with the agility of a monkey, and was enveloped in the bed-clothes in a moment.

It was Mrs. Singe, who now entered the apartment alone.

"Well, have you told Slash?" cried the barber, cautiously disclosing his disfigured front from the edge of the coverlid.

"I have, Samuel (la! how shocking you look!), and he has sent you some physic;" and the careful woman, as she spoke, drew from beneath her shawl a large bottle of medicine. "It must all be taken directly."

"When is he coming?" demanded Singe. "He had better be here soon, if he wishes to see me alive, for I mean to die in half an hour; as for the physic, let that be thrown down the sink, it may do good to some of the rats we laid the poison for a few days ago."

"He can't be here before the afternnoon," answered the wife; "he says he has other patients to attend to of more importance than you. Mr. Ichneumon's children are all lying dangerously ill of the scarlet fever."

"Serve 'em right, serve 'em right," cried the barber, with malignant emphasis; "they discarded me."

"Oh! don't say so, Samuel, the poor innocents had nothing to do with that; there they have been at death's door—such blisterings—all their little heads shaved"—

"Which I should have done," interrupted Singe, furiously, "if it

hadn't been for Frizzle. Oh! Kezia, how I should like to shave *his* head. How I should like to whip off his head with a razor." Here the face of the barber underwent a distortion which in its present fictitious state rendered him truly appalling.

It was not until the approach of evening that the fully-occupied Slash made it convenient to find his way to the barber's dwelling. A professional knock at the door apprised the conspirators of his arrival. "Now, go down-stairs very slowly," cried the barber in a timid whisper, as he huddled into bed and laid himself out, "and be sure, immediately the door opens, you set up a weeping and wailing. I wish you had practised a little beforehand. Gently, gently."

By an intense projection as it were of the sense of hearing, Singe was enabled to satisfy himself that these directions were obeyed; and now the step of Slash was heard upon the stairs, and the voice of that skilful chirurgeon exclaiming, as he ascended, "What! dead! dead already, Mrs. Singe; impossible!" "He doubts the fact," thought the barber, as with a violent effort he discomposed his features into a more ghastly derangement, and tremblingly awaited the coming scrutiny.

Entering the apartment, the prudent leech maintained a respectable distance from the frail wreck of mortality that lay before him. "You must get me a light, I think, said he," addressing the widow. "Let me once more peruse the features of my poor and worthy acquaintance."

"Oh Lord!" almost groaned the deceased, as his sobbing partner retired to do the bidding of the doctor, "I shall be discovered, sure enough—curse the fellow's officious kindness."

"And so thou art gone, my little barber," apostrophized Slash, as he inserted the end of his walking-stick into the most sensitive part of Samuel's fifth rib, which he tickled even to agony, "well, we must all die, nothing lasts—here to-day, gone to-morrow. Oh, here's a candle."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the doctor, raising the light above his head, and leaning forward on tip-toe, while he gazed at the corrugated chaps of the defunct, "this must have been a new stage of that fearful disease; nothing like it has yet come under my notice. A most extraordinary metamorphosis of the facial organs. Did he take my physic?"

"He did, Sir," sighed the wife, "and —"

"Yes."

"And died instantly."

"Ah!" and the doctor shook his head, and indulged in a suspiciously prolonged gaze. "Very extraordinary," he repeated, "very, very—but," and he turned suddenly towards the window, and, placing the candlestick in one of her hands, seized the other, which he pressed fervently. "Make yourself easy, my good woman; be assured that all that could have been done for that worthy man has been done. We are all grass, nothing lasts—here to-day, gone to-morrow."

"Which I mean to be, or my name is not Singe," said the barber, slowly rising as he heard the street-door close upon Slash, "and catch me trying this experiment again. I thought that sharp-pointed cane of his would have let the secret out."

"Well, I think the worst is over now," resumed Singe, addressing his wife, who now returned to the room, "and so let us have a little bit of supper, and afterwards I'll get ready my wooden proxy. I think the wig-block and stand, with my oldest night-cap, and dressed in the cast-off pepper and salt—the whole to be covered with the calico bed-gown—will serve the purpose very well. What think you, my dear?"

An assent being given to this ingenious proposition, the barber sat down to his supper in high spirits, expatiating upon the brilliant prospects that awaited them in the metropolis, gradually enlarging the "Easy Shaving Shop" to an immense and almost boundless hair-dressing establishment, and multiplying the one little boy whom he designed for lathering and subordinate purposes into a series of youthful but full-grown artists, armed with all appliances of scissors and combs, and ready to fall like harpies upon the scalps of multitudinous customers, all struggling in generous rivalry for admittance into his two wide swing doors.

Fired by this exciting vision, the barber started up, and, laying hands upon the wig-block, was proceeding to clothe the lifeless substitute, when a double knock at the door caused him to retreat, panic-stricken, into the bed-room.

"Here's Slash come again—I know it is," he exclaimed querulously, as he turned discontentedly into the couch. "Don't let him come up-stairs if you can help it. What a pity it is they won't let a poor man die in peace!"

Untoward circumstance, as it well might be considered, the doctor, in spite of Singe's express wishes to the contrary, *was* coming up-stairs, and, making his way to the window, silently beckoned the widow to approach him.

"Since I left you," began Slash solemnly, "I have communicated to Mr. Uppercrust, and two gentlemen of the corporation, the demise of your truly worthy husband, and have detailed to them the very peculiar appearances the body presents." Here he drew out a smelling-bottle, containing a spirit of anti-infectious virtues, which he sniffed at vigorously. "Now, Mrs. Singe," he continued, with affectionate earnestness, "I know you are a woman of too much firmness, too much above the vulgar prejudices of the ignorant, to be startled by what I am going to propose. These gentlemen concur with me in the opinion that, to further the interests of science, it will be expedient, nay, indispensable, that the body should be opened."

So saying, the doctor inspired another exhalation from his phial, and, folding back the cuffs of his coat, drew from his pocket a prodigious case of surgical instruments.

Rising slowly, supported on one elbow, the barber caused his head to ascend from the bedclothes, with a pair of eyes enlarged to the dimensions of spectacles, and a face that formed itself rapidly into new and horrible combinations of terror. "No, no, no," was the tenour of rigid grins that forced his mouth asunder, as with intent gaze at his wife he silently sank back upon his pillow.

"Compose yourself, my dear woman," cried Slash, who, during this scene, had been examining his deadly scalpels. "This little matter

will soon be over—come—come," and, taking a pinch of snuff, the doctor made two strides towards the bed.

Singe had already clenched his right fist courageously, and, upon this movement on the part of Slash, was just on the point of dealing a blow, aggravated by terror—a blow which might have annihilated that pursy individual, when the alarmed wife darted forward, and drew him from the bed by the skirts of his coat.

"You shall not, you must not do it," she exclaimed. "My poor husband always made me swear" (here Singe nodded approvingly) "that nothing of that sort should be attempted upon his person. Indeed, indeed, I cannot permit it."

"Well, madam," cried Slash, in dudgeon, packing up his instruments, "I thought you a woman of more sense. We did think of raising a handsome subscription for you, but now—good night, Mrs. Singe;" and the doctor turned, and abruptly left the house.

The extent of relief caused to the barber by this hasty retreat of Slash cannot be described. Big drops of perspiration had rolled down his cheeks, making deep furrows in the gum with which he had overlaid his physiognomy, and, when his wife again came into his presence, that rueful exhibition was well calculated to shake nerves of more firmness than that worthy woman could boast of.

All that night, as on the night previously, Singe in vain courted the soothing influence of sleep, and with heavy heart he arose in the morning to complete the artificial man with whose interment his hateful first experiment in duplicity was to end.

But this last day gave tokens of commencing prosperously. Mrs. Singe had gone forth early, and had apprised the neighbourhood of her husband's decease, and the Benefit Society to which he belonged lost not a moment in sending a Patagonian coffin—a misfit of the stoutest inhabitant of the town, recently dead, and Mr. Pall and his assistant Grisly were to come with all things needful in the afternoon and conclude the mournful ceremony.

"Be sure you don't let Pall and Grisly touch me," cried Singe, as the time approached for the arrival of those gentlemen, and he raised his finger as in warning. "They must not even see me. Tell them that you insist upon performing the last offices for your husband yourself. Why, see, I am but a light weight, and a strong woman like you might easily lay me in that box. I say, wife, I should look like a flea in Hyde Park stuck in that cupboard, shouldn't I?"

"Well, but you must get into the coffin," urged his wife, "in case they should draw the lid aside to take a last look at you. But, before they screw it down, I'll call them below to take a drop of spirits; then you can steal softly out, get the wig-block from under the bed, and place it in your stead, and then you can take the place of the wig-block under the bed."

"Ha! ha! a good idea," cried the barber; "two heads are better than one. It shall be so. But what now?" he continued, in a rage, as a knock at the door intruded upon his ear. "It isn't time for the undertaker yet. Go down, Mrs. Singe, and tell my friends, whoever they are, that I can't and won't be seen."

"Only think," said the wife, who returned presently, bearing a bas-

ket in her arms, "Mr. Furlong has sent us four bottles of wine, and two sovereigns, and desired the messenger to assure me that he was deeply grieved at your death."

"No! has he though?" and a tear stole into the eye of Singe. "That man, Kezia," he continued, "was the only friend I had in the town. Let us, then, sincerely drink his good health."

"Well, I think a drop would do you good," said the complaisant wife, uncorking a bottle; and, as the barber swallowed three or four bumpers, a pleasing emotion took possession of his soul. From a fanciful mental dream, into which he had subsided, he was too soon rudely summoned by a peremptory knock, announcing the approach of the undertaker; and, leaping into the coffin, he laid himself quietly down, inwardly hoping that this last trial would now speedily be got over.

After an interval, a step was heard ascending the stairs, which Singe, from long experience, knew to be that of his partner.

"What are you come for?" said the barber, in a low whisper, and as he arose his head was barely level with the side of the coffin.

"For the corkscrew: be quiet. They are going to have a glass of spirits."

"And why shouldn't *I* have something too?" expostulated the barber. "Just hand me over a glass or two more of that wine. It is, indeed, most excellent."

Singe helped himself to three further bumpers in rapid succession. "It will do me good," said he, with an oblique glance at his wife. "It will give me nerve to go through this painful ceremony;" and, lying silently down, he heard his wife depart, and bethought him how long it might be before the funeral functionaries would be prepared to complete their professional duties.

"Good fellow, that Furlong—excellent man!" he mused—"well, if I can ever repay him, I'll send him something from the Seven Dials. I'll—under another name though—Simpson—yes, Simpson—um—ah!—yes—"

"Oh! that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to stea away his brains!" This fatal habit of drinking! What schemes has it not destroyed! what cunning contrivances has it not too surely rendered nought!

> "Aye, enterprises of great pith and moment,
> With this respect their currents turn awry,
> And lose the name of action."

I am unwillingly compelled to state that Singe fell asleep.

Very shortly after this most unlucky accident Pall and Grisly entered the room.

"Let us make short work of this business," said Pall to his assistant; "the place is infectious. Poor fellow! how queer he looks;" and he took a hasty glance at the defunct; "now, on with the lid."

Screwing down the coffin with unwonted speed, these experienced adepts whipped up the poor barber, and carried him down-stairs.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Singe had put on the solemn dress used upon such melancholy occasions, and, never doubting the alacrity of her commonly active spouse in a matter that so nearly concerned his dear-

est interest, placed herself in order, to follow as chief and indeed sole mourner of the wig-block about to be committed to the earth.

"I shall lock the street-door," she remarked casually to the undertaker and his gaunt foreman, as, with the assistance of two mutes, they bore the coffin from the door. "I am going to tea with Mrs. Rusk, who has kindly invited me, and shall not return till night."

In a few short minutes (such is the fate of man) Singe was decently interred in the handsome and particularly dry vault which he himself had erected for the improvident and imprudent Diogenes Thoroughgood.

Perhaps it is not altogether wonderful (for, let us frame some excuse for the self-outwitted man) that under even the exciting circumstances we have set forth Singe should have fallen a victim to sleep. It must be remembered that he had enjoyed no repose for sixty hours, and the influence of wine, acting upon a stomach whose digestive organs had recently been much out of practice, may have thrown him into a lethargy of which he found it impossible to divest himself. However this be, it is certain that about four hours after his funeral Singe broke through the bonds of slumber, and, awaking, marvelled greatly where he might be. Could he, in conformity with his dream (which the jolting of the coffin had doubtless superinduced), be at this moment snugly ensconced in the London coach? if so, it were time that he should look about him. Raising himself, therefore, with a view to ascertain this fact, his skull came in violent contact with the lid of that subterranean chest in which he had been, as it seemed, booked for eternity, and his ear detected certain echoes caused by such concussion, dying away with a mournful and posthumous sound. Suddenly the fearful truth burst upon his senses, and he fell back in utter despair. What! to be hunted to death by misery and misfortune, and to be buried alive after all! to be untimelily thrust into a huge box, like a razor-case, a convenience which, it now occurred to him, would have fitted Frizzle exactly, and which was especially fit for Frizzle. Horrible! But now a sudden hope seized him, or rather he seized upon a sudden hope. His wife must know of this, and she would, *must* come with mattock and spade, and dig him out of the bowels of the earth. No sooner had this hope taken possession of him than it appeared about to be realized. A sound of footsteps—he could not be mistaken—broke upon his ear, and presently a heavy form flung itself upon the sable receptacle in which he lay embedded.

"I say, Jack," cried a gruff voice, "how strange that Slash would insist upon having the little barber, isn't it?"

"So it is," answered a voice of more discordant gruffness; "but, as we are well paid for it, let us have him out directly. Wrench open the coffin—stay, show a light—oh, here's the sack."

In obedience to this peremptory command, the former of the two, with a skill indicating no recent acquirement of that art, broke open the coffin, out of which the ghostly barber sprung with electric rapidity, and, as the terrified agents with loud outcries tumbled head over heels, leapt with incredible speed up the ladder at the mouth of the vault, and once more found himself a denizen of this upper world.

Tombstone nor heaving sod could impede the headlong course of the delirious barber. Over these he leapt, over those he tumbled, huddled, scrambled, till, gaining at length the path, he fled straight on, and, pitching himself into the high road, ran pell-mell against a female foot passenger walking swiftly along.

"Lord have mercy upon us! Is that you, Singe?" cried his wife (for it was indeed she). "How did you get out? Surely you were not tired of staying by yourself so long at home."

"How came I out?" said the barber, wildly, "that's the question. Tired of staying so long at home! I was tired of staying so long at my long home. Why, you've buried me alive; if it hadn't been for two fellows—mercy on us, what an escape!

Here an explanation took place of the most exciting description.

"Well, come home now," urged the wife, when this indispensable conference was at an end; "we shall be discovered. To-morrow morning early we can escape. I have got the ten pounds from the Society, and"—

"I'll not go to London—hang the Seven Dials!" cried the barber. "I've had enough of these schemes. I shall expose all. I shall expose Slash; why, he wanted to cut me up, after all. I'll show him that I'm cut and come again. But this is all owing to Frizzle; d——n that Frizzle."

Almost as rapidly as these words were spoken did Singe hoist up the tattered train of his long bedgown, and, turning suddenly round, rushed in the direction of the surgeon's house, which he soon reached, and now, with gliding motion, entered through the shop door.

Slash was at that moment braying a difficult compound in a mortar, but, hearing a slight noise, looked up, when his eyes lighted upon the mischief-fraught countenance of Singe. I know not what degree of wild instinct it was that impelled him to launch the pestle at the head of this fearful apparition, but Singe evaded the deadly missile, and making a lounge forwards, as one skilled in the use of the small sword, entrapped with vicious gripe the nose of the doctor between his fingers,

"Wretch! wouldst thou disturb the repose of the dead?" said the barber, in a hollow voice.

"Awful spirit!" stammered Slash.

"Awful fiddlestick!" cried the barber, relaxing his hold. "I'm alive, and I don't care who knows it, and I mean to expose your iniquities. Good night." And the barber darted from the premises without further word.

As he hurried across the green a light attracted his attention. He knew it of old; it was a cheering ray shot from the parlour of the Griffin. He was irresistibly drawn to a spot so hallowed by recollections of former happiness, and, peeping over the blind, beheld two of his *quondam* boon companions.

"Yes, he certainly had many faults," said one (it was Grim the farrier)—"a shockingly vain man, and, for my part, I never could see what for."

"And not master of his business either," said the other (it was

Rusk the baker)—"a vile shaver, and such hair-cutting! Why, Frizzle"—

That hated name was enough. It awoke two tigers in the bosom of the listener.

"Dash my wig if that isn't too bad," he cried, and, once more lifting up his long bedgown, he pounced upon the handle of the door and precipitated himself into the middle of the room.

To paint the mortal terror of these utterly confounded customers were a vain attempt. Grim bit off the end of his pipe, which he crushed to powder between his teeth. Rusk fell back, with a loud shriek, into the coal-scuttle; while Spigot, who was at that instant entering from the bar-door with a pot of ale, stood rooted to the spot, the toe of one foot barely resting on the floor, till at length his frenzy of fear found vent in a prolonged and complaining whine.

"Spigot, I am alive, fear not," said Singe, mildly, beckoning to him to approach; "hand me over that pot of ale, I am thirsty."

And now a vast assemblage of neighbours dashed into the parlour, among whom Slash the surgeon struggled to obtain precedence.

"Make way for the doctor—room for the doctor," was echoed on all sides, and Slash at last was permitted to approach his contemplated victim. Seizing the barber by the wrist, as though he were about to feel his pulse, he drew him aside and said with emotion,

"Singe, don't reveal that unpleasant circumstance."

"What will you give me?" demanded Singe.

"A hundred pounds."

"When?"

"To morrow."

"A bargain," said Singe. And he fell into the arms of his wife, who now, with a well-assumed rapture, staggered towards him.

"Neighbours," said Slash, "our friend is yet very weak. Postpone therefore all your friendly and well-meant enquiries till to-morrow morning." And Singe, carefully wrapped up in well-aired sheets and blankets, was borne home in triumph by a host of marvelling and relenting friends.

What myriads flocked on the morrow to obtain ocular demonstration of his existence, and once more to shake by the hand the resuscitated shaver! Mr. Uppercrust, accompanied by Ichneumon and a party of gentlemen, condescended to sit awhile under the shadow of his roof-tree, nor left him without "golden opinions" of his wondrous adventure, and especial requests that he should call as heretofore and resume his professional avocations.

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. I.

(*By Cantabrigiensis.*)

Introduction.

The history of philosophy occupies a most exalted station in the march of mind; for it not only comprises the most noble works of man's intellect, but embraces also that species of research which has exercised the greatest influence on every branch of human knowledge.

Philosophy arises in the reflections which men make on the knowledge they have acquired, and in the necessity there is for certain methods by means of which they may increase their present stock of wisdom and enhance its value. It engenders a habit of enquiring by what studies certain acquirements have been attained, and is almost essential for the education of a sound understanding and the training it to those courses which make good men and useful members of the state. In its progress it leads or follows in the path of civilization, by turns taking a part in its formation and advancement, or feeling the effects of its growth.

No one endued with an elevated soul can open the annals of philosophy without feelings of veneration for the history which comprises so many antique traditions, so many important discoveries, so many profound controversies. We seek, with a just curiosity, to know the labours by which the most illustrious geniuses of all ages and all nations have shed their beams on the paths of wisdom, and have brought to light the secrets of a knowledge till then veiled from the eyes of mortals by an impenetrable obscurity. The commerce thus held with them will inspire us with a generous emulation. We shall perceive the causes of the progress already made, and of the errors committed. We shall be taught how to appreciate the merit or absurdity of different systems, and to observe the mutual aid the various sciences have lent to each other. We shall learn to form our judgment of theories from their principles as well as their effects, to know the limits of the empire of philosophy, and discover the voids which yet remain to be filled up,—above all, to distinguish true philosophy from false pretensions—the sober dress of science from the meretricious ornaments of empiricism.

The earliest period of which we have any authentic accounts in which philosophy was made a study and the subject of public instruction carries us back to the time when liberty first dawned on Greece—to the age of Thales, of Solon, of Pythagoras. It was at the end of this period that Anaxagoras flourished, and crowned it by the demonstration of the existence of a supreme Spirit—the greatest benefit that philosophy could bestow on the world.

The next begins from the time when Socrates taught by the example of his death as well as of his life,—by his practice as well as his precepts,—to how great a perfection the virtues of patience and forbearance may be brought, and how large a share they have in the production of surpassing wisdom and unequalled philosophy.

From this epoch may be dated the youth of knowledge. The four succeeding centuries gave us a Plato, an Aristotle, a Zeno of Citium, a Pyrrho, and an Epicurus. The entire realm of philosophy was visited by its enthusiastic votaries—no part was left unexplored; and, if their theories have proved false, the ground of their systems untenable, the fault is not to be laid to their want of excelling ingenuity or unwearied industry.

In the third division, however rife in political events, important not merely to the world of that time, but exercising a prospective influence over that of our own, we may rather remark the fading of science than its flourishing. When the mighty empire of Rome gave way beneath the weight of its northern enemies, and a reign of barbarism took place of that of civilization, philosophy was for a time enveloped in the same dark shadows, and its further progress, nay, its very existence, seemed forbidden for ever.

The revival of learning under Charlemagne and Alfred, and the rapid progress of the Arabs under the caliphs, mark the commencement of the fourth period. During this, the reign of scholastic philosophy, a slow—a very slow—advance was made in human knowledge; and for eight long centuries the gaudy show of subtleties vainly attempted to supply the place of original ideas and bold conceptions.

An extraordinary concourse of events determines the epoch at which the last period commences, about the conclusion of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries. Columbus added a new world to our old one. The art of printing was discovered, and by its ready dissemination of the opinions of individuals, the facilities it afforded for the promulgation of truth, paved the way for the reformation of the church by Luther and Calvin. The wisdom of Bacon and the skill of Galileo belong also to this brilliant era. Original minds gave scope to the breadth of their intellect, and opened for themselves new roads to distinction. The arts of peace prevailed over the excitements of war, and the gown of the student replaced the cloak of the soldier. Philosophy again shone forth in all her ancient splendour, breaking through the clouds and darkness of ignorance, like the sun through the mists of the morning. This restoration once begun there seem no limits set to the improvement of science, but those which divide mortality from the divine essence.

CHAPTER I.

First Period.—*The Origin of Philosophy.*

Philosophy may be viewed in two lights: as a science, and as an art.

As a science its first object is the study of the moral and intellectual nature of man: its second is the knowledge of the systems of all existing matter, the generality of the laws of the universe, and the connection between cause and effect.

Considered as an art its end is the application of the theories obtained by it in its former character to practical purposes, and the education and exercise of our faculties.

In its latter character of an art philosophy arrived at a comparatively perfect state immeasurably sooner than it did in its more noble one of a science. It is not difficult to account for this rapid progress when we reflect that what is applied to practical purposes displays its utility to all at the first view, and is eagerly followed by some from the desire of profiting by the advantages to be derived from it, by others from motives which are easily conceived, knowing as we do the more pressing necessity for action than for thought, in addition to which every experiment is an advance in practical philosophy, while we must collate the results of long experience before we can venture to lay down a theory, establish a fundamental law, or attribute certain effects to the same invariable cause.

We possess but few of those facts which, if recorded, might enlighten the darkness in which the first age of human reason is shrouded, both on account of the great space of time intervening and the nature of the circumstances enquired into. This poverty of intelligence left a wide field open for conjecture, and we have accordingly a vast number of hypotheses, some of which are not only ingenious but highly probable.

Plato and Aristotle taught that philosophoy owed its birth to admiration. Others have assigned for its origin curiosity, the necessity which our reason has for the exercise of its activity, the desire of obtaining a uniform system. Adam Smith has given it to surprise and the tendency of the human mind to account for phenomena, to reconcile discrepancies, and to fill up the chasms which separate them. All these theories are, to a certain extent, correct; for many causes and circumstances must have combined to produce the effect in question, and it is more than probable that each of these conjectures is an approximation to the truth, or at least to a part of it.

The intellectual man is curious to know the past and the future. He craves after the explanation of all by which he is surrounded; and this he can only find by tracing every thing to its origin. He devotes his whole energies to the discovery of first principles, that he may trace ultimate effects to their final causes.

Every thing in existence is constantly undergoing some change, and such is the first idea presented to the speculative mind. It is not yet prepared to receive the idea of a creation. From unformed but pre-existent matter, in other words, chaos, it supposes all to have originated by successive changes. The analogy there is among the creeds of antiquity is a striking example of this tendency of the human intellect. The Indians, the Chinese, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Persians, all admitted similar doctrines. They were to be found also in ancient Greece and among the Etrusci. According to Berosus the Chaldean, the universe at first consisted of water, inhabited by every species of monster. This darksome realm was divided by Belus into the heavens and the earth. The latter he bedewed with the blood of an inferior deity, from which arose man and the rest of the animal creation. In the heavens he placed the sun, the moon, the planets, and the stars. The Indian traditions set forth that Vishnù, their supreme deity, at first lay in a deep sleep in a lake of milk, alone with power and wisdom. After a

thousand years of repose he resolved to produce the world. The rays of the divine sun caused a flower to blow on a branch which had grown out of his body: this flower brought forth Bramah, the first-born of Vishnù. He desired to penetrate the secret of his existence, and remained for a thousand years enclosed in the plant, as a punishment for his curiosity. After having expiated his offence by this long imprisonment, he was enlightened by the divine spirit, and invested with the power of arranging the universe. Such are some of the ancient traditions of the most primitive nations of the world.

A belief in the existence of deities was the natural consequence of these poetical yet energetic emanations of human ingenuity; and their separation into good and evil almost immediately follows. All events were included under these two denominations, and attributed to the operations of two opposing principles.

The Persians have the principal share in the establishment of this hypothesis. After a time a man appeared among them, known by the name of the second Zoroaster, who, restoring the idea of absolute unity in the primitive cause, separated it entirely from matter; and the image of a supreme spirit shone above the soar of mortal ken in all its purity. The sun, which he made the object of his worship, was but a symbol of this God; and to Zoroaster we must yield the honour of the greatest step ever made by one man towards the perfection of philosophy. He left to the Persians the tradition of two subordinate principles, Ormusd and Ahriman, both proceeding from the same superior source, but whose favour the first alone, as that of good, preserved. With these also he associated the idea of eternity.

From this grand and fundamental conception was derived the doctrine of emanation. This supreme spirit, of which the infant population of the world had had but a partial view, appeared in all its brilliancy, divested of the shackles in which they had bound it. A world of spirits like itself flowed from it, and the universe was peopled with these aërial beings accordingly. The human reason possessed of so refined an idea wished to derive from it a general solution of their theological difficulties. These spirits were distributed into an immense hierarchy, which spread in a short time over the whole creation, bearing with it the principle of life; and thus the primitive monotheism became a sort of pantheism. The soul of man was more especially considered as a portion of this vast system, an important element issuing from the inexhaustible source. Hence, by an easy transition, they were led to conceive the soul as holding direct and constant communication with the head of the immaterial world—as forming its ideas by the agency of the supreme spirit, and as acting from the reflection of a similar movement in it.

Here we find a theory of human knowledge the most simple, but the most exalted, that could offer itself to the untutored imagination. But yet another result is to be traced to these causes. After this triumph of spirit over matter the conqueror pushed his advantage, and endeavoured to annihilate his adversary. It was agreed that, as our reason could not admit the existence of that which did not emanate from the divine spirit, therefore that which was not of the nature of that spirit could have no existence, was a mere shadow, a fugitive

cloud. Thus the results of meditation, having prevailed over the senses, compelled them to submit to an interdiction from the belief of the truth of their perceptions. Here the doctrine of idealism, the apparent end of long systems of philosophy, appears to be the point from which they started, when the inexperienced mind sought for the first principles of science and had no means of executing its arduous task, but by trusting to its own bold conceptions and conscious strength.

The Maharabat, one of the sacred books of India, puts these words into the mouth of Schah Palak : "The senses are but the instruments of the soul; it can derive no knowledge through their channel." The system of emanation was common to the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Persians, and the Indians. Idealism was adopted by the sages of these two latter people, served for the base of their doctrines, and is still retained in India by the Brahmins of the highest caste.

These primitive philosophers seem then to have instituted a sort of psychology, but which was at its origin, like all other sciences, almost entirely speculative. Its end seemed rather to be the explanation of the nature of the mind than to observe the laws to which its powers are subjected.

The hypothesis which spiritualised the whole universe, which gave a soul to animals, to plants, to the elements themselves, and supposed a direct communication between the Omniscient and Almighty Being and the human mind, was favourable to the doctrines of divination. Superstitious practices, enhanced in authority by the mysterious solemnities which accompanied them, became a part of religion, and were confounded with it. Hence the success of magic, and its important place in the worship of antiquity. The astonishing and rapid progress of these mystic doctrines is to be attributed in part to the privileged character of the initiated, in part to their being favourable to the presumption of man's aspirations.

Such are the first hypotheses of philosophy of which we possess any written record. They are wonderful for their hardihood and grandeur; and, like all monuments of antiquity, are admired by modern sophists for the gigantic proportions which are not to be found in their own comparatively puny conceptions.

When nature first offered itself to the views of reason, it took two general forms, both the offspring of the imagination. The one consisted in establishing laws of universal application; the other in giving an intellectual character to sensible phenomena. But, together with these general forms, two particular orders of knowledge arose and obtained a specific and individual character, namely, ethics and mathematics. Their invention and progress are to be assigned to especial causes. They both enjoy this advantage—they can dispense with external aid, and only require the assistance of solitary meditation and profound thought.

The science of ethics can scarcely be called the creature of invention. It is an innate feeling, a "still small voice," to which, in a greater or less degree, we must all lend our attention. It is the most noble impulse of nature, to which the knowledge of what is good only adds the desire of attaining that which is better.

This science would naturally date its origin from the birth of civilization, as they are intimately allied. We shall find at its first rise positive precepts and practical rules clothed in an allegorical dress, to render them familiar and palatable to the ears of the uninformed vulgar. Religious notions were disguised under the veil of mythology, and the maxims of morality were propagated in fables. The limited state of human wisdom did not admit at this time of a definite and distinct knowledge of the principles of disinterested duty or well-regulated interest.

We, nevertheless, meet with many rules of great generality scattered here and there; such as the celebrated maxim, "Do that to others which you would have them do to you," and some definitions which give promise of a more fortunate development.

Common sense dictated the first rules of conduct. But the system of emanation and the doctrines of mysticism introduced a new order of ideas and precepts in ethics, whose essential object was to conduct the soul to that degree of purity necessary for a commerce with the source of all wisdom, in all the sublime relations attributed to it.

The ideas of quantity and magnitude are the first which present themselves to the speculative mind. They mark the most sensible, the most universal, and the most constant relations. They govern space and time. They measure motion. Their combinations are reproduced under every form that invests matter. They precede these forms and survive their existence. They compose the internal architecture of the whole edifice of the creation. By the simplicity of the ideas connected with them they much facilitate all attempts at generalization. Lastly, by opening a boundless field, they offer a fitting aliment to the unlimited activity of the mind. Hence the orign of mathematics.

Men were led by their first ideas of theology to regard the heavens with an attentive eye as the seat of the deities, and of course the phenomena of astronomy did not long escape their notice. These phenomena have a fixed regularity and slow motion, which permits a more careful investigation of their circumstances. In their general character they are majestic and harmonious. In their details there is a splendour which attracts the attention and delights the imagination. Their uniform symmetry and systematic arrangement readily allow them to be referred to general and immutable laws. The motions of the heavenly bodies are naturally associated with the ideas of geometry and the operations of analysis. They involve their purest and most accurate applications. It is not therefore astonishing that astronomy should have been the first physical science to which the aid of mathematics was called, and that they should have been cultivated in unison from the highest antiquity. The other branches of science required more numerous and various observations of facts on which to build their theories, which facts were not so readily distinguished or so easily reconciled. Hence their later birth and slower progress. To give an instance, medical science, than which no one of more practical utility exists, was long before it attained any tolerable degree of perfection, though the motives for the study of it were so imperative and the demand for its aid was so universal.

Astronomy and mathematics are important to the interests of civilization, from the assistance they lend to the arts, to agriculture, navigation, and geography, by the means they afford of fixing that measure of time which is the framework of all our remembrances, the regulator of our existence. Here again we trace the impatient haste which characterizes the infancy of reason, the tendency to pass over the intervening steps and suppose causes rather than leave effects unexplained. Astrology was nursed in the same cradle with astronomy. Man attaches so much interest to the knowledge of future events that he promptly seizes on every opportunity of forming an art of divination; and the influence of the celestial bodies over the great phenomena of nature offered, by their analogy, a tempting field to the imaginative disciples of prophecy, who connected man so intimately with all else in existence that they considered the same foresight might calculate the changes of a season and the events of a life.

Having thus taken a cursory view of the origin of philosophy in the countries of Asia, let us turn our eyes to Greece. There its progress was slower; but as its development in the first period was by a similar process, and as the materials were most probably borrowed from the eastern sages, the account of the one will throw a light on the history of the other. Like them the Greeks used the language of poetry as their interpreter. The theogony of Homer and Hesiod personify the powers of nature. The Orphic mysteries and initiations were the vehicles in which their speculative doctrines were transmitted.

The mythology of the Greeks was emblematic of the revolutions of the universe and the works of nature. But, as they borrowed much of their primitive knowledge from foreign nations, the obscurity of this mixture of heterogeneous elements became the more impenetrable. Historical recollections and biographical anecdotes became confounded with the emblems which expressed the motions and changes of the system of the universe. The poets, when they possessed themselves of these brilliant conceptions, used them, as the property of genius, with the licence of an art whose chief characteristics are invention and embellishment. The traces of the ideas contained in the original allegories were continually fading away. At the same time mythology received from them a new life. Benignant spirits peopled the earth and the water, and animated the air, breathed in the plants, and presided over the arts. A never-ending festival gladdened the face of nature. The delicate nymphs and modest graces hymned it on their lyres. The youth of the mind luxuriated in these sportive creations of fancy, was adorned by all the ephemeral beauties of imagination, and flowers seemed to spring from the footsteps on its pathway. By some Greek authors Homer has been styled the father of philosophy. And he deserves the title at their hands, for having united in one great system the allegories and fables of mythology, and having clothed them in the most brilliant possible dress, given them to the admiration of future ages.

According to Diogenes Laertius, Dinus, who lived anterior both to Homer and Hesiod, wrote a book on the generation of the

world, which began with this remarkable sentence: "There was a time when all things were made." Aristophanes has preserved a description of these cosmogonies, where chaos is represented as the beginning of all things. Love impregnated it, and from their union arose the heavens and the earth, and the sea, and all their inhabitants. Hesiod develops this idea, and details the allegorical generation of beings. Here we meet with an idea of two pre-existent and co-eternal principles, the supreme intelligence being personified under the name of Eros, or Love.

The mysteries, although not mentioned by either Homer or Hesiod, are supposed to have existed before their time, and form the link which connects the chain of Greek and oriental philosophy. The transmission of certain doctrines which tended to refine and elevate the mind formed a part of their initiation. According to Socrates, Cicero, and Celsus, they recognised a first cause, and invested it with the attributes of a supreme judge, the power of rewards and punishments. They taught some of the phenomena and some of the laws of nature, and admitted the intervention of genii or angels. Finally, these doctrines contained a sort of pantheism, easily reconcileable with the system of emanations.

The ethics publicly taught by the wise men of early Greece consisted chiefly of political dogmas. They were legislators as well as philosophers, and their precepts generally relate to the actions of civil life. This practical wisdom differs essentially from that of the Asiatics, inasmuch as it tends by its commendations to the promotion of virtue and patriotism.

(*To be continued.*)

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

TO MYRRHA.

Oh that together we could share this hour,
This soft sweet hour of twilight's holy calm,
When earth looks beautiful, and every flow'r
Sheds from its drooping petals tears of balm!

That we might be—as we have been—alone,
Watching the sunset in the golden west,
And the bright stars uprising one by one,
Like love's sweet heralds in the human breast.

Thy moulding hand enclasped in mine,—thy words
Tender and tuneful as the lute's low strain,
When the faint night-wind breathes amongst its chords,
Filling my soul with sweetly thrilling pain.

Or silent, in those passionate thoughts that need
An eloquence of more than mortal power,
That, gazing in thy blue eyes, I might read
The love that crowns me with thy heart's rich dower.

But *here* I miss thee, and my spirit springs
O'er space and time to seek thy bosom's shrine—
That home of truth and pure imaginings
Where ever rest my hopes,—my Myrrha, mine.

Hafed.

THE WATCH-TOWER OF KOAT-V.EN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. EUGENE SUE.]

(Continued from page 145.)

The rose-tinged mist of early dawn announced the approaching levee of the beaming sun. The stars still twinkled in the azure vault; the keen invigorating breeze of morn played with the trembling foliage; all nature was lulled in silence and repose, and the air wafted the redolent sweets of those delicious aromatic herbs that yield their rich perfume only to the amorous breath of night. In the outskirts of the little town of St. Renan, at the extremity of its sombre tortuous streets, narrowed by tall dwellings which arched their ancient fretwork across the road about a hundred yards from the massive gate, stood an old gray wall, half curtained in the sweeping foliage of luxuriant groups of trees. The gaping crevices and time-worn hollows of the crumbling wall were now fringed with creeping ivy, the variegated convolvolus, and bright green parietary, which spread in clustering garlands upon its sides. A little worm-eaten door, ensconced in the angle of the wall, led into a garden overgrown by the luxuriant and neglected vegetation of a dense mass of brambles, which every where spread across the path, in defiance of the foot of curiosity. The view beyond this wild and formidable barrier would well repay the lover of solitude for his exertions in reaching it.

In the midst of a beautiful lawn, bedecked with richest groups of roses, jasmines, and honeysuckles, stood a small thatched cottage. The dewy mist had fled before the radiant beams that now gilded the highest cones of the stately trees, and fell in brightest rays upon the bursting petals of awaking dew-bathed blossoms. The choristers of the air broke forth their melodious worship to the returning day, and the bright butterflies shook the feathery down from their wings, as they hovered through the air mingling in the glittering circles of the dancing may-fly.

The cottage door was opened by a man about forty years of age, clothed in a dark camblet dress; his hair, without powder, was tied carefully in a crapand knot. His features were disfigured by the countless scars of a severe small-pox; he was thin, shrivelled, and bent forward as if by age. In his hands he held a plate upon which was a bowl filled with boiled milk, which he stirred with careful assiduity. He softly approached the door of the antichamber and placed his ear to the key-hole; then, hearing no movement within, he withdrew on tiptoe to the kitchen. Three or four times he repeated his enquiry; but each time his face expressed a fresh inquietude, and his gestures displayed a rising impatience, which he endeavoured to subdue lest he should create the smallest noise.

As he advanced for the fifth time, still holding the bowl of milk in his hand, the door suddenly opened, and he burst forth into an ex-

pression of delight and surprise as he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, brother, how late you are to-day! I was sadly anxious. Here is your milk, brother, take it while it is warm—brother—brother." But the brother heard him not, and continued his walk towards the garden, while the other followed him timidly, carrying the bowl of milk in his hand.

The man for whom the bowl of milk had been prepared was the learned astronomer Rumphius, who had been for some time occupied upon the astronomy and religion of the Hindoos. He was a short man, of a brownish olive-coloured complexion, with an enormous bust, which contrasted strangely with his diminutive arms and legs. His nose was very long and spattered with daubs of snuff, eyebrows thick and gray, and the most awkward gait possible. The knee-ties of his old velvet breeches were negligently flowing down his legs; his stocking, for he had but one, was twisted in spiral folds around one of his legs, whilst the other remained quite bare. One foot bore upon it the remains of a slipper, while the other had found its way into the wrong shoe. His shirt was unbuttoned and neck uncovered. One arm only was inserted into the sleeve of his dressing-gown; the other floated behind him like the sleeve of a hussar's jacket. To complete the picture of this musing philosopher, his hair stiffened into points, and, in snake-like disorder, escaped in tufts from beneath an old damask cap, which had once been blue, placed sideways upon his head.

Sulpice, who was aware of the impossibility of arousing his brother from his meditative abstraction by the simple aid of his voice, led him, as he was frequently obliged to do, insensibly towards the wall of the house. As soon as Rumphius stumbled against this obstacle he was restored to himself for a moment, and fell from the airy regions of thought to the terrestrial atmosphere. Sulpice seized with delight the auspicious chance, and thrust the dear bowl of milk into his hand, and he tossed it off at a single draught. Taking advantage of his position, Sulpice kneeled at his feet for the purpose of improving the appearance of his brother's legs. In the mean time Rumphius having emptied the bowl brought it mechanically to the level from which he had received it, and, there being nothing ready to support it there, it fell to the earth and was shattered to atoms.

The crash brought Sulpice upon his legs. "Good God! brother," said he in a tone of mild remonstrance, "you should have called me —you have broken the bowl to atoms." "So it is," said Rumphius, with an air of surprise; "the bowl is broken. Well, Sulpice, such is the simple offering with which the worshippers of Vishnu kneel before their god—a simple broken vessel! while they invoke the grace of Nandy Kichara, the king of birds, who has magnificent wings, a sharpened beak, and who feeds on serpents. They break before him a vase of baked clay, after having most respectfully touched with it their nostrils and their great toe. Isn't that truly primitive, Sulpice? For they conceive that this Nandy Kichara is one of the seven stars of which—when the"—here the voice of the astronomer became mute, and he doubtless finished the description to himself, for his abstraction was always so complete that he forgot entirely his interlocutor,

returned to his own thoughts, and sprang with new ardour in pursuit of the satellites and symbolic planets of Vishnù.

Perceiving that his brother's attentions were no longer engaged on this world, Sulpice tried to introduce the rebel arm of the philosopher into the truant sleeve, but his attempts were fruitless; the sleeve still floated on the breeze like the jacket cuff of a hussar. After a deep sigh he collected the scattered fragments of his dear bowl, while Rumphius continued his walk, sometimes with slow and solemn steps, at others hurrying on precipitately, and was soon lost in the shadows of a dark alley which led into the recesses of the solitude.

Joseph Rumphius, a celebrated optician of Brest, was the father of Sulpice and his learned brother. Having discovered in the elder, whom he preferred to Sulpice, great and precocious talent for the study of abstract science, he had so far encouraged and developed this power that his son became, on his return from Paris, where he had been sent to perfect his education, a most distinguished astronomer and mathematician.

Sulpice, on the other hand, inferior to his brother in intellect, was possessed of a most angelic sweetness of disposition, and, in spite of the unjust treatment of his father, never for an instant neglected his assiduous duty towards him. While in Brest he minded the shop, and employed himself in the affairs of housekeeping; and later, when his father retired from business to his little habitation at St. Renan, Sulpice followed him thither, in spite of his cruel partiality for his brother, and paid him the last and tenderest attention. On his father's death Sulpice devoted himself with the same attachment and singleness of affection to his brother as he had before done to his father's wants.

Rumphius was professor of mathematics in the marine school at Brest when Count Vaudrey was wishing to prepare his son for admission into the navy. Having heard of the celebrity of the astronomer, the count proposed to him that he should leave public instruction and devote himself to the education of his son Henry, promising for his trouble an equivalent income, which would moreover enable him to pursue his favourite studies without the loss of time which necessarily accompanies a public chair. Rumphius accepted the task, and soon prepared his scholar for his embarkation under the command of M. de Suffren.

Having concluded the education of his pupil, Rumphius came to dwell in his little cottage at St. Renan, which he rarely quitted except for the purpose of making a few meteorologic experiments at the tower of Koat-ven. Sulpice appeared to have charged himself with the business of supporting the material existence of Rumphius. He contrived by unwearying care to spare his brother even the obligation of believing himself indebted to him, and his promptitude and address were so great that they appeared a necessary part of his nature.

Rumphius had, notwithstanding, a peculiarity in the highest degree distressing to Sulpice, and which caused him many bitter tears. Absorbed continually in an infinity of calculations and hypotheses, he often felt, after a day consecrated to profound researches and abstract

enquiries, the want of a stimulant to a tardy and difficult digestion. Coffee, it is true, would have succeeded perfectly in effecting this end; but the astronomer, aware of the unhappy effects that might result from the habitual use of this stimulant, feared to encounter it. To make up, however, for this means of excitation, he endeavoured by irritating his brother to arouse him to a spirited contradiction. This, he hoped, might give rise to a violent and impassioned discussion, so that forcing the physical system by moral elevation he might succeed in producing a salutary action upon his organs of digestion, and reap all the advantageous results of the strongest and hottest Mocha without any of its inconveniences.

Here he had to contend with the natural mildness and good temper of Sulpice, which often raised terrible obstacles to the easy digestion of the astronomer, and, after twenty fruitless attempts to induce a dispute, Rumphius, in despair, would abuse his brother for the objection which he pretended to have to discussion, an objection which he declared arose only from obstinacy and a pure disposition to contrariety. In good truth, it may well be imagined that for a man of his character nothing could be more disagreeable than to dispute alone. There is nothing so well fitted to kindle the blaze of discussion as a severe answer or an impertinent remark.

Unhappily, poor Sulpice did not understand his brother's strange disposition, and the more he was abused as a quarrelsome opponent the more he sought to anticipate the most trivial wishes and slightest objections of Rumphius, inde iræ, for never in his life had the kind creature been able to answer no.

Rumphius looked down upon his brother as from a great height. He saw him engaged in details of natural existence which he considered so ignoble and vulgar that, without positive ingratitude, he conceived his conduct as merely natural; a kind of instinct whispered him that, placed himself so high in the scale of intelligence, it was very reasonable to expect that a creature of an inferior sphere should devote himself to his supply of food, drink, and sleep, and occasionally also serve him as stimulant to his digestion. Not that he was not, on the whole, sincerely attached to his brother, but he could not conceive a pleasure or inconvenience that had not its source in mathematical knowledge. Alas! Sulpice had never an equation or differential calculus to be solved, or he would then have acknowledged the value of such a brother.

It was on the evening of the day on which the bowl had been so cruelly smashed that Sulpice, after having watched carefully the cooking of the dinner, and prepared their frugal repast with the most attentive nicety, awaited his brother, the accustomed hour being some time past. To moderate his impatience he busied himself in readjusting the saltcellars, arranging the table-mats with additional symmetry, wiped the already clean glasses, turned his brother's lounging chair so that the setting sun might not dazzle his eyes; then went to the kitchen, took his place at the window, and all without the slighest complaint, repressing even the sighs which the fate of two beautiful fishes, drying up before the fire, naturally excited in his breast.

Rumphius at last appeared; his brother trembled, for he appeared more absorbed in thought and fatigued than usual. Sulpice anticipated a storm of contradiction.

"Good evening, dear brother," said Sulpice, shaking Rumphius by the hand. "Good evening, brother," answered the astronomer, affectedly. "Will you dine, dear brother? you have been studying since the morning and must find your head fatigued; you require rest." If Rumphius had finished his dinner, he would certainly have found in this simple phrase at least three subjects for dispute. He noted them without uttering a syllable, and continued eating. "I have prepared these mullets as our father was wont to like them; dost thou remember, brother?" Rumphius gave a nod of assent. "It would afford me great gratification if they be agreeable to thee." Rumphius answered by stretching out his plate. The countenance of poor Sulpice beamed with unmingled joy, delighted to see his brother's appetite improved.

"Do you know, brother," said Sulpice, with an expression of dignity, stopping in the middle of his dinner to fetch some sheets of paper covered with a grayish-blue wrapper, "I have here the Mercuré de France, which says some very flattering things of you, and"—"Pshaw! nonsense!" grumbled Rumphius, as he cleared the last remnants from a fish-bone. "Have you any thing else to eat?" "Yes, brother, a nice hot cake, which I have kept well warmed for you." In rising, the chair creaked. "What a dreadful disturbance!" cried Rumphius; for having eaten in excess he began to feel a want of contradiction. "I beg your pardon, brother," said Sulpice, trembling. "Were you, not, however, so abominably obstinate," answered the astronomer, "we should have a servant to wait upon us, and thereby escape this eternal creaking of chairs, which continually annoys me." "But, brother, you yourself commanded me not to take a servant, lest he might disturb your papers, or meddle with your instruments." "Ah! that is,—" interrupted Rumphius, delighted with the turn which the conversation took, "that is, I want one thing today, and to-morrow another; I am a maniac, an idiot; I contradict myself continually; I am fit for confinement; they ought to administer douches to my head! Very fine, truly, douches to my head!" continued the astronomer, already most agreeably excited. "But no one says or even thinks so, my dear brother. You wish to have a servant, and you shall have one; I was wrong; pray pardon me." Submissiveness was not consistent with the astronomer's wants. Driven from the field in one attack, he now turned to another. "Sulpice," said he, "you said just now that I looked fatigued; do I indeed look as though I suffered pain?" "You bore the marks of weariness when you entered; they are now gone, brother." "That is to say," replied Rumphius, "I put on an appearance of fatigue that I might be pitied. And what can have removed my weariness? It must have been the table, and you would infer that the table is the charm to chase my ennui—pretty brutish this—that I make a deity of my appetite;—do say at once that I get drunk, that I destroy myself by excess; call me Tiberius, swinish epicure, Vitellius, Sardanapalus!" "I do not say so, my dear brother." "Ah, a fine answer,

truly. You do not say so! I am charmed with this reason. You do not say so! That is all that is wanting to complete the abuse, eh! truly;—but I suppose you do say so, and then would I treat you as you deserve—as—" "But as I do not say so, brother." "There you go again; you see you oppose me continually; pure obstinacy on your part, rage for discussion, for dispute. What! you want to commence again. I tell you that I suppose—so, starting with a supposition, surely I may tell you that you are in the wrong, that you mistake the authority which you arrogate over me, that—that—" Therefore, starting with a supposition, Rumphius gave free course to his humour, in the hope of exciting the anger or tears of Sulpice; but the poor brother, seeing that he had started with merely a supposition, was not to be moved, and just at the moment when Rumphius, quite out of breath, was terminating his philippic with the words, "You are a wicked brother, a Judas,"—in expectation of a bitter reply, he answered with a smile, and with the most innocent calmness, "That is to say, you *suppose* that I am a Judas; for we commenced with a supposition, brother, and you know how much I love you."

The astronomer was silent; the passion which was already chasing the tardy globules in their course was suddenly checked. This answer cast ice upon the glowing furnace. He must begin again, and would certainly have choaked with disappointment had he not found means to resume the attack.

"By the way, Sulpice," said he, what were you telling me of the Mercuré de France?" "They praise you highly, brother, for your labours on the astronomy of India." The astronomer breathed again. "Well, then," said he to Sulpice, "you will not deny, I hope, that the portrait of the genuine Gorou of the sect of Siva is, as I have declared and proved besides, drawn from the Vedanta Sara." "No, brother; but you know that I am too ignorant of your learning to understand at all the nature of these sciences, and that—" "Pshaw! eternal waywardness—you know it just as well as I do, but the desire for opposition misleads you. Now, according to the Vedanta Sara, the genuine Gorou is he who has seen Gocarnam and Calestry with his own eyes. But behold he is nothing but a scoundrel, a villain, a vagabond, says the Pringuery to Gocarnam and Calestry. This scoundrel, this villain, this vagabond, is Hoetquel, who pretends to prove the heresy by means of the Tamular Grammar of father Breschio. But answer me then, Sulpice—you stand there immovable! You see Hoetquel insult me, contradict me, and you take not my part. You are perhaps delighted? Ah! I see you are pleased—very well."

"Hoetquel is certainly in the wrong, as far as I can see," answered Sulpice quickly, willing to say any thing to conciliate the views of Rumphius, and knowing how exasperated he became on the bare mention of the name of his learned antagonist, whom Rumphius hated with that inflexible intensity which often exists between philosophers holding opposite opinions, "Hoetquel is in the wrong."

"Hoetquel in the wrong! Not at all. He is perfectly right as far as the Vedanta is concerned." "I mistook the question, then, brother," sighed Sulpice; "Hoetquel is right."

"Ah! there I hold you," cried the astronomer, almost beside himself for joy. "Ah! you think him right, do you? Hoetquel right! Ah! I am in the wrong—I am an ass—a fool! But you know what I should answer to Hoetquel, or rather to you, for you declare yourself one with Hoetquel, since you adopt his heresies and prefer him before me. Now then, Hoetquel, vagabond, since you are in the right, who is the genuine Gorou of the sect of Siva? Is it not he who has bathed his limbs in all the holy pools, such as the Souria-pouchkanary, Ichendra-pouchkanary, Indra-pouchkanary, hey? Answer me, I say! Is he not the genuine Gorou, hey?"

"He is the genuine Gorou, brother; yes, he is the true Gorou." "Don't call me, brother! Hoetquel! Ah! you do not know that Gorou signifies master or guide. Kings are the Gorous of their kingdoms. Ah! you know it not," cried the astronomer, furious with rage, and you wish in cold blood, in gaiety of heart, to attack with the fury of a wild beast, of a tiger, the works of a poor author who dwells in the seclusion of solitude, and is worth a myriad of Hoetquel's. And you think that I will be insulted with impunity. I say you insult me, Hoetquel, and you shall confess that you know nothing of the genuine Gorou." Rumphius seized the trembling Sulpice by his dress, and shook him violently; but the exertion was too great for his strength, and he fell, fainting, into the arms of his brother. Sulpice placed him in a chair, and wiped the large drops of perspiration from his forehead. "Be calm, my brother; I pray you pardon me."

"No, no, Sulpice, it is I that am wrong," said Rumphius, feeling his intention effected; "the warmth of discussion made me unreasonable. You know that as soon as the quarrel is at an end I think no more of it. Do pardon me, Sulpice, you are, indeed, the best creature that ever descended upon the golden mountain of Maha Merow, as Brahma writes. But do forgive me." "Say no more about it, my dear brother," answered Sulpice, "but come quickly to bed, for you must be dreadfully exhausted."

Sulpice did not retire to his own little chamber till he had watched Rumphius to sleep, and was about to throw himself upon his couch when he was startled by three violent knocks at the cottage door. All he feared was the repose of his brother, and he hurried down as quickly as he was able, and called through the key-hole of the anti-chamber, "Who's there? What do you want?"

"Are you not the astronomer Rumphius," answered a voice. "I am his brother; he is asleep, but speak more softly, for the love of heaven." "Give him this letter, which I will slip under the door. He must, upon condition of great misery if he refuse, he must deliver it himself to Count Vaudrey, who is at present in Paris. Swear by your soul that it shall be done."

"Mon dieu! I swear it," answered Sulpice, trembling from head to foot. "Here it is, then," cried the voice; "it relates to the duchess of Almeida." At the same instant a letter was slipped beneath the door, and Sulpice listened to the receding echoes of the stranger's footsteps.

Eight days subsequent to this adventure, the astronomer, Rum-

phius, was presented to the Count de Vaudrey. "I am the bearer of a letter on the part of a duchess who my brother tells me is recently dead," said Rumphius, as soon as the introductory salutations were past.

"What! dead! What duchess is dead?" cried Henry. "A Spanish duchess, who resided near St. Renau." "Do you know what you are saying, Rumphius?" enquired the count, eagerly. "It cannot be! It is impossible!" "It is indeed true," answered Rumphius; "the funeral was magnificent; money was distributed profusely among the poor, and the curate of Renan, an intimate friend of mine, administered the last offices to the dying lady." "Good God!" cried Henry, "I am convinced she loved me. Her devotion, her offers, her despair, all proved too clearly; and, to reward her love, I have brought destruction upon her." He burst the seal of the letter, which he yet contemplated with horror, and read its contents. The characters were in the commencement plain and legible; towards the close they had lost their form, and became so confused that it was evident that the duchess must have been dying when the pen fell from her hand.

"Henry, I have deceived you; all that was said of me is true. Can you pardon me? I have had lovers, and you are not the cause of my death. My only wish in this world is to confess my guilt to you, but I feared that the time would not be granted. I feel the hand of death; my head scarcely supplies me with ideas to express myself; my tears have been incessant. You have no part in my death; I alone am culpable. Alas! I have willed it so, and you are innocent. Do not regret me, for I have indeed deserved the hard fate which you have prepared for me. Adieu! Adieu! My sight fails, my hand stiffens; Henry, adieu!" Some illegible lines followed, but it was impossible to decypher them. In a note at the bottom of the page, which showed the discolouration produced by many tears, was written, in another hand, "Died October 13th, at two minutes after three in the morning."

"My dear Rumphius," said Henry, after a long silence, "I would be alone; you must excuse me." He then threw himself into his chair, while the astronomer, pained by his pupil's sorrow, slowly quitted the apartment. After perusing this letter, the count's bitterest reflection was—"I was not then her only lover."

This letter, his best justification both in his own eyes and in those of the world, was to him a source of torment; for he felt annoyed by the thought that he had no part in the duchess's death.

"Am I then a woman's dupe?" repeated Henry, after a pause, while egotism and vanity strove for mastery within his breast. "Believe thyself dupe," whispered Egotism, "and thou wilt sleep peacefully." "Think thyself a perfidious monster," said Vanity, "and if thou sleepest not thou wilt find consolation in the assurance that she has embraced death rather than renounce thy love." Vanity was in the right; from that moment Henry considered Rita's letter as a last and unanswerable proof of the passionate and slighted love which had lowered the unfortunate duchess to the grave.

It is night.—Nearly opposite to the Hotel de Vaudrey is a house

of simple exterior. On the third floor, in a bedchamber of humble appearance, a woman is seated before the table. She reads; a small mirror is by her side. She is wrapped in a long black mantle, and has her face concealed by a black velvet mask. She appears meditating deeply, and ever and anon trembles with inward emotion. She raises her hand to her forehead and presses it forcibly. Her eyes flash through the openings of her mask as she exclaims, in a deep tone, "Begone, faint heart." The book she is studying is strange—it is a treatise on poisons, by Ben-Afiz, an Arabian physician, translated into Spanish by José Orbey,—a work replete with so fearful a science that the Inquisition condemned it to be seized and burnt wherever it was found; and Philip V. expended an immense sum of money in purchasing copies for the purpose of destroying it altogether.—She rises, opens a large desk and withdraws from it a casket; it is filled with bank drafts, payable at the principal towns of Europe. The sum is enormous. Then raising the cape of her mantle she drew from her bosom a small steel chain, to which were suspended more jewels than would be required for the decoration of the most costly diadem. She sighed heavily, and, passing her hands over the jewels, she exclaimed, "Shall I have enough?"

The door of the apartment opened; a man entered and bowed respectfully; he was followed by one of those beautiful mountain greyhounds with long silken hair. The stranger removed his cloak and large slouched hat. His face was thin and much tanned by the sun. It was Perez, dressed in deep mourning. In two months he appeared to have grown older by ten years. The woman in the mask was Rita, late duchess of Almeida. "Well, Perez, what news?" "I have obtained the list, Madame, which you required." "Give it me," said Rita, somewhat hurriedly. She read. It contained names and addresses.—Bishop of Surville—Lelia—the chevalier de l'Eperie, &c. "And their houses, you have entered them, Perez?" I shall soon succeed, Madame." "Have you attended to our disguises—my dress?" "To-morrow they will be here. But, Madame, you must —indeed you must remove this mask." Rita answered not. "All must be completed, and these are useless pangs you cause yourself." Rita was still silent. "That which is done is done—besides, it would be too late now"—

"Tell me, Perez," interrupted Rita, "did you see my funeral? was it magnificent?" "Splendid, Madame." "And suspicion, Perez?" "Not the slightest, Madame. You know that after the dismissal of your servants, whom you had assembled in your chamber to recompense before your death, myself and Joanna remained alone with you until the priest arrived. The chamber was darkened. You appeared dying. He administered to you, and after his departure we alone watched you, and, according to your express wishes, alone accompanied the coffin into the chapel-vault adjoining your oratory. The next day the coffin was on its road to Spain, accompanied by Joanna and the upper servants of your household, who conveyed it to the chateau de Libsyra, the mausoleum of your family."

"Has *he* received my letter, Perez?" "Yes, Madame; that astronomer handed it to him ten days since; I chose the man because

he knew both the priest and the physician, and he would not fail to give him an account of your death." "And what said he—*him?*" "*Him?* Why, he secluded himself for eight days, and would see no one; but, as his old servant says, he must decide something, so he is now almost gay again." Rita could not repress a slight ejaculation of pain. "But, Madame, this mask, in the name of Heaven tear it off—it must be so." After a moment of silence she answered, in a suppressed and trembling voice, "I am indeed ashamed—you will think me cowardly—but I dare not." "You dare not!" "No, Perez, I dare not. I fear to withdraw it." "Fear! Madame, you afraid! when twenty days since you exclaimed fearlessly, 'I will be avenged, and, lest my vengeance should be foiled, he must believe me dead. Even that is not enough; I must be disfigured, that he may gaze upon my face without a chance of recognition. How shall we effect it, Perez?' Ah! you had no fear then, Madame; you were courageous—decided. I told you of a secret I had got at Lima—a fierce corrosive that the Indians use to trace upon their bodies ineffaceable marks. You did not fear then, when you exclaimed with indignation, 'I have sacrificed my rank, my name, my life, I would also sacrifice my beauty.' You did not then hesitate; this mask covered all. Is it now that you would fear,—fear when of all your beauty not a trace remains—fear when this mask conceals only features which none could recognize." With these words Perez burst asunder the cords which held the mask and it fell from her face.

Perez was unable to restrain an ejaculation of horror and astonishment at the sight which presented itself to him. This inflexible man loved his mistress with a complete and disinterested attachment, with that instinct which unites a dog to his master, and had vowed his life and soul to the vengeance of Rita.

Rita stood for an instant motionless, then rushed to the little mirror which stood upon the table, and threw herself, almost fainting with horror, upon the chair. Two large tears rolled down her cicatrized cheeks. The wretched woman was so disfigured that Perez only could have recognized the duchess of Almeida in those scarred features. "Good God!" she exclaimed, all is at an end—beauty, name, rank, all lost." "But vengeance, Madame," said Perez, seriously. Rita raised her head and exclaimed with a firm tone of voice, as she dried up her tears, "Pardon, my good Perez, pardon my injustice, my weakness, but I am a woman, I was beautiful, and you must excuse one last retrospect on a life so brilliant, so full of hope. But now all is forgotten. You shall see if I be wanting in energy. With that she seized the mirror and gazed upon her mutilated features for more than a minute without emotion. "Now, Perez, I breathe for vengeance—vengeance complete and dreadful."

"But should he die, Madame—should he die before your vengeance shall have brought despair upon his head!" "He shall not die," cried Rita, with a voice rendered prophetic by the conviction which it expressed; "he shall not die; I feel in my heart a certainty of the future. You must confess, Perez, that something unknown, superhuman, infernal, must have worked in me this certainty of success.

I feel sure of my vengeance at the appointed hour, and, should Satan himself say no, I would still persist."

"It must be indeed terrible, your vengeance." The duchess smiled bitterly. "Do you remember Cain, Perez—Cain with the mark of sin upon his brow, whom a fearful and destructive fatality followed in his steps, shedding death and desolation around him on every side, condemned to be for ever the centre of odious crime?"

"Well?" said Perez, trembling.

"Well! Cain the condemned—that shall be *him*—the fatality shall be Rita."

A FRAGMENT.

I WAS the child
Of early sorrows; for the hand that reared
My infancy, the bosom where I wept
Imaginary griefs, too soon withdrew
Their wholesome strength and shelter. Other cares
That sympathy controlled which I had dreamed
My own, my bright inheritance; and I,
Denied the tenderness I once embraced,
Became, ere yet the germ of mind disclosed
The bud of after-thought, a lone recluse,
A solitary in an unknown world
Of moral subtleties. How oft betrayed,
How far I wandered in that trackless maze
Which all—the idiot and the wise—pursue,
I need not now discourse, since time has closed
Almost upon the memory of those days.
But soon a summons to the couch of care—
It proved the couch of death—recalled the dream
Of other days: and fountains that had long
Denied their streams in envious torrents burst
Upon a broken heart; for there that hand
That bosom lay where I had oft reclined.
Trembling I glanced upon the pallid cheek,
The eye whose lustre grief, not time, had quenched,
And wondered if within a soul estranged
There yet survived a token of its love
For one, though long deserted, still a part
Of its own being. Time had not effaced
And sorrows but refined the bloom that once
My spirit loved, the mantle of that cheek,
And all, save those dim sightless eyes, brought back
The very tenderness my childhood knew.
I dare not with minuteness now retrace
The subtile transformations of the mind
In that emergency of hope and dread,
When every moment formed a history
Of painful revolutions. These are things
By all to be remembered, not rehearsed,
But, if thou canst a parallel divine,
Bethink thee of a heart whose tendrils twined
Around its parent stem, and knew no home
But in its soft embrace, developing
In many an artless trait the lineaments
It learned to love so well, until it grew

As bright an emanation as the gem
It fondly clasped; then think thee of a blight
That ere a morning's sun arose despoiled
Both stem and blossom. Dost thou seek the cause?
Ask of the night—who, sleepless, guides the storm
And rules the elements, educing good
From evil? God the mandate gives, and man
Obeys. E'en from that hour of envious blight
Which crept like winter on a summer's sky,
I felt an undefined expression mock
Repinings that would oft unbidden rise
Against a dispensation so remote
From all conjecture. God was in the storm
Asserting his prerogative to reign
Sole arbiter of earth, and air, and skies,
And I, the weakest of his works, must needs
The intervention of his will obey.
These thoughts, companions of my solitude
In after years, when time a mild restraint
Imposed upon the impassioned soul, confirmed
My longing for another brighter world;
But then—like thee, when on that fatal rock
Self-banished—I no beacon knew, nor found
In busy search a pathway for the mind.
And I had wandered on, self-willed, condemned,
But God in judgment interposed, and through
The gloom and darkness of that hour brought life
And immortality to light. * *
* * * * * *

But I was stationed by the bed of death,
Though long the summons tarried, and I thought
Sometimes the messenger had been recalled.
Oh! how I longed identity with that
Which seemed to slumber in its clay, alike
Insensible to hope or dread! I feared
Intrusion where no welcome might be found,
And day and night consumed in fruitless search
Of some stray token of that soul's repose
In God. But hope, sustained by no defence—
That principle which never yields—preserved
My spirit from unseemly cares, and thoughts
That never slumber in such scenes awoke
The memory of the past. I could not look
Intently on that silent sleepless form,
Nor listen to the struggles of a sigh
That would not be restrained, but Fancy drew
Her sketch of morning's brightness, now eclipsed
By deeper shadows than the night endures.
And there before me, as in infancy,
Through some dark vista, I beheld the train
Of early brief realities—too brief
For earth, who all her succours drew
From sympathies so pure that her abode
Befitted not their essence. And I saw,
Depicted in a darker shade, the void
That crept upon existence, and betrayed
The broken cistern where my dream of hope
Reposed; and, if a pang the bosom owned,

'Twas nature all, for I too dearly prized
My sorrows for the comforts they employed
And from such reveries, too oft indulged,
I woke, as one uncertain of the mood
That had beguiled existence, to renew
Acquaintance with myself. Alas! how few
Who make themselves their study may pretend
To certain knowledge of those principles
That travail in the birth of thought, and guide
The enterprise of mind! And I, too prone
To linger in the path where conscience led,
Saw days and months expire, and hope itself
Depart, that hope that e'en the dying one
At length forsook, ere from my lethargy aroused
I grasped the marble hand, and through my tears,
A poor atonement, prayed aloud that God
Would grant the pilgrim rest and peace in him!
O, if the unremembered deeds of Time,
Ere yet upon his brow the crest of age
Descended, could before me pass, and I,
With faculties appointed to the load,
The burthen of revelations bore,
They could not press so heavy on my heart
As that unearthly moan which in some deep
Unknown recess lay sepulchred till then.
What talisman was that to which a chord
Its last vibration echoed? Wake again,
Mysterious stranger! Though thy music shake
The elements within, I will endure
Thy awful, just reproach. Alas! in vain
I summoned its return—the strain had fled
For ever. What hath passed since then nor Time
Nor yet Eternity may know, till God
Unlock the prison-house of thought; but here,
Within my heart, that echo dwells, the guest
Of other days: and e'en before these eyes,
That look the fountains of repentant tears,
At intervals the vision of that hour
Returns, if not to bless, at least to wean
My soul to God. Bear with me yet awhile—
No secret hath these lips disclosed which I
Might wish concealed, nor dare the tongue offend
The dictates of the heart. Hast thou communed
With some departed spirit ere the flesh
It once inhabited grew pale and died?
Hast thou, in speechless breathless woe, surveyed
The wreck of all that once engrossed thy love,
If haply one faint fleeting pulse remained
To reassure thy hope? And hast thou paused
When all beside seemed weary of thy care,
And vexed at thy delays, to look upon
The study of an uncreated mind,
The architecture of the soul's abode,
So beautiful in ruins that there seemed
On earth no tabernacle half so fair?
Thus have I watched, with half-suspended breath,
The last farewell of spirits long prepared
For flight, whose presence then mortality

Could not recal to consciousness, and deemed
Myself the handmaid of the grave! But since
That awful night I never could renew
Acquaintance with the dead, though I have held
Communion with the part that never dies.
I doubted at the first the evidence
On which such intercourse could be sustained.
I nothing saw nor heard with outward sense,
So subtile was the medium that conveyed
Perception to the mind; and, for its use,
The body might have been dissolved. In those
Mysterious intervals of life it formed
No recognized appendage of the soul.
Thou who hast studied the phenomenon,
Say, what is mind? and wherefore doth it seek,
In endless enterprise, an unknown good—
Unknown if not attained? Is this a proof—
This ever seeking that which not repays
The search—an attribute of mind? And where
Is its abode? Not this frail tenement,
Compounded of such fatal principles,
Of earth compounded. It disdaineth earth,
And with one bound the arch of heaven ascends!
But canst thou fix the limits of its sphere
Of thought and action? No, thou canst not tell
How mind approximates to kindred mind,
Though for all purposes of outward show
Distance, like death, communication ends.
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LETTERS OF A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

(*Continued from page* 262.)

Letter IV.

Geneva, August 25.

We arrived at Lyons at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d of August, heartily sick of sixty-four hours' confinement in the interior of a diligence, with only the intermissions afforded by our meals and the exercise of walking up the hills. The country that we passed through in the day-time was for the most part uninteresting. One view, however, was charming. A vast hollow, somewhat in the form of a bowl, round the edges of which the road ran. In the centre were the ruins of an old castle, the name of which I could not catch, modified as it was by the barbarous pâtois of the conducteur. The route we travelled was by Bourgogne, and therefore passed through Châlons sur Saone, a picturesque old town, where we dined. One of the most remarkable points of distinction between France and England consists in the different rank and circumstances of the military. One of our fellow travellers, a *sergent et marêchal de-logis*, that is, a quarter-master sergeant of dragoons, sat down at table, and not only joined in the conversation, but was the best-spoken and the best-bred of his countrymen present. He was a young man it seemed of good family, who had chosen the army for his profession, and not having been educated at one of the military schools entered the ranks in the

hope of obtaining promotion, a hope which is never disappointed if the advancement be merited by good conduct and ability. Indeed, the only path to preferment in the army of France is through the ranks, or owing to successful studies at the military schools; and I am told that a son of the duke of Montesquieu is now a corporal, though it was confessed that he was more frequently seen walking arm in arm with the colonel of the regiment, his cousin, than doing the duty allotted to his military rank. The fact, however, remains, and these regulations, together with the mode of recruiting by conscription, much improve the general *materiel* of the army, at the same time that they lower the standard of birth and education among the officers.

Scarcely a public-house from St. Malo to Lyons, a distance of nearly 500 miles, is unadorned with a tree, or part of a tree, hanging from the end of a pole for a sign. One need not go far for an explanation of the adage, "Good wine needs no bush."

A few miles from Lyons we had the pleasure of ascending a mountain of about four miles in length. Why they do not carry a new road along the banks of the Saone, round the base of the hill, I cannot conceive. But they prefer killing their cattle and wearying their passengers by the old Roman road to the trouble and expense of a new one. The French want a reform in these matters sadly; lighter coaches and level roads would increase the speed and lessen the inconvenience of travelling, without augmenting the expense or diminishing the profit.

The women in the neighbourhood of Lyons wear straw hats, with brims a foot or fifteen inches broad, which are by no means unbecoming, and are well adapted to defend them from the scorching rays of a southern sun. Far different is the coiffure of the Bourgignonnes, who stick a pigmy black hat on the front of their white cap, fasten it with black ribbons behind the head, and allow the strings to hang down their backs like pigtails.

I lodged at the hotel de l'Europe, which is said to be the first in Lyons, and, if this be true, bad is the best. But this town is little visited by the English, and our notions of comfort and decency are so utterly different from those of foreigners that there is little cause for astonishment in the apparent deficiency of the appliances of domestic life. The hotel is situated near the grand square, which is spoken of by the Lyonese as one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly a considerable open space, surrounded by houses of no sort of beauty, the lower story occupied by very mean-looking shops, and one side planted with a few trees. In the centre is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV., the inscription on which explains itself.

LUDOVICI MAGNI
STATUAM EQUESTREM
INIQUIS TEMPORIBUS
DISJECTAM
CIVITAS LUGDUNENSIUM
REGISQUE RHODANICA
INSTAURAVERUNT
ANNO M.D.CCCXXV.

On the morning of the 23d I went to see the confluence of the Rhone and Saone. As usual where expectation has been raised high, I was disappointed. No doubt the descriptions are literally correct. The smooth gentle Saone creeps into contact with her bustling bullying sister, and is at once shouldered on one side, and only allowed a narrow space to flow in. Still the colour of the two rivers is not so strongly contrasted as the narratives of travellers had led me to expect. There is a milky tinge in the Rhone which distinguishes it from the other as they move along side by side; but with the sun shining on the water, as was the case when I saw it, the line of demarcation cannot be traced, except from a favourable position whence you look down on the stream from above. The speed of the Saone is soon increased to a very considerable velocity by contact with the Rhone, which travels at a pace that fully justifies the epithet it bears, namely "Rapid."

The walk down the Quais to the junction of the rivers, planted as they are with tall poplars on either side of the road, is pleasant enough, and a ridge of hills on one side which confines the Saone to its course, and which is studded with buildings, forms an excellent background to the town, which is built principally between the two rivers. Indeed one of the merits of Lyons in the eyes of a stranger, to console him for its many defects, is its situation with respect to its waters. Both rivers flow through it, a portion of the city being built on the right bank of the Saone, a small portion on the left of the Rhone, and the rest on the intermediate peninsula. The extreme rapidity and turbid colour of the one, the darker hue and marvellous slowness of the other, are such as to render it impossible to mistake them. Now if you once learn the situation of your residence, or any spot you know well, with respect to the rivers, in case of doubt or difficulty in the course of your wanderings get to the quais, observe the course of the river, and which it is, and ascend or descend, turn to the right or left, as may be required. No spot in Lyons can be far distant from one or other of the streams, so that you cannot be at a loss.

Notwithstanding the excessive heat I contrived to mount the hills to the westward of the Saone to La Fourvière, and ascended to the observatoire, a square tower built to a moderate height, so as to enable the spectator to overlook the steeples and seven-storied houses. With the exception of the chain of hills on which this building is erected, the country about Lyons is quite flat, so that you have a beautiful view from the terrace at the top of the observatory. The town, though very dirty and *nasally* offensive to a degree unparalleled in my experience, is from such a distance highly picturesque, the irregularity of the buildings, the height of the houses, and the clearness of the atmosphere, all aiding to form a tableau which, if it has not yet been used for a panorama, offers every advantage for such a purpose. They say that sometimes the peak of Mont Blanc is seen from hence. It may be so, but I saw it not.

The stained glass of the cathedral is an object worthy of attention, though I do not think much of the building itself. The interior has a very solemn aspect, produced I conceive by the softened light. There is in another part of the town a pyramidical monument, built in

commemoration of the victims of the massacre after the siege of Lyons in the time of the first revolution, but it is infinitely inferior in my opinion to the cenotaph at Paris, built on the spot where the bones of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were found, which is the only sepulchral monument I have seen in France which, both as regards internal and external decoration and arrangement, as a whole and in detail, perfectly corresponds to the mournful idea it is meant to represent.

The population of Lyons amounts to more than 130,000, of whom a large number are occupied in the manufacture of silks, to which the town principally owes its prosperity. In the upper town, indeed, the ears are deafened by the continual clatter of the treddles of the loom. However, the greater part of the produce of their industry, I might perhaps say the whole, is sent to illumine the gay shops in Paris and London, leaving nothing behind but coarse printed cottons and dingy silk scarfs, to give a mock lustre to the little corners where they are exposed for sale. I did not enter any of the factories, but such of the operatives as I saw, though not adorned with the brown cheeks and sturdy aspect of the out-door labourer, neither betrayed misery nor poverty, sickness nor deformity, in their outward appearance, like the miserable denizens of Spitalfields and Manchester.

The sun here is powerful and the heat excessive, but the people generally not so dark as I expected to find them. The men are a fierce-looking race, bearing in their aspect outward and visible signs of their turbulent character; and, judging from the placards on the walls, their favourite amusements are of no very gentle character. Those which attracted most attention held forth promise of savage bulls and bears, and more savage wolves, who were to enter the lists with dogs of noted ferocity. These announcements were evidently perused with especial gusto. I must not forget to mention the beer of Lyons, which is in great repute, and is excellent,—strong, but not heavy, well-flavoured, and refreshing.

To sum up my impression of Lyons in a few words;—it is a busy, filthy, useful, ill-contrived, badly paved, horribly stinking, commercial, manufacturing town, and I was delighted to leave it at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d for Geneva. We jogged on at the rate of five miles an hour, through a most uninteresting country, till night came on. When morning broke we were traversing a pass of the Jura mountains. The road winds along the surface of an inclined plane, which forms one face of a ravine, at an immense distance both from the top and the bottom, so that the Rhone which winds along beneath, though really a great river, looks like a narrow watercourse. Its colour was blue. A fortress defends the path; and, if not of much importance in a military point of view, it is highly so as an object in the landscape. The rugged mountain above, below, and opposite, gives an air of grandeur to the scene; while the Lilliputian appearance of the objects gliding along the thread of white road that divides the mountain's side, by furnishing means of comparison, gives a magnificent idea of nature as compared with the works of man.

After the usual annoying formalities about passports, we entered the Genevese territory, and at length I found myself on the soil of Switzerland.

Letter V.

Geneva.

The impression made on me by Geneva on my entrance was that of a toy-town. The small space it occupies, the varied colour of the materials, the irregular position of the streets, the reflected light from the glazed tiles seen through a perfectly clear atmosphere, with dark mountains for a back-ground, all enhanced the effect. The population amounts to 30,000. But from their mode of living in tall houses of six and even seven stories, each family occupying but one floor or part of a floor, the area on which it is built is not, I think, greater than that of an English town containing a third part of the number of inhabitants. The quais, which are quite new, and the houses on them, are very fine, and bear the test of a close examination, which is not the case with the other streets. But the beautiful lake pours its waters through the town in a blue limpid stream, which retains the name of Rhone, though it is hard to conceive that it has any connection with the muddy torrent which flows into the upper end of the lake. Before it reaches Lyons, the Rhone, passing over beds of chalk or receiving other troubled waters which augment its volume, becomes again discoloured, but for many miles the blue crystal of the lake is unsullied. Even the muddy Arve, which is the offspring of the glaciers in the valley of Chamouni, cannot stain its pure waters. Nothing can be imagined more perfectly transparent than the Rhone as it leaves the lake. Looking down on it from the Pont des Bergues you might count the pebbles in its bed or the fish that sport in its stream. By the way, this bridge of the Bergues is a wooden bridge of such slight materials that carriages are forbidden to cross but at a very slow pace, and the arches tremble under the steps of a foot-passenger. A small island in the river, a few yards to the east of it, has been planted as a summer walk for the Genevese, and the centre adorned with a statue of Rosseau in bronze. It is connected with the bridge. And here I must not omit to notice the difference of feeling in the Genevese and French. This new bridge, built at the expense of the town, is passed without payment. At Lyons I was in the habit of crossing six bridges, and at every one paid a liard, or half farthing, for the privilege.

In the evening we drove round the environs of the town. From an elevation to the south we had a magnificent view of Mont Blanc. Though fifty miles distant, the gigantic mass was distinctly visible, the outline as clearly pencilled against the sky as if it had been in the immediate neighbourhood. The afternoon was cloudy, and during the early part of the drive the great mountain was absolutely invisible, but at last the vapours dispersed, and the view was magnificent. The snow-capped summit and the inferior peaks, or rather bosses, for they are not pointed, appeared towering above other vast mountains, whose ridges were clad with perpetual snow, though so much inferior in elevation. As the sun descended towards the horizon the tints of the mountain varied from a light pink to a lighter yellow, and as the evening closed in the lofty peak was again enveloped in clouds and lost to view—in short, he put on his nightcap and went to bed. The lake was gray: indeed, I was told the evening was as unfavourable as possible for the water, which is usually

of a deep blue, but varying with the colour of the sky, the worst shade of all being that under which it then appeared.

August 26.

Set out for Chamouny as far as Sallanches on the diligence. The road lay along the course of the Arve, the latter part in a valley between two ridges of high mountains. The verdure is luxuriant, and the land appears productive; but, as in all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, or at least where the people are strict in their observance of its rites and are under the influence of the priests, nothing can exceed the squalid poverty of the inhabitants. The ugliness of the Savoyards is extreme, and their rapacity on the same scale.

From Sallanches to Chamouny we ascended in a char-a-banc, a contrivance resembling half of an Irish inside jaunting-car or a chaise body hung on four wheels, very low down, and without springs. Here they were drawn by two horses, on account of the steepness of the road, one half of which we were obliged to walk. Each contained three persons closely packed. Notwithstanding the roughness of the ascent we found them very easy conveyances.

I have not attempted to describe the road between Geneva and Sallanches, for the impression made by it was completely eradicated by what followed. Words cannot describe, the pencil can convey no idea of the beauty and magnificence of the mountain scenery between Sallanches and Chamouny. Huge scarped rocks, with pine-trees growing to their very summit, with here and there a cottage, built on what appeared an inaccessible height; streams of melted snow, pouring down from the mountain sides and swelling the Arve—itself only a larger torrent of the same kind. Such are the ingredients of the picture which is seen from a path rudely cut in the side of steep precipices, where a false step of the horses would hurry you out of the world without a moment's notice, and which is so confined that there are few places where even these narrow vehicles can pass each other. However, they galloped on heedlessly round corners, down steeps, over torrents, or rather through them, all at the same speed, and, as accidents are unheard of, the danger must be imaginary. In ascending we had a glorious view of Mont Blanc. At first sight the Dome du Gouté appears higher than the true peak, either from its greater breadth or from its position in regard to the spectator. But after a time I fancied that the eye became aware of the superior height of the real summit. No representation can give any idea of the noble beauty, the magnificence of this stupendous mass, for its grandeur proceeds rather from its absolute size than from a comparison with any objects of known magnitude in its immediate vicinity, which would in the present case be invisible to the human eye. From the distance the snow with which it is covered appeared quite smooth, like the sugar on an iced cake.

The cicalas in the pine trees almost deafened us with their chirripping, and suggested the usual quotations from Virgil and Byron, as the earthen threshing-floors in the neighbourhood of Lyons reminded us of the directions given by the former for their formation.

The night drew on, and the shades of evening almost hid the mountain from our view before we arrived at Chamouny, where we alighted at the Hotel de Londres about nine o'clock.

August 27th.

After breakfast we started with Matthew Balmat for the Mer de Glace. We ascended by a winding path the Montanvert, and having rested at the cabin on the brow we moved downwards to the Mer de Glace, and were greeted with a sight which far surpassed our expectations, high as they were in the first instance—billows of ice, as though the sea had suddenly frozen in the midst of a storm, preserving the form of the waves and even the green tint of the water, narrow chinks of unfathomable depth and emerald hue, inaccessible mountains with peaked summits, and streams of water sparkling in the sun as they fall from the rocks around you. At the foot of the Mer de Glace is the source of the Aveyron, which bursts from a narrow cavern with the usual noise and turbulence of these streams. Our guide assured us that the cavern was much smaller than ordinary, and certainly it by no means equalled the descriptions I have read and heard of it.

Matthew Balmat had six times ascended to the summit of Mont Blanc. He was a stout, hardy-looking man, of about forty years old, and five feet eight inches high, with a dried mummy-like complexion, and the usual swelled throat of the natives of this district. One would expect, à priori, that these mountaineers would step rapidly and lightly. Nothing can be further from the truth. Their tread is heavy but firm, and in beginning to ascend they caution you against proceeding too fast, the excellence of which advice I soon found by experience. If you waste your strength at first by mounting too rapidly, the rarefaction of the air at any considerable elevation so much increases the difficulty of breathing as to cause great distress, which comes upon you at the very moment when your strength begins to be exhausted.

In the afternoon I walked to the Glaciers of Bosson, which is the same thing as the Mer de Glace on a much smaller scale. A lad who offered to show me the way, and whose offer I accepted, spoke of the destruction of the three unfortunate guides by the avalanche in an expedition in the year 1820, as a judgment of God; for it happened on a Sunday, and they had not been to mass: at least so said the priest, and our informant enquired no further.

August 28th.

Started at six to cross the Col de Balme on foot, and without a guide. After stretching along the valley for about six miles, I began to ascend, and a toilsome ascent it was; burdened too as I was with a heavy knapsack. I particularly recommend all pedestrian travellers to avoid such an unpleasant companion. A coat built after the fashion of a shooting jacket with large pockets to contain a change of linen and of shoes, an extra pair of trowsers and your razors, and a light Macintosh cape slung behind, are what I should recommend as equipments. More is useless and annoying: less is inconvenient. Send your heavy luggage, and of that too as little as possible, from point to point on your route, where you may meet it.

To return to the ascent. It occupied more than two hours, and then I found myself breathless and weary, on an elevation of a mile and a half above the level of the sea, in a clear fresh air, under a scorching sun. Notwithstanding at a few paces distance was a bed

of snow, frozen so hard that my feet made no impression as I walked over it. While standing on the snow, a gaudy butterfly flew past me. I marvelled to see the little fellow fluttering about in such a situation. From the Col de Balme is the best view of Mont Blanc, for the sake of which I missed the fine scenery of the Tête Noire, another pass to Martigny. Unfortunately some light clouds hung around the giant, and the outline could scarcely be traced amid the vapour, so that my labour was fruitless. After staying two hours in vain hopes that the weather would clear up, I began my descent through a pine-forest. The incessant whizzing and buzzing of the cicalas almost made me giddy. They were not here so noisy as in the ascent to Chamouny, but they showed themselves on the path in great numbers. The insect is formed somewhat as our grasshopper, but very much larger. The body and head yellow, the back and wings of the same colour, mottled with black or a very dark brown, and the under side of the long hinder legs of an exquisitely bright scarlet.

Having crossed the pine forest, half an hour's walk up-hill brought me to the Col de Trent, whence to Martigny is a toilsome descent of three hours on an uneven surface paved with broken granite. Nothing can be more uneasy, or better calculated to interfere with the comfort of the individual, or to prevent his enjoying the magnificent prospect. On either side are lofty mountains, with a girdle of pine-trees, and broken rocky summits, with occasionally a patch of snow, and still more rarely a glacier with the muddy torrent rushing from beneath it. Before you is the beautiful Vallais, like Chamouny, enclosed by inaccessible mountains, with the Rhone meandering through its level surface, and the village and bourg of Martigny at a short distance from the foot of the mountain. From Martigny the road to Sion for the first nine miles is perfectly straight, so that looking down from above it seems like a white thread stretched across the plain. I was right glad to arrive at my hotel after three hours' walking with my feet at an angle of 130 degrees with my shin-bones, after the fashion of an opera dancer.

LINES ON THE LATE N. M. ROTHSCHILD.

Wealth's golden sceptre rules a prostrate world,
And thou didst wield it, Rothschild, mighty Jew!
Thrones have been propped by thee, and thou hast hurled
Defiance in the face of kings; pierced through
The tyrant's heart, and made him bite thy chain,
Despairing to annihilate or enslave.
But now the conqueror Death has stopped thy reign,
And thou art tenanting the lowly grave!
No more shall men turn pale at sight of thee,
No more the anxious group thy nod await;
Vacant the well-known spot, the *pillar** free,
The envious of thy fame, the would-be-great,
May fearlessly advance, and take his stand,—
But who like thee, such homage to command?

13*th August*, 1836. R. S.

* Mr. Rothschild always occupied a certain spot on the Royal Exchange, and stood with his back to the pillar alluded to. On one occasion, not very long since, a person had the temerity to dispute his claim to this privilege, but was quickly ejected from his usurped position

PRINCIPLE AND NO PRINCIPLE,

Or the late Armand Carrel, Editor of "The National," and the present M. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France.

The names of Carrel and Thiers must be very familiar to our readers, because, since the revolution of "the three glorious days of July," both of them have been continually before the public, and have cut a prominent figure in the political, governmental, and legislative events of France, the former as a journalist and a republican, and the latter as a deputé and a minister of the citizen king.

Carrel and Theirs sprung both from the same class and were both first known to the literary and political world by their historical productions. Carrel however, since the beginning of the restoration, had been already before the public as a staunch partisan of republican institutions and of civil and religious liberty, and, having taken an active part in the revolutions of the Peninsulas of Europe, had been not only severely persecuted, but also condemned twice to death in consequence of his political principles.

When Carbonarism from the south of Italy was first introduced into France, Carrel and Thiers both embraced its doctrine and were amongst the most active carbonari, who established and propagated that political institution in Paris, and in the most populous cities of France. There existed, however, a great difference in the private character of Carrel and Thiers. The former was a liberal, civil, sober, unaffected, and always independent man. The latter professed liberal principles, but was proud, affected, and a great parasite of the rich, and powerful members of the opposition of the Restoration, and by his servile submission to whatever the renowned French banker, Jaques Laffitte ordered him to do, little by little, became his *favourite,* and *protegé,* and by him at his mansion was introduced to the most influential leading members of the chamber of deputies. Through the influence of his Mæcenas, Thiers began his career of journalist, and assisted by that banker's money became afterwards one of the fourteen shareholders of the Constitutionnel of Paris, to which periodical he largely contributed for several years as a political and literary writer. In 1829 Thiers, not satisfied with his condition in that establishment, aspired to be appointed one of the *four chief conductors* of that journal in opposition to Cauchois-Lemaire, and, having failed in his ambition, he separated from that periodical, and endeavoured to establish the *Nouveau Constitutionnel,* but was outwitted by the cunning, rich, and powerful harpagons of Rue Montmartre.

Then Thiers, having first chosen for his editorial colleagues Carrel and Mignet, and having obtained the pecuniary means from Laffitte, started the National under the standard of very broad civil, political, and religious principles.

When the demi-liberal administration of Martignac was succeeded by the foolish and priest-ridden ministry of Polignac, it was Thiers,

inspired by Laffitte, and Benjamin Constant, who wrote and caused to be published in his journal that famous leading article for which the "*National*" was prosecuted *ex-officio;* and as Thiers had neither the manliness nor the generosity of fathering his own child, who had predicted the approaching downfal of the Bourbons and the triumph of the popular party, that prosecution caused the ruin and suicide of the only responsible person, the innocent and unfortunate publisher Chatelain.

On the 26th July, 1830, when the arbitrary ordinances of Charles X. made their appearance in the Moniteur, the sensible and reflective Parisian public of all classes and of all parties were almost thunderstruck, and the proprietors and conductors of the liberal periodicals, whose private interest and welfare were not only paralysed, but almost annihilated by the unconstitutional restrictions imposed upon the press by the new laws, were suddenly thrown into a state bordering on madness; consequently they soon assembled in the committees of their respective journals, to consult with their legal advisers on the best plan to be adopted in so dreadful a crisis. But when it was known that M. Dupin, the present president of the chamber of deputies, the best legal authority of France, had declared himself in favour of the legality of the ordinances of Charles X., and had advised his clients to submit to the new laws, the *Debats*, the *Quotidienne*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Courier d'Europe*, the *Avenir*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Constitutionnel*, decided to make their submission, and to send to obtain from M. de Peyronnet, the permission of continuing their periodicals according to the new regulations of the press.

However the junior journals, such as the *National*, the *Temps*, the *Tribune*, the *Globe*, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Corsaire*, the *Figaro*, and the *Pandore*, remained still undecided, and as Evariste Dumoulin and Couchois Lemaire, two of the fourteen share-holders of the Constitutionel, had protested against the decision of their colleagues, Armand Carrel composed a protest against the illegality of the ordinances of Charles X., and M. Laffitte having ordered Theirs to join his colleague on that subject, in the evening of the 26th of July, the offices of the National became the rendezvous of the dissentient political writers, and the protest of Carrel, having been examined and approved of, was signed by 47 of the youngest conductors of the Parisian press, and was printed and published by the National.

On the morning of the 27th, the cunning Thiers having been informed that the prefect of police, Mangin, had received official instructions of seizing the presses of the dissentient journals, and of arresting all those who had dared to sign the protest, all of a sudden disappeared from the scene of action, and some say that he repaired to the Chateau of Neuilly to be at the elbow of the duke of Orleans, and others assert that he concealed himself in the house of M. Berard, where, after the three glorious days, the present improvised charter was concocted. The fact is that during the struggle between the people and the army Thiers deserted his editorial post, which was however nobly and courageously maintained by Carrel, who not only with his pen and advice, but also with his personal bravery, example, and skill, led the people during the fight, and was one of

the most active instruments in overthrowing the restoration and its despotism.

In the afternoon of the 29th July, when the popular party had obtained a complete triumph over the satellites of Charles X., and while Carrel was at the head of the people bivouacking in the Champs Elysées, Thiers unexpectedly made again his appearance in the office of the National, and there composed, and caused to be printed, and afterwards to be posted on the walls of Paris, hundreds of small placards, in which the duke of Orleans was represented as the natural enemy of the Bourbons, as the republican general of Gemappe and Valmy, and as the friend of the people and the advocate of national freedom and national independence. To this was annexed a copy of the hypocritical letter which the present citizen king wrote to Marshal Mortier, when in 1815 he abandoned the standard of the division which he had sworn to lead against Napoleon. In the mean while Thiers through his agents disseminated 100,000 five-franc pieces, and obtained from the lowest of the heroes of July the cry of *vive le duc d'Orleans*, and thus Louis Philippe, who had been execrated during the three glorious days as much as the elder Bourbons, began to be in favour with the mob, and then his creatures succeeded in humbugging La Fayette and the republicans. Armand Carrel, informed of this treachery of Thiers, protested against it; but as the evil had already been done, and as he was assured that Louis Philippe was to be *a monarch surrounded with republican institutions*, he remained neutral, and by his example and words, engaged the other republicans to adopt the same course.

Thiers however became very soon a great favourite of the citizen king, and, his Mæcenas Laffitte having been raised to the high post of prime minister of France, he was of course chosen as his private secretary. Soon after, the then all-powerful Laffitte first obtained for Thiers a seat in the chamber of deputies, and then had him nominated under-secretary of state for the finance department. Thus, a few weeks after the revolution of July, Thiers had already become a courtier and a statesman, and, to apply all his faculties to political and courtly intrigues, bade adieu to the National, and Armand Carrel, who now remained the only editor of that periodical, through its columns often called to order his former colleague, and reminded him of his origin and of his principles.

But when Laffitte, disgusted with the selfishness and arbitrary conduct of Louis Philippe, who during three days had intercepted and concealed some important despatches, resigned his high situation, the ungrateful Thiers, instead of following the example of the man who had been the main cause of his elevation, abandoned his benefactor, sold himself and his former principles to the highest bidder, and became the chief supporter of Louis Philippe, and, both at the tribune of the house and in the council of the Cabinet, showed himself the champion of the *juste milieu*, and the sneering opponent of his former liberal patrons.

It was at this time that Armand Carrel broke off all connexion with Thiers, and through his journal waged a political and personal warfare with his former editorial colleague and political friend, and not

only declared him an ambitious apostate, a parasitical courtier, and a deceitful statesman, but called him also a base ex-carbonaro and a perjured conspirator. Thiers, at the same time, did all in his power to appease the resentment of Carrel, and endeavoured to silence him by every means. Louis Philippe engaged the republican journalist to his private parties; honours and high situations were offered to him; but, as all the bribes and courtly attempts to convert Carrel to the *juste milieu* had proved unsuccessful, vexatious, unrelenting, and personal persecution was resorted to, in order to silence and crush the stubborn editor of the National. But Armand Carrel resisted with manly fortitude the brutal oppression and tyranny of the citizen king, and, remaining faithful to his political creed and friends, through his spirited writings excited and propagated amongst the young and instructed population of France, and chiefly amongst the lower classes of the people, the contempt and hatred by which Louis Philippe, his system, and his administration are at present stigmatized and execrated.

However, the mock patriot king and his late prime minister, despairing of ever being able either to silence by bribes or to crush by oppression the unflinching editor of the National, during the last two years, indirectly and under-hand excited and fomented several personal quarrels between Carrel and the conductors of the Carlist and Philippist periodicals, and have at last succeeded in silencing for ever a powerful and popular opponent, whom they could never have conquered by legal and despotic means. The death of Armand Carrel has been a great loss to his party, and of some utility to Louis Philippe, but it has relieved Thiers from much uneasiness and exposure, because no man knew better than Carrel the late deceitful prime minister of Louis Philippe, and no man can be found in France who could dare to attack the renegade ex-carbonaro and his master with a frankness, address, and success equal to that of the late editor of the National. Besides Thiers by his apostasy having raised himself to the highest station of France, and having amassed a great fortune, saw in his former editorial colleague of the National still a simple citizen without kingly honours and kingly places, a living striking monument of his changeable and dishonourable political conduct; and thus, while Carrel was accompanied to the grave by the most enlightened and most popular members of all parties, little Thiers was drowning his feelings in dissipation and courtly intrigues, and committing to durance vile several of his former friends, after having inspired terror and dismay in the mind of his hateful master, the present tyrant of France.

Carrel, being a man of principle, has lived and died honourable and honoured; but Thiers, being a man of no principle, is living dishonoured, and God only knows what will be his end. If his late quarrel with Louis Philippe be not a political stratagem of the cunning modern Dionysius, Thiers has already begun to feel the effects of his unprincipled conduct; but, if it be a trick, he must become more than ever disgraced and execrated by his fellow citizens, and his name will be handed to posterity as a specimen of a true ambitious and parasitical apostate, and as a warning to all those who under the cloak of patriotism are the scourge of mankind.

To give the last finish to the portrait of Thiers, we must add that when Laffitte, in consequence of his immense sacrifices in behalf of the national freedom and national independence of France, was obliged to become a bankrupt, his former protegé was amongst the first who accomplished his total ruin, having concurred with his master Louis Philippe in stripping the too generous banker of all his domains and chateaus.

PHILOCTETES IN LEMNOS.

τόδε θαῦμ' ἔχει με,
πῶς ποτε πως ποτ' ἀμφιπλήκτων ῥοθίων μόνος κλύων,
πῶς ἄρα πανδάκρυτον οὕτω βιοτὰν κατέσχεν·
ἵν' αὐτὸς ἦν πρόσουρος, οὐκ ἔχων βάσιν,
οὐδέ τιν' εγχώρων κακογείτονα,
παρ' ᾧ στόνον ἀντίτυπον βαρυβρῶτ' αποκλαύσειεν αἱμάτηρόν.
Soph. Phil. 687-695.

Oh! could I seize one short-lived rest from toil,
And cast mine anguish on this barren soil:
Could I one secret, blissful moment gain,
To interrupt eternity of pain,
Ne'er should these impious struggling murmurs vent
Reproaches, on the lot which Jove hath sent!
But when such tortures are to me confined
And not in common forged for all mankind;
Can mortal frailty, void of heavenly aid,
Sustain its wretched load, and not upbraid?
Will not oblivion paint some gladsome dream,
Or plunge remembrance in her grateful stream?
Else, Death, approach, to me no fearful sight,
Thy ready victim loathes the odious light.*
What earthly charms can dry my flowing tears
And sooth the pathway of my rugged years?
Can stream, or grove, or fairest Nature's grace
Assuage my wounds, and memory efface
Which ever longs, tho' shrinking to contrast
The present with the shadow of the past?
If home, nor friends, nor empire could prevail
Will Lemnian deserts teach me not to wail?
Oh Solitude! let lonely wisdom praise
Thy dreary nights, thy melancholy days:†
Yet would she 'mid this horrid scene rejoice,
To gaze on man, and hear the human voice;
Thou cruel isle! Inhospitable rock,
In savage echo glorying to mock
Thy captive's woe: ‡ to mingle in thy cave,
Redoubled sorrows with the roaring waves;
Hath none, but I e'er reach'd thy sullen port,

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* Compare Soph. Phil. 797.
ὦ θάνατε θάνατε, πῶς ἀεὶ καλούμενος
οὕτω κατ' ἦμαρ οὐ δύνᾳ μολεῖν ποτε;

† O Solitude! where are the charms
That Sages have seen in thy face? Cowper.

‡ *πολλὰ δὲ φωνῆς τῆς ἡμετέρας*
Ἑρμαῖον ὄρος προέπεμψεν ἐμοὶ
στόνον αντίτυπον χειμαζομένῳ. S. Phil. 1458.

And canst thou not with others' misery sport?
Yet distant shores were long since taught by fame
T'abhor thy clime and execrate thy name;
And trembling matrons shudder to relate
What hideous crimes are coupled with thy fate.
E'en now with awe I tread the gory strand;
A fitting girdle for thy murd'rous land
Ye scenes where nought, save havoc ever trod
Alas! abhorrent both to man and God,
Still are ye red with Ichor's lasting stain,
To point, where Vulcan felt unwonted pain—
Still do ye blush with guilt of cheaper blood,
Which here from kindred enmity has flowed!
Mark ye the spots, where never-sated strife
With hurried deaths embittered doubtful life!
Where dying groans yet murmur in the gale
And howling wrath attests the bitter tale,
That one alone, Hypsipyle was found
To tremble at the parricidal wound—*
Where'er I search for emblems of delight,
Grief spreads the veil of ever-clouded night,
That nought may cheer the exile, which my fate
Unjustly grants to false Ulysses' hate. O. S. T.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF HISTORY IN FRANCE.—No. I.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer, in his work on France, has expressed a highly favourable opinion on the merits of the authors belonging to the new school of history in that country. It is in consequence of this impartial eulogy that we undertake, without diffidence, to make our readers acquainted with the most distinguished members of this school, among whom are to be numbered Barante, Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, Michaud, Chateaubriand, Thierry, and Sismondi.

It is our intention to begin these critiques in the chronological order, with a notice of the works of M. de Barante, because he may, we think, be justly considered as the *father of the new school of history in France.*

M. de Barante's work—known, perhaps, to some of our readers—is entitled "Considerations sur l'histoire des ducs de Bourgogne;" and in France his name carries with itself its own eulogy. The author's talent and taste alike proved to him that the true method of encouraging historical studies would be by writing in a style generally engaging to the public; and, the better to accomplish his purpose, he determined to give to his history, whenever the authenticity of its facts allowed such a liberty, an epic, and even, occasionally, a dramatic feature, in order to warm the reader's imagination, at the same time that the fact strengthened his judgment. M. de Barante has not only recommended such a method of historical instruction:—he has proved its efficacy by his own bright example,—not by writing long and dogmatizing theories with the forbidding motto "nec plus ultra," not by indulging, like so many others, in a kind of poetical

* See Apollon; Rhod. Argon. Lib. i. Valer. Flacc. ii. 78. And Dante Infern. Canto xviii.

and speculative vagueness, but by giving himself the best example of historical induction, connected with imaginative talent, that his successors need follow.

The author of the "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," while offering to the public a work full of original and laborious research, had no intention of setting up himself as a legislator of national taste, and he certainly had no idea of ever being entitled the founder of a particular school of history; but, be that as it may, the model that he has furnished is one that will form an epoch in an unsettled age of literature. In every page of his work we recognize the admirable tact with which the author combines the ingenuousness of the *bon-homme* with the simplicity of the chronicler—a combination of good qualities that seemed to be for ever lost. M. de Barante wrote only as he was impelled by the inspirations of his genius; "scribiter ad narrandum, non ad probandum:"—he intended only to give narrations, but in every case he has furnished proofs.

Far be it from us in this eulogy of M. de Barante to extend our laudatory remarks to all the historical romances of France, respecting which we may observe generally that whatever influence they have gained over the more sober style of history is mainly attributable to those official, perhaps pensioned, writers who have made history the mere stalking-horse for their extravagant and anti-christian speculations, acting perhaps on the principle

> L'homme est de glace aux verités
> Il est de feu pour les monsonges.—*La Fontaine.*

These lines, it would appear, have been the motto of all those French writers whose chief object has been to please the public, even by the sacrifice of truth. We doubt not, however, that with the progress of knowledge this maxim will be reversed, and be applied with more propriety. Indeed, as information has already progressed, historical romances have, to a certain degree, adhered more closely to historical truth; but generally (some, perhaps, may be excepted) in these works the historic portion consists of a few obsolete *disinterred* forms of speech, and of shreds of costumes, belonging to different ages, wherewithal the hero is dressed, not *en chevalier*, but *en personnage de carnaval;* all which produces in reality puerile effect quite different from that intended by the author, namely, that of making him a child or a dotard.

This pretended historical costume wherewith fashion has chosen to deck the heroes of romance, and the unintelligible and disused language in which it seemed indispensable that they should converse —a language which unlearned moderns can only acquire by thumbing the glossaries of Du Cange and Roquefort—all these circumstances tend to prove that in France, at the present day, there predominates a love of historical study, which would already have produced the best effects on the national character, if it had not been perverted by those littérateurs who have produced a large stock of romances and *professedly* historical memoirs, eminently calculated to destroy the public taste.* Let us hope, however, that the excessive supply of these works will itself have the desirable effect of destroying their evil influence; and how much would this happy consummation

be promoted if in France and England, during the next thirty years, works like that of M. de Barante could be produced and generally circulated through the political systems of those two countries! The main point to which the aspirant for historic honours should aim is to give to history all the charm of fabulous narrative without injuring the interests of truth; and this, be it understood, is not impossible, since our author has fully proved its possibility by his own signal success.

So long as criticism was unable to enter the field of true history, because it was unaided by the treasures of antiquity that lay buried in the dust of monasteries and churches, the poems and romances of the middle ages necessarily constituted all that then existed of national history; and the annals of literature in general prove to us that this remark is equally applicable to all European nations possessed of a distinct literature. Nay, from the cautious consultation of these early documents information of the greatest value may be acquired respecting the true manners of those times.† But as soon as history once more appeared on the scene at the revival of letters, romance, which had so long usurped her place, could only be considered as an intruder, a noxious parasite, exercising a very sinister influence on healthy literature, by seducing the reader's time that would otherwise have been devoted to historical study. We should be careful to tear the mask from those works which have no *history* except in their title-page, whose authenticity, notwithstanding, is ingeniously and playfully defended by their authors with as much seriousness as a droll casuist would eulogize the plague, the better to show off his own talents. And we should stand on our guard equally against works assuming the name of *novels*, and yet abusing their licence of circulating historic fictions by laying claim to and arguing for their veracity in tedious introductory dissertations.

Still, without perverting history, without metamorphosing it into fable or romance, without, on the other hand, writing on some system and in defence of a particular set of political and religious prejudices, it is surely possible to describe in a dramatic manner the opinions and deeds of men in past ages, and that too without donning the tragic buskin or sounding the trumpet of the tournament or the war-charge.

Can we not borrow from romance its method of arrangement and its pleasant, easy, and unaffected style of diction, instead of adopting, what is too frequent with historians, the musty language of a pedantic professor addressing his scholars, and introducing obscure but erudite commentaries that serve less to enlighten the reader than to flatter the author's sagacity. History has hence become a dry and compulsory study, whereas it should have been a pursuit full of attractions. Another evil, arising partly from the jejune and over-laboured style of real histories, partly from the immense number of romances with

* This may, perhaps, be considered as a sufficient answer to the unmeasured attacks so constantly directed by the "Quarterly Review" against the literature of France, especially that very violent one in the last number. We shall refer to the subject in a separate article.

† The romances, novelles, and fabliaux of these times often give more exact notions of the manners and political condition of people than one can obtain from consulting the Latin chronicles.—See Raynouard: *Choix de Poésie originale des Troubadours.*

which literature has been deluged, is the publication of numerous historic abridgments or *résumés*, in which the events "come like shadows to depart," like figures in a magic lantern, and are still more easily obliterated from the memory.* Too often does the reader, after passing days and nights of false enjoyment in reading historical romances, hastily glance at the abridged history of a period whose most trifling events have, he flatters himself, been described in his favourite volumes, and conclude with the self-satisfaction of being an accomplished historian.

Every one knows that romance † had no existence in the best ages of ancient literature; its place was nobly supplied by epic poetry and history, and the latter borrowed, with exquisite taste, from epic poetry and the drama whatever suited its purpose:—thus closely were the three allied and mutually dependent on each other. It is indeed this dramatic form given to history by the ancient writers which has given it that lively and continued interest which is its highest recommendation.

Perhaps, then, from this eulogy some persons may take leave to object that modern history is not able to furnish the same degree of continued interest, as the history of antiquity. It may be so. But still modern history has a peculiar attraction, often arising from melancholy associations, for those who love their country; and it is the adoption of this dramatic style of the ancient historians that will heighten the charm. M. de Barante has succeeded in giving us an example of this style without the servility of imitation; for his language, which is decidedly French, *comme au bon temps*, unites with the *naive* and delightful originality of our long-lost friend De Froissart, all the learning of more modern days, and the vivid imaginations of a vast mind fully able to give being to its conceptions; and by scattering in bounteous showers the treasures of his intellect on inert matter, he gives to it a vitality at once beautiful and inextinguishable. Our author's style, flowing, captivating, and admirably dramatic, carries us along with him, and transports us at once, by magic, into the scene in which his *dramatis personæ* are acting. In fine, his History of the Dukes of Burgundy and of the House of Valois is, in every point of view, a master-piece of historic composition; and its appearance forms an important era in the history of general literature. Indeed this work, so beautiful and attractive that the most fascinating novels are thrown into the shade by its splendour, may be said, without the use of a metaphor, to present to our view an historical gallery of animated personages *(de tableaux parlants)*, all pourtrayed with the most astonishing correctness.

M. de Barante has chosen his subject with admirable judgment, because he believed that epoch of modern history to be particularly

* It is evident that works of this vague description oblige their compilers at every moment to cut the knot which they cannot untie. We are of opinion that abridgments ought not to serve instead of histories; and, if it be objected that time would not suffice for the perusal of detailed histories, we answer that it is better to know perfectly the history of our own and a neighbouring country than to acquire vague and false notions about every country on the face of the earth.

† We do not intend to make a play of words on the word *roman*, nor to make a dissertation on the subject, after the example of the celebrated Huet, bishop of Avranches.

rich in events highly interesting, not only to the people of France, but also to the English and Flemish, more especially as, in fact, the history of the Dukes of Burgundy, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is equally that of the three nations just mentioned. The two former were, during this period, constantly at strife and waging deadly warfare for the superiority; while the Flemings, on their side, defended their liberties with all the fury of despair. The struggle between the two first was long and terrible; the struggles of the latter, though of shorter duration, are considered as some of the most bloody and disastrous recorded in the history of the world. It was the period also when that liberty, which now illumines us with its expansive light like a mighty conflagration, was first dawning on the world, the epoch of transition from the middle ages to modern times; and on these accounts the study of its events is of the highest importance to the present age, as *it is the only key by which the history of later times can be made intelligible.* How painfully interesting, even to us living four or five centuries afterwards, are the transactions of this characteristic age—the age of chivalry and at the same time of discomfort, of vice, and of crime; an age that we have been accustomed to hear called the golden age, in the absence of those documents and historic realities which disclose to us a lamentable depravation of morals in all the conditions of life, and in the higher ranks an assemblage of oppressive and ferocious tyrants extorting all by sword and fire, freely spilling the blood of the feeble and unarmed, and disdaining, with indomitable pride, to employ the mass of the people in the ranks of their armies; a refusal which occasioned those frightful disasters which once nearly destroyed France, and were only repaired by the admission of the people to the privilege of bearing arms in the wars.*

From this period the trustworthy chronicles begin to be more plentiful, written in the language then commonly spoken in the south of France (at once derived from and taking the place of the Latin), and they are infinitely more interesting to us than the Latin chronicles of the middle ages, inasmuch as they exhibit a faithful picture of the characteristic traits of the manners and customs belonging to those times; indeed it would be difficult to find any documents more interesting and more graphic than the simple and naïve annals of the chroniclers in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, whose recitals reveal to us an infinite variety of things at once curious and highly important. These chronicles, however, are voluminous, and quite out of the reach of ordinary readers; indeed, they are only to be found in the collections of the curious and in the public libraries. We are happy to say that M. de Barante, without sacrificing his character for originality, generally follows the guidance of Froissart and others of these ingenious writers of the earliest historic period.

If the history of France has not been hitherto sufficiently popular, the cause of this unpopularity is to be sought not in the matter; the

* The disasters of the French in the wars in which the English reaped so much glory on the fields of Creçi, Poictiers, and Azincourt, were attributable to the want of a body of native archers. A body of French bowmen was first established by Charles VII. who finally expelled the English from France.

fault lies rather with the various writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose object would seem to have been not so much to write a true history as to bend facts at will to make them square with their own opinions. Thus we have had successively, according to the dominant interest—first, the prejudiced quasi-narratives of historians who, actuated by the base motive of obtaining a pension from the sovereign, have panegyrized the jus divinum and absolute legitimacy, while they make the people, the mass of the nation, to enact the part of a worthless herd, mere tools in the hands of the despot; secondly, we had the history of theologians who call on nations and kings to grovel in the dust before the Romish throne of incarnate infallibility; and lastly, we had the dogmatisms of the soi-disant philosophers who allowed none but themselves to be true historians, and blinded the people while pretending to give them a blaze of light, and who carried their rash speculations to excesses which caused the blood to flow in torrents, which overwhelmed both the philosophers and the people.

Happily, our own age does justice to all these systems; and if there be any bias on the part of living historians, it is not that of panegyrizing monarchy, popery, or philosophy; it is rather in favour of political economy, which, in our opinion, is allowed to take too wide a range and to hold too high an importance, even at the expense of dramatic narration. Notwithstanding this defect, however, we find in France a greater proportion of excellent and admirable historians than at any former time; and we may name Sismondi, Guizot, Villemain, Thierry, and Mignet as furnishing a glorious proof of what we have thus publicly asserted in favour of the literature of France in the present day. Still it is somewhat curious that none except the far-famed Sismonde de Sismondi, whose work is still incomplete, has written a history of France, unless we reckon the few fragments in M. de Barante's work, comprising rather less than two centuries of the modern history, and only one of the literature. France, however, will be content to take the historian of the dukes of Burgundy as its Herodotus. Let him write an entire history on the same plan, and his countrymen will no longer have cause to envy the Greeks and Romans, so long respected as the great masters in this kind of composition.

Want of space prevents us from making any lengthened extracts from M. de Baranti's admirable work, but we cannot refrain from quoting his account of the battle of Rosebeque, which will serve as a specimen of his graphic and brilliant style.

"Meanwhile Artavelde was preparing himself with the presumptuous hope of vanquishing the French; a foolish enterprise, as the bad season and all kinds of misery which must necessarily be endured by these knights, would destroy their forces without the need of a battle. It was then with great satisfaction that they saw the enemy approach. This great army of 60,000 men was less terrible to them than the rains of winter. The two armies encamped opposite to each other at Rosebeque between Yprès and Courtray. Preparations for battle were made on both sides. Artavelde, on the eve of the battle, invited his officers to supper, and addressed them as fol-

lows :—Comrades in arms, my hope is, that to-morrow we shall have a busy day, for the king of France is here at Rosebeque eager for the fray. Behave as loyal men. Be not dismayed ; for recollect that we are to defend our good right and the freedom of Flanders. The English, it is true, have not succoured us. What then ! we shall have the more honour ; for, if they had come, they would have deprived us of our renown. The whole flower of France is with the king, and he has left none behind. Tell the soldiers to kill all and grant no quarter. The king only must be spared, for he is but a boy and may be pardoned. We will take him to Ghent and teach him Flemish. All others—dukes, earls, barons—whatever their rank, kill all. The commons of France will not be displeased with us, nay, I am well assured that they will be glad if not a single one returns. The captains assured Artavelde of their good will, and he retired to his tent with his mistress, a damsel of Ghent, whom he had brought with him to the field. While the general was asleep, this young girl, not being able to close her eyes in slumber, went out of the tent to gaze on the starry heavens. She beheld in the distance the flames and smoke of the French camp fires, and thought she heard on the eminence that separated the two armies a clang of arms and the old war-cry, "Monjoie et St. Denis." Terrified, she awakened Artavelde, who hastily dressed, took his battle-axe, convinced himself of the fact, and caused his trumpet to be sounded. The Flemings awoke and crowded to his tent for orders. He asked whether they had heard the sound on the hill. Several captains answered in the affirmative, and that they had sent scouts to reconnoitre, but had found nothing, and that therefore they had been unwilling to disturb the repose of the camp by a vain alarm. All regarded it as a prodigy, and that the spirits of darkness were rejoicing in the prospect of the morrow and the prey they would obtain. The Flemish were dismayed by the supernatural occurrence, and lost all confidence.

"The morning opened with a thick fog, which veiled the two armies, and prevented each from seeing the other. Artavelde soon left his encampment, and advanced on the hill at the head of the men of Ghent, on whom he placed more reliance than on the rest. Each town had its banner, and its soldiers were dressed in its peculiar uniform. The bands of trades carried each their ensigns, all well armed in iron head-pieces, buff jerkins, and vombraces, bearing spears, heavy cutlasses, and maces. Artavelde ordered them to march in close order against the enemy, as at the battle of Bruges, which had so inflated their pride, and to intertwine their arms so as not to allow the enemy to penetrate their ranks. A page marched near Artavelde and led a fleet charger, which he was to mount in order to be the first in the pursuit of the routed French.

"The French were also in high spirits, and the constable, approaching the king and raising his visor, said, "Sir, rejoice. These people are ours. Our yeomen would be enough to beat them." "Forward then," said the king, "in the name of God and St. Denis." The sacred banner of the oriflamme was unfurled. The only battle between Christians in which it had floated. But the pope Clement of

Avignon had allowed it, because the Flemings took part with the pope Urban of Rome, and were regarded as heretics. Scarcely was the oriflamme unfolded to the breeze, when the sun began to disperse the fog, a circumstance attributed by the French to the miraculous virtue of this holy banner, which they believed to have fallen from the skies. Some also saw a white dove hovering over the king. In short, all things contributed to inspire them with courage and confidence. Before the fight began the duke of Burgundy, desirous of sparing the blood of his future subjects, once more sent a herald to propose a surrender, on condition of supplying a half-year's pay to the French army. Scarcely had the Flemish heard the herald's message read than they cried with one accord that they had right on their side, and they would maintain their ancient chartered privileges. On these conditions only could they listen to terms: their cause they committed to the justice of God.

"Seeing the Flemish advancing in a close column, the constable disposed his army so as to surround them. Rude was the first onset. They went straight to meet them, descending the hill with such fury that the *corps d'armée*, where the king was posted, wavered on the first shock. But soon the Flemings were attacked and surrounded in flank, and their ranks became disordered. Artavelde fell nearly the first. A horrible massacre ensued. The yeomen followed the knights for pillage, and they despatched with their hangers their fallen enemies. The rout was complete, and the victory cost but little bloodshed to the French.

"Thus was gained on the 29th of November, 1382, this great battle of Rosebeque, which saved the noblesse of France from the cruel lot which threatened them—a battle which may be said to have been gained not only over the Flemings, but over the town of Paris and the commons of France. Artavelde's body was searched for after the fight, and a poor wounded Fleming on the field pointed it out among a number of others of the men of Ghent, who had died fighting by his side. The king and his retinue gazed for a moment on the face of this famous regent of Flanders, and then he was hung on a tree. The Fleming's life was offered him and remedies for his wounds, but he obstinately refused to survive his lamented captain."

THE DECLARATION.

"My charmer! I could die for thee,
If thou would'st only live for me."
"Ah! do!" replies the dark-eyed elf,
"I never liked to die myself."

FINE ARTS.

THE LOUVRE IN 1836.—PAINTINGS.

In visiting the *Salon* this year we were agreeably surprised by finding that it contained a much larger proportion of historical and national paintings than we had noticed on any previous occasion. Far be it from us to contest the well-earned meed of praise accorded to those smaller pictures entitled *Tableaux de Genre*. Nevertheless we cannot but consider that the principal advantage derived by the public from annual exhibitions is in having imaged to their view speaking sages of our own history, together with that of the world at large, both in past and present ages.

In France such exhibitions are national, and admittance consequently is gratuitous, all classes of people indiscriminately visiting them; and in truth it is a field whereon to contemplate, not works of art alone, but likewise the peculiar characteristics which stamp those numerous and smiling groups of *bourgeois* and artisans whom it delights us to behold expressing with such artless *naiveté* their various emotions whether of pleasure or disapprobation. Fine historic pieces, depicting victories, calamities, or deeds of patriotic virtue in all its varied hues, are surely calculated in the highest degree to ennoble and instruct the multitude, or to stimulate ardent minds to deeds of like renown: let them then rank high as a medium for the conveyance of some of the first moral lessons that a nation can receive—lessons which frequently impart a far deeper impression than the perusal of volumes, whilst amongst the uneducated poor they constitute almost their sole study, and would undoubtedly, if ably directed, be of immense influence in forming the national character.

As you emerge from the splendid stair-case of this splendid suite of galleries, the picture that soonest gains your attention is the last production of a great painter, snatched, alas! but too early from his noble career. The "Fishermen" of Leopold Robert is a painting of the highest order; it attracts and captivates the spectator, and would alone form an exhibition, for it is a *chef d'œuvre!* Above it is "The Battle of the Pyramids," by Baron Gros, who stands forth as the head of a particular school, that has produced many of the first artists of the present day. Baron Gros, after a long life crowned with success and renown, at length, like Leopold Robert, his young *énuile* has terminated his career, and himself put an end to his existence, without even a parting farewell to his numerous friends and pupils. We follow the crowd till we are opposite to a picture executed by M. Hesse, "Leonardo di Vinci restoring Freedom to Birds." The subject is happily chosen, executed in a masterly style, and brings us back to the time when this prince of artists flourished. H. Vernet has not done himself justice in the four battle scenes that he has given us this year. Mr. Condet, in his "Battle of Lawfeldt," has been more successful. All the poetry of the composition rests in that noble sentiment of Louis XV. who, in pointing out to his principal prisoner the villages in flames, exclaims, "M. Le Comte il n'y a pas

de paix qui ne valut mieux qu'une telle victoire." The victor lamenting his victory. M. Léon Cogniet's "Departure of the National Guards of Paris for the Frontiers, in 1792," is well worthy of attention. In this excellent picture the artist supports his reputation as one of the very first historical painters of which Europe can boast. Charlet, the witty caricaturist, gives us in an episode of the retreat from Russia a sad but salutary lesson on human vicissitudes. C. Roqueplan, who has numerous pictures at the exhibition, still continues to maintain his well-earned reputation. Messrs. Jolivard, Coignet, Courst, Dupressoir, E. Isaby, and Leportevin, have given us some valuable proofs of talent in landscape and marine painting. Portraits are, we regret to add, much too numerous, offering an assemblage of insipid and unknown likenesses which reflect, with few exceptions, little credit either upon the artists or the persons whom they are intended to represent. Amongst the miniature painters, Lequeutre and Madame Merbet undoubtedly rank first. We are disposed to think that the number of pictures in the present exhibition is alarmingly great. What will arise from this profusion of canvas and so numerous a host of artists?

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Memorials of Mrs. Hemans,—By H. F. Chorley, 2 vols. Saunders and Otley

The present generation—gainsay it who will—is more barren in real poetry than any within the last 200 years. Up to the present time from the commencement of the Stuart dynasty, England has been able to boast of some poet actively engaged in his vocation and worthy of the veneration of his contemporaries. Alas! it is not so now. Wordsworth, Campbell, and More, as poets, are dead to us; John Wilson and J. Montgomery seem contented with their fame already won; and we have none on whose head we can fairly place the poetic prize of the cap and bays. Alas! how do these thoughts calls us back to the sweet warblings of dear Mrs. Hemans, who united to so exquisite a degree the most philosophic and fervent piety with the true spirit of poetry. Her memory is entwined with so many beautiful recollections of youth, and with so many passages of romance in real life, that it would be an act of the basest ingratitude to forget the claims of her 'memorials' to a public and favourable notice. Those of our readers who are acquainted with her exalted genius as a mistress of song will not think us enthusiastic in this imperfect expression of our sentiments. An outline of her history may not be unacceptable.

Felicia Brown,—for such was her maiden name,—was born at Liverpool in 1794, but at the early age of five years was removed with her family into Denbighshire in North Wales, where she lived till the time of her marriage with Captain Hemans, which happened when she was eighteen. By this gentleman she had five children; but shortly before the birth of the last a separation took place, owing partly perhaps to the delicacy of her husband's health—partly to the want of congeniality in their intellectual dispositions. Till the year 1828 Mrs. Hemans remained in Wales, when she removed to Wavertree near Liverpool; and here she resided till 1831. In the summer of 1829 she visited Scotland, and, besides being honoured with the attentions of other men of letters in modern Athens was treated with the greatest hospitality by Sir Walter Scott:—in the following year she visited the lakes and met with a kind reception from Wordsworth. In the early part of 1831 she removed to

Dublin, where she resided till her death, harassed by the pecuniary difficulties consequent on the maintenance of her family, and by her anxiety for the establishment of her sons. Sir Robert Peel in 1835 (too late, alas!—for disease had already taken too firm a hold of Mrs. Hemans's system) procured a public situation for one of her sons:—and this act of kindness, no doubt, soothed the last few months of her life. She continued to be a poetess even to the last. We give her closing moments in Mr. Chorley's own words!

"On the 26th day of April, she closed her poetical career, by dictating the Sabbath Sonnet, which will be read and remembered as long as her name is loved and cherished. From this time she sank away gently but steadily; still able to derive pleasure from being occasionally read to; and on Tuesday the 12th of May, still able to read for herself a portion of the sixteenth chapter of St. John, her favourite amongst the Evangelists. Nearly the last words she was heard to utter were, on Saturday the 16th of May, to ask her youngest son, then sitting by her bed-side, what he was reading. When he told her the name of the book, she said, "Well, do you like it?" After this she fell into a gentle sleep, which continued almost unbroken till evening; when about the hour of eight or nine, her spirit passed away without a sigh or a struggle." So died Felicia Hemans.

In the last year were published "Personal Recollections of Mrs. Hemans"—and the volumes here noticed may be considered as the *suite* of their predecessors, and a consequence of their favourable reception. We dwell on these portions of Mrs. Hemans's correspondence with the greatest pleasure; and to those who can relish the correspondence of a real child of nature (for such we shall still consider her, in spite of those who would rake up her failings) we can recommend these volumes as containing treasures of no ordinary value. Without profaneness we trust that we may say:—'though dead, she yet speaketh.'

Mr. Chorley gives us an account of some of the passages in Mrs. Hemans's early years, and they are so interesting that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of laying a portion before our readers.

"As a child Mrs. Hemans was an object almost of devotion, for her extreme beauty; her complexion was remarkably brilliant—her hair long, curling, and golden;—in the latter years of her life its hue deepened into brown, but it remained silken, and profuse, and wavy, to the last. She was one of those, too, who may be said to be born and nurtured in the midst of prophecies. Who can tell how little or how much impression passing words carelessly spoken may make upon one so sensitive?—One lady incautiously observed, in her hearing, 'That child is not made for happiness, I know; her colour comes and goes too fast.' She never forgot this remark, and would mention it as having caused her much pain at the time when it was spoken.

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"The plan of these memorials has precluded the possibility of a close enquiry into the domestic history of these years—and I regret that I cannot enrich my pages with a few anecdotes of her youth, such as I well remember Mrs. Hemans's telling, which have now vexatiously escaped from memory. One or two characteristic notices, however, in addition to the above, have collected themselves. From one lady—who was surprised into tears upon meeting her unexpectedly in society, and contrasting her somewhat faded but expressive features with the girlish beauty she had admired many years before—I have learned that the interest excited by her talents and attractions, when quite a child, was remarkable; not merely in her own family, but likewise among those who, from their sober years and habits, might hardly be expected to sympathize much with the flights and fancies of a young genius, however beautiful. * * * * * * *

"When Miss Browne was little more than five years of age, domestic embarrassments, arising from the failure of the mercantile concern in which her father was engaged, led him to remove his family from Liverpool to North Wales.

The house in which she passed the greatest part of her childhood was precisely such a one as from its situation and character would encourage the developement of her poetic fancies. Grwych (now partially ruined) is not far from Abergele in Denbighshire; a solitary, old, and spacious mansion—lying close to the sea shore, and in front shut in by a chain of rocky hills. * * She loved to contrast the fancies born within and around its precincts, with the realities of her after lot; she would say that, though she was never ambitious, could she then have foreseen the fame to which she was destined to rise, the anticipation would have excited a thrill of pleasure, such as the possession had never awakened. She was early a reader of Shakspeare; and, by way of securing shade and freedom from interruption, used to climb an apple-tree, and there study his plays; nor had she long made familiar friendship with his 'beings of the mind,' before she was possessed with the temporary desire —so often born of an intense delight and appreciation—of personifying them. It is remarkable that her fancy led her to prefer the characters of Imogen and Beatrice; nor were her favourites without strong points of resemblance to herself—the one in its airy sentiment tempered with sweet and faithful affection —the other in its brilliant wit redeemed by high-mindedness from sarcasm or vulgarity—so early were her tastes, and personal feelings, and mental gifts identified. The sea-shore was her forest of Ardennes: and she loved its loneliness and freedom well: it was a favourite freak of hers, when quite a child, to get up privately, after careful attendants had fancied her safe in bed, and, making her way down to the water-side, to indulge herself with a stolen bath. The sound of the ocean, and the melancholy sights of wreck and ruin, which follow a storm, made an indelible impression upon her mind, and gave their colouring and imagery—

A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea—

to many of the lyrics, which were written when she began to trust to her own impulses, and to draw upon her own stores, instead of more timidly resting under the shadow of mighty names.

"Those who are born poets, will find food for the desire within them, under the most ungenial circumstances, and in the midst of the harshest trials —just as the real lover of flowers will contrive not to be without a leaf or a bud, wherewith to cheer his eye, though his home be the most airless court in the heart of a vast city. To some, persecution and difficulty are salutary, and their energy must be aroused by resistance. Mrs. Hemans was not one of these. I have often thought that there could be few lots more favourable to the development of imagination and sentiment, more calculated to excite a thirst for knowledge, than hers,—her own peculiar disposition being taken into the account. Enough was granted to encourage,—enough withheld to quicken aspiration."

There are several highly interesting letters to Mr. Milman, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford and others of her own taste in literature,—and many others, besides, that we would fain lay before the reader; but we must forbear:—the limited space of our literary notices will not permit us to notice these delightful books more at length.

If the love of poetry be not altogether gone,—if the sweet recollection of Mrs. Hemans's muse has not faded from the memory of those who read these remarks, these volumes will not want readers.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness,—a discourse suggested by the death of Mr. Rothschild, By John Styles, D.D. 8vo. pp. 32. Ward.

It is well if the death of a person who made his whole life and moral being the slave of avarice, can be turned to account as a moral lesson. Much has been said of the political influence of the late capitalist not only in England, but on the continent. On this matter we question not the truth of those who testify to the fact. We regard the whole at present in a moral point of

view. If we are rightly informed, Mr. Rothschild came from Manchester or Liverpool, many years ago, as a poor man, and became connected with some monied house in the city—in which and by private ventures he gained a sufficient sum to enter on speculations for himself. His further history, which soon became connected with the turbulent period of our history in the French war—we have no means of ascertaining. That war, at any rate, was mainly instrumental in raising him to that pinnacle of golden glory to which he was afterwards exalted. Mr. Rothschild was not a proud man—except on one point: the pride of the capitalist never rose higher in any one than in him, the acknowledged sovereign of the British money-market. That pride should have been engendered, under such circumstances, is not matter of surprise. Without reproaching the dead, we may fairly derive a moral lesson from the errors of humanity.

Dr. Styles's sermon (from Luke xvi. 9, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness") is worthy of the talents of that minister (who by the way has been rather hardly used by many members of his connexion), and shows very well the folly of covetousness, the abuse of money in the hands of the unrighteous, and its right use when committed to those who hold it in stewardship from God. It does not fall within the province of a magazine of general literature to notice the theological part of the sermon : but we may fairly make an extract or two in which the great capitalist is introduced.

In the introduction the reverend gentleman observes :

"Death, under whatever circumstances it occurs, is always monitory—but its visitation is seldom known beyond the narrow circle of private affection and friendship. It is only at long intervals that his awful voice passes the boundaries of a province, and is heard by a nation and a world. And even in such instances it rather produces surprise than sympathy. Princes and nobles, while they live, fill a large space before the eyes of mankind ; their death therefore becomes a subject of universal observation, but it nearly affects only the privileged few of their own rank and order,—they alone feel themselves struck at in the person of their illustrious compeer. If ever society at large is disposed to listen to the *memento mori* with salutary effect, it is when death selects for his victim an individual equally linked with all its classes. This of course must be an event of rare occurrence, and ought not to be suffered to pass unheeded and unimproved.

"The great capitalist, who is now no more, belonged to the whole civilized world. Mammon might have chosen him for his high priest, had he been as selfish as he was successful. As a man of business, and one of the people, he had more than a monarch's power. The peace of Europe was in his hands, and one cause alone invested him with this strange prerogative—and that cause was money. As cupidity, covetousness, the love of wealth is the universal passion, and as in the instance of Mr. Rothschild it received boundless gratification, his death in the midst of his riches, and at a time when he possessed the capacity of enjoying them to the utmost, may at least induce the busy throng who now imagine that the grand impediment to the success of their selfish speculations is removed, to pause for a moment and to ask themselves, whether it is wisdom to follow his example, or to listen to the voice of the Son of God which addresses them from his tomb. And they, too, who are happily in little danger of being hurried into the grand vortex which drowns so many in perdition, but who in some way or other are brought in daily contact with money, as a test of principle, and a means of duty, would do well to ponder the same counsel now so seasonable, and rendered so peculiarly impressive by the solemn event which has thrown the whole world of Mammon into a fever of confusion and excitement."

After the development of the text and the deduction of the various moral lessons suggested by unrighteous mammon,—in the third part of his discourse, the preacher introduces the following notice of Mr. Rothschild with its moral.

"All will admit that such a man as Nathan Meyer Rothschild, should not

be suffered to pass unnoticed to his grave. In what I have said, and in what I mean to say, I neither insinuate commendation nor censure. As Christians, we can form no just estimate of his character by our peculiar standards of excellence. But the fact of his belonging to the Hebrew nation, I confess, was one inducement which led me to announce my intention of impressing upon this congregation the lessons which are suggested by his sudden removal from a world where he held a station so conspicuous and so influential. I never think of a Jew but I feel a glow of shame mantling in my cheeks; though it is some relief to me to know that in England this insulted and degraded people have for many generations not only found a refuge but a home, and I trust that the day is not far distant when they will enjoy all the civil privileges of Britons. Discharging the obligations, they are equally with ourselves entitled to the honours which the state confers upon good citizens and good subjects. And throughout the civilized world, it is some consolation to feel that a Jew is no longer an outcast from social humanity. But oh the dismal past, the heart-rending scenes of other times! It is no apology for the unparalleled wrongs inflicted upon them by professed Christians and Christian governments, as they have been impiously called—that this oppressed race threw a halo of glory around their sufferings, and that the flames of the *auto-da-fé* purified them into heroes and martyrs.* It is, in truth, a glaring aggravation of the guilt of their remorseless persecutors. What a foul blot is their history on the annals of Christendom! Century after century consigned them to hopeless wretchedness. They had none to plead their cause on earth, and their only advocate in heaven they had despised and rejected—yet, if his voice could have been heard in the church which professed to reverence his character and to follow his example, a Jew would have been the object of its sympathy, of its prayers, of its compassion. I trust the time will come when the descendants of Abraham will be taught to distinguish between Christianity, and the spoliators and murderers who so long assumed and profaned th Christian name. O! that they knew that no part of the miseries under which their fathers groaned can in justice be charged upon that blessed religion which proclaims peace on earth and good-will to men! The savages that persecuted them to the death were not, could not be, the followers of the meek, the merciful, the holy Jesus. I shall be pardoned this brief digression, and you will prolong your attention a few moments—while, in pointing to the tomb of the great capitalist who has just departed, I contrast the triumph of death with the triumph of mammon. How the one is tarnished and disgraced before the other! And is this all that the world can do for its most devoted worshippers, to mock them with possessions which have no reality! The grave is always instructive. But there lies the man of many millions: years of anxiety were spent in their accumulation; and to increase them, and at the same time to show the power of their possessor, at his bidding a panic shook the whole commercial world to the centre; at his bidding, too, the agitation was hushed into a calm, but not till a thousand wrecks were scattered at his feet. But in his turn the mighty is fallen—in vain was the golden sceptre of Mammon held forth to soothe or to menace that enemy who is neither to be bribed nor intimidated, who is armed with terrors, and who has all the wealth that individuals have amassed, from Crœsus to Rothschild, under his supreme control. In the presence of the god, death claimed and bore away his victim, but left his wealth to be dissipated till at length not a vestige of it shall remain. It has been the fate of all large accumulations gradually and imperceptibly to diminish, or suddenly to vanish away. We cannot visit the shining heaps of Crœsus: if they exist, they bear no mark that they were ever his. Thelluson's immense fortune is dissolving like snow before the sun; and of Rothschild's, in a century, or even in a few years, it may be enquired, Where is it?

* "When driven from Spain by the cruel edict of Ferdinand and Isabella, the sufferings of the Jews were only equalled by their heroic fortitude. Milman's narrative is most touching and affecting."

and echo will answer, Where? It would well become the living Mammon to put on sackcloth and ashes, and to mourn over the ravages of death, who not only compels the children of this world to abandon their possessions, but secretly smites their possessions too; so that they often disappear, no man can tell whither. All that can be affirmed of them is—they were, and are not.

"But death, as the antagonist of Mammon, triumphs over him most signally when he arrests his most successful votary in the midst of his increasing riches, and in the moment of his greatest power. It is then that we perceive that his worshippers are his victims; that he rewards not with wealth, but with a miserable and abject poverty—such poverty as the light of eternity alone can reveal in all its wretchedness, in all its horror.

"How brief, how humbling, is the record of mortality in the gospel! "The beggar died"—"the rich man also died,"—with what addition? "and was buried." This was the only earthly difference between them. The mighty change was in the other life. The beggar was rich in Abraham's bosom; and the rich man's poverty was so deep, that Mammon could not afford him pelf enough to purchase a drop of water to "cool his parched tongue." How common is the phrase, "He died immensely rich!" but, if the Scriptures be true, how often is this an entire perversion of language! No man dies rich who goes naked, impoverished, and friendless into eternity. If he has no treasure there, what he possessed here can avail him nothing. The day of a rich man's death is the day of his failure. What a sensation would it have created in the exchanges of all the nations of Europe, if six months ago it had been announced that Baron Rothschild had failed! It would have affected the monied world a thousand times more deeply than the announcement of his death.

"Yet at that moment, as regarded all the immense wealth he had accumulated, he was reduced to utter destitution and beggary; and, unless smiling immortals awaited to welcome and receive his departing spirit, he has left no wretch on earth so forlorn and miserable as himself. Oh! it is not thus that death triumphs over Christian faith and hope; the faith and hope sustained and illustrated by Christian love—that holy charity which, by its active and perpetual diffusiveness, lays up for itself treasures in heaven."

Popular Songs of the Germans, with Explanatory Notes by W. Klauer Klattowski, 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

We had occasion some months ago to notice Professor Klauer as a gentleman who has done the state some service by his literary and educational talent. His German manual is an exceedingly good book, and is decidedly the best of all the books for teaching German in this country:—but we are doubtful how far any work of whatever talent can succeed in teaching that noble but not easy language, and this opinion is grounded on an acquaintance with the German language and its literature of several years' standing, and on the teaching of language in general. Indeed we do not think that the author so far forgets his own interest as a teacher, as to wish for his work all the success for which the title is ambitious. Our advice to those of our readers who wish to learn German, is to buy M. Klauer's manual and engage the author to illustrate and explain it.

M. Klauer's new work is quite of a different character from that before noticed. It is the first volume of a series intended to comprise the poetical anthology of Germany, dear Germany, whose poetry brings back to recollection so many hours of social enjoyment, in those days when life had not been "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The present volume contains a collection of the most popular songs of Germany; and though it may have omitted some which are consecrated to the memory by early associations, it contains a large proportion which we can never forget for "auld lang syne." We instance particularly Stolberg's "Lob der Freundschaft;" Göthe's "Huntsman's Even-song;" and "der König in Thule" by the same; but it

is no use to go on with the enumeration of Schiller's lighter pieces, and the songs of Bürger, Herder, and other votaries of the German muse. Suffice it here to say, that this is a very good selection.

The songs of Germany are really *poetry*. Can an equal compliment be paid to those of England, France, and Italy? Surely not.

We hope that the encouragement with which this elegantly accoutred little volume has met from his many titled friends and true—will induce its learned and very amiable compiler to proceed cheerfully in his work.

Report and Prize-list of the Edinburgh Academy for 1836. 8vo. pp. 39. Black.

Within the last twenty years, a great improvement has taken place in the system of school-education. In our own school-boy days the public schools of this country, proceeded on mere routine and were properly called grammar-schools; as grammar, dead formal grammar of dead languages, formed the alpha and omega of the instruction. Happy the youth who after undergoing the wholesome discipline of birch and grammar for eight or nine years, was able to read and understand the beauties of a classic author. Every thing else in these schools was looked on with supreme contempt. The plans of such schools are now altered—not before they had become the object of ridicule to all intelligent men:—but, never mind, they are altered and for the better. Boys are not stuffed with grammar, like turkeys with meal, and it is not thought necessary to keep a poor wight one or two years poring over his grammar, ere he is called to construe a book in Latin. It is not now the rule to make all boys invariably Latin poets, nor to make them recite Latin poetry without understanding it. Better plans are now adopted:—the students' faculties are called into operation, they are no longer treated as machines, but as thinking beings capable of intellectual training. The principles of grammar are now taught as well as its forms, and a mass of illustration is presented by the contemporaneous reading of classical writers under the superintendence of an intelligent teacher. Besides this, Latin and Greek do not now monopolize the students' time in our public schools. Eton, Winchester, Charter-house, and St. Paul's, are we believe the only places that retain the old prejudices in favour of exclusive classical instruction. Harrow, Rugby, Shrewsbury, and Westminster, have conceded to the general demand for general instruction; and in these and other foundation schools, History, Geography, Arithmetic, and Mathematics, take their turn with Greek and Latin. In some, even French is taught, and in one or two instances, we have heard of German. This is as it should be. We do not join in the cry of the ultra-reformers, who would sink the classics altogether; we know that such studies have a tendency to form a correctly-thinking mind and have a great influence in forming a literary taste, and therefore we should not wish to see them abandoned, nor do we wish the higher orders of instructors to succumb to the fancies of radical educationists. Let there be a fair mingling of classical and general instruction: let the dead languages hold an important station; but at the same time, let a fair allotment of time be devoted to what is usually considered as belonging to *general* education—Geography, History, and the pure and mixed sciences.

It is because we think that the great requisites of a good *curriculum* of school-training are combined in the Edinburgh Academy, that we submit the following abstract from the Rector's report to the notice of our readers. At the same time we do not mean to insinuate that this establishment is better conducted than *any* south of the Tweed, though we fully concede to it the honour of being *one* of the very best conducted of the three kingdoms. Those of our readers who are parents will be interested by the perusal of the report, which proceeds as follows:—

"I still hold that the intellectual powers are best called into action, and strengthened, by a careful cultivation of the sciences of Number, Geometry,

and Grammar, and that sound education consists in placing these instrumental arts completely at the command of the pupil. The first two, present him with the key which will unlock to him the secret laws of the material world, the wonderful arrangements according to which the universe moves on in harmony and order; while the latter is the only door, through which an entrance can be obtained, into the still more glorious edifice of the human mind, and to the principles of language, without which there would be no communicable nor transmitted science of mind. Grammar is the only foundation for logic itself, without which man is a continual dupe to every fallacy, and utterly unable to pass a sound judgment on any question of law or moral philosophy, or on the revelation of God's will, whether communicated in the ample page of the material creation, or in the more easily understood revelation by words.

"Perhaps the Directors are not aware of the extent of a delusion, under which some persons labour, about the course of studies pursued at the Academy. It is affirmed from day to day, and with a pertinacity which defies contradiction, that in our Establishment nothing but the classics are studied, and that almost our exclusive attention is devoted to them. In answer to these erroneous statements, I place before the Directors the following Table of the Weekly Studies in the several Classes:—

First and Second Classes—Latin 14¼ hours—other studies 14.
Third Class—Latin and Greek, 20 hours—other studies 11.
Fourth Class—Latin and Greek, 17 hours—other studies 12½
Fifth Class—Latin and Greek, 17½ hours—other studies 12½
Sixth Class—Latin and Greek, 14 hours—other studies 15
Seventh Class—Latin and Greek, 17 hours—other studies 13

"From this statement it will be seen, what a considerable portion of the whole time is devoted to other studies than Greek and Latin; and when we take into consideration that all is done according to time tables, which prevent the possibility of one study being sacrificed to another, the charge of our exclusive devotion to the classics must appear utterly groundless. Indeed, the wonder is, how it can be expected that our pupils, compelled as they are to perform the whole work of the Academy, without dispensing with any department, can be expected to compete with pupils, whose time has been exclusively, or almost exclusively, devoted to classical studies. This is particularly the case with the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Classes, where the proportion between the time allowed and the expected proficiency of the Pupils, is one which, I am certain, would alarm the most self-confident classical master of the day.

"In the mean time, I have no cause to complain, and can conscientiously declare, that the whole School is in every department in a healthy state, and under a wholesome course of instruction. I have prepared my own classes for an examination on paper,—the only real test of the scholarship of a class.

"Mr. Wood has continued to give us great assistance, and to superintend the English department with unwearied zeal and proportionate success.

"As the Silver Medal in the Seventh Class will be given to the pupil who will pass the best examination on paper in Algebra and Geometry, it will be necessary for the Directors to ask some qualified person to draw up the necessary questions, and examine the answers.

"The range of study which the class has accomplished during the year, and on which the pupils are prepared to be examined, is as follows:—

"1. In Pure Geometry.

"Frequent Revisals of the first Four Books of Euclid, and the Sixth Book for the first time.

"Many Exercises strictly Geometrical have been prescribed and performed in the Class-room. "2. In Trigonometry.

"The different Trigonometrical Lines, as given in the Tables, have been fully explained, and some of them calculated. Right Angled and Oblique Angled Triangles in all the different cases have been solved, and a great number of

Problems in which Trigonometry is applied to Surveying, the Mensuration of inaccessible Heights and Distances, &c. have been solved. The use of Logarithms comes under this part of the course; their nature and application were explained, and great dexterity in the use of them, has been acquired.

"3. In Mensuration.

"All kinds of Plane Surfaces, Regular and Irregular; the different methods of Land-surveying, as far as it could be done without proper instruments, and in the Class-room; also, the method of calculating some of the simple solids.

"4. In Algebra.

"The Elementary Rules, Fractions, the Extraction of Roots, the application of the Binomial Theorem, Proportion, Simple Equations, Quadratic Equations, Cubic Equations (by Cardan's method,) and higher Equations by approximation, Arithmetical and Geometrical Progressions, the Summation of some simple cases of Infinite Sines and Compound Interest.

"*July* 2, 1836. (Signed) John Williams, *Rector.*"

We add a short account of the studies of the different classes.

First Class.*

Latin: Rudiments, with Rules of Syntax and part of the Vocabulary of conjugated Verbs. Delectus. Grammatical Exercises.—*Geography:* The general outlines of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with the particular geography of England and Scotland.—*Scripture Biography.—English:* Simpson's History of Scotland, and recitations of Poetry.—*Arithmetic:* Four rules, Reduction, Addition, and Subtraction of money.

Second Class.

Latin: The Rudiments with the Vocabulary of conjugated Verbs, and the Rules for the Genders of Nouns. Grammatical Exercises. Delectus continued.—*Geography:* The Maps of Europe.—*Scripture Biography.—English:* Simpson's History of England, to the end of the reign of Elizabeth. Recitations.—*Arithmetic:* Compound Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division of Money, and Weights and Measures. The higher division begin Vulgar Fractions.

Third Class.

Latin: Cæsar. Electa ex Ovidio. Grammatical Exercises. Rudiments with the Latin Rules for the Gender of Nouns and Prosody.—*Greek*: Rudiments, to the end of the Verbs. Extracts.—*Scripture Biography.—Geography*: The Map of Europe and Asia.—*English:* Simpson's Roman History, to the end of the first Punic War, and Recitations.—*Arithmetic:* Principles of Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division of Simple and Compound Quantities, Simple Proportion, and Practice.

Fourth Class.

Latin: Virgil's Æneid. Sallust's Catiline. Mair's Introduction, the easier portions. Rudiments, with Rules for Gender and Prosody. Written Exercises in prose and verse.—*Greek:* Extracts. Rudiments.—*Scripture Biography.—Geography:* Africa, North America, and South America, the West Indies, and the Islands in the Pacific Ocean.—*English:* Simpson's History of Greece to the end of the Peloponnesian War. Recitations.—*Arithmetic:* Practice, Simple and Compound Proportion, Interest, and other Commercial Arithmetic.

Fifth Class.

Latin: Virgil's Æneid. Horace. Livy. Rudiments, with Latin Rules for Gender and Quantity.—*Greek:* Xenophon's Anabasis. Homer. Dunbar's Introductory Exercises. Greek Testament, Greek Rudiments, revised. Nu-

* The arrangement of the masters with respect to their classes is different to what is usual in ordinary schools. The masters go up with their classes, so that a boy in his progress from the bottom to the top of the school receives his classical instruction from one master only, till he reaches the fifth class, in and above which he receives his instructions from the rector, assisted by his former master. The assistant master, as soon as he reaches the rector's lowest class, takes the lowest or first class also; when he aids his principal in the sixth, he takes the second also; and when he is assistant master of the seventh, he is master of the third class. The rector regularly examines the different classes at stated periods.

merous Exercises in prose and verse.—*Ancient Geography:* Various Countries of the Roman Empire.—*English:* The first four Books of Milton's Paradise Lost critically read and passages committed to memory.—*Elementary Science by Mr. Wood:* General properties of bodies, cohesion, attraction, gravitation, laws of motion, mechanical powers, mechanical properties of fluids, specific gravity, mechanical properties of air, general effects of heat, chemical attraction, compound parts of atmospheric air, component parts of water.—*Arithmetic:* Vulgar and Decimal Fractions; Extraction of the Square Root.—*Geometry:* The First Book of Euclid's Elements.

SIXTH CLASS.

Latin: Horace's Books, 3d and 4th of the Odes and Epodes. Virgil's Georgics. Livy.—*Greek:* Sandford's Homeric Exercises. Homer's Iliad. Zenophon's Anabasis. Euripedes Medea. Greek Testament, John and Acts. Exercises in Prose and Verse. Greek and Latin.—*Ancient Geography:* Hispania, Gallia, Britannia, Germania, Vindelicia, &c., Italia, Sicilia, and Græcia, to the end of Græcia Propria.—*English:* Shakspeare read and critically examined. Irving's Elements of English Composition read and explained.—*Arithmetic:* Frequent revisals of the Rules taught in the Fourth and Fifth Classes.—*Geometry:* The first four books of Euclid.—*Algebra:* As far as Quadratic Equations.—*French:* The Pupils belonging to this Class are taught French in two divisions, attending three hours a-week. Levizac's Grammar explained. Cours de Littérature read and translated.

SEVENTH CLASS.

Latin: Horace. Epistles and Ars Poetica. Cicero. The Orations. Livy. Tacitus.—*Greek:* Homer. Xenophon's Anabasis. Sophocles. Herodotus. New Testament. Luke's Gospel. Exercises in English, Greek, and Latin, prose and verse.—*Geometry:* First Six Books of Euclid. Trigonometry, as applied to Surveying and Navigation, Mensuration, and Algebra.—*French:* Levizac's Grammar. Cours de Littérature. Plays of Moliére, Racine, &c., read and translated.

We are glad to see that religious education is not altogether neglected in the Edinburgh Academy. Whatever may be said about the introduction of religion into university education, we are quite sure that in a school the inculcation of moral and religious *habits* is absolutely necessary. There are several specimens of Greek, Latin, and English composition, annexed to this report, that are highly creditable to the young men as well as to their instructors.

The Tailors (or "Quadrupeds,") a Tragedy for Warm Weather. In Three Acts. Illustrated with Original Designs by R. Cruikshank. With Introductory Remarks by R. RYAN. Finch, Cornhill.

THIS reprint is beautifully "got up;" the illustrations by Cruikshank are replete with humourous combinations of the grotesque.

Ryans' preface is hit off with considerable tact, and, besides giving an account of the riots at the Haymarket Theatre concerning this piece, it contains a brief life of Foote, and the following graphic description of John Reeve, the fidelity of which portrait all will acknowledge.

"The next representative of Abrahamides, of any note, in London, was John Reeve, who, as a performer of burlesque tragedy, is entitled to the appellation of a leviathan;—'none but himself can be his parallel;' naturally redolent with every variety of broad humour and whimsical fun, he unites each physical requisite necessary to the embodying of all his droll and ludicrous imaginings. Those who have not witnessed his performance of mock tragedy can have but a faint idea of the grotesque. His huge rolling eye,—his broad ungainly figure, assisted by stage costume,—and the succession of absurdities he illustrates in his deportment, must be seen to be appreciated. He is the Gillray, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank of his art combined—presenting the lights and shades of caricature, with a fidelity, richness, and breadth equal to all three of these children of Apelles."

Adventures of Bilberry Thurland,—by C Hoodon, with illustration by Hervieu. 3 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

The intention of the author, as we suppose from the perusal of the volumes, has been to decry the practice, of giving charity, and to show all the vices consequent upon Mendicity. So far,—so good :—but if we may be allowed to give our own opinion, on a matter of such political consequence, it is of the highest importance that the cause should be espoused in a serious tone of mind. Satire is a very powerful weapon when used by a man of first-rate genius ;—but in the hands of any other, it is as an edge-tool in the grasp of a child. The author of these volumes intended to be a satirist: he has in effect been little more than a matter-of-fact describer of low-life. *Parturient montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.* We question whether in a moral point of view, the exhibition of moral depravity is at all available in encouraging virtue. On this point however, in the present criticism it is not necessary to insist. We have no kind of personal feeling against the author, as we never heard of his name before; but our public duty would not be properly performed, if we did not enter our protest against the *system* of holding up a mass of moral depravity unredeemed by a single virtuous trait to public perusal.

The life of Bilberry Thurland is that of a vagrant and thief. His mother is a vagrant, his father, no one knows who ; and the son is worthy of his virtuous parents. The female tramper instils at a surprisingly early period all her own thrifty maxims into Bilberry's mind: and Bilberry, promising boy, is not slow in availing himself of the maternal instruction. His adventures in early life soon make him acquainted with the necessity or profit of falsehood and theft; and his precocity in the ways of evil, as he grows up, is quite remarkable. We however, who have read the book, are not surprised, nor will our reader be, when they see the sage advice administered to him by the maternal parent.

"They were one day passing down a green bye-lane, all cartruts and puddle, when his mother, twitching up her gown and shifting her basket on to the other arm, began to talk to him after a more rational manner, giving him to understand that the worldly old proverb of a rolling stone gathering no moss was exactly reversed amongst people of their line of business ; with them it was, *Lie still and rot.*"

"We must circulate," said she, "or we cannot live. If you would do well, not only shift your place, but change yourself according to times and circumstances, and then like a variable wind, you will sweep into every corner. I have known beggars, who through their bad judgment, have been beggars on their deathbeds ; though such a dog's life as it is, a man ought to be worth a Jew's eye in a few years. If you prove a *steady youth*, I shall expect to see you in a situation to do something for your mother when she gets old. You must have your eyes about you ; remember your brains are behind your eyes, and what is that for? Take notice how all sorts of people are to be best managed. It is not by always telling the same tale nor by cringing and sneaking like a whelp with his tail cut off, that most is to be got. Some folks give way in one manner and some in another, and they all want humouring to their fancy. You get it of some by being very humble, of others in the way of a great favour, as though you were ashamed of asking for it; while now and then there is an odd one or two that pay best on demand. I knew a man, as clever a fellow as I ever set eyes on, who could tell, at full twenty yards off, whether any body was likely to give or not; and if he were, which was the best way of asking him. When he saw one of these straight old gentlemen coming down the causeway, who walk with sticks turned in a lathe and hold themselves as upright as a victual-bag, he knew at a glance that nothing was to be got there but the threat of a commitment to the round-house; and those slim old maids who walk on the breadth of a curbstone he never asked

at all, for they only spit on the ground at the smell of you and say, *Get away!* these you must avoid altogether."

"She gave him similar instructions respecting the principal conspicuous characters of mankind, and finally made Bilberry thank her for her seasonable advice. Afterwards she informed him that as people had grown so stingy and uncharitable, it was almost impossible to live amongst them in a common way, it would be well, now he had arrived at years sufficient to enable him to distinguish between stealing a thing and finding it, if, in addition to all the rest, he was to be continually on the look out for what he could find. 'In this world,' she observed, 'nothing is more certain; it is of full change, and people are always losing something. If we could but find every thing that is lost, I should bid good-bye to this basket: but things cannot be found, if people do not look for them?' She then told him it would not be amiss, if, when he chanced to alight by mere accident upon any little matter left by the washerwomen on the hedges or the grass, which after being washed and brought out to dry, was not worth carrying home again, he should be sure to put it into his pocket for her, as she could make many of those little worthless matters come in, though every body else turned up their noses at them: at the same time, with the most considerate caution, she warned him not to take up the least trifle if any body observed him, because the world was such a wicked place for judging by appearances and putting the worst construction upon people's actions; and therefore, he being but a ragged boy, they would be certain to construe it into robbery."

The sage adviser gives further hints about preventing eggs from going rotten and getting wasted, about putting lamed fowls out of their misery, about relieving milch-cows of their burthen when full of milk, &c., for which the lady would undoubtedly deserve some handsome reward from the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. Of course, in consequence of these wise instructions, the more Bilberry saw and understood of his mother, the more he admired her excellences and became fixed in his resolve to follow her advice as far as he was able in every thing.

The various adventures through which Bilberry passes are especially droll, however much our own inclinations are opposed to that mode of life. We believe moreover, if that be any praise, that the author writes not from mere hear-say: the work gives evidence that he has himself been a witness of many of the scenes here depicted. These volumes, then, have the guarantee of probability and truth. Besides this, the author is not deficient in his knowledge of provincial manners; and we cannot avoid the temptation of giving to our readers another specimen (as an offset for what we consider to be a very objectionable portion of the work before us.)

"Blunt was a regular English churchman of the right old farmerish religion; that is he held the Sabbath as a kind of weekly scraper, on which to free the soul from the dirt of the last six days' sin. He went to church with his men in the morning; he had the Bible read to both men and maids for the exact space of an hour in the afternoon; and after that they were free to gossip, sleep, or go a-courting, as best suited their inclinations, till six o'clock. Evening service he made them all attend together; while he himself either rambled about his homestead to look after things a little, putting a flake into the gap of a broken fence, or giving the neglected waggon-wheels an occasional lick of grease; or else he smoked a pipe, and drank his own ale, always out of a silver tankard, until his nose grew ripe, and he slided into a nap to conclude with. In doing thus, he believed he fulfilled the main scope of religion; he put it like his best coat, on and off with the day; and for the rest of the week he violated some half-dozen of the ten commandments with the most Christian confidence and indifference. Besides this, he was in other respects an odd man. He made his memorandums of business, and chalked up the majority of his accounts, inside his sheds, stables, and on the walls all about his farm-

yard. The consequence of keeping so extensive a ledger was this, that not unfrequently after chalking up a particular account, and wishing to refer to it half an hour after, he did not know where to find it, would fly into a great passion with himself, and when, perhaps three months after it had become useless, he happened by chance to detect it placed in some conspicuous situation, on purpose that it might not be overlooked, he would laugh heartily to think he had not found it before.

"Under this gentleman's care, Bilberry learned many of those useful occupations which belong especially to the farmer's boy. He became a generally useful character in the homestead, and eventually lived in this rustic capacity several years.

"His first employments were chiefly of the simplest kind. Morning and night, in those seasons when the cows were milked in the farm-yard, it was his office to fetch them from the fields and drive them back again; when milked in the fields, to assist the maids in carrying the pails home: to feed the poultry and the pigs: to rise by day-break in spring, and go to the distant fields driving away the rooks from the spring-sown corn; and when in green ear, to take a pole while the morning dew yet lay on the grass so heavy that to walk through it was like wading through a streamlet, and, going round the unsown borders of the fields, to beat out from the hedge-rows the innumerable flocks of sparrows which assembled to invade the yet soft and resistless grain.

"By degrees he grew up from these buddings into more full-blown employments; becoming in turn a waggoner, a ploughman, a reaper—in short, considering his age, a pretty respectable master of most ordinary rural occupations.

"During this period, circumstances would sometimes occur which caused him to recollect his mother with regret, and to feel some anxiety about her ultimate fate; for it must be observed, that as Bilberry himself became more accustomed to the pleasures and comforts of his new life, he could not but contrast it the more strongly with what might be the unfortunate fate of her to whom he owed his existence. At the end of the first six months, which he recollected as the expiration of the period of Mrs. Thurland's confinement in the neighbouring town prison, he even ventured to indulge a thought that she might chance on her liberation to direct her steps the same way which he himself had taken after his own discharge from the police-office, and so perhaps again fall in his way while on her way through the village wherein he now resided

"But this possibility, however pleasant for him to calculate on, never came to pass. The time went by, accumulating month on month, until the total improbability of her ever appearing in that quarter caused him gradually to think less of the circumstance, until at length he regarded it no more."

We hope that we have done justice to Bilberry Thurston. It is not a book to be recommended indiscriminately nor introduced into families.

Those who can read it with safety may perhaps be amused. The writer of these remarks has been disgusted rather than amused.

Mr. Midshipman Easy. By the author of Peter Simple. 3 vols. post 8vo. Saunders & Otley.

Captain Marryat is a deserved favourite of the public. The many works which he has presented for the perusal of the novel-reading world have all been decided hits, and have won for him the reputation of being our best sea-novelist. The good qualities of his books up to the appearance of the present volumes have been progressive,—and consequently from the author of Peter Simple very much was expected; nor indeed, whatever blemishes the candid reviewer must point out, has the hope been disappointed. The tale is neither so full of incident, nor are the characters drawn with that force—nor indeed is the whole so well finished as Peter Simple; but with the exception of our

favourite, we have great pleasure in stating our conscientious opinion that Mr. Midshipman Easy is the best of the author's novels.

Captain Maryatt is not like many of his tribe of littérateurs, who write merely to amuse without a moral object. Each of his books has a distinct end in view; and in each he has considered a novel as a channel through which wholesome advice may be conveyed in a palatable form; and there is reason to believe that his writings have not only amused the public but have also done no small good to the navy. Whether or not "out and out radical" notions are gaining ground in the service we pretend not to know: if the abominations of radicalism are tainting the middies, all well and good; the equality mania must be written down: but, if not, why the gallant author has raised up a man of straw in order to knock him down. But to tell the truth we suspect him of aiming his shafts at civil as well as naval politics. Oh fie! Captain Marryat.—This is too bad! But to the story.

The hero, Jack Easy, is the son of a wealthy country gentleman imbued with the revolutionary notions of equality which prevailed in England at the close of the last century, which of course he is made by the author to express in so absurd and unlimited a manner as to make the reader laugh at Mr. Easy's expense. Jack, as tiresome and obstinate a little brat as ever sucked of a wet nurse, imbibes from his father at a very early period all his peculiar notions of equality; and it requires all the hard discipline detailed in these three volumes to knock them out of his noddle. His first acquaintance with school-discipline would, it is reasonably supposed, have opened the youngster's eyes: but no, not even his acquaintance with the watch-dog, the bull, and the bee-hive while robbing an orchard, to the fruit of which "in arguing the point" he claims an *equal* right with the owner, nor his ducking in the fish-pond when caught poaching on a neighbour's property, are sufficient to convince Master Jack of the untenableness of his position.

The theory of equality not being satisfactorily proved on land as far as his experience goes, he determines to try its truth at sea; and he accordingly asserts to his father, his right on the principle of equality of determining his own profession. The "point" is argued, and Jack prevails. By influence with a captain, fortunately for Jack, under pecuniary obligations to Mr. Easy, he is appointed midshipman on board the Harpy, and in due time he makes his way to Portsmouth. After enjoying his notions of equality by spending his money like a lord for three weeks, and after insulting the first lieutenant of his own ship (one of the best scenes in the book), he goes on board, and while in the service meets with a variety of adventures, particularly in the Mediterranean, on board, in engagements, and on shore, all of which tend to prove the invalidity of his favourite 'point.' Jack on the whole is a lucky fellow with his *ultra* notions to escape mast-heading or the bilbos. He gets married in the end to Donna Agnes, a Spanish lady, whom he had once released from a prize ship, and afterwards fallen in love with at Palermo. Mr. Easy senior becomes stark-mad with the equality mania and dies. Jack succeeds to eight thousand a year, leaves the navy, and becomes a country gentleman and a Conservative.

There are some admirably humorous scenes in these volumes, which might be extracted, if our space allowed and we did not wish to forestall the reader's pleasure. Jack's learning his alphabet with his mother and afterwards with the schoolmaster, the first interview between him and the lieutenant, Bigg's adventure at Gibraltar illustrative of "duty before decency," and the duel scene at Malta, are perhaps the best; but there are many others, at which we have laughed incontinently. The best drawn characters are Mesty, quite a bijou in his way, although a black diamond, Easthupp the purser's steward, cidevant pick-pocket, Talboys the mathematical gunner, and Gascoigne the firm friend and ally of Easy:—the foreigners are we think rather a failure.

After pointing out so much that is excellent in Mr. Midshipman Easy, we

may safely take up the pen to make some strictures on the book. We do not go the length of saying, with one of our great men, that he who would make a pun would pick a pocket; but we detest puns, except after dinner when a few glasses of wine have made us very amiable and easy to please. Written puns are absolutely intolerable:—need it be said, that such wretched traps for horse-laughers are quite unworthy of the acknowledged talents of Captain Marryat? But a much graver charge is that of representing the Roman religion and its priesthood in an odious light. Such bigotry is now quite *passé*, and can only serve to disgust the intelligent reader and injure the Captain's credit. The most rabid Orangemen could not paint more revolting scenes than are here given of the foul conduct of the Romish priesthood. The author may have his own opinions on these matters, and we will not 'argue the point;' but we question the good taste of dragging them before the public in a work of fiction.

Those of our readers who enjoy hearty merriment, *must* read these volumes.

Abbott's Works, Abridged, 5 pocket volumes. Allan Bell.

We have heard some people talk against abridgments; but we never heard any better arguments brought by these fastidious gentry than by the acknowledged haters of improvement who talk against cheap literature—good and bad indiscriminately. Jacob Abbott, the Pestalozzi of America, has done much good to the world; and it is delightful to see a disposition on this side the channel to profit by his philanthropic labours. "The Young Christian" cut shorter—though not so nice a boy as his longer brother—is good for his size; and the miniature "Mother" and "Child" are large enough for those who do not need glasses to see them. We do not know prettier or cheaper —(we do not mean lower-priced, but better for the price) books than four of the volumes here noticed. We recommend in particular "The Mother at Home." Every mother might profit by reading it. Why has not "Abbott's Teacher" been included? It is quite as worthy of notice as the above, and would sell equally well, if skilfully abridged.

Bellchambers's Biographical Dictionary. 4 vols. 32mo. 320 portraits. A. Bell.

It is hardly necessary for us to inform our readers that the same degree of knowledge cannot be obtained from these as from the more bulky tomes of the "Biographia Britannica," Chalmers and Gorton; but at any rate we can recommend these portable little books as well calculated to supply their place, if not at hand; and so far as we have read, the particulars are stated with sufficient accuracy. It would have been well, if the compiler in his well-written preface had informed us of his authorities. This is due to the readers.

A few Remarks on our Foreign Policy. 8vo. pp. 59. Ridgway.

If the reader will carry his memory twenty years back, and compare the interest excited by foreign news at different times during the intervening period, he cannot fail to remark that continental politics have occupied much less attention and excited less interest in the latter than the former half of the time mentioned. The reason is simply, that in the earlier period the attention of the nation was first necessarily and afterwards by policy drawn to the con-

sideration of foreign affairs by the ministers of the day, while the discussion of home-grievances was only occasionally and then feebly kept up by an insignificant minority in the legislature. The reverse has happened lately:—a long-continued peace has diverted our attention from the continent to the concerns of our own country;—public indignation has raised its voice against internal abuses, and reforms of our ecclesiastical, legislative, and executive departments have for the last six or eight years been themes of absorbing interest in and out of parliament to the exclusion of international politics. We quite agree with the writer of the pamphlet, that the extreme on either side is bad, and that if the foreign affairs of the British empire had been conducted with the same diplomatic tact and ability that characterises the policy of more than one of the continental courts, it would have been well for England. Lord Palmerston and all his train are quite inadequate to cope with the gigantic—we will not say, virtuously-motived—diplomacy of a Nicholas, a Philippe, and a Metternich. Although we do not think with the author that our foreign policy could ever be managed, so as to be "totally independent of party politics"—we still contend for the necessity of reducing such transactions to something like a system, and of appointing to diplomatic stations abroad such persons as are fitted by a *special* education for the duties of their profession,—persons regularly examined and approved; and we doubt, whether any single individual is sufficient to manage the responsible business of the foreign office with satisfaction to himself and with benefit or credit to the nation.

Although we willingly concede to the author of these pages a claim to shrewdness and ingenuity, we do not agree in his conclusions respecting what ought to be our foreign policy; but, in order to express our objections properly, it will be at least fair to put our readers previously in possession of the views explained in the pamphlet.

In page forty we read as follows:—

"It has indeed long been evident to every one who has paid the least attention to the subject that henceforth the duty of a British statesman must be to counteract the designs of Russia. The only difference of opinion is respecting the best way of counteracting these designs, and an alliance with France has been much boasted of as the only effectual remedy to be employed. Now my firm conviction is, that not the least dependence can be placed on France; for, although it may be against her interests to suffer Russia to gain possession of Turkey (a point which, however, is very questionable), it would be equally against her interests to assist England in crushing that power. An ambitious French monarch would prefer allowing the czar to extend his dominions to *their natural limits*, provided he would allow him to do the same in regard to France, the *natural limits* of both countries to be defined of course according to circumstances. The interests of France are too diametrically opposed to those of England, and too susceptible of coalescing with those of Russia by means of a few mutual concessions, for a British minister to place the least confidence in the professions and promises of a Louis Philippe. If, then, no confidence can be placed in France,—if, in case of war, we are more likely to have France for an enemy than for an ally,—if, as I have attempted to show, it would be even better to have her for an enemy, where are we to seek for our allies? I answer that *on the one hand we ought to form the closest alliance with Spain and Portugal, which will enable us to keep France in check, and on the other hand with the German and Scandinavian states, which alliances will serve us equally against France and Russia. With Turkey, and the states of Central Asia, we ought to form more than an alliance—we ought to take them under our protection.* These are the only alliances we can form which can be grounded on mutual interests, and therefore the only durable ones. Spain has more to fear from France than from us, and to this is joined a national prejudice which the Spaniards have against the French, a prejudice which will always work in our favour, and which it will always be well to keep up. The

interests of the German states, and especially of Austria, are diametrically opposed both to those of France and Russia; and as the Germans can never become a maritime people, they are our most natural allies. We have nothing to fear from them: they have nothing to fear from us; whereas both we and they have every thing to fear from France as well as from Russia. Our present system of policy is directly the reverse of this, and we are alienating them by cultivating the friendship of their bitterest enemies, merely because their form of government is said to be similar to our own, although in spirit they differ as much as light from darkness. In forming alliances, it is, however, the most absurd thing in the world to pay the least attention to forms of government. Principles and forms of government ought not to have the least weight in questions of such vital importance. If it were for our interest, we ought to form an alliance with a Nero in one country, and with the most licentious democracy that ever existed in another. (!!!) Our alliances, in a word, ought to be founded on mutual interests, independent of all forms of government. Hence, as long as the world remains constituted as it is at present, whatever form or forms of government may exist in Germany, the Germans will always remain our most natural allies. And *although the interests of some of the German states may at times be opposed,* as those of Prussia and Austria for instance, still we may rest assured that English influence, properly directed, and divested of all party feeling and propagandism, would always be powerful enough to neutralise the elements of discord, and direct the united energies of the whole Teutonic race."

The author then is one of those tainted with Russo-phobia,—however much he admires the government and policy of that country, to the praise of which he devotes rather more than a fourth part of the pamphlet:—but he is no less strongly an anti-gallican,—nay, much more strongly, if his invectives against *la grande nation* are to go for any thing. Now we contend altogether against one of the principles assumed by the writer respecting a coalition against our *natural* enemies, disapproving of the use of the word *"natural"* as well as of the theory of "immortal hate" so confidently laid down as the basis of the whole argument; while at the same time we fully agree that no alliances can be durable that are not grounded on mutual interests, only we reserve to ourselves the power assumed by the author of deciding for ourselves what seems to be the interest of England at the present crisis. No interest appears to us as a stronger tie than mutual advantage, commercial advantage, one, by the way, quite overlooked by the pamphleteer, (who seems to consider the martial pride of England as of much higher value than the exalted station which she holds in the arts of peace:) and certainly to no foreign nation are we united by such strong ties of mutual commercial advantages as to France.

To contend that France has no interests in common with us, and no interests having for object the keeping down of Russian domination, is truly absurd; for the interests of both as the great providers and exporters of manufactured goods, which constitute the great wealth of the countries, render it absolutely necessary that peace should be maintained in Europe; and if the ambition of northern governments render war unavoidable, it cannot be otherwise than to the joint-interest with England and France to oppose their efforts with combined strength. This of course we mean in case that both countries should continue to improve progressively and alike in manufacturing skill: when the balance of interests is overturned, which we do not fear, our reasoning ceases to be applicable. It is not an uncommon error to forget the new principle, one of twenty years' growth, of commercial connexions between nations, and the writer of "the remarks" may well be excused; but we should be ill performing the duty of conscientious critics to our readers, if we did not expose the defect and at the same time point out what seems to us to be the most important feature and strongest tie of the league between us and France, including Spain and Portugal. It is to no purpose to urge objections to

Louis Philippe. France is tired of him already; and "quam Deus vult perdere, prius dementat," some act of Bourbon imbecility will soon banish, and if so, we trust for ever, banish him and his family from the throne of France. He has shown duplicity and falsehood in his dealings to the English; but he has not done less to those of his countrymen who handed him to the chair of state and secured it by their bravery. If the English are disgusted, France is much more so. The love of order is great in France; and the security for property consequent on civil order is most important. There is at present great prosperity in that country, abundant capital, and regular demand for labour, and very naturally there is an unwillingness to promote any great revulsion. Yet, happen it will, it must ere long, and it will be the fault of the noble spirits of France if they again trust a family, not less baleful in their influence to that country than were the Stuarts to England. The intellectual majority of France agrees with that of England in the necessity of a mutual confidence, and although the baseness of its monarch may for a time give cause for a coolness between us, we are sure that no plausible reason can be assigned why we should abandon our present alliance, an alliance between nations not monarchs, in order to form one from which we cannot derive nearly the same commercial advantages, and which in a defensive point of view is both inconvenient as regards geographical position and inadequate in moral and physical strength for the required object. We leave the pamphlet for the reader's consideration.

The Great Teacher. By the Rev. J. Harris. 8vo. pp. 427. Ward.

The present volume is fully worthy of the author of "Mammon." The writer of this notice, though quite unknown to this excellent minister, is well acquainted with his worth as a district-pastor, and can, from a knowledge of the high talent ordinarily displayed in his congregational ministrations at Epsom, vouch for the identity of mind with that so apparent in the volume now offered to the reader's notice. It would obviously be quite improper for a journalist who professes not to mix himself with any religious sect or party whatever, to give any lengthened notice of a work decidedly theological. We shall content ourselves with stating that the object of this treatise is "to point out and illustrate the leading features of Christ's divine instructions; from which it will appear that he was the best Teacher of his own religion, and that his own personal ministry, as recorded in the evangelical history, dwelt on all the essential doctrines of the Christian system, as afterwards explained in the apostolic writings;" that the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ was authoritative—original—spiritual—tender—practical.

There are many beautiful and highly edifying portions of this work, which, if this were a theological miscellany, we should not hesitate to extract. We have read the work with attention; and we are sure that no person of right feeling can rise from the perusal without moral and religious improvement, even setting aside all sectarianism.

The Young Divine. By the Rev. W. Fletcher. 24mo. Hailes.

This seems to be a well-compiled little book on the scriptures; but it is very inferior to that excellent little compendium "The Companion to the Bible," published by the Tract Society, of which the present seems to be a very humble imitation. The author wrote some good remarks on the late eclipse, and his success has tempted him to eclipse—if he could—a book that shines in spite of his minor fires. Credit would have been due to the author if the whole had been conprised in a sixpenny tract!

The Works of Sallust,—with notes, &c. By C. Anthon, LL. D. of U. S. J. R. Priestley.

The name of Dr. Anthon is well known in America as being connected

with the higher branches of classical education. Uniting a refined taste with a degree of erudition rare even in the mother-country, he has succeeded in establishing his reputation not only among his transatlantic brethren but among the literati of Europe. His revision of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary has given a real value to a work which was before full of errors, absurdities, and obscenities, and was therefore justly regarded with scorn and ridicule by intelligent teachers; and now Dr. Lempriere purged of his impurities may enjoy a green old-age. The benefits received by the *anglicizing* of Doëring's Horace so justly esteemed for its correct text and its elucidations of difficult passages entitle Dr. Anthon to still further praise. The American editor has selected his notes with much ability and written them without that silly parade of book-learning that marks most of the classical commentators.

The Sallust, which is exclusively Dr. Anthon's, seems to be in every way worthy of the annotator of Horace. The text is that of Cortius, and is clearly and, as far as we have examined, correctly printed; and altogether the book is better *got up* than the Horace. The Jugurthine war *precedes* the Catiline conspiracy. The notes are concise and, generally speaking, satisfactory; though we scarcely see the need of giving such copious hints for translation particularly in cases where common sense suggests the real one without assistance. The life of Sallust is given in a dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. We are on the whole much pleased with this edition, which for its notes and its indexes, is decidedly superior to any other extant edition of Sallust; and it is to be hoped that its learned compiler will continue to apply himself to the labours that have won him so high and so just a reputation. Cæsar's commentaries—so stupidly despised by many as an easy work for primary instruction—well deserve illustration on many accounts. Professor Anthon can do the work; and it is to be hoped that he will not disdain this labour of usefulness.

Progressive Exercises in English Grammar, in two parts 12mo. By R. G. PARKER, M. A. J. R. Priestley.
Progressive Exercises in English composition. Do. Do.
Progressive Exercises in Rhetorical Reading. Do. Do.

THESE little volumes, (which we believe, take their origin from some works published in America), form together a series of lessons on English grammar and composition; and the style in which the whole is executed proves the compiler to be a sensible and experienced educationist. It is no slight praise to say that he has both widened and smoothed the entrance of the path to learning. We would not in favour of any book, whatever its merits, give up the principle, that *oral instruction is the only proper instruction for beginners, —books at that stage being for* TEACHERS *not* CHILDREN.

The exercises on Grammar are well drawn up and in the hands of a judicious teacher—illustrated by good oral instruction—will be found well to answer their object. We have tried them and can furnish good testimony. Of the exercises on composition, we can speak with unmingled praise. It is not enough to say that they are the best that we have,—for we have none worth mention: the book is fully effective both in suggesting ideas or pointing out the method of thinking, and also in teaching the mode of expressing ideas with propriety and elegance. With respect to the book of Rhetorical reading,—it may first be said that elocution is shockingly neglected in this country, and therefore that a book professing to teach the elements of this very necessary art ought to be patronised. How many drawlers do we hear in the pulpit, at the bar and in parliament, who for want of judicious instruction give utterance to bright and ingenious thoughts and beautiful language in a way that sends their hearers into profound slumber! This little book has been read by us with much attention. Without offending parliament-men or the clergy, we may at any rate recommend the *teachers* of the rising generation to school

themselves well in its principles, that they may be able to send forth worthy aspirants for the palm of eloquence. Mr. Parker has undoubtedly done the state much service.

Letters of Dr. Sigmond and Mr. Pettigrew, on the Management of the Charing-Cross Hospital, &c. Printed for circulation among the Governors and Subscribers of the Hospital, and among the medical profession generally.

It is the undoubted right of the conductor of a magazine to take cognizance of any pamphlets, though not regularly published, which affect the management of institutions, that concern the welfare of the London population, and especially of the poorer classes. Our readers will perhaps recollect that about eight years ago, we are not exact to a year, the Charing-Cross Hospital was built by subscriptions, which the personal exertions of Mr. Pettigrew and others had a great share in raising. Dr. Goulding, as the chief officer of a little dispensary in the neighbourhood, succeeded to the command-in-chief of the more ambitious establishment opposite Northumberland House, and Mr. Pettigrew, as surgeon of the same, became the surgeon of the Hospital. We have carefully watched the Charing-Cross Hospital since its establishment, and have had many reasons during the observation of five or six years to designate its management as quite *select* (more vulgarly speaking, hole-and-corner); a fault that belongs to certain charitable institutions in other parts of the town. With respect to Mr. Pettigrew's affair with Mr. Howship we shall say nothing, however much might be said on either side: *sub judice lis est.* The profession will determine the matter. Of the treatment of Mr. Pettigrew by Dr. Goulding's Committee, we hesitate not to say that it is most scandalous and ought to be redressed by the governors. Dr. Sigmond, who as a professional gentleman always held a highly respectable station, has written a letter so beautifully, splendidly composed that it can only be answered by the aid of a Junius. Will Dr. Goulding assume the toga of the British Gracchus? At any rate the cruelties, the miserable pinching economies of this hospital, deserve to be exposed. The governors do not know the truth. They must be awakened; and THE PLACE MUST BE PURGED.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre, which is one of the most compact in London, and admirably adapted for the representation of those dramas founded on real life and giving "the living manners as they rise," commenced its season (April 25th) with a Ballet! If any of our readers can fancy a quadrille danced in a sentry-box, they can form some idea of what a ballet, even with Perrot and Taglioni, must be like when compressed within the diminutive space of this small and unpretending stage. "Zulema" was the name of this ballet, which was composed with considerable skill by the veteran D'Egville, and presented an effective corps, among whom were Mdlle. Josephine Dance and M. Gilbert. No expense was spared in the getting up of this oriental spectacle. All the appointments were splendid in the extreme; even the supernumeraries were appropriately habited with eastern pomp, and every figurante glittered with the brilliant trappings of that sun-lit clime. The applause was unbounded, and consequently another ballet was immediately put in active rehearsal.

In the same week a one-act trifle, called "My Husband's Ghost,"

made its appearance. The author, Mr. Morton, jun., convinced us of his thorough acquaintanceship with the jokes and bon-mots of Mr. Joseph Miller. We never heard so many in so short a time. The acting of Buckstone however was spirited, and a few of the situations were ludicrous. These, combined with a vast proportion of good-nature on the part of the audience, rendered the farce successful. A very silly affair, entitled "Railroads for ever," was the next novelty. It was not quite bad enough to excite any animosity, so it was suffered to pass off quietly. The author is unknown.

May 24.—Poole's drama of "Atonement" was performed. It was skilfully adapted from the French, but the subject was too unnatural and improbable to excite either interest or sympathy. Managers and authors have yet to learn that details of disgusting profligacy, however highly wrought, or placing a young female in a situation too revolting to contemplate, are not sources of enjoyment to an audience. After lingering a few nights it was suddenly withdrawn. Another adaptation from the French, but of a very "different order," was performed for the first time on June 9, entitled "The Ransom," translated by Mrs. Planché. It was a domestic drama, possessing throughout situations of intense interest. Miss Ellen Tree's performance of the heroine was replete with talent. It is one of the gems of histrionic art, and must be seen to be appreciated. Every passion she pourtrayed so admirably came from the heart, and the female portion of the audience acknowledged her appeals by the silent approvals of continued tears. The piece was completely successful, and had a long run.

Soon after this, a pretty little ballet, called "The Secret Marriage," made its appearance, and was well received.

This was succeeded by a very laughable one-act piece, entitled "Make your Wills," proceeding from the authors of "The Barbers at Court." There was an abundance of good jokes scattered throughout, which the actors evidently appreciated, for they made them all tell. Roars of laughter attended the piece from the beginning to the conclusion, when it was announced for repetition amidst the cheers of the audience.

After immense preparations and considerable expenditure, Miss Ellen Tree made her bow in "Ion." After Macready's impassioned and truly classical performance this was a daring attempt; but Miss Tree passed through the ordeal without even endangering the high reputation she had previously acquired. Although not possessed of every requisite for so arduous a part, she possesses some so pre-eminently as to entitle her to be pardoned for the temerity of the undertaking. She is elegant, graceful, and beautiful. Ion is a youth of eighteen, most amiable, self-sacrificing, and exemplary, and if at times Miss Tree's performance lacked vigour and firmness, those portions not requiring such fierce exertions were pourtrayed so exquisitely as to merit the highest degree of praise. The sweet youthful voice, the variety and gracefulness of action, and the pure melody of the beautiful blank verse she gave utterance to, went, as it were, linked together charmingly. All were in tasteful unison—harmonizing beauteously—like Sylvan scenery adorning the banks of a bright and winding river.

Vandenhoff personated Adrastus, which he got through respectably. Would we could say as much for the rest. With the exception of Haines, in Agenor, nothing could be worse. Vining, in Ctesiphon, "tore a passion to tatters" as a red Indian would a wild cat; nor was his brother much more subdued in Phocion. Medon, the high priest, was murdered by Selby, while Cleon, the sage, enacted by Gough, tipped Sergeant Talfourd's verse with a rich fringe of Munster dialect that convinced us the Argive sage must have vegetated at some period of his life in the neighbourhood of Tipperary.

Notwithstanding these blemishes, the tragedy brought a great deal of money to the treasury, and was played three times a week for a long while, and still continues to be attractive.

August 11.—At the early hour of eleven o'clock at night, when the audience had been well wearied out by "The Tempest" and "The Youthful Queen" (seven acts!) a new musical drama, entitled "Second Sight, a Tale of the Highlands," was presented for approval. Mrs. W. Clifford played a *spae Wife*, and elicited bursts of well-merited applause. Sinclair sung some Scotch melodies very sweetly, and was rapturously encored, but the piece was a full hour too long, nor was the interest sufficiently strong throughout. It consequently sunk gently into the arms of oblivion, and was instantly withdrawn. It proceeded from the pen of Mr. Ryan, who has written some successful farces. We recommend him to forswear the pathetic and stick to jocularity; it will be pleasanter, and more profitable.

September 15.—A beautifully written and deeply tragic drama, called "The Cavalier," was performed with very equivocal success. Audiences, it must be confessed, are at times very capricious; sometimes the stage cannot be too thickly strewed with dead bodies to please them, while at other times they manifest a delicate distaste of the unnecessary waste of human life. In the present case poison and steel were both pressed into the service to bring about the catastrophe, and the audience would not tolerate either. The hisses rose from the pit like mist from a canal, and formed a most inharmonious accompaniment to the dying agonies of the Cavalier. The *denouement* was altered after the first night, and the piece was made to end happily. The performers exerted themselves greatly, particularly Vandenhoff and Miss Ellen Tree.

We sincerely regret the ill success of this drama, which certainly might have been conceived and executed with better taste, and a greater regard to the delicacies and decencies of life, for it contained several forcible passages and many imaginative speeches of considerable talent, which were skilfully constructed, developing, in an eminent degree, originality of genius and variety of intellectual acquirement.

We cannot close this article without stating that the manager of this theatre has entered into a new arrangement with dramatic authors, namely, not to remunerate them until *after* the third night of their productions. It is clear that the bargain is all on the manager's side, and that he can thus make an experiment with an author's property, getting, perhaps, three good money-houses, and then withdrawing his piece to save paying for it; this is a certain result; the tempta-

tion is too great to be resisted in every case, except where an author can take the town by storm—an event about as likely to happen as the advent of a second Shakspeare.

English Opera-House.—This republic commenced their campaign with a very pathetic drama, entitled "Lucille," in which Mrs. Keeley sustained the heroine with a degree of talent scarcely inferior to that displayed by that consummate mistress of melo-drama Miss Kelly. It was eminently successful; and the author, Bernard, was immediately installed writer to the theatre, to the exclusion of almost every other dramatic scribe.

"The Huguenots," divested of the fine music which rendered it so successful in Paris, was the next novelty. This ingenious arrangement was mercilessly driven from the stage, and made way for another failure, christened "The Witch's Son." It was a powerful narcotic—lingered a few nights, and gave place to "The Man about Town," a broadly humorous one-act drama by the pet author Bernard. Wrench, in the hero, was irresistibly ludicrous, but the part was intended for John Reeve. Another farce from the same pen followed as quickly as possible; this was "The Middy Ashore," which, to say the best of it, was a sad mass of low sea-slang and vulgarity. The Middy was enacted by Mrs. Keeley with great spirit and animation, and met with great applause from—the galleries! Pathos now being wanted, the stock-author soon accommodated them with a ladle-full of the pathetic, in the shape of three lugubrious acts, called "The Farmer's Story." The miseries entailed by both wealth and want were lavishly bandied about in every scene. If calamity could afford an audience a solid entertainment, there was variety sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious stomach. A little change being thought desirable, young Oxberry was permitted to indulge the town with a new version of a very old piece, called "Matthew Falconi," which was better done at the Queen's Theatre a couple of years ago. Then came "Mrs. White," a broad one-act farce by Raymond, which afforded some ludicrous situations and droll incidents. This lasted somewhat longer than its noisy companion, "The Rebel Chief," a glorious compound of all the trumpery of modern melo-drama, which no degree of human forbearance could endure. Equally as bad, but of a different order of trash, was what was intended for a burlesque on "Theseus and Ariadne." This truly elegant production could only have been understood in a penny theatre in St. Giles's. At length De Pinna's opera of "The Rose of Alhambra," which had been a long while in preparation, was produced with a most effective vocal company. The Choruses were superbly executed, and Wilson and Miss Sheriff, in the tenor and soprano parts, exerted themselves greatly, and ensured the success of the opera. As an opera containing one or two pleasing melodies, many passages of grace and lightness, and several concerted pieces conceived very tastefully and combining a thorough knowledge of the capabilites of the instruments written for, the composer is entitled to great merit.

Peake, whose talents as a dramatist have been rapidly declining, favoured the public with a dying struggle. He brought forward his

"Dishonoured Bill," which *bill* was not *accepted* by the audience, it was *protested* against and *returned* to the *drawer* after a few nights. It has, however, been brought forward again, and is occasionally acted.

A new grand opera founded on Lord Byron's Corsair, and entitled "The Pacha's Bridal," the music by F. Romer, the brother of the vocalist, was received with more favour than it merited; there is a want of originality throughout; the melodies, such as they are, all strike upon the ear like old acquaintances, and in the concerted piece noise is the substitute for sense. The fine story of the Corsair is made sad havoc with. All those splendours with which the poem was so richly studded, the dramatist has omitted altogether, and rendered all the characters as amiable as the members of a Temperance Society. From this charge Conrad must be exempted. He is transformed into a jovial Bacchanalian, partial to the substantial joys of the wine-cup, and perfectly devoid of that tender and romantic interest with which the highly-gifted bard invested him. As the object of this dramatist has been to transmogrify as much as possible every well-known character in the poem, we suggest to him the adoption of a similar course in futnre. Could he not turn "Richard the Third" into a pastoral opera, or make "Henry the Eighth" a singing misanthrope? From the specimen now before us, there can be no question of his success.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

August 27.—"A cat of nine tails was turned out among other broken and worn-out instruments of war from the Tower."—*Morning Chronicle.*

This gentle persuader to propriety of conduct was very improperly presented to one of the by-standers, who, on beholding it, started back a pace or two, and made an extemporaneous oration in the style of the late Mr. Wilberforce; after which display of eloquence he was suffered to pocket "the cat," and depart to his domicile. Now all this was manifestly wrong. The instrument in question should most assuredly have been wrapped up and forwarded by a special messenger to Sir John Cam Hobhouse to place among his curiosities. It would have awakened in him a series of agreeable reflections on his consistency of conduct in parliament when the abolition of flogging was canvassed in that assembly of talkers. Sir John, when "OUT of place," thought it an implement too barbarous for the backs of his countrymen, and spoke and voted accordingly. But now that he is "IN place," he is decidedly of opinion that it is a very agreeable recreation, and extremely salutary to the constitution of the unhappy victim who is doomed to wince under its torture. Alas, for the Westminster radical candidate!—quantum mutatus ab illo—Hectore qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis!!

September 1*st*.—"At Nantes, in the south of France, a man was sentenced to be executed, but the fatal termination to his career could not be carried into effect on account of the guillotine being out of order, and no carpenter could be found to repair it, although a large sum was offered by way of remuneration."—*French Paper.*

This occurrence is particularly distressing. Either the people at

Nantes are remarkably loyal, and having been apprised of the fate of our first Charles do not wish to facilitate the *exit* from existence of their own unpopular monarch by similar means, or they are particularly disaffected to their sovereign, and deeming it absolutely certain that he will shortly call the guillotine into action they do not wish to lend a helping hand to the annihilation of political victims. Adversity, though it could not teach this trickstering Janus-faced king, Louis Philippe, wisdom, yet contrived to teach him several useful trades, by means of which, at the most creditable period of his life, he procured his daily subsistence. Doubtless he knew enough of the carpenter's business to have repaired this instrument of death. Why did not the people of Nantes send for him? the employment would have been most congenial to his taste and habits. Every nail he drove in he would have considered an additional safeguard to his throne, and when his royal labour was finished he would have taken out his wages from the blood of his fellow-citizens.

September 2.—PHILPOTTS, BISHOP OF EXETER, MAKES A VISITATION TOUR THROUGH CORNWALL.—It is universally reported that during this "clerical progress" the exemplary bishop has unreservedly stated to his clergy that they are possessed of the full power to forgive sins. This doctrine must be remarkably comforting to the majority of their parishioners, who, if they can be supplied with absolutions on moderate terms, will doubtless be regular quarterly customers to the absolver. Should this delectable plan be carried into effect, we recommend bishop Philpotts when he returns to London to draw up a scale of prices for permission to commit every variety of peccadillo, and to get it well circulated among the self-indulgent scions of the aristocracy, from whom a large income could be derived.

September 3.—Mr. Duncombe, say the tory prints, has received the appointment of Superintendant of the Foreign Letter Department in the Post Office, and in consequence there will be a vacancy in the representation of the Borough of Finsbury. The *Standard* recommends Mr. Horseley Palmer or Mr. Masterman, or any other distinguished conservative banker or merchant, to stand for Finsbury. This advice is remarkably judicious and rational. The tories are no doubt great friends of "the circulating medium," especially when it can be turned into their own pockets; and who could be more effective to set it in full operation for so desirable an end than some "conservative banker or merchant," whose coffers are well filled, starting on the hard gallop for the Borough of Finsbury? The tory prints have no doubt already calculated how much they should make by his long-winded advertisements about fidelity to the constitution, veneration for the church, and attachment to the state, and every other respectable establishment that is sufficiently superannuated to have engendered abuses of every description. As we live in a commercial country, and as the advice given has been bestowed in the true spirit of trade, we regret that the opportunity is not afforded to the "conservative banker or merchant" to make a first-rate noodle of himself.

September 5.—This day's newspapers inform us that—

"The epicures of Vienna are in great spirits at the premium offered by go-

vernment for the importation of foreign wines, at very moderate duties, into the Austrian dominions. Champaign, which has been hitherto unapproachable, may then be had cheaply."

We are very fearful that this new enactment will militate greatly against the sober habits of the good people of Vienna. As Englishmen are remarkably fond of interfering in every thing that does not at all concern them, we have great hopes that a public meeting will be called to enter into a series of resolutions to enforce sobriety in this distant capital. Surely Mr. Buckingham, who is always on the high scramble for notoriety, will not suffer this opportunity to slip by him. It must occur to him that to have ten thousand copies of the parliamentary report made by his committee on drunkenness printed in two or three languages and circulated throughout Vienna would be the best means of annihilating the forth-coming evil. This would be an expensive proceeding, but what of that? there are always to be found in London people with empty heads and full pockets who are suffered to walk about *keeperless*, and who can be turned to capital account by every confident pretender who will take the trouble to mystify them. This *useful* class of the community would soon become extinct if it were not for the patronage bestowed upon them by those who have the good taste to appreciate what they possess, and never neglect them while their infatuation and money last.

September 7.—CABINET-MAKING IN FRANCE.—The Parisian *Moniteur* of this date furnishes us with the following list of the new French ministry:—

"Count Molé is to be Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Persil, Justice; Admiral de Rosamel, Marine; M. de Gasparin, Interior; M. Guizot, Public Instruction; M. Duchatel, Finance."

In that useful branch of political machinery, namely the manufacturing of a cabinet, Louis Philippe does not appear to be remarkably felicitous. The materials he selects do not remain dove-tailed together very long; they become slippery, then get loose, and finally divide, and split away altogether, leaving the discomfited workman in the lurch, who has again to look around him for fresh timber to work with. These, if difficult to manage, are dismissed in turn, and thus every six months (we had almost said six weeks) France affords the enlivening spectacle of a new ministry. The vacillating and insincere sovereign is now reaping the reward of his interminable duplicity, and a pleasant time we should suppose he must have of it. If, as Shakspeare says, "There is a divinity that doth *hedge* a king," the Gallic king we suspect must be so close to the *hedge* as to be tolerably well pricked by the thorns. The *gang* of councillors he has in this last instance gathered round him are the most inimical to liberty he could possibly have selected. They are a knot of senators worth gold or diamond to any northern despot.

The French, it is true, have been literally surfeited with revolutions and the convulsions consequent on acts of tyranny and oppression; yet should the monarch and his "heaven-born ministers" goad the people by some gross act of aggression, either *the kingly days of Louis Philippe are numbered* or France in the eyes of Europe will be shorn of the last feeble glory that still clings to her, and sink at once into a cowardly and crouching mendicant, without internal spirit,

exhibiting her strength as only capable of being called into action when elicited, and cheered up by the frightful stimulus of immediate plunder.

September 8.—"Wanted immediately, some barristers called to the bar of England."

The natives of New South Wales are supposed to be the very lowest in point of intellect and capacity of any earthly creatures; and we are inclined to imagine that from the frequent intercourse that takes place between the aborigines and the European settlers the latter must have been inoculated with the imbecility of the former to have issued an advertisement like the above. Poor misguided beings! they absolutely ask for lawyers as they would for an article of sustenance. Are they really so weary of peace and fire-side comfort that they wish for an importation of the typhus? Will no other excitement satisfy them less than the pestilence? If not it must be shipped off to them; they must be left to their fate after being indulged with a gift very much resembling a Macadamized road to destruction. It is however only an act of justice to the new country that England, which is at present crammed to repletion by a legal population, should allow a handsome drawback on every self-transporting barrister, which system is pursued with every species of goods it is deemed a decided benefit to the country to get rid of. In this case there could not be two opinions on the subject, that is, on this side of the walls of Bedlam and St. Luke's.

September 15—"A Temperance Hotel has been opened at Worcester."—*Diurnal Press.*

This must be a very satisfactory announcement to the lovers of sobriety, and proves most incontestably "the march of virtue" in the city of Worcester. It is a pity that the prints communicating this gratifying fact do not apprise us as to whether the public pumps have been supplied with ladles to induce the commonalty to imbibe the pure fluid *in a reputable manner*. How the hotel in question is to pay rent and taxes if a little incidental drunkenness is not cultivated is rather problematical. Do the proprietors ever mean to allow any public dinners in the house? If so, but few will go to them unless they are allowed the tomfoolery of making speeches afterwards, and this generally takes place when each man has deposited the contents of at least one bottle under his waistcoat-band. Moreover, is loyalty to be restrained by toast and water? We hope not. This is a land of liberty, and it has already been decided by the House of Commons that the English people shall not be compelled to be sober by act of parliament. But we live in strange times when the strides to perfection and moral purity are absolutely gigantic; for a contemporary print informs us that "at Margate the public pumps are ordered to be locked during divine service."

September 23*rd*.—"A large public meeting was held at Bradford for the purpose of forwarding the claims of the American negroes to the rights of emancipation. After many eloquent speeches a spirited and elegantly written re-

monstrance to the people of the United States, deprecating Slavery and its concomitant evils, was unanimously adopted."—*Halifax Express.*

The people of Bradford are no doubt very well meaning, and possess philanthropical feelings in a pre-eminent degree; but they must have deluded themselves most grossly if they thought their "eloquent speeches, and elegantly written remonstrance," was a royal road to put an end to the slave trade. We have no doubt that every individual went home with the firm conviction that he was a great liberator. These proceedings make the mother-country look awfully absurd in the eyes of the Americans.

VARIETIES,

SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

Advance of the Russian Frontier.—The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, and Paris, about 100 miles, towards Constantinople 500 miles, towards Stockholm about 630 miles, and towards Teheran 1000 miles.

American Canals.—The aggregate length of the canals in the United States is 3,000 miles, 678 of which are in New York, 817 in Pennsylvania, 516 in Ohio, 340 in Maryland and Pennsylvania, 100 in New Jersey, 100 in Louisiana, and 100 in South Carolina.

Population of Russia.—At the accession of Peter the First in 1689, the population of the Russian empire was fifteen millions. At the accession of Catherine the Second in 1762, it amounted to twenty-five millions; at her death in 1796, to thirty-six millions; at the death of the Emperor Alexander in 1825 to fifty-eight millions.

Increase of Russia.—The acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of that kingdom. Her acquisitions in Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions. Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are nearly equal in dimensions to the whole of the smaller states of Germany. Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

English in France.—The following official returns made by the prefects of police up to August 25, 1836, give the number of English resident in France.

In Paris, Versailles, St. Cloud, St. Germain, and environs, 20,000 to 25,000.

In Boulogne sur Mer, and environs, 10,000 to 12,000.

In Calais, the Bas Ville, and environs, 5000 to 7000.

In St. Omer, Cassel, and environs, 1000 to 1500.

In Dunkirk, Bergues, and environs, 1500 to 2000.

In Dieppe, Havres, Rouen, Caen, Tours, Marseilles, Bordeaux, &c., 6000 to 7000.

Total about 54,000.

Rain.—The accurate Rain Gauge of Mr. Thom of Rothsay, presents the following: Average of ten years previous to 1835—46.12 inches; of 1835—52.40 inches; in July, 1836—7.50 inches.

Steam Plough.—Lord Henniker recently received a letter from a friend in Lincolnshire, informing him that in that neighbourhood a steam plough was in use which would harrow thirty acres, and plough eight acres per day.

Rail-Roads in Russia.—In October next a rail-road will be opened from St. Petersburgh to Zarskojesilo and Pawnosk, and in the spring two others are to be commenced from the capital to the imperial residences of Peterhoff and Oranienbaum. Mr. Gerstner the engineer, who has visited England, is of opinion some sort of brush or scraper should be attached to the front of the engine to clear the rails from any accidental dust, small stones, or other obstructions.

There has been just shipped at Newcastle a locomotive engine for St. Petersburgh, and Pawlowski rail-way, which, after a trial of speed, was found to exceed sixty-five miles within the hour.

New Indian Rupee.—By a regulation lately passed a perfect assimilation in weight and fineness has been effected in

this unit of currency of the three Presidencies, so that the rupee of Upper India, of Madras, and of Bombay, are the same in value (about 1s. 10d.) Weight 180 grains, standard quality.

Hotel with Banking Privileges.—An hotel has recently been erected in New Orleans, the proprietors of which are an incorporated company with banking privileges, and a capital of two millions and a half.

Leghorn, which since 1593 possessed the privilege of being a place of asylum for foreign bankrupts, where, by an ancient law, they were free from all pursuits of creditors, no longer affords this shelter, the law having been lately abolished by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. In Nice also a similar privilege existed which has also been done away with.

Jamaica.—The principal merchants of this island are about to establish a local bank with a capital of £300,000 currency.

City of London School.—This building, situate on the site of Honey Lane market, proceeds rapidly. It is expected to be opened in January. The course of education will be similar to that of King's College or the London University schools.

The Press in Russia.—The Emperor of Russia, on the proposition of the governor-general of the provinces of Caucasus, Georgia, and the governments beyond the Caucasus, has permitted the establishment of a printing-office at Teflis, and the commencement of a newspaper called "The Trans-Caucasian Journal."

Russian Recruits.—The imperial Ukase, lately published respecting the levy of recruits for the army to protect the frontiers of the empire, states, that if they all arrive in good health at the place of their destination, their amount will be 125,000 men, which will be in the proportion of five men out of every thousand.

Sugar from Beet-Root.—At Quedlinbourg a process has been discovered by Messrs. Fies and Stanersald of extracting, in twelve hours, pure and crystallized sugar from the pulp of beet-root, in the proportion of ten pounds of sugar to one hundred pounds of beet-root.

Aurora Australis.—The Hobart Town Courier states that on the evening of the 23d of April last, the whole south-western quarter of the heavens was brilliantly illuminated. The Aurora Australis shooting up in coruscations more than sixty degrees from the horizon.

Remains of Offa, king of Mercia.—The coffin containing these has recently been discovered in Hemel Hempstead churchyard. The inscription was much effaced, but was sufficiently legible to prove the identity of the bones it contained, which immediately crumbled into dust on being exposed to the air. The coffin was of stone very curiously carved.

Education and Crime.—The chaplain of the House of Correction in Coldbath-Fields, states, in a report to the magistrates of Middlesex, the following results of an enquiry into the extent of education among a certain number of prisoners:—Of 667 prisoners, viz. 701 males, and 266 females, it appears that those

Uneducated, first imprisonment, amounted to	56	
Imprisoned before	48	
		104
Educated, first imprisonment	646	
Imprisoned before.....	217	
		863
		967

The education which the prisoners had received, refers, of course, to the manual arts of reading and writing—which are the *tools* of knowledge, not knowledge itself.

The prevalent causes of crime are—1. Deficient education, early loss of parents, and consequent neglect. 2. Few convicts have ever learned a regular trade, and if they were bound to any apprenticeship, they have abandoned it before their time had lawfully expired. 3. School education is, with most convicts, very deficient, or entirely wanting. 4. Intemperance, very often the consequence of loose education, is a most appalling source of crime.

Education in the United States—Education is nearest the heart of every American citizen impressed with a love of his country. Yet there still exists not only a great reluctance on the part of parents to send their children to schools (an unwillingness felt in common with the uneducated parents of the Vaderland), but also a real want of schools and teachers. To remedy the former evil, a society, under the name of "American School Agents' Society," has been formed for sending agents in various directions into the interior, for the purpose of persuading parents and guardians of the utility of education, and improving schools. According to authentic accounts, the number of children in America deprived of education, is about equal to that of those who obtain it. More than 1,000,000 is stated to be the number of the former. Of these, 250,000 are to be found in Pennsylvania, 18,000 in the State of New York (13,000 also in the city of New York). In Indiana, it is

contended, there are 22,000 children; and in Illinois, 20,000, who cannot read; and nearly the same number of full-grown persons in the same situation. New Jersey has 11,500 children without any kind of education; and in Kentucky, in 1833, about one-third of all the children were in the same lamentable condition.

Public Charities the cause of Pauperism and Mendicity.—"In some countries, public charities have become a political curse—a social evil of such momentous importance, that illustrious and humane statesmen have declared their conviction, that all provisions by law, for the relief of the poor and suffering, ought to be annulled. Pauperism has been nursed and pampered by some of the nations of Europe, until it has got to be like a sturdy beggar, demanding alms with a club in his hand, and ready to prostrate the richer class, if it hesitate to grant what is considered, not as charity, but as right. Public charity has become the curse of England, and one of the greatest impediments in the way of her reform is the hideous mass of pauperism, which has been fostered and increased by the very means intended to check it. . . . In this country we have not yet tasted the bitter fruits of this system; but its seeds are sown, and we must leave more to private charity, and less to public provision; we must depend more upon personal and discretional effort, and less upon regular establishments, if we would avoid the evils brought upon older countries. Pauperism is rapidly increasing in the United States, and it is a question of serious political import how it shall be treated. Unfortunately, there is but little probability of its being decided aright, for it will not be rightly discussed. The vast majority of persons will treat it as they do every other difficult question—dodge it—get round it, somehow or other; and, instead of removing the cause of pauperism, strive to get the immediate objects out of sight, by thrusting them into almshouses, infirmaries, hospitals, and houses of refuge."—*New England Journal*, 1834.

Stature and Weight of Men at different Ages.—The following Table, a result of observations made on the stature and weight of the inhabitants of Brussels, may serve as an approximation for the Caucasian race in a temperate climate.

AGES.	MALES.		FEMALES.	
	Stat. in feet.	Weight in pounds.	Stat. in feet.	Weight in pounds.
0	1.64	7.06	1.61	6.42
1	2.3	20.84	2.26	19.39
2	2.6	25.0	2.56	23.5
3	2.83	27.5	2.8	26.0
4	3.04	31.4	3.0	28.7
5	3.23	34.8	3.2	31.67
6	3.43	38.8	3.38	35.29
7	3.62	43.0	3.56	38.68
8	3.8	45.8	3.74	42.08
9	4.0	49.9	3.92	47.1
10	4.18	54.08	4.09	51.87
11	4.36	59.77	4.26	56.57
12	4.54	65.77	4.44	65.77
13	4.72	75.8	4.6	72.65
14	4.9	85.5	4.77	80.9
15	5.07	88.7	4.92	89.04
16	5.23	109.55	5.04	96.09
17	5.36	116.56	5.1	104.34
18	5.44	127.59	5.1	112.55
19	5.49	132.46	5.16	115.3
20	5.51	138.79	5.17	117.51
30	5.52	140.38	5.18	119.82
40	5.53	140.42	5.18	121.81
50	5.49	139.96	5.04	123.86
60	5.38	136.07	4.97	119.76
70	5.32	131.27	4.97	113.6
80	5.29	127.54	4.94	108.88
90	5.29	127.54	4.94	108.82

Hence may be drawn the following conclusions:—1st. That, at an equality of age, the male is generally heavier than the female; towards the age of twelve

years only, an individual of either sex has the same weight. 2nd. That the male attains the maximum weight about the age of forty years, and that he begins to lose in a very sensible measure, towards his sixtieth year; that at the age of eighty years, he has lost about 13.23lbs., the stature being also diminished 2.75 inches. 3rd. That the female attains the maximum weight later than the male. 4th. That when the male and female have assumed their complete development, they weigh almost twenty times as much as at the moment of their birth, while their stature is only about 3¼ beyond what it was at the same period. With regard to the continuance of growth in persons of different temperaments, it is remarked, that it ceases soonest in the most excitable habits, because in them the excitability will soonest be reduced to a due balance with the stimulants of life. Thus it seems to be that the growth of women, who are more excitable than men, generally stops sooner, and consequently that they are of shorter stature, large women for the most part having less of the habit peculiar to the sex; and that by far the greater number of the most excitable men who, in consequence of this constitution, make the greatest figure in their day, are men of short stature, while giants are generally of an opposite habit of body. There must, of course, to such rules be many exceptions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Shortly will be published, The London Medical Magazine and Review; Edited by T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., F.L.S., &c. This Magazine will consist of, 1, Original Communications, Essays, Reports of Cases, &c.; 2. Analytical Reviews of Medical Publications; 3. Foreign Medical Literature; 4. Reports of Lectures, Medical and Physical Intelligence, Sketches of the Hospitals, Metropolitan, Provincial, and Foreign; 5. Collectanea; 6. Miscellaneous Intelligence, Bills of Mortality, Meteorology, List of New Publications, &c. Occasional Plates, Lithographic Sketches, Wood-Cuts, &c., will be given, and the First Number will appear on the 1st of January, 1837, and the succeding ones on the first day of each month, price 2s. Published by H. Dixon, at the Office, No. 108, Fleet Street.

In the Press, and will be Published next Month, Facts and Observations on the Efficacy of Galvanism, in the Cure of Indigestion, Torpid and Obstructed Liver and Bowels, Asthma, &c. &c. Third Edition.

The History of, and Chemical and Medical Powers of Galvanism in Chronic Diseases. Third Edition. By M. La Beaume, Medical Galvanist to the King, F.L.S., Member of the Medico-Philanthropic Society of Paris, &c.

Just Published, Guy's Hospital Reports, Vol. I. 1836. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Johnson on Indigestion. Ninth Edition, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Johnson on Tropical Climates. Fifth Edition, 8vo. 18s.

Messrs. Orr and Smith will very shortly publish an entirely new edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," with upwards of 200 beautiful wood-cut illustrations, by Bonner. The Notes are by Mr. Blyth. Fcap 8vo.

In the Press, and nearly ready, "Select Portions of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England," designed as a class-book for the use of Schools, with an Introduction, Notes, and Analysis. By Samuel Warren, of the Inner Temple, Esq., F. R. S.

Preparing for Publication, "A History of the British Museum," containing an Analysis of its Contents, with Biographical Sketches of the Officers of the Establishment, and a Digest of the Evidence before the House of Commons. By John Millard.

"Lays of Poland," by the Author of "The Sea Wolf." Smith and Elder.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

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VOL. XXII. NOVEMBER, 1836. No. 141.

		Page
1	Russia as it is, not as it is commonly represented	423
2	Drawing Room Lyric	432
3	Epigram	432
4	A True Story	433
5	Sonnet	436
6	A Visit to St. Peter's at Rome	437
7	Original Poetry	446
8	Baronet's Daughter	447
9	Ode to Eternity	465
10	Giant's Stairs—Irish Story	467
11	Advertisement Extraordinary	470
12	History of the Ancient Philosophy, No. 2.	471
13	The Theatre of San Carlos, at Naples, and Madame Malibran	479
14	Oxford, by Day and Night —A Satire	484
15	Letters from a Continental Tourist	491
16	Epigram	501
17	Original Poetry	502
18	The Central Society of Education	503
19	The Acropolis	506
20	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE. — *History and Biography.*—Memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte—Library of Anecdote	507
	Politics, &c.—Progress of the Nation in its Social and Economical Relations	515
	Voyages and Travels.—A Residence in France, &c.	516
	Natural Science.—Silliman's Quarterly Journal—White's Natural History of Selborne —The Naturalist—History of British Quadrupeds	517
	Classics. —The Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle—The Student's Manual of Ancient History—An Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs	518
	Elementary Education.—First Progressive Latin Exercises —First Steps to Latin Writing	519
	Fiction and Poetry.—Mrs. Armytage on Female Domination—Glances at Life in City and Suburbs—The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club—Lays of Poland	520
21	Theatrical Intelligence	524
22	Notes of the Month	527
23	Varieties, scientific & amusing	531
24	Literary Notices	532

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received various pieces of poetry, for which we thank the authors respectively. Some few are good, and will be inserted ; but the majority bear few marks of inspiration.

"Fabricius" must excuse our refusal of his "weary length" of song. The opinions of friendly critics are not always sincere. If they had been we should not have been importuned by F's. first letter, much less by his second.

"St. Martin's Eve" in our next. Will the author oblige us with a call?

Some MSS. are lying at the office for their respective owners. With respect to several MSS., concerning which repeated inquiries have been made at the office, we cannot be responsible for their recovery, as the M. M. six months ago was in different hands. The present proprietor and editor beg to assure their correspondents that every possible care will be taken of their papers.

Erratum in our September Number.

In the article "British Museum," our correspondent, when speaking of the Bridgewater legacy to this national institution, asserted that Sir H. Ellis and Mr. Forshall divided between them the sum left to pay a separate librarian. For Sir H. Ellis he should have said Sir F. Madden, who, with Mr. Forshall, shares the income of the hitherto unappointed officer.

RUSSIA, AS IT REALLY IS, AND NOT AS IT IS COMMONLY REPRESENTED.

Of all the European states, the Ottoman empire excepted, Russia is undoubtedly the least civilized, the least peopled, and the most despotically governed; its heterogeneous, semi-barbarous, and lawless inhabitants are justly regarded as the modern Vandals and Huns of the north, and its rulers have for centuries been if not worse, certainly not much better, than the Genserics and the Attilas of old.

In fact, until Peter the Great was placed on the throne of the Muscovite czars, Russia was scarcely considered as an European state of any rank, and its vast uncultivated and frosty dominions were almost unknown to the rest of the civilized world. Peter therefore, with all his brutal crimes and vices, was the first Russian autocrat, who scattered among his subjects a few seeds of civilization; and having with great difficulty introduced order and discipline into the military department, he organized the Muscovite army by the European tactics, and thus imparted some lustre to his empire.

When the brave, but crazy-brained Swedish monarch Charles XII. was completely routed and defeated at the battle of Pultawa, Peter availed himself of that advantage by wantonly seizing Livonia, Ingria, Finland, and great part of the Swedish Pomerania; and by his so doing the gulf of Finland, and the Baltic were opened to his subjects. Having afterwards called to his aid many able and clever foreigners, Peter, with zeal and perseverance, undertook to reform some of the greatest abuses which had heretofore existed in his dominions; but unfortunately all his improvements had only one end in view, self-aggrandisement and the promotion of the absolute power of the Muscovite czars. It is true that he in some measure lessened the hardships of some millions of slaves; but in the mean time he took good care to reserve for himself and his successors the inhuman right of disposing both of them and of their masters according to the absolute will and pleasure of a despot.

The czarina, Catherine II., whose extraordinary character is stained with the basest crimes, must be considered after Peter the greatest

potentate of Russia, because she greatly contributed by her example and exertions to the spreading of European civilization amongst the Russians, and to the promotion of science, literature, and arts. Being besides well-stocked with ambition, and vigorously seconded by the famous Souwarrow, and Potemkin, she vastly extended her dominions, and through aggression, violence, and devastation, at length completed the conquest of Poland and the Crimea, after having lighted up nearly half Europe with the conflagration of war. It was under this wonderful empress also that the Russian fleet formed by Peter first sailed round Europe, ruled for some time in the Archipelago, and more than once threatened the conquest of Egypt. Under Catherine, therefore, Russia began to be ranked among the great military nations; but its influence and power rested chiefly on its intriguing and cunning policy.

When Napoleon became the uncontrouled despotic military ruler of France, and the *self-appointed protector* of the civilized part of Europe, Russia under Alexander, instead of making useless conquests was somewhat improving its natural resources by different kinds of culture and many valuable productions, and when it took any active part during the numerous wars of the French empire, it was always either as an ally of, or supported by, some other powerful military power; and even then its armies seldom obtained any signal advantage on the field of battle, but on the contrary were often dreadfully beaten, as at Austerlitz, Jena, Ostralenka, Friedland, &c. &c.

After the downfall of the most enterprising and ambitious general and despot of modern Europe, when Alexander had become the leader of the Holy Alliance of the Northern Potentates, Russia *all of a sudden* was not only transformed into the most powerful nation of the world, but was also gravely represented as capable of attaining to universal military supremacy; and then the alarm, with which republican and imperial France had heretofore inspired Europe, was henceforth inspired by the Russian autocrat.

This unaccountable notion of the overwhelming greatness of Russia was in all probability purposely propagated by some interested political writers, the secret enemies of general civilization, freedom, and independence; and the Russian cabinet was not displeased at being so much overrated in the estimation of Europe.

However, since the present Russian autocrat, through the famous Diebitch Sabalkansky and the brutal Paskièvitch Erivansky, has

obtained some partial advantages over the uncivilized nations of Asia, the Persians, and the Turks, the malady of Russo-phobia has reached so great a height, that a credulous portion of the British nation has been infected by its influence, and this infection seems to be on the increase in consequence of some alarmists, who for the last two years have been so warmly and so repeatedly declaiming against the *future universal supremacy of Russia*, both through the public press and in the English senate, and in consequence what is in truth only *a chimerical supposition*, has almost become *a reality* in the opinion of not a few Englishmen:—and thus Russia is at present the *Great Bug-bear* of England.

We beg to be allowed to relate here an *à propos* anecdote which happened in Paris in 1831.

One evening in a political circle, some French gentlemen tainted with Russo-phobia seriously discussing the subject of the projected *universal supremacy* of that country, by their plans, reasonings, and stratagems, proved to their own satisfaction, that within half a century from that period Russia would not only conquer the whole of Asia-Minor, the Persian and Turkish dominions, and the Anglo-Indian possessions, but that it would also completely subjugate the south and west of Europe. General Lamarque, who was present, did not utter a word during the debate, but having been asked his opinion, said—"Messieurs, tout eveillés que vous êtes, il me semble qu'un Cauchemer Russe vous fait déraisonner: ce que vous supposez de la future toute puissance de la Russie est tout-à-fait impossible."

We will not give the same laconic answer to the English alarmists; but we will endeavour to prove that Russia *can never* become so formidable a power as to be an object of dread either to free and industrious England, or to the civilized continent of Europe.

We acknowledge that during the last and the present century Russia has greatly extended her dominions both in Asia and Europe; we admit that the cabinet of St. Petersburg is intriguing, cunning, deceitful, and ambitious; and we do not deny that if the conquest and oppression of the whole world depended solely on the will and pleasure of the Russian autocrat, the dreadful and brutalising era of the middle ages would again soon be renewed. Still in the present advanced state of liberty and civilization of the English and French nations, which possess the right of constitutionally controuling and even directing the acts of their governments, neither the stratagems

of the Russian cabinet, nor the will of the Muscovite despot can succeed; because Russia of 1836, according to our opinion, is neither stronger nor richer than it was in 1812, notwithstanding its new conquests in Asia and its *smuggled* possession of the unhappy duchy of Warsaw:—and now we will briefly submit to our readers, why we think that all dread of the future power of Russia and of its military sway is quite chimerical and paradoxical.

Let us at first dispassionately examine the disproportionate geographical extent of the Russian empire, its vast uncultivated and almost deserted tracts of territory, the scantiness and heterogeneous mixture of its semi-barbarous inhabitants, differing in manners, language, and religious creed, its natural poverty, and the brutalizing system of its government; and then we may reasonably form a just estimate of its real power.

According to the best geographers the Russian dominions spread over an area of about 7,000,000 of British square miles; but within these stupendous limits scarcely *sixty millions* of inhabitants are contained, and supported with great difficulty. The Russians are divided into four classes,—I. the NOBLES, who are the *slaves* of the Autocrat, but the *tyrannic irresponsible masters* of the life and property of their vassals,—II. the CLERGY, who *worship* and teach their flocks to *worship* the Autocrat, who according to their catechism is *a God upon the earth*,—III. the BURGHERS, or merchants, over whom the emperor has the *divine right* of life, and property, whenever it may be his pleasure to take both or either of them, notwithstanding that they are *freemen* and can possess landed property,—IV. the PEASANTS, or rather the *slaves* and *serfs* of the crown, and the nobility, who enjoy nearly the same privileges that the cattle and other animals enjoy in other civilized countries. According to Malte Brun this class amounts to nearly *thirty-six millions*.

To keep in subordination his diversified conquered subjects, and to protect the frontiers of his empire, the autocrat is obliged in time of peace to maintain a standing army of 500,000 men, and during war nearly 800,000; and such was its size at the epoch of the gigantic but imprudent invasion of Russia by Napoleon. Some writers, however, assert that the autocrat can raise an army of above a million of soldiers; but they do not explain in the mean time *how he could keep it?* Certainly not with the resources of his finances, even if all the military colonies established by Alexander towards the south of

Russia at the instigation, and after the plan of General Araktschief were to be put in activity without any additional expense. But let us suppose that he could both raise and keep such an army, if we look at the extent of the Russian frontiers on the side of Europe, the distances and the points that can be attacked, we shall be convinced that even with a million of soldiers the Czar is not proportionately so strong as the other continental powers.

The Russian navy both under Alexander and Nicholas has been certainly much improved and encreased; and it must be acknowledged that Russia holds indeed at present a secondary rank amongst the maritime powers; but out of the Baltic and Black Seas its fleets could not contend with any success against the other maritime nations.

With regard to his merely financial resources there is little doubt that the autocrat of all the Russias may be considered the *poorest potentate of Europe*, notwithstanding his sixty millions of subjects, and his 7,000,000 square miles of territory; and in this wretched state the Muscovite czars will continue as long as their subjects remain in their present moral condition.

Having so far exposed the present real state of Russia, let us now see whether past historical events cannot safely guide us through the labyrinth of false inductions and absurd suppositions which have been lately advanced with regard to Russia.

All the resources of Russia, both defensive and offensive, were certainly put to the test when Napoleon threatened its subjugation in 1812. Let us therefore historically examine how the Russian autocrat of that epoch intended to defend his empire and repulse the French aggressors after having had nearly *two years warning*.

The Russians were informed by numerous proclamations of the project of Napoleon, and their patriotism was energetically excited against the French. The Muscovite clergy supported this appeal of Alexander by preaching a crusade against Napoleon and his army. England not only supplied the Russian army with arms and ammunition, but increasing her national debt, filled the rusty coffers of the Russian treasury with gold. However, after having employed all means in its power, it was at length with great difficulty that Russia succeeded in concentrating a respectable army on its attacked frontier, which was commanded by two able generals, Barclay de Tolly and Bragation. Before Witepsk the Russians seemed willing to oppose the Imperial army of France; but at the approach of Napoleon

they suddenly decamped and retreated on Smolensko. There they were soon rejoined by the French, who naturally expected to meet with great opposition; but when both armies were almost within sight, and all predicted a decisive encounter, the Russians again disappeared leaving Smolensko strongly fortified. On the 18th of August the French attacked this bulwark of the Russian empire, on the 19th took it by assault, and on the 21st 120,000 French troops entered Russia following the retreating army. At last, the Cossack Kutusoff having been appointed general-in-chief, the Russians took a strong and formidable position between the Moskowa and Borodino, supported by the fortified heights of Grecki and Semenoskoï, and having assembled on the field of battle 150,000 combatants, prepared themselves to fight. On the 7th of September Napoleon at the head of 80,000 of his troops, engaged in battle, and completely defeated them, without having recourse to his body guards, which consisted of 20,000 men. Here we stop to remark, that at Borodino the Russians were almost in the centre of their dominions and surrounded by all their resources. We do not speak of the disastrous result of that memorable campaign, because it was not owing either to the skill of Kutusoff, or to the military power of Russia, but entirely to the premature inclemency of the climate and to fortuitous circumstances not to be averted by the genius even of the greatest general.

Let us now turn our views towards the Balkan, where we shall find the best Russian general Diebitch heading the flower of the Muscovite and Polish army, and advancing against the Turks much his inferiors both in number and discipline. Well, the Russians having there met with unexpected opposition, were on the eve of being defeated by the Turks for want of means of carrying on their military operations, and were actually obliged to make two campaigns in order to accomplish the subjugation of two small provinces. Here again we stop, and from Adrianople we beg our readers to accompany us to witness in Persia the almost immortal prowess of Paskievitch Erivansky and his army. Here again we discover that the Russians, being more than double in number, and much better equipped than their opponents, employed nearly fifteen months to wrest from the schah of Persia the province of Erzeroum.

With regard to the Russian fleet we have very little to say, and it is a fact, that without the English and French co-operation, the

Ottoman fleet at the battle of Navarino would have swallowed up Admiral Ricord and all his naval forces.

We must now call the attention of our readers to a very important event. Every body is acquainted with the Polish insurrection of 1830, when the brave but unfortunately rash and imprudent inhabitants of the duchy of Warsaw rose in arms to regain their national independence. Well, here we find a population of less than four millions of souls, without any pre-concerted plan, and with very scanty financial and military resources, but supported by their patriotism and valour, shaking the yoke of the autocrat, and often defeating the best Russian troops commanded first by Diebitch, and afterwards by Paskievitch for nearly twelve months, and placing almost in danger the stability of the Russian autocrat both in Little Russia, and in the whole of the Russo-Polish provinces.

We have dwelt perhaps rather prolixly on these historical facts; but they are important, as they demonstrate almost mathematically that Russia is not so formidable a military power as the alarmists are pleased to suppose.

Besides the wonderful changes which have taken place of late years in Europe, both with regard to the institutions and dynasties of several countries, prove that the diplomatic influence of Russia is not so great as it is commonly supposed to have been. Had it been otherwise would Nicholas ever have permitted the expulsion from the throne of France of his beloved Bourbons of the restoration? Would he have allowed Louis Philippe to support the Belgians in establishing their independence and their separation from Holland, and thus deprive his own sister's children of the future possession of Belgium? Had Nesselrode and Pozzo di Borgo been so clever and so powerful in diplomatical influence, would they have suffered with impunity the downfall of their dear protegè Don Miguel of Portugal, and what is still worse, the establishment of constitutional institutions in that country? Had the Russian tyrant been truly formidable, would he have tolerated the proclamation, acknowledgment, and establishment of Isabella II. as Queen of Spain, surrounded with liberal institutions, instead of his cousin despot Don Carlos, who by this time must have already drawn large subsidies out of the private purse of his Imperial Majesty? No, no such a thing. The will and wish of Nicholas are against all that has happened; but he cannot help his friends for want of means.

But we shall very probably be told that what we have advanced is mere nonsense, since Russia, notwithstanding our little dread of her military and diplomatical power, is at present in a position easily to effect the submission of the whole of the Ottoman and Persian dominions, and that then its supremacy over all the European states will soon be realized. To these specious suggestions we could answer by saying that, although we admit that the Russians by cunning and diplomatic intrigues may continue to dictate some partial measures to the Grand Seignior and to the Persian Schah, it would be very difficult and almost impossible for them to conquer entirely the Turks and the Persians. However, for the sake of showing that the arguments of the Russian alarmists are not so impregnable as they think, we will grant that Russia in course of time, nay, within a few years from the present day, either by conquest or by any other means, will become the absolute mistress both of Turkey and Persia. What then? Will any man of sound sense, acquainted with the internal state and with the finances of the Russian empire, be so silly as to believe that Russia could then attain to *universal supremacy?* But we will go still further by allowing to Russia the conquest of Norway and Denmark, thus giving her the command of the Dardanelles and the Sound. Even then, we are convinced, that Russia would not be better situated nor stronger than it is at present, while *England and France alone* are enjoying the blessings of liberal institutions, and making great progress towards general civilization, industry, and commerce. In fact, the English and French navy, backed by the wealth of their nations, would very soon put an end to the universal supremacy of the Russian Czar, without even attempting either to foment the insurrection of the numerous dissatisfied and oppressed Russian provinces, or to attack her frontiers by land.

As for Russia ever being able to exercise its absolute brutal supremacy over the whole west and south of Europe, we boldly say, that it is *utterly impossible;* nay, we assert also with confidence, that were the Russian autocrat to lose by some means or other the existing friendly interested alliance and support of his powerful neighbours, the despots of Austria and Prussia, his northern European dominions would be soon reduced to the size which they possessed when Catherine II. succeeded to her mysteriously murdered husband, and very probably to *a smaller size.* Besides we think that if Russia

alone were in course of time to undertake a war of conquest either against Austria, or against Prussia, its armies would find it a very difficult task to obtain any substantial advantage over either of them, if they would not be completely beaten; and every sensible man, who has any knowledge of the Austrian and Prussian military resources, organization, and discipline, and of their facility of being able to concentrate on a given point within a short period of time large corps of troops, will easily be of our opinion.

With regard to the fear entertained by some that Russia when once possessed of Turkey and Persia will certainly invade and conquer the Anglo-Indian dominions, we must say that those who gravely listen to such rumours are either out of their senses or know very little of the obstacles which lie between Persia and Hindostan; obstacles which the Russians could never overcome unless an extraordinary change takes place both in their financial and military resources, because we have already demonstrated how precarious has always been their situation whenever they have been engaged in a long war. To conquer Hindostan through Persia, the Russians must necessarily employ numerous military forces, which would be compelled to march during at least twelve months through the barbarous and poor tribes of Afghanistan, across deserted and sterile lands, and over high mountains where there is not the smallest hope of finding the means of providing for the wants of a great invading army, which after all its sufferings would at its arrival on the frontiers of Hindostan find a strong and well-disciplined Anglo-Indian army prepared to annihilate the weary and famishing invaders. Away then with those dreaming alarmists to whom alone Russia owes her present supposed greatness, and her *future universal supremacy*.

We conclude by remarking with Machiavelli, that the real power of an empire does not consist either in its territorial extent or in the number of its inhabitants, but on its wealth, civilization, and commerce; and, above all, on the *compactness* of its resources, and *homogeneity* of its inhabitants. Instead, therefore, of our having any real apprehension from the past aggrandisement and encroachments of the Russian empire, we foresee in consequence of them the seeds of the future dissolution of the Muscovite despotism, which, we affirm with gratitude and pleasure, cannnot continue as it is, so long as civilization is rapidly progressing throughout Europe and on the American continent.

DRAWING ROOM LYRICS.

HUSBAND HUNTING.

I'LL pack up all my finery,
My jewels, lace, and all;
I'll go a husband hunting,
To Bombay or Bengal.
I've shown off at every concert,
I've danced at every ball;
No lover comes, and off I'll go,
To Bombay or Bengal.

I've tried all schemes a swain to get,
But I no swain can win;
I've taken trips the country round,
But I can take none in.
Each morning passes off, I find,
Without a single call;
I'm tired out,—and off I'll go,
To Bombay or Bengal.

Yes, I'll go to the Indies straight
And wed some sallow elf,
Whose gold rupees have charms for me
More tempting than himself.
Here, beauty is a frightful drug,
But *there* 'tis sought by all,
And I'll be in the market soon,
Of Bombay or Bengal!

R. R.

EPIGRAM.

MARIA's like a clock they say;
Unconscious of her beauty
She regulates the live-long day,
Exact in ev'ry duty.

If this be true, such self-command,
Such well-directed pow'rs,
Oh! may her little *minute* hand
Become a hand of *h*ours.

A TRUE STORY.

From reason and observation we are led to infer that every creature has its share of joy, and is no less certain than his fellow of undergoing his allotted portion of sorrow. Such at least is the universal opinion, and it cannot be denied that in hours of the most placid ease or extatic enjoyment, we are not unfrequently awakened from our dream of happiness to the recollection of misfortunes which belong to human nature, and I believe that the cloud which then overshadows our spirit derives as much of its darkness from our sympathy with the woes of others, as from that more selfish feeling which would lead us to pay exclusive regard to our own destiny in the checquered mazes of life.

I believe that I may say of those who have themselves felt the miseries known to others by mere description, that their dispositions are softened by misfortune, and that they are rendered more compassionate by the sense of suffering which they have themselves endured. To use the metaphor of an eastern poet, "the sandal tree sheds its perfume on the axe that wounds it." To these I dedicate my tale.

The story I am about to relate is one which aroused in my own bosom feelings of the deepest pity and commiseration, and although its catalogue of miseries is not relieved by any pleasurable incidents, as we most of us derive a melancholy gratification from hearing of the griefs of our fellow-men, I am not aware that any excuse is needed for the unvarying gloom in which its details are shrouded.

In one of those beautiful towns which dot the southern coast of our island, I made some stay in the course of a tour through the western counties of England. It was here that I saw the heroine of my story at one of the annual balls which attract all the fair denizens of the neighbourhood. Adela Mowbray was then in her eighteenth year, her stature was of that middle height which exquisite art has chosen for its beau ideal of feminine beauty, her dark blue eyes were fringed with long and silken eye-lashes, her glossy hair, which vied in blackness with the plumage of the raven, fell in thickly clustered ringlets upon her shoulders; the polished forehead, the Grecian mouth, bordered as it was with lips of the purest vermillion, added to the exquisite symmetry which was displayed in the formation of her limbs, were such that having once looked upon their beauty it was not without difficulty that the eyes were withdrawn from their gazing. But as she was the most lovely of the many beautiful forms which graced that assembly, so also it was easy to perceive that she was the least happy. Her manner was not without cheerfulness, but it appeared to be the result of a painful effort, and the hectic spot that flushed her pale cheek seemed to tell that an inward melancholy, "passing show," had taken possession of her heart, and that as the soul was crushed by the weight of sorrow, so the body was soon to follow in the race of destruction. Her appearance, in good sooth, did not belie her situation, for death had already laid his icy hand upon her. There was something so uncommon and interesting in the pensive gaiety, if I may use such an expression, of this angelic creature, that

I made such enquiries concerning her as were in my power, and one of those good-natured gossipping old ladies, to whom the affairs of every one else are more important than their own, furnished me with the outlines of her history.

Sir Robert Mowbray was the last male representative of a long line of noble ancestors, and the immense estates which by inheritance and bequest had centred in him were the magnificent appanage of this his only daughter. He was the proudest scion of a proud stock, and although his haughtiness was never shown in overbearing conduct to his inferiors, it was not the less deeply seated in his bosom. The rector of one of the parishes belonging to Sir Robert, and in which he usually resided, was his most intimate, perhaps his only intimate, friend. The connection had begun during their residence at college, and these ties, as they had not been broken by years of separation, were therefore drawn more closely together; and the similarity of their circumstances, each of them having been early deprived of the beloved partners of their fortunes, added not a little to the strength of their friendship. Mr. Clifford, such was his name, had a son and only daughter, of nearly the same age as Adela, in whose society she passed the greater part of her time. They were brought up together, and received their instructions from the same masters; in fact, they were hardly ever separated. This intimacy between the two young ladies was of course the means of bringing William Clifford very frequently into the presence of Adela. As he was by no means destitute of personal advantages, and was endued with an uncommon share of intellect, which he well knew how to render available in conversation, it is not surprising that his fascinating manners should have made a deep impression on the mind of his young friend; and the attentions which he paid her were the more calculated to rivet her attachment that the retired habits of her father prevented her from frequently meeting with the same assiduous respect from others which pervaded the conduct of her admirer, and the friendship in which their intimacy had commenced was shortly superseded by the more dangerous bonds of love. He too, with the unthinking rashness of youth, had yielded to the impulse of passion, and forgetting the distance which fortune had set between him and the adored of his heart, thought only of how he might draw her affections more closely around him, and, perhaps, indulging a species of selfishness the most excusable, if that vice ever admits of apology, regarded only his present enjoyment and the possible fulfilment of his aspiring hopes to the neglect of her future happiness and his own peace of mind. The presence of his sister, though it was a cover for their frequent meetings, was yet a restraint upon their conduct, and might have prevented the evils which I have to relate. But death, who with an unsparing hand crops the spring blossom as well as the ripe fruit, summoned her to an early tomb, and the affections of Adela which before had been divided between the brother and sister, were now centred in one object. Their meetings were not now less frequent than formerly, but they were not so public. They were forced to snatch those hours by stealth in which they communed together, and the secrecy they were obliged to observe, the danger

and mystery of these meetings, and their necessarily lonely character, were not calculated to wean their young hearts from this ill-advised connection. Notwithstanding their caution, they were not able to elude discovery, and the surprise and shock which it occasioned their parents was not a little increased by its being totally unexpected.

The friendship which Sir Robert felt for Mr. Clifford was not extended with so lavish a hand to his children; and if he had been the tenderest and most amiable of fathers, could not have been otherwise than displeased at so untoward an alliance. The very moderate prospects of the young Clifford were not such as entitled him to think for a moment of uniting himself to the heiress of the Mowbray's; and if he had ever in his cooler moments entertained such a hope, it must have had, even to his sanguine temperament, only the appearance of a fading vision, a dream so indistinct and undefined, that the mind of man could not look forward to its accomplishment without incurring a suspicion of insanity.

I have said that the most affectionate and forgiving of parents would not have felt flattered by such a discovery. Judge then of the effect which it produced on the mind of the haughty Mowbray. He insisted on the immediate removal of young Clifford, nor could his father make any reasonable objection to this requisition of parental jealousy. He was destined for the law, and previously to his entering upon the actual study of that arduous profession it was thought fit that he should graduate at one of our universities. He was forthwith sent to Cambridge, and amid the mathematical sons of Granta he soon forgot the sorrows of separation; at least the pangs that he at first suffered were deadened by the dissipation of his gayer hours, or by the close reasoning which was necessary for his more serious occupations.

Not so the fair object of his vows and protestations. Man has many ways of employing his mind; many paths in which he may tread, free from the seductive blandishments of love. Ambition, interest, and glory, are to him such powerful incentives that the softer passions are merged and drowned in the more lofty sensations excited by the former. But woman, excluded as she is from all these views of honour and advancement, is taught by nature to cherish the more amiable feelings of humanity. Her heart is more open to the tender impressions of love, and is so much more capable of retaining them that they are scarcely ever effaced from the tablet on which they have been once imprinted. He who first received her virgin affections has them and holds them even in the grave. It is but too true that she loves once and for ever.

Adela had loved too intensely and too entirely to forget the object on which she had bestowed her heart. She made no attempt to soften the dictum of her father, for she knew him to be unrelenting as he was proud. "Concealment preyed on her damask cheek," and she was fast sinking into the grave, a victim of unguarded passion. It was some months after the eclaircissement I have mentioned that I saw her, and I was told that this was the first time she had been seen in public since her parting with her lover. Nay, that she was here only in the faint hope of catching one glance of him for whom she

had abandoned all her prospects of grandeur, and was soon to give a more melancholy proof of the constancy of her attachment. He was not there, and she returned home sad and sick at heart, borne down by the weight of former grief and present disappointment.

The remainder of the story I learned at my return to the university from a common friend of Clifford and myself. Shortly after I had seen her she fell into a rapid decline, and the physicians who were called in by her miserable parent could give him but faint hopes of her recovery. Diseases of the mind are beyond the power of the most subtle remedies, and the skill of the acutest mediciner cannot administer consolation to a broken spirit. They could but recommend the removal of the cause of her malady, and even then the chance of her amendment was but trifling. A drowning man will catch at a straw for support, so strong is the principle of hope within us, and the distracted father immediately sent an express to Clifford to summon him to her presence. But his consent to Adela's union had not been wrung from him till it was too late to preserve her. She lived, however, till Clifford arrived in breathless haste at her father's bidding. Nor had she lost all consciousness, for when he approached the couch on which her extended form was laid, her eye seemed to recover its wonted brightness, and her thin lips moved as if in thanksgiving for the bliss that was permitted her in her parting moments. As the warm tears fell on her cheek from the eyes of her disconsolate lover she heaved a faint sigh. He clasped her franticly to his bosom, but her pure spirit had flitted from its earthly tenement and he embraced but the corpse of his once beautiful Adela.

Courteous reader, whosoever thou mayest be, smile not at my tale nor discredit that which appears to thee an idle romance. I have seen and spoken with the unfortunate Clifford. The flowers are scarcely withered which he hung over the grave of his beloved, nor has the grass yet grown on the damp clods that cover her mouldering remains.

M. T. S. R.

SONNET,

ON READING MR. SERGEANT TALFOURD'S "ION."

Not from the troubled fountains of cold pride,
Not from the angry waves of sullen hate,
Not from the boastful vauntings of high state
Does thy sweet inspiration, Talfourd, glide.
Sweetness and gentle truth walk side by side
Along a world where nought is desolate,
Nought clouded. Evil casts its outward case,
And the obscured good shoots a mild ray
The observer's eye had missed, the purer trace
Of nature dimmed, but not lost in decay.
The world-worn looks upon his trial-place
With milder patience, guiled by thy pure lay
To feel a music he had failed to mark,
To drink in light, where all before lay cold and dark.

A VISIT TO ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.*

A fabric huge,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. MILTON.

St. Peter's at Rome!—Who that has been to Rome, does not talk about St. Peter's? And who that talks about it can say any thing that has not been said a hundred times before? From a sense of diffidence and modesty, we would willingly leave the subject in the hands of past, as well as future travellers, but the thing is impossible. "What! profess to have been at Rome and say nothing of St. Peter's! Perhaps the man staid there a whole winter and never entered it! Such instances have been heard of." Yes, ungentle reader, I did see it, and did study it, and did admire it; and, as you expect me to do so, I shall sufficiently bore you with the subject, and give you full measure of the usual remarks, that it looks so small though it is so large, that it is like the elephant at Bartholomew fair, measuring so many feet from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and twice that number from the end of the tail to the tip of the snout, that the marble doves there are very like turkeys, and that the sculptured cherubs holding holy water, resemble the deceased Daniel Lambert, Esq., that the bare-footed friars come in with very dirty feet, that the Cardinals look like Zamiel in Der Freischutz, and that by an extraordinary coincidence, the Pope bears no resemblance whatever to the Archbishop of Canterbury. All these things are undoubtedly true, and being so, it is not necessary to enlarge upon them; but as we *must* act as cicerone to St. Peter's, we may perhaps be allowed, like other persons of that class, to set about it in our own way.

Let us then start from home, and begin our morning's walk from our place of residence. We are lodging on the Monte Pincio, the neighbourhood of which is generally selected by English visitors, as a temporary abode during their continental wanderings. The morning, as usual, is inviting; let us breakfast early and set out in good time, for we have a long walk before us.

First we must descend that handsome flight of steps which are the terror of all Rome. Instantly that the shades of evening come over them, they are proscribed and avoided. Robbery and assassination are the crimes reputed to lurk upon their slope, and to lie in ambush

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* The writer of this article takes the liberty of suggesting to the reader, who does not mind a little trouble, that a good plan of Rome will considerably assist him in forming a clear idea of the contents of the following pages.

behind their jutting angles; the prudent, or the timid, will make a circuit of half-a-mile rather than ascend or descend them after nightfall. I have, however, passed them myself many hundreds of times at all hours, without seeing the slightest cause for alarm; but still there is no doubt that, on this spot, murder and outrage are both frequent and unpunished. Another, and perhaps a more forcible reason for avoiding it, is the state of disgusting defilement in which it always remains; except after a long continuance of rain, or the periodical visit of the convicts sentenced to sweep the streets, this useful and handsome thoroughfare looks more like a dunghill than the public ornament, which it might be made. But delicacy and decency, in the sense in which we understand them, are ideas which the modern Romans have yet to receive. Faugh! what a pestilence comes upon the breeze! let us trip quickly down, and get at once into the Piazza di Spagna.

"Piazza" is a word which I find a difficulty in translating into English, and the difficulty is greater in consequence of its having been corrupted to mean "a colonnade." *Piazza* in Italian, comes nearest to *square* in English; but the Piazza di Spagna is triangular, the Piazza di San Pietro is elliptical, and many Piazze in Rome are any shape or no shape. In Norwich, and perhaps in a few other old English towns, wherever there is an open space surrounded by houses, it is called *a plain;* thus, *St. Mary's Plain, The Theatre Plain*, &c.; and the word *plain* used in this sense, exactly answers to the Italian *piazza.* However, as such a word is too local and old-fashioned to claim a place in our language, we must leave the Piazza di Spagna, as well as many other names of localities, untranslated from their native idiom.

There is nothing to admire in the Piazza di Spagna, except the steps from which we have just descended, and the excellent supply of water, discharged by an odd-looking fountain, which is meant to be a representation of an ancient galley. Many fountains in Rome are magnificent, this is only droll and whimsical; if it suggest any idea to the imagination, it is that of a ship on the point of foundering. The *private* fountains in the court-yards of the nobility are generally very elegant, and tastefully furnished with aquatic plants, particularly a large-leaved species of arum; the *public* fountains are mostly grand and gigantic, decorated with columns and obelisks; but the fountain of the Piazza di Spagna, is as strange as the place where it stands, which is merely a triangular nook of some extent, surrounded by shops and lodging houses, well enough in themselves, but too common-place to make us linger on the way to St. Peter's.

We now pass through the Via de Condotti (i. e. street of the conduits), a straight, well-frequented thoroughfare, which leads to the Corso. It is crowded with shops for the sale of mosaics, cameos, bronzes, marbles, and all sorts of virtú and knick-knackery, and consequently is a great lounge for those who have time and money to spare, as well as for the numerous individuals who court the smiles of that small and favoured portion of mankind. Where the great are to be seen the little will come to stare at them; and therefore a

motley and amusing assemblage is generally to be found in the Via de Condotti. One only caution I will give before proceeding further, which is that though the masters of the numerous and tempting shops are pretty honest in their way, yet an Englishman who enters for the sake of purchasing, may safely offer a *trifle* less than he is asked for any article. It goes very much against our English feelings to be obliged to bargain and haggle in this paltry manner, but the Italians in general have the habit of doing so; and whoever neglects to follow their example, will frequently pay for his purchases double their just value.

In crossing the Corso we will just give one glance to the right, to catch a view of the distant obelisk which stands in the Piazza del Populo, and another to the left, for the sake of the long perspective of houses and palaces which stretch in that direction, and then pass on to the Via della Fontanella. We are now advancing into the shabbier and more densely inhabited parts of Rome, the Tiber is immediately on our right, though it is concealed from the view by the crowded houses; still, every now and then we arrive suddenly at some object of architectural splendour. That large building, for instance, which we have just passed, and which extends far away to the right, is the Borghese palace. The reputation of its picture gallery would tempt us to enter, but we must proceed, and in proceeding, the further we advance the narrower, the dirtier, and the worse paved are the streets. At last we arrive at a point where a branch of the thoroughfare suddenly reverts to the left; this is the Via dell' Orso, or *Bear-street*, which leads to the Pantheon, the Piazza Navona (formerly the circus Agonalis), and to the site of the Campus Martius, which is now the most crowded part of modern Rome. However, we must leave all these attractions and the path which conducts to them, simply observing that the corner house, with its odd-looking archway and rude frescos of bears painted on its front, is the residence of a remarkable personage, and is in some sense, the centre of Europe. For Signor Balzani, one of the principal vetturini in Italy, here holds his court, and if you desire to travel to any part of the continent economically and by easy stages, you cannot do better than apply to him: he will give you strong horses, an easy carriage, and a civil driver.

Of the Italian vetturini, as the Italians themselves confess, "ce ne sono buoni, e ce ne sono mali," "there are good, and there are bad," but in general they are an honest, open-hearted, enterprising set of men. Without ever having even seen a map, a vetturino has a tolerably correct knowledge of all the principal routes and cities of Europe; and without the assistance of books, he acquires *some* proficiency in several languages. He rises early, goes to bed late, and is exposed indifferently to storm and sunshine. A few days in the year he devotes to the society of his wife and children, but he leaves them abruptly to travel *somewhere,* he cares not in what direction. His face is well known in every capital, his acquaintances are numberless; but as his visits are transient, so is his intercourse with them brief, for his *salute* is "Addio! caro," his *greeting* is "good bye!" Such is the vetturino.

But we must move on, and in fact there is little worth stopping for. This building to the right with the Cipollino columns on the front of the first story, is the Teatro di Apollo, or Opera House; and as we pass it, the street widens, we arrive at an open space, the green Tiber (I wonder why they called it *yellow*)* runs immediately beneath our feet, and we must cross the bridge of St. Angelo. What strange things are these statues of angels, which stand on the piers and abutments of the bridge! Let the admirers of Bernini come here, and see with what infinite humour his own pupils have caricatured his peculiar style, and that too under his own superintendence. The drapery which hangs about these angelic creatures, seems to be agitated by all the four winds of heaven blowing at once, and they are straining themselves into impossible attitudes, which aim at the line of beauty *doubly* twisted and circumflexed. It is really wonderful how Bernini could have sculptured so many tolerable works, since I do not remember one which can truly be called either natural or expressive.

The French *intended* to clear away the whole of the left-hand side of the street leading from the Castle of St. Angelo to the Piazza di San Pietro, which would have given a finer view of the church than any which can now be obtained. For observe, as we approach the building the cupola disappears behind the lofty façade, in the same manner as the peak of a mountain is hid when you come close under one of its shoulders. The colonnades too produce no adequate effect till you are completely within their area. In proceeding through the usual thoroughfare to view St. Peter's, there is no one *first* point of view, no surprize, no sudden burst of splendour, as there is at St. Mark's square at Venice, for instance; but it comes upon you by piecemeal, slowly, and gradually; and it would be almost worth while to bring a stranger to it round by some of the back lanes, and leading him under the central half of one of the colonnades, say that on the right hand, conduct him thus into the elliptical space, which they embrace within their gigantic curve. But even thus he would see but little effect till he arrived at one of the fountains, those fountains that play constantly by day and by night, whether their waters are muddy with melted snow, or clear as the mountain rivulets that supply them; always running, except for a few hours in the year, while their channels are being cleared from weeds and rubbish. No, the front of St. Peter's excites little astonishment or admiration, and for that again we have to thank Il Signor Bernini. The original elevation by Michael Angelo may be seen painted in fresco over one of the doors in the library of the Vatican, and how infinitely simpler and grander it is, than any thing the present façade can boast of!

But what a nuisance these beggars are, who are dodging after us

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* The waters of the Tiber are *now* of a very delicate sea-green: their course, or the strata over which they pass, must have greatly changed since Horace wrote "Vidimus *flavum* Tiberim." We should almost suspect that Ainsworth had made a blunder when he explains "Flavus, *a bright yellow like gold, or such as ears of corn have when they are fully ripe*," did we not also find in Horace the line, "Credula nec *flavos* timeant armenta *leones*." The Arno has now exactly the same tint that the Tiber had in ancient times.

with such unyielding perseverance! the more so, as some of them seem really to be in want, and we cannot help pitying them, at the same time that they are teasing us; a fat, sturdy beggar is very entertaining, and may occasionally serve to make one laugh, but I hate the sight of a poor, starving wretch, who really does appear to be in misery. And what a variety of nations there seems to be among them! "Seyn Sie so barmherzig, mein Herr; mein Vater ist krank," whispers a fair-haired little boy, with broad cheek bones and blue eyes. "Per l'amor di Dio, caro signore, datemi qualche cosa! Eccelenza! un bajocco, Eccelenza!" howls a yellow complexioned woman, with one child at her breast, and two others holding by her apron. "Charitè! Monsieur; s'il vous plait, Monsieur, charitè!" supplicates an upright, military-looking old man. Well, thank heaven, we have not seen an English face, nor heard an English voice among this motley train of applicants, and I sincerely hope, for the honour of our nation, that we never shall! Come, let us step quickly on, out of the reach of this wretched squad. We are too close under the building to see any thing of its architecture, so let us march directly up the slope, and enter. And now that we are safe within the vestibule, we shall soon get rid of our troublesome attendants. It is of no use attempting to send them off by relieving them, for a fresh crowd will immediately succeed; and those you have already fed will remain, if it be only for the pleasure of having a good stare at you. Don't throw away your bajocchi so fruitlessly, you might as well attempt to satisfy a swarm of Indian locusts, but come at once into the body of the church: there at least they cannot follow us. I will lift up for you the thickly-padded leather curtain, which hangs in the doorway. What a rush of air into the building, is there not? There, step in, look about you, and I will leave you to yourself for a few minutes.

And now, Sir, tell me, if you please, what strikes you most in all this vast assemblage of wonders. Ah! I see by your eye that it is not the magnitude of the edifice, nor the gilded roof, nor the marble columns, nor the mosaic pictures, nor the soft streaming light, nor the tempered atmosphere,—but, it is that tall, black, grisly idol,* seated, like a mocking fiend, upon his throne of state, as if he were the presiding demon of the place! Before him are the ever burning lamps that encircle that hollow vault, the tomb of St. Peter, which, how magnificent soever it may be, *to me* seems yawning like a pit of destruction. Mark! how his votaries approach singly, in reverential files, to bend the knee, and bow the forehead, and mutter the prayer, and kiss

* In using the word "Idol," the writer of these pages begs it to be understood that he by no means intends by it to imply the charge of idolatry against those whose consciences may lead them to pay reverence to this image of St. Peter, as he well knows that such an accusation would be indignantly repelled by every Roman Catholic divine in Italy. He is fully aware of the distinction that is drawn between "divine adoration" and the "relative honour given to creatures;" and though he must confess his own inability to understand it, he would be sorry to insult those to whom it may be intelligible. But *impressions*, not *doctrines* are the subject of the present article; and to all who have not been inured to such spectacles from their infancy, the statue of St. Peter will at first sight appear to be what it is here styled—an idol.

that half-worn foot on which once stood the statue of a Pagan god. And his victims—can such an idol be without his victims? Listen to those heavenly sounds which are streaming through the open doorway of yonder chapel, and at the same time watch the countenances of the crowd who throng to hear the music. The harmony and expression are perfect, the melody soft and enchanting. Why then do the women listen with a mocking smile, and an air of derision? Why do the men regard these exquisite musicians with a look of pity? *Those* are the victims sacrificed before the idol! and their duty is to chant in honour of the fiend who has destroyed them! You see that boy who is trained, and tutored, and supported by the rest, what constant attention, what flattering kindness he receives! Poor child! They instruct and adopt him, and, I believe they may love him, *for he is become as one of themselves*. You remember the wretched being with streaming hair, a crooked, mis-shapen body, and a squeaking voice, who supplicated our charity as we were coming to the temple—he too is another victim; but he is turned adrift to beg, steal, or starve, for he has no talent, and no voice to sing with his fellow-victims before the horrible, black, iron idol! But puffed up with vanity, with fatness, and with gay clothing, *they* may not feel their degradation and their wretchedness as we feel it for them. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb—and besides it is foolish to brood unnecessarily over painful objects, which we can neither remedy nor alleviate, so we will pass on to something else. But before entirely quitting this awful and imposing figure, it may be worth while to mention a circumstance which shows how differently the same exciting cause strikes the imagination of different individuals.

I had mentioned in a small circle of friends the impression produced upon my mind by this (so called) brazen statue. A gentleman present observed that he did not recollect it, and the following morning revisited St. Peter's for the sake of inspecting what I had considered so remarkable. In the evening I inquired the result of his researches, and *he had not been able to find it*. Not able to see a black statue at least seven or eight feet high, with a golden lamp eternally burning before it, seated on a marble chair under a crimson canopy, elevated from the pavement by a pedestal nearly the height of a man, placed in a most conspicuous point of view, and the object of continual veneration to thousands! Well, some people may have eyes, and hearts, and imaginations,—but others, we might almost believe, are born and go through the world without being burthened with any such troublesome appendages.

We have had a glance at the most abject of the slaves who are chained to the walls of this mighty temple, let us, for the sake of the contrast, now cast our eyes at the higher order of beings—at the lords, the princes, almost the demigods of this vast fane. Let us dare to look at one of those mysterious beings who has a chance, a possibility of becoming one day the man-god, the grand lama of Europe. Here comes a Cardinal! We are fortunate to day. He is about to perform his private devotions—in public. It does seem strange that a man cannot say his prayers without being accompanied by a train-bearer, a confessor, and three or four servants with cocked-hats,

canes, and laced liveries. You and I could not really open our hearts to the Deity in the midst of such a state paraphernalia; and I believe most people, Englishmen at least, would be of our opinion. Observe how delicately his running footman wipes with a towel the foot of the statue, which has just been sullied by vulgar lips; and note, after he has kissed the toe of St. Peter, with what regularity each of his train follow according to their precedence, and repeat his motions. Mark also with what address the purple-vested trainbearer manages the twisted roll of scarlet drapery as his Eminence proceeds from station to station. It must be an unhappy life after all, that of a Cardinal, to have every motion so cramped and restrained by etiquette that he cannot even enter a church and pray to the Almighty without having a suite of hangers-on, of attendants, of domestic spies constantly pursuing him, and tracking his footsteps. To some men, who are unbroken to restraint, what a life of misery would this be. But old age loves respect; and by constant habit the daily incense of this worship and eye-service may become as necessary as the vital air we breathe.

"Ah! well—this talk may be all very fine," says the visitor to St. Peter's, getting a little tired of the cicerone, as well as of the Cardinal, "but it is excessively dull, and has a great tendency to set me yawning. You make but a very poor guide to the lions, and unless you become a little more lively, I certainly shall not think of recommending you to my friends, and you will not make a fortune by your profession. Come, brush up, my man, and tell us something funny! Is there no good joke about the Pope, or some nice little story concerning the Cardinals that is worth hearing?"

"No, Sir, no; I don't recollect any thing of the kind,—or if I do, I am prudent enough to say nothing about it. Did you never hear that there were such things as spies in Rome? Did you ever stop to look at Punch, or listen to a ballad-singer in the streets, without observing that a priest or a friar had slyly insinuated himself into the crowd? And why has that old gentleman, who now is peeping at us so earnestly through his eyeglass, been listening to our conversation for the last five minutes, 'giudizio, Signore giudizio?'"

"But we are talking English. They surely cannot understand that, and therefore we are safe."

"Pardon, Monsieur, no such thing. Have you noticed those confessional boxes placed at regular intervals against the wall? And have you remarked that they are labelled English, French, Polish, Armenian, and so forth, that every nation of the civilized globe may reveal their backslidings in their mother tongue? If the holy church have confessors for all languages, why may she not have spies also?"

"But surely no *Englishmen* are settled at Rome in the character of ——"

"Suspend your judgment, Sir, for one moment, and wait till those rosy-cheeked, sackcloth-covered, rope-encircled friars have waddled past us. What is it they are saying to each other?"

"Be aisy, now, honey, be aisy, I tell ye—and hould your tongue till I tell ye all about it."

"There, Sir, you see, are two shaven crowns, who, if they had

the will, have also the power of listening to, and understanding moreover any confidential communications we might make to each other. However, I believe I may safely inform you that the Cardinals are very jealous of the Pope, and of each other; and it is said that a certain English gentleman of fortune and family, who has consented to become one of the body, lived at first in much too good style to suit either the pockets or the pride of his colleagues, and that he afterwards found it as well to fall to the level of those by whom he is surrounded. It is also whispered that the holy conclave are fond of electing as Pope some one of their number who is weakly, decrepit, and perhaps nearly imbecile, in order to avoid putting themselves under a sovereign who has the capability, if he has the inclination to take the reins into his own hands. They certainly have overreached themselves in this manner in one or two instances, as several Popes, immediately after their election, have almost miraculously cast their skin, and have appeared to be suddenly invigorated with the freshness of youth. One cunning old pontiff, who used to stoop a great deal, and be constantly leaning on crutches during his cardinalate, most unexpectedly threw them aside on his elevation to the popedom, and walked as upright as any member of the college. His friends were struck with astonishment at the change, and requested an explanation of the difference observable in his manner of carriage; to which he merely replied that formerly he was looking for the keys of St. Peter, and now he had found them.

"Scandal respecting the highest dignitaries of the church is of course always flying about the eternal city; but it is not more probable that a few of them may have been men of not unyielding morals, than it is that falsehoods are propagated respecting many others, and that by far the greater portion of their number are adorned by character, learning, and benevolence. Of these matters it is very difficult for a stranger to judge, as he can hear but little, and he must not believe the half of what he hears.

"However, if we allow the popes to be virtuous in general, we must at least charge them with being sometimes a little too prudish. That marble statue of Justice, after the designs of Michael Angelo, which was already sufficiently draped for any reasonable person, has received an additional covering of bronze from the hands of Bernini. Bernini again spoiling what his predecessors had left perfect! But in this instance we cannot blame *him*, as he was obliged to act according to his orders, and the only wonder is that he has done so little damage to the figure. The legend says that several foolish young gentlemen have successively fallen in love with it, and did, I don't know what with themselves in consequence; but it is astonishing how any of Michael Angelo's grim beauties could excite the tender passion. The most loveable thing in the whole church is the Genius by Canova, which stands close by the Communion of St. Girolamo. Grace, ease, and tenderness combine to form a creature of perfect ideal beauty. There is something so angelic and unearthly in its character, that you are puzzled to pronounce which sex it belongs to. It is a compound of female softness united to masculine vigour and elasticity; and in moulding this Genius, Canova has created a

new order of beings. One could stand and feed one's gaze with it for ever.

"Are you fond of relics? There are plenty here, but we cannot get at them. Of the few which are exposed to the public, those two beautifully twisted columns of white marble which are elevated in that niche half way between the pavement and the cupola, are said to have been brought from the temple at Jerusalem; and that splendid Corinthian pillar near the Pièta of Michael Angelo, is affirmed to be one against which our Saviour leaned while discoursing in the Temple. Many of the Roman relics are undoubtedly spurious, but I am far from being so universally sceptical upon the subject as many persons profess to be. It is certain that all the relics to which any degree of credit is attached were actually brought from the Holy Land, and it is more than probable that those who imported them believed them to be genuine. When, as in the cloisters of St. John Lateran, they show you with a grave face the well from which the woman of Samaria was drawing water when our Saviour addressed her, the stone on which the cock was perched when he crew to St. Peter, the two halves of a column rent in twain at the Crucifixion, &c., &c., we may reasonably assent to what we are told with a certain degree of mental reservation; but it would be difficult I think to prove the impossibility that a pillar may now stand in the church of St. Peter's at Rome which formerly made part of the Temple at Jerusalem.

"But I see you are almost tired, so we will return home. You must come again, and again, and again, in order to understand thoroughly the marvels heaped together upon this spot. Every tomb, every mosaic picture, almost every block of marble is a study, and has its history and its associations. The human mind can regale itself with only a limited quantity of dainties at one repast, so we will retire now that we have feasted sufficiently for one day.

"And having once more arrived at the open air, you will confess that your eyes are dazzled and your mind is saturated with the number and variety of the new ideas you have just imbibed. Our friend, the Cardinal, seems also to have taken his leave, and is driving off in a carriage that is resplendent with gilding, brick-red, and waggon-blue. The only respectable part of his equipage (to English eyes) are the black, long-tailed horses, and they really are handsome. But *one* wholesome, healthy-looking footman would make a far better appearance than the *three* unwashed, unshaven, ill-clad varlets who ride behind his Eminence's vehicle. They are now rumbling off in quest of his palace through some of the intricate windings and dirty streets of the Campus Martius. *We* will take a short cut across the fields, pass the Tiber by the ferry-boat, and, on arriving at Monte Pincio, I hope we shall find that the 'trattore' has sent us an excellent dinner, for I am sure we have worked hard, and well deserve it."

D.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ah ! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his path may lie ?
Ah ! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
Secure his own will never need it too ?

KIRKE WHITE.

IT cannot last ! It cannot last !
This sickness of the heart ;
For it wakes and weeps o'er the faded past,
And is willing to depart.

It cannot last ! It cannot last !
The grief that fills me now;
Soon will my life-blood welling fast,
In death array my brow.

It cannot last ! Yet while life's dream
Brings sorrow and dismay,
My storm-toss'd bark shall brave the storm,
Though death command the way.

O life ! thy sea is never calm,
Its billows never rest ;
Thou ne'er giv'st peace, nor healing balm,
To those thou hast opprest.

O'er youth thou throw'st a smiling ray,
But as it bursts in bloom,
Thy storms appear, and it fades away
Like a flower, into the tomb.

The kindling hopes which manhood feels
In the plenitude of years,
Droop—as thy blight upon them steals,
And sink with heavy cares.

Yet o'er thy waves, though never still,
Dark storms not always sweep ;
There may burst beams of joy to fill
The hearts of those that weep.

Then farewell life ! A long farewell,
Thou spell that binds my breath !
I seek no requiem in thy knell—
But rest from thee—O, Death !

E. W. G.

THE BARONET'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! what a thing is man!
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred providence above him.

Chapter I.

It was on a fine autumnal morning that two gentlemen were seated in the library of Euston Hall.

"You look upon the world with the eye of a priest, Courtenay," said the elder, as he arose and walked to the window.

He was a man about the middle age, and something below the average stature. His hair was short and of a sable silver; but his thinly marked brows were perfectly black, and gave additional fire and vivacity to a pair of piercing dark eyes which were wont to flash with every varying emotion. His mouth was small, and his lips thin and straight, and the singular whiteness of a set of teeth perfectly smooth and even, formed a strong contrast to the almost olive complexion of a face, the features of which, although small, were well defined and regular. His frame was well built, compact and muscular; and as he walked up and down the room, a leg of still faultless symmetry evinced that the virgin of his earlier manhood had scarcely yet begun to depart from him.

The pervading expression in the countenance of the other was that of passive mildness, of almost imperturbable equanimity. His large gray eye reflected meditation; perhaps, anxious thought long ago subdued; and the tone of his voice was that of one more accustomed to converse with books than with men.

"I do not look upon mankind merely with the eye of a priest;" answered Courtenay to the observation which had been addressed to him, "it is because, Sir Robert, I think I know their weaknesses, their follies, and their vices, that I presume sometimes to set forth those divine precepts of our heavenly Master which may at least restrain, if they do not altogether eradicate them."

"You talk to me of charity and of forgiveness of injuries," said Sir Robert, turning from the window out of which he had been gazing for some minutes, "Charity, it is said, covers a multitude of sins; but were it not better to give the sins fair play against virtue, and throw away the cloak altogether? and for your forgiveness of injuries, to forgive is to sanction, nay to license the injury. What! you would warm the snake at your fire, you would permit it to sting you, and then, forsooth, you would heap another log upon the flame? is that your doctrine?"

"I would make every allowance for human feeling," replied the priest humbly; "but what I would strongly insist upon is that it is human feeling, and human feeling only."

The baronet tapped the lid of his snuff-box. "Gently, Mr. Courtenay, gently," said he, "am I a fool, or a madman? neither, I believe; let me then go my own way. He shall be judged fairly, he has been judged fairly, yes," he repeated, observing the expression

of incredulous surprize which the priest evinced; "I say he has been judged fairly. You know not all, although, perhaps, the whole may be known shortly, not only to you but to the world. I will not be hasty. He shall be heard. By heaven! he is arrived," and the baronet started to his feet, as the sound of carriage-wheels driving up the avenue became distinctly audible; "now, Courtenay, you shall see whether I cannot command myself."

A servant opened the door, "Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, is below."

"Show him up, by all means," exclaimed the baronet, and he turned to the priest with a smile, "observe," said he, "how politely I can receive my friends."

Mr. Willoughby at this moment entered the apartment and advanced towards the baronet. "I am very happy to meet you once more," he said, as he extended his hand, "you were no doubt expecting me, agreeably to my letter from Paris. With respect to yours we will talk about it hereafter."

The baronet stept back a pace. "I am very glad to see you here, Mr. Willoughby," he said emphatically, "but my hand is not in at present for mere shows of friendship. I am very glad to see you *here*."

A slight flush overspread the face of the young man. "Well, you decline my hand," said he with affected unconcern, "I expected as much," and he turned towards the priest, "you, Mr. Courtenay, will, perhaps, suffer me to exchange a show of friendship with you."

"You do me honour, with much pleasure," stammered the priest, as he cast a half-imploring glance towards the baronet. "You look well, Mr. Willoughby, remarkably well. Paris, I suppose—"

"Yes, Paris is the place to enjoy life and to prolong it," returned the other, and having retired to the window, an inaudible conversation ensued between the two gentlemen, which from the manner in which it was carried on would seem to have been confined to general topics.

During this colloquy the baronet walked up and down the room humming an air, and playing impatiently with his watch-chain. He paused, at length, and with an earnest and measured glance surveyed from head to foot the person of his son-in-law.

"I am sorry, gentlemen, to interrupt your conversation," he said suddenly, "but you know, Courtenay, that I have some particular and urgent business to transact with Mr. Willoughby; will you favour me, Sir," he continued, turning towards the latter, "by accompanying me to the gallery?"

"With pleasure," returned Willoughby, "I follow you."

The priest laid his hand upon the arm of the baronet, and directed a deprecating look towards him, "Be calm, I implore you," he whispered.

"Fear me not, fear me not," answered the other, "Come, Sir, I attend you," and he led the way from the apartment.

"Will you permit me to hope that you have been well, since I last had the pleasure of seeing you?" said Willoughby, as they ascended the staircase.

"I have been very well, Sir," replied the baronet, "nothing has occurred, you see, to disturb my tranquillity; the death of a daughter

is a trivial circumstance, and that can't happen again, for she was my only one; and besides," he added, as they entered the gallery, "it is almost past memory, for it happened two months ago; oh! yes, I have been very well."

A shade of undefinable emotion clouded the brow of Willoughby as the baronet concluded, and his nether lip quivered, and the glance he ventured at his companion betrayed that he knew the subject upon which the other was about to enter, and that he dreaded its commencement.

"You have some fine portraits here, Sir Robert," said he, with assumed calmness.

"You have seen them often before."

"Indeed; I was not aware; I had forgotten."

"Yes, Mr. Willoughby," cried the baronet, as he placed two chairs in the window recess, "these are the portraits of my ancestors, the portraits of knights, bannerets, and gentlemen of my family; men, Sir, who held their honour sacred, and devoted their lives to the maintenance of it. But, come, will you take a chair? I will lock the door," he added, as he walked across the room, "lest we should be intruded upon, come, Mr. Willoughby, sit down."

The baronet took a seat opposite his companion, and after a short pause, during which he appeared to be arranging the order of his questions, and the particular words in which they were to be conveyed, he began thus: "You received my letter addressed to you at Paris, about two months ago, in which I required an explanation of the reason of your strange absence during the illness, and until after the death of the late Mrs. Willoughby? Am I to consider you bow an assent? Well, Sir, your letter dated a fortnight later was received by me, in which you did not condescend to satisfy me touching the questions I presumed to put to you; but you informed me that you would wait upon me on this day for the purpose of arranging some important business."

"I did so," said Willoughby, hastily, "and if you will allow me, I will at once enter upon this business, for which I came hither, and which settled, I will remove myself from your sight for ever."

"Not so fast, young man, *my* business first, if you please," said the baronet coolly. "Hear me. A communication was made to me by one of your own servants to the effect that your wife was dying, but that she was very reluctant that I should be sent for, or acquainted with the matter. For this I can account: her own pride, and an unwillingness to distress me, her father, her father, Mr. Willoughby. No matter, I hastened to town, I watched over her till she died. Before this event took place, however, she informed me that she had written many letters to you, apprizing you of her situation, and imploring your return, letters which you never answered. Is this true, do you not know it to be true?"

Willoughby answered not for some moments. "Several letters I did receive," he said slowly and hesitatingly, his eyes fixed on the ground, "but they did not dwell so much upon her illness, they did not implore my return, I did not know she was so ill, the letters were written for another purpose, a secret—a—"

"Lie," said the baronet gently, leaning forward, "if belief, Mr. Willoughby, were always to attend and to wait upon deceit 'twere a rare world for the villains. One word more with you: my daughter confessed to me, I wrung it from her, I would know it, that your conduct towards her had been unkind, harsh, cruel, brutal."

The young man started and turned deadly pale. "Did she say so? did Marian tell you this?" and as he averted his face, a violent agitation appeared to shake his frame. "No, no, no, Sir Robert, I was never unkind, never harsh, never cruel, never, until, until the—"

"Ha!" cried the baronet triumphantly, "do you confess? until the what? until when? what do you mean?"

"Nothing," said Willoughby, "it is past."

"It is not past, Sir, it is not past," exclaimed Sir Robert; "look you, evasion is useless, you cannot deceive me, I know all."

"Know all, gracious God!" gasped Willoughby, "you cannot know it; she never, surely, told you. What do you know?"

"Enough for my present purpose," replied the baronet; "I know this, Willoughby, that you have murdered, for that is the word, the gentlest and the best creature that ever breathed."

"Oh God! oh God! do not urge me further," cried Willoughby, burying his face in his hands; "let me go, let me depart, or hear the business upon which I came."

"Not a word, not a word," said the baronet solemnly, "till this matter be explained. Willoughby, your father was my friend; your mother was dear to my wife; I loved, respected, revered them both. For their sakes I am thus lenient towards you."

"No more," groaned Willoughby, "no more, Sir Robert, I beseech you; let this subject drop; it will be better; it may be safer, suspend your judgment."

"Suspend my judgment, ha! ha!" cried Sir Robert contemptuously, "where shall I suspend it? in the park yonder, I suppose, to scare the crows with; but this is trifling. In one word, tell me, out with it, acknowledge it like a shameless villain, wherefore your treatment of your wife, why your prolonged absence from her?"

"I cannot tell you," cried Willoughby, "indeed I cannot, there were reasons, strong, strong, which you must never know."

"But which I will know," said the baronet doggedly.

"You cannot, you must not."

"I must. Will you satisfy me?"

"No, no, no, I cannot, I must not, I will not."

"Will not, is somewhat peremptory," cried the baronet; "again I ask you, will you satisfy me?"

"No, I will not."

"Once more, the third, the last time, will you satisfy me?"

"I will not."

"Enough," exclaimed the baronet, as he struck his hands upon his knees, and sprung to his feet. "This place is cold, Sir, we must take a little exercise to keep our blood in circulation," and as he said this, he proceeded to the extreme end of the gallery, and opened a large and ancient cabinet. "There never yet," said he, as he flung aside the doors, "there never yet, Willoughby, lived the man

since I wore a beard upon my chin, aye, or before that, too, who wronged Robert Aylmer, and escaped unpunished. Here, Sir, are two swords, the lengths are equal, take one."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Willoughby in surprise.

"You shall know in good time," said the baronet, as he deliberately unsheathed one of the weapons, "here, take your sword, Sir, and defend yourself."

"I will not fight with you," said Willoughby coolly, as he accepted the sword, and laid it upon a chair, "nor can you provoke me, Sir, to raise a hand against you. Command yourself; this is madness."

"Ha! a coward too," cried the baronet with a sneer, "a coward, too," he repeated, "your father, Mr. Willoughby, would have spurned you for this."

"I am no coward, Sir Robert," said Willoughby reddening, and he took up the sword. "Hear me, Sir, I am skilful at this weapon, I am younger than yourself."

"Tut, tut, boy," cried the baronet contemptuously, "you shall not escape chastisement by bravado, the coward's last resort, I also am skilful at this weapon, or was, before that hand of yours could poise a bulrush."

"I do not question, and I will not witness your skill to-day, Sir Robert," said Willoughby; "I have no quarrel with you, I love and I respect you. You are my father-in-law."

"Liar!" cried the baronet, "that tie has been dissolved. Your valour, Willoughby," said he, as he approached him, "is a sluggish beast, and must be roused, I see. Now, Sir, will you fight me?" and he struck the other violently with the flat part of his weapon.

"Ha!" cried Willoughby, drawing his sword hastily, "this must not be, Sir, this must not be; but no, I will not revenge this now, I stand upon my defence, no more."

"Come, this is well, this is well," said the baronet with a grim smile, as Willoughby placed himself in attitude; "now, Sir, defend yourself," and with his teeth firmly set together, and a kindling eye, the baronet struck his foot upon the floor, and crossed the sword of his antagonist with his own.

The baronet commenced the assault with great coolness and determination, but after a few ineffectual passes, the colour came upon his brow, and the impatient twitching of his lip evinced that he would soon lose the self-possession which had governed him at the first onset. He felt that he had to do with an antagonist equal with himself in skill, and deriving great advantage from his superior command of temper; and this last conviction, as Willoughby put by his sword at every pass with the air of one who defies and almost derides his opponent, chafed him into almost ungovernable rage.

"We must try another system with you, my young gentleman," he cried as he retreated a few paces, and then advanced upon the other with reckless fury; "it is time we should bring this matter to an issue."

"I must wound you, even in my own defence I must wound you, Sir Robert," exclaimed Willoughby, as the baronet pressed upon him. "By heavens I think I touched you there," and as he spoke,

his sword entered the coat of the other, and came out over the shoulder.

"A lie, a lie," shouted the baronet, "I am not wounded, look to yourself."

"A moment's pause, I entreat you," cried Willoughby, and putting by the sword of the baronet, he lowered the point of his own. "Let this go no further," he continued, "I am no coward; but let us desist, and I will forget all that has occurred. One word; had you not once a favourable opinion of me?"

"I had—what then?" said the baronet.

"Retain it still; and believe me, I never wronged your daughter."

The baronet was silent for some minutes, and with folded arms stood gazing at the majestic figure and noble countenance of his son-in-law. "It grieves me, Willoughby," said he, "it grieves me that a brave man should have found it worth his while to be a scoundrel. Why these evasions? what need of further subterfuge? confess, that you have been a base and unmanly villain to your wife."

"Never," exclaimed Willoughby, "would that I could explain all, but no, that must never be;" and he shook his head mournfully.

"We waste time, then," cried the baronet, raising his sword, "*her* spirit cries to me for blood, for blood, and it must flow, Willoughby," and again he pressed furiously upon his antagonist.

"What use, then, contending with you?" said Willoughby, "see, I am wounded," and at that moment the baronet's sword entered his wrist, "you thirst for my blood, you seek my life, take it," and he threw down his rapier.

The baronet sprung forward, and placed the point of his weapon at the heart of Willoughby. "Die then," said he, "or confess, I give you but one minute. Confess."

"Nothing," said the other unmoved, "you seek my life, take it."

"And that I will do, by the God above us," cried the baronet; "confess, confess."

"My life is at your disposal, Sir Robert," said Willoughby calmly, "I have nothing to say. Take it."

The baronet looked up and rivetted his keen dark eye upon the features of his son-in-law. There was an undefinable expression in that face, so unmoved, so serene, so tranquil, that staggered him. Slowly and almost unconsciously he lowered the point of his sword, and placed his hand upon the bosom of Willoughby.

"The pulse is regular," he muttered, "the heart beats as calmly as my own." He threw down his weapon and walked to the window. "I cannot do it now," he said, "not now, in cold blood to shed cold blood—no, no—another time; not now, not now."

"You have been deceived, Sir Robert," said Willoughby, as he bound up his wrist with a handkerchief, and replaced the swords in a cabinet, "but how, by whom, or in what particular, perhaps you will never know. Let us forget what has just now passed."

The baronet looked round and gazed earnestly at the speaker till he had concluded. An incredulous smile passed on his lip as he stepped out of the recess; but he uttered not a word, and turning

on his heel he walked slowly from the gallery, and descended the staircase; and the closing of a door below apprized Willoughby that he had shut himself in his study.

Chapter II.

It was about ten o'clock when Sir Robert's bell rang. A servant entered the library.

"Thomas, you may bring me up some coffee now; what are the gentlemen about below?"

"They are still in the parlour, Sir Robert, in conversation;" and the servant retired, presently returning with the tea service.

"You may fetch me up a bottle of wine in about two hours from this time," said the baronet; "it will be late before I retire to bed."

The clock was striking the hour of midnight, when the servant tapped at the library door. There was no answer. He repeated it a second and a third time. There was a stir within as of the closing of a door. "Come in."

"I have brought you the wine, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Oh! thank you. I had forgotten; set it down here."

"Are you not well, Sir?" enquired the servant, as having approached, he marked the ghastly paleness of his master.

"Chilly, cold, Thomas," said the baronet. "I have let my fire out; where is Mr. Courtenay?"

"He has retired to his own apartment."

"Mr. Willoughby?"

"He is now going to his room, Sir."

"That is well," said the baronet. "It is the room he occupied, when he was here two years ago, is it not?"

"It is, Sir Robert."

"Well. You may tell James that I shall not want him to-night; he may go to bed. Good night."

"Why, what a stealthy, villain pace is this?" said he, stopping suddenly, as he walked in silence from the library, and proceeded cautiously down a long passage, "it is a sacrifice to which I go, not a murder; but this is the door." He knocked loudly. "Mr. Willoughby!—within there—Mr. Willoughby!" There was no reply. "And this man can sleep!" ejaculated the baronet: "well, Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the conscience to the sensitive villain, I suppose." He opened the door quickly, and entered the room; and placing the candle upon a table approached the bed. He drew aside the curtains. "Willoughby! arise, man, awake!" and he touched him on the shoulder as he spoke.

The young man started from a deep sleep. "Who's there?" he cried, rising from the bed.

"It is I," said the baronet, "Robert Aylmer; I am come to talk with you."

"What do you mean, Sir Robert?" exclaimed Willoughby, "why disturb me at the dead of night, what do you want?"

"I will tell you," said the baronet calmly, "I have been thinking of you the whole evening, and of our meeting this morning. I will

no longer require you to confess your villany; it cannot serve, it is useless, and it might cause you to expend lies, for which, if you outlive this night, you may have occasion."

"Wherefore, then, the trouble you have taken to arouse me from sleep? What do you want?"

"Vengeance—your blood—your life—Willoughby—now," and he drew forth a dagger and dashed it, swift as lightning, at the heart of his son-in-law.

Willoughby seized the wrist of the baronet with his left hand at the moment that the point of the dagger was within a hair's breadth of his breast.

"When next you attempt a murder," cried he, "do it like a murderer," and he held back the wrist of the baronet with a strength almost superhuman. "Oh! Sir Robert Alymer, I pity you."

"Slave!" cried the baronet, as he threw himself upon the other, "you have not yet escaped me; my cause is written in heaven, and is approved there, and heaven assists me." A violent struggle ensued, but it was a brief one; for the baronet, although a muscular and determined man, was no adversary for his son-in-law, whose prodigious strength was seconded by youth, and to whom, perhaps, the occasion gave additional power. Wresting the dagger from the baronet's hand, he flung him violently away, and springing from the bed seized the bell-rope.

"Madman! keep off," he cried, "stir but a step and I raise the house. I have you in my power. Do you know what you would have done? an act which would have brought you to an ignominious end."

"You murdered my daughter," said the baronet, looking round wildly in quest of another weapon, "and I would have murdered you. I would, aye, and I will:—you deserve it—the God above knows that you deserve it."

"What we deserve is nothing to the purpose," cried Willoughby, impatiently. "What may you not deserve? how know you what *she* deserved?" he added hastily, but he checked himself.

The baronet turned short round, and fixed his eyes upon Willoughby, and the breath forced itself from his bosom. He put forth his hands and clenched the air. "Liar, liar, liar, liar," said he, in a quick calm whisper, "what *she* deserved!" and he approached him slowly, and spit at him. "Liar!" he shouted, raising his hands, "where is heaven's justice, where does justice sleep that it does not blast this villain with its thunder suddenly? Oh! that I could kill you, Willoughby; oh! that I might, *might* kill you."

The young man caught the arm of the baronet as it descended, and forced him into a chair. "Forgive me," said he, "pardon me—I went too far—I said too much—oh! Sir Robert, my dear, dear Sir, be calm, compose yourself. Hear me," and he fetched the dagger, and as he laid his hand upon the baronet's arm the tears burst from his eyes, "were I at this moment prepared to meet my Maker, and were you prepared to do this deed and to justify it before God and man; heaven is my witness, you should plunge this dagger into my heart. What is my life to me, valueless, worthless, worse, it is a

burden to me. One moment more, listen to me; I had almost sworn to let this secret, for there is a secret, die with me, but you will not have it so; I will then, do this, I will confess to Mr. Courtenay to-morrow morning all that is in my mind, all that weighs upon it; and if he decides that you ought to be told, that you should know all, be it so. We have gone so far that there is no help for it."

"Do you promise that? do you promise that?" cried the baronet, clapping his hands together, and rising from his seat. "Willoughby, you are a villain, but you are a brave one; and when all is confessed will you give me satisfaction, eh? will you fight me?"

"I will, if you require it."

"Good, good," said the baronet, "your hand upon it. There," and he flung the hand of Willoughby from him, "I have humbled myself enough for what has passed this night. It will wash off, I dare say; you may retire to your bed, I shall not visit you again."

The baronet took the candle and walked to the door. "Remember!" said he, as he looked back, "I must not be trifled with, I have your word."

"Of honour," said Willoughby.

"You swear well," said the baronet with a sneer, "as I have sworn, by the dead;" and he closed the door after him and retired to his own apartment.

Chapter III.

About nine o'clock Sir Robert descended from his room after having completed his toilette, and entered the breakfast parlour with a firm step and an air of easy indifference. The priest was already there, seated at one of the windows apparently absorbed in deep reflection.

"Good morning, Courtenay," said the baronet, as, having approached, he laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Ha! good morning, Sir Robert," stammered the priest, "I did not hear you:—my mind was wandering."

"We have had a stormy night," observed the baronet, "and from the appearance of the clouds, I should augur that we shall have more of this weather;—but, heavens! man, how pale you look! What is the matter? Are you unwell?"

"Do I look so?" said Courtenay. "I have been agitated, Sir Robert, by something that has—"

"Did you hear any thing last night?" interrupted the baronet hastily.

"I did not," answered the priest, "except the storm without, I heard nothing."

The baronet turned away, and walked to the other end of the room.

"Have you seen Willoughby this morning?" he enquired after a pause.

"I have seen him, Sir Robert," replied Courtenay.

"Where is he?"

He is gone to give orders respecting his carriage, he departs immediately, and it may be as well to inform you," added the priest,

with a wonderful effort at calmness, "that Mr. Willoughby aroused me at an early hour this morning, requesting an interview with me; and that he has made me acquainted with every thing."

"He told you then what occurred last night," said the baronet slightly reddening.

"He did, Sir Robert," and the priest shuddered.

"Well, Sir—"

"He did, I say, inform me of what had occurred."

"Well, Sir—"

"That was your question, was it not?" said the priest timidly.

"Did he inform you," cried Sir Robert, approaching Courtenay, and as he addressed him, making a pause between each word as it fell from his lips, "did he inform you, Sir, of circumstances that occurred, in which he himself was the aggressor, and of which my daughter was the victim? did he inform you of this, Sir?"

The priest was silent for some minutes, and was evidently striving to collect himself for the conversation about to ensue.

"Mr. Willoughby did inform me of every circumstance," at length he said with something like calmness, "connected with his supposed conduct to the late Mrs. Willoughby; and further told me that upon my decision it was to rest whether you were to be made acquainted with every particular."

"Very good, very good," said the baronet sitting down, "I will hear it now, Courtenay, do not suppose that *he* has any further cause of fear from my hands, at present. What is it?

"Sir Robert Aylmer," said the priest solemnly, "you must never know."

"How?" cried the baronet incredulously, rising slowly from his seat; "think again, Mr. Courtenay; you are nervous, or distrust me—come, Sir. Never know!" he added, "never know!" do not trifle with me; this is a serious matter."

"I have a sacred duty to perform," said the priest; "to you, Sir Robert, my friend, my only friend, my patron, my protector,—to Mr. Willoughby who has left it to my discretion to decide whether I should impart his confession to you, or retain it inviolately in my own bosom. I choose to do the latter. I believe,—I know it to be my duty so to do. You must never know."

At this moment, Willoughby entered the parlour. The baronet advanced towards him sternly. "You knew your man, Sir, when you made your proposition to me last night, but the conspiracy shall avail you nought—it serves you for the present—it is well. Now, Sir, have you any thing further to say to me, before you leave my house?"

"I have only this to say," answered Willoughby coldly; "I have confessed every thing to Mr. Courtenay; it is at his option, whether you shall be made acquainted with it or no: and on my soul, I have not attempted to bias him one way or the other. After what passed between us last night, I might, I think, reasonably decline any further communication between us; but if you will allow me, I will even now open the very simple business which enforced my visit to you; if you will not permit me, a letter may serve the purpose as well."

"Come along, Sir, with me," said the baronet, "and I will now the more readily hear your business, since I also have something for your private ear. We will retire into my study, if you please."

"Oh! go not with him, let me conjure you," cried the priest rising, and grasping the arm of Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, your son-in-law must never again be left alone with you."

"As you please, gentlemen," said the baronet, sarcastically, "or rather, as Mr. Courtenay pleases; for he, it seems, is master here."

"Oh! no, no," exclaimed the priest in a tone of distressful deprecation, "it is not so, but Mr. Willoughby you must not go with Sir Robert Aylmer,—indeed you must not."

"I fear him not," said Willoughby with an air of haughty defiance, which, however, suddenly gave place to a look of mournful commiseration, and he gently lifted the hand of Courtenay from his arm. "Sir Robert, I attend you."

"You have no cause to fear me, Sir, now, in this house," said the baronet, and he turned to Courtenay. "I give you my sacred word that Mr. Willoughby is safe from me while he remains under my roof. Come, Sir, I shall not detain you long. No further," he added, looking round towards the priest who was about to follow. "I have sworn that not a hair of his head shall be injured by me in this house." So saying, he closed the door after Willoughby, and led the way to the library.

"Now, then, Sir, to the business at once," cried the baronet seating himself and pointing to a chair. "What have you to tell me?"

"I will tell you in few words," replied Willoughby, "but first let me beg of you that what I am about to do may be subject to no misconstruction. I had hoped when I arrived here yesterday to have found the temper and spirit in which you wrote to me at Paris, somewhat assuaged and subdued. Had this happily been the case—"

"Oh! how little you knew me," interrupted the baronet with a contemptuous smile.

"Had this been the case," proceeded the other, "what I am now about to propose to you would have been subject to a liberal interpretation; as it is, I feel that it will but create fresh surmises which, hostile as you are to me, will operate to my prejudice. Nevertheless—"

"What are you aiming at?" said the baronet, leaning back in his chair, "do you hope to deceive me by a new evasion? do you think to turn me round with some flourish of rhetoric? Proceed, young man."

"At once," said Willoughby. "Sir Robert Aylmer, when I married your daughter, with that generous disinterestedness for which you have ever been distinguished, you settled upon my late wife the chief part of your property; which property, in the event of her demise, or failing issue was, after your death, to be mine."

"Well, Sir, I did so," said the baronet, with a look of disgust, "and what do you require more? Will it please you to take the whole of my property, and what annuity do you propose to allow me, if I relinquish it at once, or have you mislaid the deed, and would fain be presented with another? what is it? Tell me plainly."

"It is none of these things, Sir," said Willoughby. "I have not mislaid the deed, it is here," and he drew it from his pocket, and as he gazed upon it for some minutes, a heavy sigh escaped him.

"You sigh, Sir," said the baronet, "and let me tell you, Willoughby, property alone will never secure happiness, you have found it so."

Willoughby raised his eyes slowly, and directed a vague glance at the baronet, as though suddenly recalled from some absorbing memory. "I did not sigh for *that*," said he, "I understand your insinuation; here, Sir Robert," and he handed the deed toward him, "take it, it is yours, I relinquish, for I have no right to it."

Sir Robert slowly raised himself in his chair, and placed his snuff-box upon the table, and leaning forward, with contracted brows looked with a searching glance into Willoughby's face. "Relinquish it!" he ejaculated in astonishment, "relinquish it, did I hear you aright? relinquish it, did you say?"

Willoughby bowed assent.

"By heaven! it is strange, very strange," muttered the baronet, and he sank into a reverie. There was a silence of some minutes.

"I have now told you my business," said Willoughby, at length, laying the deed upon the table, "and I leave you. When we meet again, you will, perhaps, judge me less harshly than you have hitherto done," and he arose. "Farewell, Sir Robert Aylmer."

The baronet motioned with his head for Willoughby to be seated. He obeyed. "One moment more," said Sir Robert, "before you do leave me," and drawing himself up in his chair, he continued in a measured and emphatic tone, "I now see it all, although I cannot see through it, it is dark, Willoughby, but it is distinct. You are a villain, with a conscience; and something horrible remains behind untold. Why had she not told me all? but she was ever too gentle and too good. You go, Sir, but we meet again, and that shortly. Your reparation avails you nought, it is not worth this," and he snapped his fingers.

"I expected this," said Willoughby in a tone of deep mortification. "I was prepared for the construction which you have put upon my conduct, and I feel that your enmity to me is unconquerable."

"Have I not cause for it, Sir, have I not cause, good, eternal cause?" and the baronet sprung from his chair; "by heaven! your baseness, Willoughby, confounds me; the imperturbable equanimity of this villain makes me mad, mad. You will give me back my property, will you? my property, ha! ha! wretch! slave! but come this way, Sir," and he drew the other by the wrist to the further end of the room, and seizing a key from the table, thrust it into the lock of a large cabinet, "but my property is not enough, it will not suffice, I must have more, now, Sir," and he threw back the doors of the cabinet with furious violence, "will you give me back her—her—her."

With a cry of horror Willoughby fell upon his knees, as the sight before him met his eyes. "Gracious God!" he cried, "what dreadful spectacle is this?"

"Peace, peace," said the baronet in a whisper, pointing with his

finger, and he stood immoveably, gazing upwards, "peace, the dead can hear you if there be truth in mortal consciousness; oh! forgive me, dear child, that I have suffered this man to behold thy poor remains, once let it be, and but once."

Yes, it was the daughter of the baronet that stood before them. Her hair seemed to have newly fallen over her shoulders in profuse tresses; a hue, as of breathing life was upon her cheek; her eyes were closed, not as in sleep, but as though in resignation, and one hand was laid softly upon her bosom.

Willoughby endeavoured to withdraw his eyes from the sight that appeared to grow before them, but in vain; and as he clapsed his forehead with his hands a violent convulsion shook his frame. "Take her from me," he cried in agony, "I can no longer bear this; oh! Sir Robert, have mercy upon me, I am faint, and sick."

The baronet turned round, and approaching his son-in-law, tapped him on the shoulder. "Have I not cause, think you?" said he, "have I not cause? Can I behold this object day and night, and consent to die while you live? Stop, Sir, one moment," and as Willoughby attempted to rise he held him down forcibly. "Hear me," and he dropped upon his knees, before the lifeless presence of his daughter, "I swear, as I have sworn, oh! how many times, that never, until I have avenged my child's murder, shall that body know the corruption of the grave. You may fly me, but I am with you; wherever you be, there also will I be; never, never, *never*, Willoughby, shall you escape me."

"Oh, God! that I could, that I might speak," groaned Willoughby, "but I am dumb; I must, I *must* be silent."

"Enough!" said the baronet, as having breathed an inarticulate prayer whilst the other was yet speaking, he arose from his knees. "Rise, Sir," and lifting Willoughby to his feet, he hurried him by the arm to the door. "Go, Sir, we shall meet again, and soon," and hastening along the passage, the baronet stopped at the parlour in which he had left the priest.

He knocked loudly at the door. "Come forth, Courtenay, and behold I have returned your charge unharmed. He is not there," he added, pausing for a moment. "No matter, your way is straight before you, your carriage, I perceive, is ready. Now, Sir, your foot once over the threshold, and beware. I give you warning. Begone!"

"Oh! Sir Robert," cried Willoughby, as he turned round, and looked with an almost piteous expression into the face of the baronet, "take but my hand at parting, you have wronged me, but I forgive you, indeed, you have wronged me."

"Begone!" exclaimed the baronet, "lest I spurn you from me," and flinging the hall door after him, he walked hastily to his own room.

The bell rang in about half an hour. A servant entered the apartment.

"Send Mr. Courtenay to me instantly."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir?" said the servant.

"Did I speak plain? Mr. Courtenay; tell him that I desire to see him without delay."

"Mr. Courtenay, Sir Robert, is gone."

"Gone!" cried the baronet in surprise, "gone! where?"

"He accompanied Mr. Willoughby, Sir Robert, in the carriage."

The baronet was silent for a few moments. "Thomas," said he, calmly, "saddle a horse forthwith, and ride to the next town. Hire post horses and follow Mr. Willoughby's carriage to London. Let him not observe you; but watch whether he proceeds to his own house or elsewhere. You will see me and let me know at the hotel in Oxford-street, the hotel at which I usually put up; you know it. Order my carriage instantly, I follow you in half an hour. Tell James to put up a few things, he is to accompany me."

The servant bowed and retired.

"Said I not rightly?" cried the baronet, as he arose, and hastened to his chamber, "when I told Willoughby it was a conspiracy; they shall rue it—they shall rue it."

Chapter IV.

Sir Robert Aylmer had not occupied the private room into which he had been ushered by the waiter of the hotel, more than ten minutes when his servant entered.

"Well, John, what news do you bring? I am not long after you, you see."

"Mr. Willoughby is in Grosvenor-square, Sir Robert, I saw him alight from his carriage"

"And Mr. Courtenay?"

"Mr. Courtenay was with him, Sir Robert."

"That will do. By-the-bye, Thomas," said he, musing, "do you remember a young girl who was accustomed to attend upon the late Mrs. Willoughby, her waiting maid?"

"I do, Sir Robert."

"Now, do you think," said the baronet, "you could obtain sight of this girl without being seen by her fellow-servants. Tell her that I wish particularly to see her, and bring her with you, if possible. I shall not detain her many minutes. Can you do this matter cleverly, think you?"

"I will endeavour, Sir Robert," answered the servant. "I might send to her from some house in the neighbourhood, or—"

"Aye, aye, to be sure, I see you understand. Now, go, and prevail upon her to come to me without delay. She shall be rewarded handsomely."

"Yes," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "I should have questioned this girl before, she might have thrown much light upon this attempted mystery; and may still, aye, and may still."

In about an hour the servant returned. "Well, Thomas," said the baronet, "did you see her, have you brought her?"

"She is below, Sir Robert," said the servant.

"Let her come up instantly. You were not seen, I hope, by any of the servants?"

"I was not, Sir."

"Very good," said his master, as he arose and paced the room anxiously.

"This is the young woman," said the servant, re-entering and leading in a girl about twenty years of age.

"Come hither, chlid," said the baronet, when the servant had retired, "take this seat. I wish to ask you a few questions relative to the late Mrs. Willoughby. You accompanied her, I think, to the continent?"

"I did, Sir Robert."

"Did you observe any alteration of behaviour on the part of Mr. Willoughby towards his wife during the time they were abroad? Take time to answer me. Was Mr. Willoughby at any period kind and attentive to his wife—and was he ever otherwise?"

"When we first left London," replied the girl, "and for some time afterwards, my master and mistress appeared to live in the utmost harmony. No man could be more kind and attentive than Mr. Willoughby; but after we had been some time at Rome, where we stayed several months, his conduct altered very much."

"Have you any idea of the cause?" enquired Sir Robert.

"None, Sir."

"Was any violence ever used towards Mrs. Willoughby, that you are aware of?"

The girl hesitated. "Upon two occasions," she said slowly, "Mr. Willoughby, I believe, struck my mistress. She told me so; and we could see that his temper was much changed two months before. He was very violent and hasty."

"Whom do you mean by 'we?'" asked the baronet.

"Myself and my fellow-servants, Sir Robert."

"Aye, aye. Now tell me," continued the baronet earnestly, "do you know, or was there any conjecture amongst you, as to the cause of this behaviour?"

"We thought, Sir," replied the girl, "that Mr. Willoughby might have been rather gay, for he was frequently from home; and that my mistress, perhaps, had remonstrated with him."

"To be sure," said the baronet. "By heaven! the most probable conjecture; but tell me, child, how did these scenes end, these two occasions of which you spoke, did not your mistress attempt to leave him?"

"I believe she did," answered the young woman, "for one of the servants overheard my master in very high words with the Marquis Riccardi, and we supposed that it was Mrs. Willoughby's intention to place herself under the protection of his family."

"And who is the Marquis Riccardi?" enquired the baronet.

"A young Italian nobleman, Sir, with whose family Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby had been very intimate."

"A young Italian nobleman," repeated the baronet, "well, girl, and did your mistress succeed in leaving the house?"

"She did not, Sir. Mr. Willoughby locked her in her own room; and we left Rome on the next day. It was said that a duel had taken place, and that my master had killed the marquis, but of this we are

not certain, for we came to England in haste, and Mr. Willoughby's man, who attended him, would never satisfy us as to what took place on the morning of our departure. They did meet, however."

"And this is all you know," enquired the baronet, after a long pause, during which he had been absorbed in reflection.

"It is, Sir."

"It was his conduct to her," said the baronet half-musingly, "that preyed upon her, that killed her, that murdered her, was it not, child? tell me, you were with her during her illness, from the first, at her bedside when she expired, was not this the cause?"

"I think it was," said the girl; "but my poor mistress was so gentle that she never uttered a word of complaint against Mr. Willoughby."

"She *was* so gentle," said the baronet in a low tone; "but she is now in heaven, child, where the weary are at rest."

"I knew there was something that preyed upon her mind," added the girl, "for my mistress often spoke, when she was delirious, of something that she wished to get back from Mr. Willoughby, some paper, I think it was, she was always referring to it."

"True, true," said Sir Robert, "she spoke of it when she was dying; I heard her speak of it. Well, girl, you have told me all you know, and I thank you. Take this," and he handed her some gold, "hereafter I will think of some adequate recompence to you for your attention to my daughter. Good morning."

"And why delay this longer," said the baronet rising and ringing the bell. "What need of further testimony? has he not been tried, judged, and convicted? do we need proof where the truth is obvious? I have trifled too long; it is time to be in earnest."

"Thomas," said he, as the servant entered the room, "I am going out, and shall return in about an hour, let my carriage be in readiness. I go to Dover, and shall proceed from thence to Paris. Let there be no delay."

He followed the servant down stairs. "Get the carriage out at once," said he, as he left the house, "I may be less than an hour gone, and the occasion is urgent."

In a few minutes the baronet was at the door of Willoughby's house. "Mr. Willoughby is within," said he as the porter appeared, "is he up stairs?"

"He is, Sir Robert," said the man.

"You need not announce me, I will find him myself," and the baronet hastily proceeded up stairs, and laying his hand upon the lock, flung open the door of the parlour.

Mr. Courtenay was alone, seated by the fire and reading.

"Sir Robert Alymer," he cried, rising in alarm, and involuntarily extending his hand.

"Mr. Courtenay," said the baronet, approaching him and putting by his hand, "where is your master?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the priest in agitation.

"Your master, or your pupil, which is it?" said the baronet with a sneer. "Where is he? Willoughby."

"He is in the next room, Sir Robert," answered the priest, "and must not be disturbed; he is making preparations to depart the country. You will see him no more."

"Must not be disturbed," cried the baronet, "but I *must* see him, Mr. Courtenay, your authority is of somewhat recent growth.

"My dear Sir Robert," cried the priest hurriedly, "be calm; let me implore you to be calm. You will never again be insulted by the sight of Mr. Willoughby. It is his intention to leave England for many years, for ever."

"He did not tell me that," said the baronet, "I should wish to take my leave of him before he goes. He is in that room, is he not?" and the baronet pointed to the door of an inner apartment.

"In the name of God," said the priest earnestly, "I conjure you not to see him again; and if the circumstance of my having accompanied him from Euston Hall has caused you to suspect him wrongfully, I will return with you. Heaven is my witness, I meant well; I would not have left you but for good reasons; I have done it for the best, I have done it for—"

"A purpose, doubtless," interrupted the baronet, "best known to yourself. You *have* done it for the best. The future may be better than the past, and the hope of advantage is stronger than the sense of gratitude. But what have I to do with *your* reasons," he continued bitterly, "it is with him that I wish to speak; you and I, Mr. Courtenay, are from henceforth strangers." So saying, the baronet advanced to the door, the priest following him.

"I have come once more to see you, Mr. Willoughby," said the baronet entering, and the young man started up from a desk at which he had been writing, "I am born, you see, to trouble you."

"You are, Sir," said Willoughby proudly, "but I half expected you, and am prepared. Your conduct to me has been such that I can hold no further communication with you. You know not, Sir Robert, how I have restrained my naturally hasty temper out of regard for your feelings, and in consideration of your age. Do not interrupt me; hear me for one moment. This I can promise you, that you shall never see my face again; I am about to quit England, and for ever. No further satisfaction shall you have from me. I owe to myself and to you to preserve eternal silence respecting the past. Do I not, Mr. Courtenay?"

"You do," said Courtenay solemnly.

"And do you think," cried Sir Robert, in a quiet sarcastic tone, "and do you think, Sir, that I am to be put off by these grave face-makings, and by the mumbling of yonder priest? Let me tell you, Sir, that I will have your secret, as you have called it, or an equivalent."

"For heaven's sake," interrupted Courtenay, "be not so violent, restrain yourself, Sir Robert."

"Stand back, Sir," said the baronet promptly, "lest I strike you to the earth. Look you, Willoughby, you owe something, you say, to yourself and to me. What you owe to yourself, you may keep to yourself; what you owe me, you shall pay. Now, Sir, you left a deed with me yesterday morning, the liberality demands return. I

also have a deed here," and he thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, "which, perhaps, will leave us quits."

The baronet drew forth a pistol hastily, and discharged the contents into the bosom of Willoughby.

"Merciful God!" cried the priest in horror, rushing between them, as Willoughby staggered backwards, and fell upon the floor with a heavy groan, "Sir Robert Aylmer, what have you done?"

"An act," said the baronet, laying down the pistol, "which heaven applauds, an act which is seldom seen upon this earth, an act of justice."

"Raise me a little," said the dying man, in a faint voice, "let my head rest upon your shoulder; thank you, Mr. Courtenay. Aylmer, you have killed me; but I pity and forgive you. You must tell him all, Courtenay. My name must not go down into the grave with ignominy—the room turns round with me—I am dying—there—there."

At these words, his head fell back upon the priest's shoulder—his arm dropped by his side, and with a deep sigh he expired.

Courtenay laid down the body gently, and taking the wrist of Willoughby with one hand, laid the other softly upon his bosom.

"He is dead," he groaned, "but his name shall not go down to the grave with ignominy. I will tell all," and as he arose he burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. "What have you done?" he exclaimed, and he approached and seized the baronet, whom he shook violently. "Do you know what you have done? you have slain as noble a gentleman as ever walked this earth, and why? shall I tell you at once, his wife, your daughter, was false, false."

The baronet sprung back and stood transfixed. Not a breath appeared to issue from his mouth, and his eyes glared wildly; but presently he moved his hands as though he would collect his whole strength together for one great effort. He approached the priest slowly, and on tiptoe. "That again," he said in a hollow whisper.

"She was false, Sir Robert," cried the priest, "strike me, kill me, I fear you not. 'Tis true as heaven is true."

"'Tis false as hell is false," shouted the baronet, "she false! then were heaven untrue. It can't, it can't, it cannot be. Hah!"

With a loud shriek the baronet clasped his head with his hands. "Can it be?" he gasped, "can it be? where, where?"

"Oh! this is dreadful," groaned Courtenay. "It was at Rome, Sir. There was a marquis, an Italian, his name Riccardi, whom Willoughby killed in a duel. He was the man."

The baronet placed one hand in his neckcloth, and his eyes rolled wildly. They fell upon the body of Willoughby. He went and knelt down by the side of the corpse, and gazed upon it. "Who killed this man?" he said quietly, looking up, "who killed this man? did I? I believe I did; oh! for a world to give in purchase of his life again." He sprung up suddenly. "Ha! ha!" he cried with savage glee, "a lie, a deep-laid, cunning, damned lie. I see it all."

"It is too true," cried Courtenay mournfully.

"Evidence," said the baronet quickly.

"There is his man below who attended him at the duel with Riccardi, and heard the confession of the dying man."

"Send for him up stairs," cried the baronet; "but no, no," he added vaguely, "that were too degrading."

"I have a paper also," said the priest slowly, "which Mr. Willoughby compelled his wife to sign, in which all is confessed; and this he did, fearing that you would call him to account for his desertion of her, to be produced in the last resort."

The baronet started, and fixed his eyes upon the priest earnestly. "I shall go mad," he said, "but not yet. I am here, Courtenay; open the paper and place it into this hand; but come not near me when I have read it, lest I tear you to pieces; keep the air from me, it weighs upon my brain. Give it to me now, now."

The baronet stood with one hand tightly grasping his head, and the other outstretched at arm's length. The priest approached, and gave the paper to him. He held it firmly and gazed upon it. There was no motion of his eye when he had perused the paper. It rested upon the signature. Several minutes elapsed.

"Sir Robert, Sir Robert Aylmer," cried the priest in alarm, and he approached a few paces.

The baronet fell back without a groan.

Courtenay drew near, and knelt down by his side. Sir Robert Aylmer was no more!

ODE TO ETERNITY.

Gaze o'er the world; five thousand years
Have well nigh lengthened out their way,
With all their passions, pangs, and fears;
Yet look they like a summer's day,
Compared in space to thee,
Eternity!

Man pants and toils; thrones rise on high;
Nations fling glory's banners forth;
Fierce shoutings vex the concave sky,
And monarchs strut the earth,
But what are kings to thee,
Eternity!

The pulse of time still labouring heaves,
The stream of hours still onward flows,
Death shakes the tree: *and human leaves
Are torn away from their repose,
Fluttering for fear to thee,
Eternity!

Where are Assyria's men of might?
Where Persia's conquest smitten race?
Where Macedon? oh shadowy night
Art thou, art *thou* their dwelling place?
Yes, they are gone to thee,
Eternity!

---

* οἵη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρων, κ. τ. λ. Homer.

My voice hath not an echo: gone!
Assyria, Persia, are no more,
Thy mighty wrecks, oh! Babylon,
Are tossed upon an unknown shore,
The phantom-shore of thee,
Eternity!

Still, still the pulse of action throbs,
The pangs of time still follow,
Still folly laughs or feeling sobs,
And hearts and cheeks are hollow;
But what is this to thee?
Eternity!

All live, all suffer, all depart,
Beauty and valour, power and pride,
What *has been* from the yearning heart,
Draws tributary grief, beside
The funeral urn of thee,
Eternity!

What *has been is*, and still *will be*;
Time hath no pause to his career,
No page to all his history,
No check, no change, no hope, no fear,
But what belongs to thee,
Eternity.

So goes the world, from hour to day,
From day to year, from year to age;
And, when e'en Time hath passed away,
'Twill leave no trace upon thy page,
No rain-drop in thy mighty sea,
Eternity.

Past—Present—Future, are thine own,
A point within thy wondrous plan;
What art thou then, immense unknown,
That fancy's dim eye fails to scan
The faintest shadowing of thee,
Eternity!

What art thou, unimagin'd space,
Unmeasur'd measureless abyss!
Oh! human mind can never trace
A compass to a thought like this,
A boundlessness like thee,
Eternity!

E'en Reason's godlike gift is vain!
Less vain to tame the foaming sea;
Less vain to count the gathering grain
Upon the sands of Araby,
Than body aught of thee,
Oh! vast Eternity!

W. G. T.

THE GIANT'S STAIRS.

AN IRISH STORY.

Not far from Cork is Blackrock, and not far from Blackrock is Passage, and not far from Passage are the Giant's Stairs. These consist of huge masses of rock, which have been piled upon one another by Nature so wildly and strangely as to resemble the steps which a giant would take were he to make a progress from the ground-floor up to the top story.

It so happened that on a fine summer's evening, as three jolly fishermen were sitting on the shore between Blackrock and Passage, and were laughing at each other's jokes, they chose for the subject of their conversation these wonderful stairs, and one of the party elicited *stares* of another description from his companions by the following display of his knowledge on the subject in question.

"I've heard," said he (pausing and looking round, to be certain that none were by but themselves)—I've *haard* that a giant once lived in that rock, and that he was very good to the poor fishermen, and the like, and that if they *tuck* no fish if they went to his home in the rock at night and brought with them some *illigant* present, he'd be polite enough the next morning to whirl the mackerel into their boats by bucketsfull." "By *de* powers," says another, "this same giant must be a very proper *gintleman*." "You may say that with your purty mouth, and tell no lie neither," rejoined the first spokesman. "It's a pity he an't just living there now," observed the third. "Och! and he may," said the first, "and if I knew the boys that would *attind* me" (said the second), "but I'll go." "And so will I too," said the third. "Why then it looks," (said the first), "as if we'd all go; now I'll tell you what we'll do boys—its getting dark, we'll loose the boat, and we'll be off just now."*

This being agreed upon, after smoking a pipe or two more they proceeded towards the boat, and having entered it were speedily floating towards the place of their destination. The night set in darker than usual, and the beauteous scenery on each side of the river became mingled in huge masses of shadow. In Passage they beheld a few moving lights, which only served to make this place of ruin more discernible; they soon glided by it, and all was perfect silence, the light dipping of their own oars and the gentle and distant rolling of the tide on the shore, were all that they heard, saving the comforting tones of their own voices. At length they beheld rising in rugged solemnity and grandeur the Giant's Stairs. Each looked at his companion significantly, as much as to say, "We have reached the place where our adventures are to begin." They then proceeded to near in to the shore, the boat now grated along the pebbly shelving of the river, and *Paddeen* (which was the name of the proposer of this expedition) valorously leapt on the land. His two companions

* A phrase invariably used in Ireland for by-and-bye.

followed him, and when they had made fast the boat, they proceeded to ascend the Giant's Stairs, which it must be confessed they did, with a huge proportion of circumspection. At length they gained the top. They now paused to breathe, and looked at each other with the air of triumph supposed to be experienced by adventurous explorers when they venture into the heart of a savage country. They then proceeded cautiously down the other side of the rock, and as they were anxiously pressing forward they thought they heard voices. "Hist!" (says Paddeen) "tread on tip-toe." "On what," said his companions. "I *mane* go on your hands and knees," rejoined the other.

They all then crept close together, scarcely daring to breathe, and Paddeen, who was determined to be foremost, crept on a little way in advance, and still declared he heard a noise. Sometimes he thought it resembled distant thunder, which he surmised could be nothing else than the giant's *brathing*. His other two companions proposed to raise a *whilliloo*, but this vocal display Paddeen would not allow—so on they went. As they proceeded the noise increased, and the ground became wet. This singular discovery our travellers were enabled to make from the circumstance of their being attired in the every-day dress of the poor people of Ireland, that is, *without gloves on their feet.* They, like other travellers, immediately set about accounting for every phenomenon they met with, and this they made out entirely to their satisfaction, as they one and all declared this "*mountain dew*" to be a sure token that they were on a right scent, as wherever that was a *spirit* was to be found.

Just as they had drawn this conclusion they felt the ground tremble slightly beneath them, and what appeared on one side of them to be a slanting piece of the rock, gradually opened, and finally vanished altogether, leaving a vacant and dark chasm. The party gazed at each other with mute amazement. At length they took courage and resolved to explore the dismal entrance. They proceeded altogether, and looking in they beheld a flight of steps just wide enough to admit the descent of a broad-built Munster man. They were in doubt what course to pursue. They soon however determined on descending, but then a question arose among them as to who should go first, when in the midst of their cogitations a voice in the purest *Milesian* dialect saluted them from below, adapting the following polite invitation to a real wild Irish melody; it ran thus:—

> "Down, down, Paddeen Hoorigan,
> Bring with you two,
> Tim Dwyer, Dick Flannigan."

"That's me, and that's you, and that's him, and by de Cove of Cork it's all of us," (says Paddeen). "Now I'm the *broth of a boy* that will go first, and you two *spalpeens* shall go next, and then we'll go altogether, and I'll just show you the way." Paddeen then put his right foot on the ladder (for such the steps really were), he next made a sign to his two companions to follow him, which they did with great gravity, and when they had all three descended to the bottom, they heard the rock close in above them with a slight noise.

The next object that met their attention was a little, fat, bald-headed man, with his coat off, hard at work at a good-sized still, which was sending out smoke as rapidly as the chimney of Captain O'Brien's Cove steam-boat. They surveyed him for a short time very intently, and thought it prudent not to come upon him too suddenly; while moving along as silently and cautiously as they conveniently could, our host of the mountain broke forth in an ecstacy with "The *Whishkey* is getting on *ilegantly*." He then went round to the other side of his manufactory to see that all was progressing properly thereabouts, and the little fat man soon returned capering and singing—

"'Twas to brew the strong drink that we paddies were made,
And he who of stiff whiskey punch is afraid
Had better be put with a shovel to bed,
With a tree at his feet, and a turf at his head.
"Derry down."

Before the little man could accomplish a second verse, Paddeen exclaimed to his companions, "If ever any short-bodied man on two legs spoke with another man's voice, that little man *spakes* with the voice of *ould* Macarthy of Ballintemple." "Somebody's a *whishpering* sure," says the little man cocking his ear. "That's him" (said Paddeen listening), "That's ould Macarthy, or else he has been *sprited* away, and this poor *crature* left in his place." This exclamation was shouted forth in so loud a tone, that the little old man turned round and recognized his visitors in less than no time. "Oh, ho!" (says Paddeen,) "you are the giant are you?" "Your *sarvant*, Mr. Timothy Macarthy, of Ballintemple." "And pray sir, what do giants live upon hereabouts?" "Why," (says Macarthy, for so in truth he was,) "what's most *natteral* to them. We are *fairy* people, and of *coorse* we're very fond of *spirits*." At this joke the fishermen thought it only consistent with the politeness of real Irish gentlemen to set up a laugh. "May be," (continues old Macarthy,) "you'd like to make the acquaintance of some of our spirits." "With the greatest pleasure in life," (replies Paddeen,) "what say you boys?" "Faith and we would," exclaimed all the visitors at one and the same time. "And so you shall lads," says Macarthy, and without any more *bother* he made them seats around his still, this he effected by turning up a couple of tubs, and turning out a three-corner joint stool. He then supplied them with plenty of pipes and tobacco, and they soon fell to work vigorously.

They demolished huge quantities of the mountain dew of the little old man's brewing, and while thus laudably employed they told a choice variety of marvellous and facetious stories, and kept smoking, singing, and punch drinking until their host began to think it was high time each gentleman should consider of the propriety of putting on his night-cap. Old Macarthy accordingly ventured to give them the most delicate hint in the world, and they instantly felt that they were intruding, for be it known, that although the Irish are an ill-used and hard-drinking people, they possess notions of etiquette of the most sensitive description.

Each made shift in his own peculiar eloquence to bid "good night" to old Macarthy, and to compliment him after the Munster fashion.

on his hospitality, all promising him at the same time, in a very determined manner, the favour of a second visit, which gratification he by no means insisted on. He then ushered them out of his domicile, and left them on the exterior side of the rock, where they found that the strength of the whiskey prevented their descent being over deliberate, however,—partly by rolling, and partly by scrambling, they contrived to reach the bottom of the Giant's Stairs, and just as day was beginning to light up the clear blue waters of the Cove of Cork, they were found fast asleep in their boat by Lieutenant Mac Gillicuddy, who was in the long yawl of "The Shark," revenue cutter, on the look-out for a choice cargo of contraband tobacco, which he had received information was likely to be run ashore about daybreak.

Not one of them blabbed about the visit he had paid; but when they got clear of "The Shark" they enjoined each other to secresy by a "big oath," and it was agreed unanimously that they should take an early opportunity of drinking old Macarthy's health in his own liquor, and ascend again THE GIANT'S STAIRS. R. R.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

A TUTOR WANTED.

A TUTOR for my son I want
  In "sables" new and nice,
With abundance of acquirements,
  At very moderate price.
No miracle or prodigy
  In this case do I seek,
But simply one, who every tongue
  With fluency can speak.
He must, too, be acquainted well
  With all the foreign classics,
And every problem solve with ease
  In globes and mathematics.
And he must sing and dance a bit,
  Play chess, draughts, and ecarté,
And brilliant and amusing be
  When I've a pleasant party.
He must, too, make conundrums,
  To please my Christmas folks,
And tell all sorts of stories,
  And none but first-rate jokes.
The salary is small I give,
  Nor will he have much leisure,
But then think how genteel he'll live,
  And how refined each pleasure.
If he will pay his "up and down,"
  I'll see how deep his sense is,
For there's a learned parson here
  Can bother him with tenses.
From Town I'm scarce three hundred miles,
  They'll bring him in "The Rocket,"
And, if he should not suit, he'll be
  But five pounds out of pocket!

A HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.*—No. 2.

(Continued from page 354.)

It is a question of much importance, why the human understanding after making so rapid an advance in Asia, should have suddenly ceased to progress and have remained inactive during a long series of centuries, while among the Greeks, though later in taking its first flight, it made large strides towards perfection, and was the cradle of that famous era which is memorable for its discoveries and productions even at this date.

Many circumstances combined to produce this effect. Causes peculiar to and inherent in science and the course it then followed had an essential influence on the difference of these destinies. Probably there was nothing which had a more direct tendency to retard the progress of philosophy in the east than the division into castes. History teaches us that wherever this division prevails an impenetrable barrier is opposed to the march of improvement. The spirit of emulation is extinguished, and ambition, the greatest incentive to labour, perishes in the absence of those honours which it aspires to as the reward of its industry.

The commerce of ideas, by which the mistakes of individuals are rectified, is checked, the privilege of knowledge, reserved in the east for a favoured caste, by being a privilege generated pride, the source of errors as well as an obstacle to their correction. As all knowledge was confined to the members of a caste, it was in itself a patrimony by which they retained their superiority. The mystery, which was an indispensable condition of this privilege, prevented free discussion and promoted the use of enigmatical expressions and obscure notions. They readily renounced the power of understanding themselves to obtain the advantage of not being understood by others.

When the Greeks began the study of philosophy they were not shackled by any such bonds. Their priests had neither hereditary distinction nor peculiar privilege, except in their sacerdotal character. The poets, their first philosophers as well as historians, instead of closing their records to the eye of the vulgar, adapted their productions to the taste of the multitude, and eagerly sought their applause. The productions of genius were common property, the riches of a nation. Following the example of the poets, wise men redoubled their efforts to surpass each other in the study of positive science. They preached their doctrines in open day, and if the story be true of Anaximander's being insulted in the course of a lecture by a child, we cannot suppose they were reverenced as more than mortals or beings exempted from the pains incidental to humanity. Among the Asiatics the superior station pre-existed, and the knowledge was communicated as an attribute of it. Among the Greeks, dignity of place was the re-

* It is right to state that the materials of these papers have been chiefly derived from the valuable work of M. Degerando.

ward of uncommon abilities and attainments. In this system of public instruction and discussion then consists one of the principal reasons why the Greeks were not condemned to the same sudden close in the progress of philosophical science to which their precursors on the same road were subjected.

Another fatal impediment to the advancement of knowledge was the absolute power which prevailed in the east. That unlimited despotism which disinherited nature of her rights, and reducing men to a blind and unlimited obedience, deprived them of the free and independent use of their reason. Lastly, the Indians and Persians were a sedentary people; the Chaldees and Egyptians avoided all commerce with strangers, and these last feared to trust themselves to the terrors of the sea. Thus, shut up among themselves they could not borrow from elsewhere the light they did not themselves possess. They were forced to confine themselves to their hereditary traditions, and the exclusiveness of the source from which they derived their knowledge reduced their science to mere and sterile imitation.

Following the traces of the Phenicians, the first navigators, the Greeks undertook voyages and entertained relations with foreign countries. The Greek colonies were peculiarly adapted for the advancement of learning by the advantages they derived from an intimate connexion with the habits and manners of the people to whose vicinity they migrated, and by the unbroken relations with the mother country. Accordingly, among the Ionians we find the first instruction given in philosophy. To the spirit of mercantile enterprise and the political views which caused voyages and emigrations the Greeks added the desire of observing the manners of the orientals and penetrating the mysterious depositories of secret doctrines and traditionary lore which were to be found in the possession of their privileged castes. Mythologies and allegories, every species of tradition when borrowed from one people by another become more obscure among the borrowers than they were among the lenders, for they are further removed from the source of truth. But this is not the case with true knowledge when imparted to a fresh understanding unfettered by acquired prejudices and unaccustomed to the discrepancies and errors to be met with in the subject matter transmitted. It undergoes a new ordeal in which it is purged from the dross and refined till it shines with a purity it possessed not among its inventors. Sober reason often supplies that which energetic imagination has not in its power, and thus advances a theory or system to perfection of which it would never have made in original discovery.

When the Greek philosophers arrived in Egypt and the east, the sages of those countries were fallen into a state of mental sloth; their curiosity was extinct, and the propagation among their own sects of the doctrines they received from their forefathers formed the whole circle of their wisdom, but their foreign visitants arrived with the keen edge of curiosity unblunted by satiety and were surprised by the contrasts between their doctrines and their own. To them they had all the racy interest of novelty, and they felt themselves at liberty to receive or reject, to divide or to accumulate those of their new acquirements which they thought reasonable or unreasonable, adapted for

the advancement of learning, or incapable of being turned to any useful account.

We now come to the second series of causes, of which we have before spoken, of the decline and progress of science in the east and Greece respectively.

There are two sorts of functions to be attributed to the imagination:—the one consists in the reproduction of the traces of sensible impressions, the other in forming new combinations of the elements of these impressions.

Where the first of these predominates to the exclusion of the other, it rather arrests than favours the progress of the understanding. It is one of the most fruitful causes of error and delusion. It enslaves the reason, and is absorbed in the consideration of the images it has produced, which remain isolated and unfruitful, the links and affinities being unbroken which analogy establishes between different ideas.

This picturesque faculty has the principal share in the first production of science; but it fills up with marvellous fictions those voids which experience alone ought to enable us to occupy. The magical effect of these fictions prevents our observing their want of a solid foundation. The curiosity is satisfied and destroyed, and a vague contemplation, which enjoys what it thinks it possesses rather than seeks what it knows it is ignorant of, takes place of the spirit of investigation.

The latter function of combination is the true source of invention; it aids the progress of science and philosophy more materially than is generally believed. This *architectural* imagination, if we may use the expression, is to the mind what sport is to childhood—a healthful exercise. It scatters flowers over the path by which we are to arrive at our object, by incessantly exciting the curiosity from the novelty of its conceptions; it arouses the sluggish activity of the wearied spirit by inducing it to labour on its materials under new shapes; it breaks the chains of habit by offering different relations from those supplied by memory. Analogy is the instrument by which it performs its wonders and creates a harmony in science.

Of these two characters of the imagination the former did then and still does predominate in the east from the effects of climate, custom, and institutions; even their works of literature always contains some wild fancies and monstrous fictions whose brilliant colours dazzle the imagination and hide from the careless observer their want of symmetry and plan.

The Greeks combined these two properties of the imagination in a fortunate concert; they borrowed from nature the brilliant colours in which she adorns her work, but did not neglect the skilful harmony which is equally found in them. Hence, among the Greeks the soul which animated their paintings, their sculpture and their architecture, and spread over their productions an ineffable charm.

Hence that perception of true beauty which among them conducted the arts so rapidly to a perfection which has not been surpassed or even equalled in all succeeding ages. A thousand favourable circumstances seconded their efforts; the remembrance of the heroic ages, the passion for glory and its reward, the national festivals, the forms of public worship, and their free estate. Poesy, above all, flourished

in its greatest splendour. They produced the first poet both in time and place, for no such production properly so called was previously in existence. Even at the dawn of their greatness Homer appeared, and imagined a poem which, like the fabled Pallas, sprung full grown and perfect from the brain of the author of its existence.

CHAPTER II.

IONIAN SCHOOL.—*Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Anaxagoras.*

The art of eloquence and its cultivation has contributed not a little to the progress of philosophy. An orator must either persuade or convince, or he has failed in his object. For the first purpose it is necessary for him to apply himself to the study of the heart and understanding. For the latter, he must employ proofs, and establish arguments which rest on some reasonable foundation. Gratuitous and unsupported assertions carry but little weight when subjected to the criticism of unwilling disciples. The prejudices of habit or nature present a real obstacle which must be overcome by a real force. This necessity will insensibly lead the orator to studies which appear at first sight the peculiar province of the philosopher. He too will not look on idly and allow his patrimony to be usurped, but will vindicate the arts of logic and disputation as his rights, and the mutual jealousy of individual members of society will be turned to the advantage of the public. Wherever then oratory was cultivated with more than common care, philosophy would acquire a corresponding energy, and spread its dominion over a wider extent; and Greece has given birth to more numerous and more celebrated orators than any other country of the world. From the nature of the circumstances in which the Greeks were placed, and the mode in which their minds were first developed, four principal effects resulted which by their combination formed a sort of philosophic education which sooner or later was destined to bear rich fruit. The enthusiasm which results from this indulgence of generous passions, the admiration excited by the contemplation of the chef d'œuvres of art, the variety of their spectacles, and the constant changes in the state of political affairs, all tended to free the ideas from mannerism or prejudice, while curiosity found ample food in the constant succession of novelties. The light and fanciful character of the fine arts so ardently pursued by the Greeks, might have infected their learning with the taint of superficiality but for the exalted character and station with which wisdom and knowledge were invested. Their legislators and public instructors, and the principal officers of state, were all chosen from among such as had made ethical philosophy an object of paramount importance in the seven studies they entered on. The human understanding tried its strength gradually in generalization and deduction, and the taste for order and symmetry produced this classification of every different species of knowledge. The genius of wisdom alone was wanting to give birth to a regular system of philosophy, nor was this want long left unsupplied.

We must begin with Thales, as the first who gave a new direction to the stream of ideas, more by his example than by his precepts.

The curiosity with which we revert to this subject can, unfortunately, be but very partially gratified, from the obscurity which envelopes it. Thales taught little in public, and wrote less. Occupied with the important affairs of the government of his own country (Miletus), he studied from taste, and contented himself with communicating his discoveries to his immediate friends. We have, however, some authentic records of opinions attributed to him which are sufficient to explain the nature of the revolution he originated in the kingdom of philosophy.

Thales was a mathematician and astronomer. He predicted an eclipse of the sun, and had tolerably correct notions of the figure of the earth and the planetary motions. He travelled for the improvement of his knowledge, and visited Crete and Egypt, where he displayed his superiority of learning over the priests, and taught them to measure the pyramids by the shadows they cast. Instead of blindly following the doctrines communicated by these sages, he threw aside all supernatural methods of accounting for the origin of existing matter; he endeavoured to deduce its previous nature from its present state: hence the title of physical (φυσις nature) applied to the disciples of the Ionian school.

This is the distinguishing merit of Thales. He separated physics from the metaphysics, and so made the first step towards the distinct division which has since been made between these branches of science.

To Thales is universally attributed the doctrine that "water is the universal principle." It is but just to give his own explanation of his dogma. He did not assign to it the dignity of a cause, but considered it the primitive source from which all other forms of matter were organized.

We must not criticise too closely this conceit, which is not altogether unfounded on fact, but recollect that in a species of research entirely novel he gave in three respects a good example. Firstly, not satisfied, like his predecessors, with gratuitous affirmations, he endeavoured to prove the truth of his assertions. Secondly, he adduced from experience the analogy in which he sought for his proofs. Lastly, instead of treating natural phenomena as isolated, he supposed them to be links of a great chain which united them, being the first promulgator of the ideas of general laws in nature. With him too originated the doctrine that nature abhors a vacuum.

Of his notions on psychology we know but little. One apophthegm remains: "The essence of soul is spontaneous movement." Thales has been accused of atheism, on the ground that he admitted none but material causes. His best vindication, perhaps, is the opinion expressed by Cicero:—*Aquam dixit rerum initium,—Deum autem, eam mentem quæ ex eâ omnia fingeret.* "He considered water the origin of all things, and the Deity as that intelligence which could give figure and solidity to this primitive matter."

In summing up the few facts which we know concerning the father of the Ionic school, we obtain nevertheless some important conclusions. We see that he dared to think for himself, and was the founder of physical science; separating it from the heterogeneous mixture from which were derived cosmogonies and theogonies. He was the first

creator of a complete and regular system, in which he adopted hypotheses derived by induction from the experience of facts, and in this light capable of being applied to more profound researches. If he instituted no precise method for the use of others, he was at least the first who knew how to prepare one for his own.

Anaximander, his friend rather than his disciple, profited by his example, and advanced some steps in the career of science. He wrote a book on Nature. Thales had given the first example of a demonstrated principle; Anaximander endeavoured to render his demonstration more vigorous, and in this endeavour he arrived at a purely metaphysical syllogism—"Nothing comes of nothing." Thus originated the celebrated axiom on which all the philosophy of the Greeks for many years turned as one proof. It contains the most extended possible generalization of the principle of reproduction.

Commencing from this fundamental proposition, he arrived at a conclusion which astonishes by its boldness—"Infinity is the beginning of all things." Nothing which admitted of change or confinement appeared to him sufficiently great for the universal and perpetual generation of beings.

Like Thales, he confounded the idea of a producing *cause* with *elements* on which the effect was produced by the agency of the cause.

Anaximander, as well as Thales, endeavoured to establish some general laws of nature; such as the constant and mutual attraction of the homogeneous particles of matter to one another. By the effects of this attraction the forms of material bodies are produced, and motion as well as reproduction are eternal. Bodies like worlds are subject to continual revolution, and the destruction of one only takes place in order to the formation of another. Heat and cold are the two instruments of composition and decomposition.

Anaximenes, a man of less originality and boldness of thought than his two predecessors, admitting the doctrine of Anaximander with respect to the infinite substance, which was the first principle, sought for the seat of this principle in space. He considered the air which fills space and so rapidly takes any form which is attempted to be given to it to have the properties most appropriate for the universal element. To the air he attributed life, the power of motion—even thought.

It was requisite that that from which all beings emanated should itself contain the qualities essential to these beings; hence he considered the soul as an aërial being, if by *air* he means the substance vulgarly so called, the atmosphere which we breathe. At all events the merit of recognizing the notion of intelligence and volition as indigenous in the first cause belongs to him. Of the many moral axioms of Anaximenes preserved by Stobœus, the most remarkable is perhaps this:—"Poverty teaches wisdom, for she is the mother of industry."

At length comes the name of the illustrious Anaxagoras. His existence deservedly makes an epoch in the history of philosophy. He was the first philosopher who taught within the walls of Athens, and his doctrines contained a sublime theory on the first cause. With him

philosophy abandoned the Ionian colonies of Greece. The tyranny of the Satraps expelled it from these fair countries to seek a refuge among the free nations of Europe.

The doctrine on the nature of a first cause propagated by Anaxagoras had this object in view;—the setting the sublime idea of a divinity in the true light with respect to its relations with the laws of the universe. It is distinguished by two essential characters.

First,—The system of emanations and those of pantheism derived from it; nay, even the opinion of the earlier Ionian philosophers associated the idea of elementary matter with the first cause of production, and conceived the world itself to be an animated whole to which the Divinity stood in the relation of a soul, the producer being as it were identified with the produced.

Anaxagoras was the first who distinctly separated these notions from their mutual confusion. In his eyes the universe was perfectly distinct from the cause of its production; this cause had nothing in common with other beings; its nature was exclusively its own; it was one as it was eternal; it acted on the world as the workman on the materials supplied him. Thus the first cause, which had hitherto been considered to consist essentially in "power," was now distinguished by the attribute of "intelligence."

Secondly,—Up to this time the truth the most splendid, the most precious to humanity, had not been developed by an explicit demonstration. The multitude believed it from the instinct of nature and religion; the few who thought profoundly felt that the chain of effects must return to some first active cause in which there existed volition and thought, but they had not reduced this opinion to a methodical system or a harmony with the general laws of nature. Anaxagoras was the first who expressly announced the connexion of the phenomenon of nature; their intimate union; that they formed part of a great whole, governed by a supreme law, and that this unity consists in an intelligence omnipotent, omniscient, and uncontrollable.

It is remarkable that no such demonstration as this was possible until the ideas of magic, genii, and all supernatural agents were banished from the creeds of wise men. But the history of the human intellect is replete with examples of the obstacles thrown in the way of healthy notions of religion by the trammels of superstition.

When Anaxagoras proclaimed this great revelation of reason, he was accused of impiety, prosecuted, and thrown into prison, and flight alone saved him from the vengeance of the priesthood and the blind fury of the rabble. His crime was the having said the stars were not gods, and astrology a fable.

As the day-star at its first rising is confounded with the mists of the horizon, so imperfect were the earlier views on the subject of a first cause. As the day-star in its progress becomes the isolated monarch of the heavens, so was the idea of a first cause exalted in the doctrines of Anaxagoras.

We must not, however, suppose this great man to have been exempt from errors. But a short view of the opinions attributed to him will better enable us to appreciate the march of his intellect.

Devoted by inclination to the study of physical science, he brought to it a spirit of observation which made him suspect the truth of many

modern discoveries; as for instance, the weight of the atmosphere. Following the traces of his precursors in science, he began with the axiom—"Nothing comes of nothing." Hence he deduced that all which *is* results from that which *has been;* that there were certain immutable, indivisible, eternal elements; that these elements are of various natures, and contain in themselves the germ of what appertains afterwards to their compounds.

All these elements mixed and confounded formed chaos. This chaos was motionless, dead as it were, and enveloped in a boundless ether, so that there existed no void.

It was necessary then that there should exist some cause independent of this chaos which might give its elements form and motion. This cause is the supreme intelligence; for intelligence alone can be a principle of order, and all that is good and fitting emanates from it alone.

This intelligence must embrace all; the past, the present, and the future. Its power is immeasurable; its activity spontaneous. It is pure and free from all mixture, therefore it is independent of all subjection or influence, therefore it is infinite and eternal.

Some doubts have arisen as to whether he established an absolute distinction between matter and spirit; it being supposed by some that the substance of his divinity was the ether. But there seems to be no good foundation for these misgivings, as he expressly places the air and ether under the agency of the supreme intelligence. And his not using the word God to name his first cause, is sufficiently explained by the base purposes to which that sacred word was then prostituted.

The following trite sentences will end our sketch of Anaxagoras's system of philosophy. "Three principal acts show the power of the first cause:—First, it impresses motion; Secondly, it collects the elements proper for co-organization; Thirdly, it decomposes existing bodies, in order to form new ones from their wrecks. This intelligence penetrates all, governs all, presents itself in all things. It is itself the principle of life." We have no account of the moral doctrines of Anaxagoras, but the course of his life affords examples superior to any maxims in their utility. Possessed of a competent fortune, he preferred the study of science to the enjoyment of it, and courageously endured the persecutions of fanaticism which attended the continuance of his favourite pursuits.

After Anaxagoras, the names of two more Ionian philosophers occur; Diogenes, of Apollonia, and Archelaus, of Miletum, both of whom taught at Athens. But as they rather confused than refined on the doctrines he had disseminated, it is not necessary to enter into any further detail of them or their opinions, the more particularly as they seem not to have been men of any very remarkable ability. We shall here then take leave of the Ionian school of philosophy, making this remark to conclude, That the first ideas of the formation of the universe were derived from the analogy of the industrious arts, with this exception, the workman and the matter he laboured on were supposed to be co-existent, that the latter was inherent in the former. Thales, the Ionian, was the first who expressly separated these ideas, and to him is due all the honour of founding the new school.

THE THEATRE OF SAN CARLO, AT NAPLES, AND MADAME MALIBRAN.

"Oui, Monsieur, certainement: les lois, l'eglise, le gouvernement, l'etat, sont quelque chose,—mais, Monsieur, les acteurs, et les actrices!"

Whenever our community shall be smitten with a universal monomania, it will be upon the subject of the necessaries of life. The necessaries of life! We English are constantly talking of the necessaries of life! What are they? Is there actually such a class of things in existence? or is it only necessary that the human imagination should always have something to pine and to pant after? The latter hypothesis strikes me as being by far the most probable; otherwise we should find the different nations of the earth, much better agreed than they really are, in deciding what is the summum bonum, the το καλον which is to furnish the material substance of their chiefest happiness.

Deprive an Esquimaux of his oil and seal's flesh, and you instantly convert him into a miserable man. What is a Scotsman without "the dew of his native hills?" What is he, but a miserable man? What is an Englishman, cut off from his hot joint and bottle of port? What is a German, if you pull the pipe from his mouth, and withhold the beer-jug from his lips? What is the Frenchman, without vanity? What is the Irishman, without a row? What are they all, but miserable men? But what is *their* misery, compared with that of the Neapolitan, if you shut up his theatre? *His* misery is comparable to no other state of mortal torture, that can be imagined. He is, like Satan, supreme in misery.

The Neapolitan careth not for train-oil or seal's flesh, as doth the Esquimaux. He would as soon swallow a lump of lava, hot from Vesuvius, as drink a glass of "whusky" with the canny Scotchman. He would much sooner commit murder, than dine, with the Englishman, off an underdone leg of mutton. Beer he loveth not much; and tobacco he detests; vanity he hath none; nor doth the bump of pugnaciousness appear upon his cranium:—but the theatre! the theatre is *his* necessary of life, *his* heart's delight, *his* soul's darling! Shut that, and you either crush his spirit, or rouse it to desperation, according to the peculiar disposition of the unfortunate individual. The latter event is much the more likely to happen. San Carlo was burnt down:—within three hundred days after the fire was quenched, it was rebuilt by the government with increased splendour. The liberality and magnificence of the monarch were lauded to the skies: but some praise is due to *his wisdom;* since, next to a rise in the price of ice, no other national misfortune would be so sure to create a revolution.

In short—what meat, drink, air, and clothing are to another man, the stage (including all its varieties, from San Carlo, down to the puppet show of the Creation of the World, in three acts) is to the Neapolitan. Turn him out of house and home, he would not *much*

care; he could still sleep in his basket, and there are plenty of lofty gateways to shelter him during his hours of repose. Strip him naked, and he will be annoyed by no needless sense of shame; and except in March, when the Sirocco drives the rain before it, each drop a bucket-full, he will suffer nothing from cold, or from inclement weather. Restrict his diet, it is no matter; provided his macaroni be tolerably long, he cares not of how coarse a flour it is made. But leave, oh! leave him his iced water and lemonade! Spare, as you would avoid his bitterest maledictions,—spare his amusements! All misfortunes but one, in this world, he can submit to cheerfully. *Pereat mundus,—stet Theatrum!*

After what has been said, it will readily be conceived, that Naples contains the largest and most magnificent Opera House in the world, the Teatro di San Carlo. Experience has proved that it is not so well adapted for hearing, as many other theatres of nearly equal dimensions, such as the Scala at Milan, the Carlo Felice at Genoa, the King's Theatre at London, or that most beautiful specimen of theatrical architecture, the Hof-und-National Theater at Munich. But on entering it, the eye is overpowered and satiated,—not dazzled,—with the richness of its decoration, and the vastness of its enclosure. Deep blue and gold is the prevailing colour of the house; and any little variations of tint introduced, are only such minute and piquant touches in the details, as serve to increase, instead of disturbing, the general effect. The stage and proscenium are immense: if you are seated at all near to the centre of the theatre, the men and women acting upon it, "show scarce so gross as beetles." Exactly *in* the centre, and therefore opposite to the stage, is the royal box, occupying a great part of the space between the pit and the ceiling, and itself enclosed in a gorgeous frame of gold moulding and carved work, that both in magnitude and in splendour would well serve for the proscenium of many a humbler theatre.

Every thing too has been contrived, which can conduce to comfort, as well as to show. Outside the theatre, carriages can draw up under a lofty portico, instead of setting down their fair and full-dressed occupants, in the midst of a drizzling rain, as is the case in our *salles de spectacle*, in a climate too where such precautions are so much more requisite. Inside, the number and civility of the attendants, set the rawest stranger at his ease. There are no cold draughts nor cutting winds, to give all the spectators a fit of sneezing, that shall last for the next fortnight. In the pit, instead of miserable benches, are rows of luxurious and well-stuffed arm chairs, in which you may loll and lounge the whole of the evening, without being so cramped as almost to forget whether you ever had any legs at all, and without being amused during the latter half of the performance, by feeling the "needles and pins" tingling at the soles of your feet. On buying a pit ticket, you find that it is numbered: and on entering the pit, a sort of usher leads you to the chair corresponding to the number, seats you in your throne, tears the ticket in halves, and gives you one moiety as a title of continued possession, to be produced by you as a voucher for the night, in case any impertinent individual should attempt to turn you out of your comfortable lodgment. The usher

expects to receive a gratuity of three grains (about five farthings English) for his trouble: in case you are labouring under a fit of economy or meanness, he can have his revenge: for the bottom cushion of the chair is his property, or at any rate, his perquisite, and if the three grains are not forthcoming, it is in his power to walk off with the cushion under his arm, thus leaving you seated on a level six or seven inches below the rest of the audience. A capital position that, for seeing the ballet!

The half ticket thus formally delivered to the spectator by the usher of the theatre, gives him the fee simple of the chair for the rest of the night. He may lounge about the lobbies during the whole of the performance, and only show himself to hear some popular *aria*, or peep at the movements of some favourite dancer. No one would venture to possess himself of this tenement in possession, or if he do, he must vacate, immediately that he beholds the magical scrap of paper. If some very extraordinary attraction should induce the management to issue a greater number of tickets than that of chairs, "*Posto in Piedi*," i. e. "place only for standing" is printed in large letters on the top of the supernumerary billets; so that you cannot complain of an inconvenience, which you have incurred with your eyes open. The price of tickets varies according to circumstances: on grand nights, when the Royal family is sure to be present, and there is an *illuminazione*, the admission money is treble the usual amount.

In all cases, the *cheapest* plan is to go to the Cafè d'Italia, just at the beginning of the Strada Toledo,—if you can contrive to make your way through the crowd of over-civil and wonderfully subservient gentlemen, who are always collected round its doors,—and purchase from one of the waiters there, the ticket of some *Privileggiato*, who either cannot go himself, or who prefers the sight of the money, to that of the spectacle. Take care, however, that the said waiter does not suspect you to be an Englishman. If you can pass for a Frenchman, you will find that you have achieved a wondrous saving of grains and carline, at the end of a very short course of opera-going. The middle, i. e. the best rows in the pit, are appropriated to the military; but a little management will procure a seat in the immediate neighbourhood of these gentlemen, if not in the very centre of their society. It may be as well to state, that no wise man would, at Naples, breathe the slightest disapprobation of any thing which concerns San Carlos. Great is the Diana of the Ephesians! and every stranger, who sojourneth there for a while, must at least *pro tempore* become an idolater.

Such a theatre, and such an audience, demand, as an immediate consequence of their very nature, a supply of actors and actresses endued with corresponding powers. And here it is that we trace the intimate relation that existed between the late Madame Malibran and the theatre of San Carlo. Elsewhere, her great talents were admired and applauded, as a matter of course: here, they were absolutely necessary. There is but one San Carlo, there *was* but one Malibran, without whom its perfect orchestra, its life-like scenery, its glowing decorations, its deep azure circuit, and its star-studded

recesses, are now all unsatisfactory and incomplete. In the midst of this mighty extent, both of space and surface, her overacting and her overcolouring,—(for, borne along by her enthusiastic genius, she *did* occasionally overstep the bounds of soberness,)—in this enormous area, all was softened down and subdued by the majestic grandeur of the building; and what, under other circumstances, would have been a fault and an exaggeration, was here only a beautiful component part of a harmonious whole. Here, Norma, that most lovely, that still insufficiently appreciated Opera, achieved the final and complete triumph of Bellini and Malibran over the ravished hearts of thousands. Both of these short-lived meteors have since been extinguished after a course of unrivalled brilliancy. *His* fire was too flickering and subtle, *hers* too ardent and consuming, long to vivify or illumine the dull face of this clay-cold earth.

There is a true though trite story, that on one occasion, when Nero was singing in public, an earthquake happened,—but it could not prevent him from finishing his air.—The reverse of this occurred not long since at Naples. A late eruption of Vesuvius, and the performance at San Carlo, both commenced nearly at the same time; and although the earth rumbled under their feet, the windows rattled in every casement, and the sky overhead was coloured with crimson light that streamed from the burning mountain, still *the audience* sat unmoved, and listened for the hundredth time to the *Mosè in Egitto*, and gazed at the firework imitation of the hailstone plague in Egypt, as if no sublimer nor more interesting sight were to be witnessed without. The eruption and the performance terminated also simultaneously; and since both these spectacles could not be seen at once, it is to be doubted whether the show for which they were obliged to pay was not preferred to that which might have been had gratis. In this instance Madame Ungher* was the Circe, who spell-bound their senseless hearts. What then would they have done, had Malibran been the Parthenope of the evening? They would have left the venerable and highly respected St. Januarius to take care of *Il Vesuvio, i terremoti, la lava*, and *le cenere;* and would have thought that man pitiable and unhappy, who having delayed purchasing his *biglietto*, till it was now too late, should unfortunately be excluded from the *musica*, and be thus compelled for once in his life, to turn his vacant and dissatisfied gaze, upon the "Vonderful vorks of Natur."—This is really no exaggeration.—Whenever Malibran sung at the San Carlo, (and she would only act three nights in the week,) —the crowds that thronged thither were perfectly amusing. The prices of boxes were raised;—nevertheless they were all taken, some-

* This lady well deserves the attention of some enterprising manager, now that so many a rival *cantatrice* will be fighting for the vacant throne of song. When Malibran's engagement at Naples was ended, Ungher was the prima donna selected to succeed her; and no higher praise of her merits need be given, than that she acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the Neapolitans. With the exception perhaps of Schröder, there is no singer living who is gifted with so much enthusiasm, and such a power of electrifying an audience. Neither are Madame Ungher's talents limited to the tragic department. Her performance at the little Teatro del Fondo, in one of Ricci's exceedingly pretty comic operas, called forth unqualified approbation from crowded audiences.

times a week beforehand; the chairs in the pit were all bought up; even the "*Posti in Piedi*" were scrambled for; and for some hours previous to the commencement of the performance, any single place in the house, could have been disposed of at a high premium.

Naples, however was not the only scene of her triumphs. At Lucca, where she was almost compelled to halt for a while, and give two or three representations, the excitement of the whole district amounted almost to phrensy. *Possidenti*, who had never before quitted their villas, now rushed in crowds to the little capital; sleeping-rooms were let for something like a dollar per square inch; the theatre was crammed nearly to bursting; and two or three months after Malibran's departure, the town had scarcely subsided to its former state of quiet and repose.

It was said that, during the latter part of Malibran's reign—for such it may fairly be called,—at Naples, the king was becoming jealous of her unbounded favour among his subjects.—Conceive a young, good-natured, amiable king, scarcely turned of thirty, *jealous* of the influence of a beautiful and accomplished songstress, three or four years his junior! In any other country, the very word 'jealous' would sound ridiculous: here it is not only not so, but the fact is extremely probable. In a government purely despotic, whatever tends to divert the attention of the populace from the preeminence of the monarch, is sure to be regarded with suspicion. At Naples, next to the sovereign and his family, first-rate singers and actors are the personages who receive the greatest share of public consideration; and it is not unnatural that an absolute king should sometimes feel annoyed, at finding his inferiors treading on his heels, as it were, and rivalling, and almost supplanting him, in the hearts of the multitude.

But death puts an end to all jealousies; and His Majesty of the Two Sicilies need now have no further cause for uneasiness or displeasure, at the increasing popularity of the inimitable songstress. But alas for the Neapolitans themselves! for great will be their sorrow at the astounding intelligence of her sudden decease. They have a king whom they love and respect, and, it seems, deservedly. But had *he* died, it had been nothing in comparison.—Fum the first begets Fum the second, and the race goes on, in uninterruptible continuity. But Malibran! When shall we see another Malibran? Never can we hope, for generations to come, that so much perfection shall reappear in the midst of our countless hordes of insipid mediocrity.

What will they say, what will they do, when they hear that their idol has been laid low, in the midst of her deserved honours? One thing is certain; they will not pay to her departed spirit that tribute of manly regret and respectful sorrow, which has been so universally offered to her memory by her English admirers. The couriers may bring us the general sketch of what takes place, but we must guess at the minor details of their conduct. At first they will not believe the awful news: but when the sad truth has at length brought conviction to their minds, they will communicate it to each other, by means of innumerable and uninterpretable gestures. They will *print* whole clouds of sonnets on the subject of her death, and will write

and improvise twenty times as many. They will gnash their teeth at the thought that they ever allowed her to quit their city. They will aver that she has been poisoned by *I barbari Inglesi*, or, which is worse, has perhaps been choked to death by *questo benedetto ros-bif*. They will continue their complaints, and murmurs, and lamentations, till the government begins to feel a little uneasy upon the subject; some new object of adoration will then be lifted before the eyes of the multitude; a new enchantress will then be seated upon the throne of the Syren Parthenope; the votaries will rush in crowds; the shouts will arise; the roofs will ring;—and Naples will be itself again.

The death of those we love, may be distressing,—earthquakes and eruptions may be awful and terrific; but what is either, to the loss of a prima donna? to a closed Opera-House? other sorrows *may* find consolation: this has none; it is hopeless and irremediable. For all is not lost, while the theatre remains. And well spake that despondING lazzarone, when he explained to his condoling friends at once the cause and the remedy of his melancholy, "*E morta la mia moglie; bisogna vedere il Polichinello:*" "my wife is dead,—and I *must* go and see Punch!" D.

OXFORD, BY DAY AND NIGHT.

THE summer's sun, on golden wings,
Now darts o'er trees and towers;
And, rising slowly, gently flings
His beams o'er Oxford's bowers.
All that now meets the welcome sight,
Starts forth from darkness into light,
And seems to hail the beam
That flits from hall to hall again,
And gilds thy towers, Magdalen,
And Isis' winding stream.
Daylight is breaking bright upon
Beth Bridge, and classic porch;
Huge Christ Church it is gleaming on,
And old St. Mary's Church.

And see where, in the long High Street,
The youthful *freshmen* thirsty meet,
Hot from the last night's slaughter;
With heads all aching, fever'd tongues,
Each bawls with all that's left of lungs
For *Jubber's** soda water.
And some, all pale and languid stroll,
To whom fair learning doth unroll
Her hallowed, choicest page;
While others to each folly turn,
For these the midnight lamp doth burn,
For these liv'd bard and sage.

* A confectioner of well-merited celebrity, situated in the centre of the High Street. Miss Jubber is a graceful, sylph-like form, and is universally considered one of the beauties of Oxford. (Since the above was written Miss J. has entered the holy state of matrimony.)

Of these shall after ages sing,
And to their memories fondly cling,
  Though long they've passed away.
Posterity shall oft rehearse
Their learned lore, their moral verse,
  And shield both from decay.

But hark! this sun-lit "breezy morn"
Is usher'd in by twanging horn,
By clattering steed and clanging hoof,
And guards and coachmen water-proof.
"The Alert's" four horses panting stand,
When *Black Bill* takes the reins in hand,
  And to start an effort made is.
"Hollo! stop Bill," the ostlers shout,
"This little boy has been book'd *out*,
  This bull-dog, and these ladies."

They're up and off, and down the street
Ring the high-mettled leader's feet.
The sound decays: but ere they're gone,
Holmes, with "The Blenheim," dashes on.
  Of all the coachmen through this city,—
No matter who, or where he roams,
  There's none shows a "turn-out" so pretty,
Or clears the road so clean as *Holmes*.*

Breakfast discuss'd, each lad of college
  Then hastens to the public schools;
Hears there is such a thing as knowledge,
  And feels there are such folks as fools,—
At length ennuyé sallies out,
And struts each street and lane about,
Assumes a grand and lofty air,
Making the simpler *natives* stare.

Pleas'd with himself, the youth returns,
Enquires the hour, and joyful learns
That in some minutes there'll be spread
"The lunch" on which such lads are fed;
  A tit-bit, a *gum-tickler*, merely
To keep the stomach right and steady,
  In case it should feel faint or queerly
Before the college dinner's ready.
This "Lunch," now it must be confessed,
Is of Stilton cheese the ripe and best;
And loaves so delicately brown,
A relish fit to be washed down
  By those huge tankards, stiff and stout,
  Which *maudlin* men for pastime take,
Clean at a gulp completely out,
  And wonder why their heads should ache.†

* Charley Holmes is one of the genteelest of coachmen, and is proverbial for his politeness to passengers. Charley was originally a post-boy, and by attention and perseverance has acquired both respectability and wealth. His deportment is unassuming, and his taste is so refined that he never wets his lips with any thing on his journeys up and down but a glass or two of pale sherry.

† The ale of all the colleges in Oxford possesses great strength and body, but that of

Thus goes the noon; the mid-day sun
Shines bright thro' each hall's tinted pane,
The students lack some life, some fun,
So sally thro' the streets again.
And picturesque it is to see
The cap with tassel, black or gold,
The long dark gowns, all waving free,
Whirl'd by the wind in graceful fold.

As stealeth on the afternoon,
Each fav'rite lounge is thronging soon,
And proctor grave, and student meet,
And courteously each other greet.
Who's *he*, so stately, proud, and high,
That flutters thus in grandeur by?
I see. I need not now be told
A lordling 'tis;—that bit of gold
Appended to his cap declares
The reason of these wond'ring stares.
Mankind are still quite dead to shame,
Though wit and satire at them laugh;
Here's proof they still bow down the same,
And worship still the *golden calf*.
And here are scores who take delight
In flattering wealth from morn to night;
Whose only business seems to be
To show their great facility
In grovelling on supple knee,
Cringing to young nobility.

The classic choosers now thick drop
Into old *Parker's* well-stock'd shop. (1)
Talboys, (2) in winning accents bland,
Greets those who at his counter stand.
The newest German books are seen
Next to sage scholiasts and divines;
Here grave Longinus stands between
George Colman's Grins, and Moore's light lines.
The *cram books Vincent* (3) doth supply
In many a long and rich array.
These aid the lazy and incipient
O'er learning's fields: by many fools
They're used as an expedient
To help the lame dog through "the schools."

Behold a group of "Tufts," who shine
In new, well-fitting, superfine.
There is not on a hip or shoulder
A fold beau Brummell could condemn;
Which quite convinces each beholder
Banting and Prior *builds* for them.

Magdalen exceeds them all. The hospitality of Alma Mater is proverbial. A stranger, with a very slight introduction, may go the round of the colleges; at each of which there issues from the buttery a huge silver tankard of ale, which is discussed and replenished till the novice exclaims with Macbeth, "Hold!—enough!"

(1, 2, 3.) Three well known, highly respectable and intelligent booksellers.

Another class are often met,
A quiet, steady-looking set;
In black or brown they move about,
By Joy and Dry thus fitted out.
These tailors *lengthy* credit stand;
Nor do they heed the chance or risk,
While those who have the cash in hand,
And want a cheap thing, fly to Fiske.

A London *bagsman* you may note,
Come down to try some favourite coat:
To ascertain if 'tis a fit,
Or should it be let out a bit,
Or lengthened in its depth a pin,
Or, like the tailor, be *let in.*
Alas! alas! poor *victim* race,
If thus ye seek the sons of knowledge,
Your own *degrees* you'll speedy trace,
In Lord Chief Justice Denman's college.
"Sigh no more, ladies,—ladies, sigh no more,"
That line I parody to you thus clever—
"Trust no more, tailors,—tailors, trust no more,"
For Fate has doom'd ye to be swindled ever.

Those who are fond of billiards hie
To *Betteris,** whose smooth balls fly
Swift o'er the level, verdant board,
Round which lounge some with *Hoyle* well stor'd;
Who, quick as each light ball off glances,
Shooting as swift as shot from rocket,
Can calculate by rules the chances
Of being lodg'd in either pocket.
These wise ones can prognosticate,
And render cannons sure as fate.
Ofttimes the *tyro*, by degrees,
Is led to bet with one of these;
And then, in learned phrase, 'tis said,
The hopeful youth is *basketed.*

At length the tedious hours are gone,
And welcome dinner-time comes on,
And all are ranged, and every table
Now bears as much as it is able;
Each delicacy tempting stands,
Each tit-bit savoury, rich, and rare,
Lies ready for the carver's hands,
And smokes in hot profusion there.
The grace is said, and to it all
With knife and fork in earnest fall,
And splendid havoc soon is made
In every joint, that late arrayed
In culinary charms, soar'd high,
The *gourmand's* taste to satisfy.

The gormandizing so exceeds
All that the fiercest hunger needs,

* In Oxford billiard tables abound, but Betteris's is the most frequented and fashionable.

That certain 'tis that no one here
Of gout can have the slightest fear,
And apoplexy ne'er was known
To visit this choice seat of knowledge,
And tumble from his much-lov'd throne,
Some fat and well-fed "Head of College."
To take their wine some youths resort,
And swell their fill of hock and port,
Inhale the soothing hooka's power,
Or old cigars at Castle's found,
Sending of fragrant smoke a shower,
In thick profusion all around.

Old Gattie's shop is now fill'd quite,
And wreaths of smoke around it play,
Gattie hands round cigars and light,
And tells the lore of green-room gay.
His Thespian gossip never fails
Of what he's said, and whom he's seen,
And many are the wond'rous tales
He tells of Kemble and of Kean.*
The funny anecdotic stuff
He tells the smokers, knowing elf,
They swallow down with every *puff*,
While he is never SMOK'D himself.
Fun, scandal, smut, from Drury Lane
He knows, old boy, on whom to hitch it;
And for his hearers it is as plain,
That not e'en he too strong can pitch it.

Others more grave, who spurn all this,
Sink in sweet visionary bliss,
In elbow'd ease, and cushion'd chair,
Which ever to my fancy seem,
The beds fit after feeding rare,
To yield a most enchanting dream.
O'er "First Class," "Fellows," "Tutors," all,
Methinks I see a slumber fall,
Digestion to help on,
And to my view there is displayed
The dream in all its hues array'd,
That flits each mind upon.

"The First Class" in his vision sees
The shade of great Thucydides,
This fades away, and Cicero seems
To mingle with his classic dreams;
Till laughter rushes on his ears,
And Aristophanes appears;
Then Aristotle rises slowly
Bearing his works of abstruse knowledge,
He sinks, and clad in vestments holy,
Appears the founder of the college,
Just as in statue he doth stand,
With monkish garb, and crosier'd hand.

* Gattie's narrations combine the sublime, the pathetic, and the humorous in a pre-eminent degree. They are embellished also with a fertility of imagination and diction, that gives to common events the semblance of romance.

Some "Fellows" dream that post has sped
Through day and night, through shine and shower,
To say the old incumbent's dead,
Or if not dead, can't live an hour.
And then they see a parsonage and ease,
Tithe wheat and barley, waving in the breeze,
Rich fees brought to them by their flock so meek,
And hear a score of little tithe pigs squeak.

Tir'd with lecturing, "Tutors" sink resign'd,
And Somnus soothes the harrass'd classic mind.
Say is our "Tutor" dreaming of his theme,
Of lecture, chapel, or of hall?
Oh no, a well-wigg'd "Canon" he doth seem,
Full of rich fines, and filling a choice stall.
Or else a "Dean," all corpulent and grand,
Angling with politics for a fish or two;
And gaining from some patron's liberal hand
The mitred eminence, so long his due.

Daylight is dying in the west,
'Tis crimsoning bright Cherwell's breast;
The sun in some pavilion seems,
Shrouding his lingering parting beams.
The clouds his curtains closing round,
As if they were resolv'd to sever
From this fair world of ours for ever,
His orb of light with glories crown'd!

By Isis' side there is a din,
And rowers leap their boats within;
Crowds are quick gathering far and near,
Tumult swells louder on the ear,
"A boat race," twenty voices cry,
Cutters and skiffs glide swiftly by,
To gain the chosen starting place,
Where wait the hero's of the race;
Each on his oar intent and steady,
And list'ning for the signal ready.
It is a splendid sight to see
Youth's strength put forth in rivalry;
When all the feelings that adorn
The ardent, generous, and high-born,
By turns are call'd forth into life,
During the brief and manly strife.

The pistol's fired—off they go—
They skim the light wave's surface o'er;
They tug—they strain—and as they row,
Shouts greet them from the crowded shore.
Now "Exeter" and "Queens" they cheer,
Now "Go it Jesus" splits the ear,
Then "Go it Christ's" comes strangely blended
With shouts of "Christ's rows like a *trump*,"
And when the well-fought race is ended,
You learn that "Jesus got a bump."*

* That boat is said to be "bumped" when the prow of the next boat touches her stern.

These cries, although they impious seem
To strangers standing by the stream,
Are merely given utterance then,
To urge their fellow college men
To use the utmost strength and skill,
That youth and tact to them supplies,
To pull on bold, untiring still,
And shoot a head, and win the prize.

The race is o'er, the freshmen young
To home, or "Roebuck" haste along.
In velvet sleeves "a sage grave man,"
Just gives them as they pass a scan,
A glance of anger mix'd with sorrow,
For well the knowing proctor can,
Foresee the lads ingenious plan
To make their heads ache on the morrow.
Who can out-run *sharp* proctor? who?
Who can a proctor's tact out-do?
Waiting for his dread civil-couch'd command,
Holliday that little marshal lingers near;
And at his heels a trusty, surly band
Of "bull dogs" poise the listening ear.
Just where the hills of Headington arise,
Shortly ere night hath gain'd its noon,
Thither will the proctors hasten to surprise
Gay youths enamoured of the moon!
St. Clements is a favourite place
For those who seek night's beauties rare.
To Jericho, meanwhile light-limb'd pro-proctors race,
Freshmen and graduates to trace,
Studying the heavenly bodies there!

The spread is ready, and the bottle
Stands waiting for each thirsty throttle;
Soon Sadler's dainties disappear,
The lobster sallad bowl is clear.
The glorious *guttle* now commences,
And woe to him who shirks his glass,
Or him who deals in sly pretences,
And tries to let the bottle pass.

Their converse is of deeds they've done,
Of matches lost, of money won;
The bets they've hedg'd, the stakes they've laid,
The grooms, the trainers they have paid!
The dogs they've fought, the shots they've fir'd,
The gates they've leap'd, the birds brought down;
The boxing lore they have acquir'd
To punch the heads of half the town.
To "fancy" every glass is fill'd,
In "fancy" every lad is skill'd,
For commoners of Brazen-nose,
Of Magdalen, and of Trinity,
Now study heavy *body* blows,
Not *bodies* of divinity!

Gin punch! the order of the night is.
Gin punch! the Oxonian's great delight is,

And being brewed both hot and strong,
Six tumblers make the limbs unstable,
And send the freshmen clean along
The hearth-rug, or beneath the table.
While hardier bacchanals their course
Thro' "Geneva's lakes" exulting urge,
And standing o'er him, shriek till hoarse,
The fallen freshman's drunken dirge.

Ye youths of college, if your brain
Could learning's hallowed treasures gain,
By feeding well, there's none would be,
So sensible or wise as ye.
If piquant dishes, curried o'er,
Or suppers hot could yield discerning,
You'd own of sense so huge a store,
That you'd be quoted o'er and o'er,
As prodigies of wit and learning.

Or e'en if drinking hard would do it,
You quaff so deep from such pure springs,
And stick with such industry to it,
That we might look for wond'rous things!
The streams you taste, are pure Pierian,
The head to clear, and heart make merry,
Known by the moderns as valerian,
Hock, Port, Madeira, Champaign, sherry.
The spiritual medicine too
With which you fight off ills to come,
Get rid of duns, and devils blue,
Is brandy, whiskey, gin, or rum!
Head-ache, and heart-burn, proudly scorning,
What can such God-like youths affright;
For if you're feverish in the morning,
Why soda water sets you right.

LETTERS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

(Continued from page 375.)

August 29th.

I LEFT Martigny at seven o'clock in the morning, and in about an hour reached the fall of the Pisse Vache. The morning had been hitherto grey and gloomy, and the mountains on my right hand were enveloped in clouds and darkness. Suddenly, as I approached the descending column of white foam, a ray of sun-shine burst through the dingy vapours and lighted up the waterfall with all the colours of the rainbow. I approached the foot of the cascade as nearly as possible, and stood admiring it till I was well-nigh wet through with the imperceptible shower which ever falls in its immediate neighbourhood. There is nothing here of the sublime but much of the beautiful to contemplate, and after the surfeit of grandeurs I had lately indulged in, the quieter charms of the Pissevache were equally

refreshing and delightful. Two leagues further on in a gorge of the mountains is the town of St. Maurice, through which the Rhone passes, separating the Canton de Vaud at this point from the Vallais. Having crossed the bridge and submitted my passport for examination to the guardian of the frontier, I pursued my route to Bex. Shortly after I had left this place I encountered a thunder-storm. Clouds rolled down the lofty Alps, and darkening the air, completely concealed the gigantic mountains from my view. The thunder reverberated among the hills, and the lightning shone the brighter for the deep gloom which hung around. All this no doubt was very magnificent, not so the rain, which pouring down more in a mass than in drops, wetted me to the skin in a twinkling, except in so far as I was protected by a Macintosh cape. The thunder-storm was succeeded by a continuing rain, which soaked the road into mud, and drenched me over and over again till I reached Villeneuve.

August 30th.

I LEFT this last place at eight in the morning in the steam-boat, and skirting along the northern shore of the beautiful lake, passed the castle of Chillon, Vevey, Lausanne, and other villages, arriving at Geneva about four o'clock. The castle of Chillon has been rendered celebrated by Byron, and clouds of tourists visit it. The exterior, however, is the reverse of inviting, and looks as damp, dark and dingy as can very well be conceived. The form is such as every one is familiar with through the medium of prints and drawings. The appearance is such as I describe it. The banks of the lake are planted with vineyards, and a considerable quantity of white wine is made in the neighbourhood, of the strength of small beer and the flavour of vinegar. But habit is every thing; the natives think their wine super-excellent; I thought it detestable.

September 1st.

VISITED the Musée of Geneva. The building is pretty, though small. In pictures they are deficient; I saw nothing worthy of notice. They have, however, a very fine collection of plaster casts from the antique, and some from Canova. I had here a fine opportunity of comparing the ancient and modern sculpture. In both cases the casts were taken from statues themselves, so that, however inferior to the originals, one was as well off as the other on that score. Not to mention the Apollo Belvidere, the Torso, the Laocoon, and Diana with the fawn, there was a cast of the Venus de Medicis and one of the Venus of Canova. Each is considered the masterpiece of its school, but without comparing them one could scarcely conceive the difference to be so great. The Venus de Medicis is assuredly only the statue of a beautiful woman, without any attempt at the more than human dignity of the Apollo or Diana, but so perfect is the form, so exquisite the proportions, so full of grace and softness, that the attention is rivetted till you almost think the inanimate form is quickened by a living soul. I turned to the other statue, and sighed to think that so inferior a production should be the acknowledged chef d'ouvre of the great Canova.

Lausanne, September 4th.

I ARRIVED at Lausanne yesterday morning, and have ever since been in search of beauties; I can find none. The town is curious from the circumstance of its being built upon hills, so that many of the streets are nearly perpendicular, and none are to be found at a less angle than forty-five degrees with the horizon. From the signal, a height to the north of the town, you have an extensive view of the valley as far as the Jura mountains, and you see the Savoyard Alps on the other side of the lake. But on the whole, I think Lausanne and its environs less worthy of attentive examination than any town I have been in since I left France. To an Englishman it has some extra interest as having been the residence of Gibbon, but other charms for me it has none, except perhaps the flower gardens which here, as elsewhere in Switzerland, furnish brighter hues than we are used to see in England.

September 6th.

I LEFT Lausanne but little pleased with the results of two days investigation, and mounted the diligence for Rome. In it I met with an American gentleman, and as on comparing notes we found our routes lay in the same direction, we agreed to move onward together. The country improves as you approach Berne, and the avenue by which you enter the town is quite beautiful. The principal street of Berne is very fine. The houses built of whitish stone are just sufficiently dissimilar to prevent monotony, just sufficiently like to retain symmetry. A colonnade runs under them on either side, and they are built with projecting eaves. Many fountains adorn the street with the emblematical bear represented in all shapes and figures. Sometimes himself in armour, sometimes fondling a mail-clad warrior, in short, in every fantastic guise imaginable. The cathedral is a handsome building of the fifteenth century, deformed, however, by red painted doors which they have set in a square tower over the principal entrance. The Swiss seem to have a passion for red paint; for this is by no means the first time I have been annoyed by its intrusion in incongruous places. In the interior is a monument erected to 650 Bernese who fell in the battle fought before Berne in 1799, a large number to lose out of a population of not more than thirty thousand, being about a tenth part of the male adults. Some fine stained glass representing the passion of our Saviour adorns the windows; part, however, has been destroyed by a hail storm. To the south of the cathedral is a platform supported by an immensely high wall of stone. The walk here shaded by chestnut trees faces one of the most lovely landscapes that can be imagined. Undulating ground rises wave above wave to a considerable height, thickly clad with trees of many tints of green. In the back-ground the most prominent object is the Jung frau-horn with the other ice covered mountains of the Oberland. At the foot of the platform the Aar foams and splashes over a rapid, giving life and gaiety to the scene by its incessant noise.

I walked round Berne in the afternoon. It is built on a tongue of

land, about which the Aar, which is here of a deep clear green colour, flows in the form of a horse-shoe. The heights on the other side of the river which completely command the town, are laid out in walks shaded with rows of tall tress and furnished occasionally with seats for the accommodation of the weary or idle. At the end of the bridge which crosses the river leading from Berne towards Thun, is a cenotaph with the following inscription:—

DIE STADT BERN,
IHREM EDLEN BURGER,
SIGMOND RUDOLF VON WERDT,
DER HIER,
FUR IHRE BEFREYUNG STREITEND,
DEN TOD FAND,
DEN XVIII. SEPT. MDCCCII.
ER LEBTE XXI. JAHR.

Which being done into English runs thus:—"The city of Berne, to her noble citizen Sig. Rud. von Werdt, who fighting for her deliverance here found death, the 18th Sept. 1802. He lived twenty-one years." The situation of the monument adds to the melancholy interest of the circumstance it commemorates.

About the centre of the principal street is a clock furnished with grotesque figures, some of which with ludicrous gestures strike the chimes while the rest gallop round in a circle like hey-go-mad to the great edification of the cluster which generally collects to watch the movements of the puppets. In the town ditch two bears are kept, and at the principal entrance two vast effigies of their tutelary deity, Ursa Major, are erected in stone. The money has a bear stamped on it. In short every where you are surrounded with bears.

I had been to expect beautiful faces and dresses in this part of Switzerland but was grievously disappointed. Swiss costumes look very well on paper or in fancy-dress balls. But the reality is ordinary enough in its appearance, even when the peasant girls are attired in their best. And as for the faces they are even more ordinary than the garments.

September 6th.

We left Berne shortly before 11 in the morning and reached Thun in about two hours, arriving at the very moment when the steam-boat was starting for Neuhaus. The country between Berne and Thun appeared the fresher and more verdant for the rain which had fallen the day before. But for the mountains capped with eternal snow, the scene closely resembled an English landscape. Had I not been pressed for time, I should gladly have staid a day at Thun: however, we hurried along a small but beautiful lake in a pigmy steam-boat, enjoying the most delicious prospects on either side. About half-way along the southern bank of the lake is the conical mountain called the Niesen with the Castle of Spietz at its base. The whole scene was like a prospect in fairy-land: our only regret was the necessity of passing so rapidly over so beautiful a country. The waters of the lake are of a bright green like the Aar. Having landed at Neuhaus we proceeded to Beyningen, (the nearest point to

Brienz), where we embarked in one of the flat-bottomed boats used on these lakes; and we were impelled by the exertions of three sturdy rowers over the still surface of the water. No doubt the shores of the lake of Brienz are very beautiful; but the constant repetition of the same scenery becomes—at any rate to me it became —wearisome. We were, however, amply repaid for our pains at the fall of the Giesbach which is formed by a succession of cascades as though the river came down a gigantic flight of stairs, and at each descent it falls just far enough to break the uniformity of the column of water without entirely dissipating it in spray: but here, as before, it must not be forgotten that description and representation are utterly inadequate to convey just ideas of the magnificence and beauty of nature, though perhaps Turner might do something with the Giesbach.

To arrive in view of that part of the waterfall which I have been just describing, it is necessary to ascend a considerable part of the height of the mountain, for the lower half of the Giesbach descends by a tortuous route to the lake, and is only visible in parts and from different positions. After indulging ourselves with a long view of the cataract we returned to our pinnace and got under way for Brienz which is about a league distant across the water. The rain which had hitherto held off now began to thicken, and before we arrived at the White Cross (our inn) it came down in torrents. We were however soon safely housed and under cover, in as comfortable an hotel as could be expected in such an out-of-the-way region as Brienz. It was here for the first time that I met with any evidence of the vaunted beauty of the Bernese, in the shape of two dark-eyed, black-haired, cherry-cheeked, daughters of Eve, who discharged the duties of chamber-maids. But these are the first two I have seen who had any claims whatever to admiration on the score of personal appearance. The boatmen who had ferried us over the lake spoke no language but their own patois of German, and though I am in most instances quite ready to subscribe to the truth of Pope's aphorism, in my particular case a little learning proved not dangerous but useful, for I managed to explain to these Charons what we wanted with the aid of the half dozen words of High Dutch which are the extent of my vocabulary.

September 7th.

The rain, which had continued falling throughout the night, had washed away the road as is not uncommon in mountainous districts; as however our mode of travelling did not require a very excellent path, as soon as the weather cleared a little we set out to cross the Brunig, myself on foot and my companion on a sorry which as far as appearance went might have been mother to Rosinante, though we were assured it was a most excellent horse despite its uncouth form and gaunt sides to which we had objected. However it was Hobson's choice, that or none, and on we went, with a peasant for a guide who was to bring back the horse from Lurgern on the other side of the mountain. We wound our way upwards on a stony path, broken by torrents through which the others waded and over which I hopped

to the best of my ability, though once or twice I narrowly escaped a sousing from the slippery state of a stepping stone. But as we mounted higher we were fully repaid for the pains and penalties we had undergone in the ascent by the magnificence of the view that expanded before our eyes. Beneath was the valley of Ober Hasli divided by the meandering stream of the muddy Aar, muddy I say, for it requires the straining through two lakes to wash the water green. Afar off to the left is the village of Meyringen and the last shoot of the Reichenbach, pouring in both valleys, whose surface is from the height on which we stood, seemed to have been levelled by art not nature, rolled flat like a bowling-green by some mighty engine. Opposite were snow-topped mountains, the sun-beams kindling their crystalled summits and heavy clouds hanging low down on their craggy sides. All this seen through a comparatively small opening in the pine forest which covers the Brunig, and which opening had been made by an avalanche, that had swept a clean path for itself down into the very bed of the yellow Aar. The whole together formed one of the most enchanting prospects that can be imagined. By the way these avalanches are awful things. Think of the force which must be acquired in descending a steep precipice for a mile, by a mass of snow and rock, which even in the early part of its course tears up strong trees by the roots and shreds others asunder with such unsparing violence that scarcely a vestige of vegetation is left in the track it has passed over. However time pressed and before I was half satisfied with gazing, I was forced to turn away and follow the mule track which served for a road. Many pretty water-falls issue from the mountains on either side, but I scarcely like to write down their names as I obtained them from our guide, lest they should be unrecognizably incorrect. None of them were very important. By dint of ascending and descending for four hours we reached Lemgern, and after a slight refection which exercise and the keen air of the lofty Alps had rendered necessary we hurried on to Alpnacht and thence crossed the Waldstetter See to Luzern. To describe this latter part of the day's journey would involve endless repetition, for after all there is a marvellous sameness in mountains and lakes, albeit they are the finest the world has to boast of.

Not the least amusing part of our adventures was the circumstance of our guides and boatmen and ourselves not having any common language. The efforts to explain or understand on both sides were always ridiculous and for the most part unavailing. But where one party has to pay and the other to receive such difficulties are not altogether insurmountable.

In travelling from Lemgern to Alpnacht we crossed the canton of Unterwalden. Nothing could be more striking than the almost universal beauty of the children. The peasantry of maturer age were generally fair-haired, ruddy, well-looking people enough. But the children were with few exceptions truly beautiful, and we had good means of forming a judgment for we must have seen some hundreds of them. As yet we have seen no such good-looking race as this. The Bernese at the inn at Brienz, if they were Bernese were a fine-looking family, but they seemed an exception to the rule. In Berne,

on the Tuesday morning, which is their market-day, we had a fine opportunity of seeing numbers of the inhabitants. Yet the only remarkable circumstance in their appearance was the absence of any traces of extreme poverty. All seemed well-fed and comfortably clothed, and had that air of independence which belongs especially to those who are neither pinched for means, nor constantly in contact with their superiors. The green-coated chasseurs of Berne with their short guns were stout fellows, but nothing at all more than common. Indeed altogether I have been much disappointed in the people, who seem to have captivated the excited imaginations of tourists, without in any respect meriting the encomiums which have been so lavishly bestowed upon them. I certainly have not seen any men at all comparable with Englishmen as regards their bodily appearance, whether as regards stature, solidity, personal beauty, or thews and sinews. And I myself who am not a better pedestrian than is common among us, easily out-walked every guide with whom I measured my strength.

At the Swan hotel where we put up, the salle à manger is decidedly the finest room I have seen since I left Paris, and the view from it would have been very fine, but that it rained incessantly the whole time we remained here, so that we not only could not ascend but could not even see the Rigi, so entirely was it enveloped in clouds and mist. To the right Mont Pilate (which Scott has rendered so celebrated by laying the most interesting scenes of Anne of Geierstein in its immediate neighbourhood or on it), reared its head above the robe of clouds which concealed its base and frowned on us through the storm.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain I hunted out Thorwalsden's lion. He supplied the model from which the carving is executed by a Swiss sculptor of Constance. Colonel Pfiffer conceived the idea of carving in a rock on his grounds a monumental effigy in memory of the devotion displayed by the Swiss guards at the time of the first French revolution. Having raised a sufficient sum by subscription he employed Thorwalsden to furnish him with a model. The Danish sculptor sent him a lion dying from a spear-wound in his side and guarding a shield adorned with fleurs-de-lys. This model is shown in the room opposite the monument. The rock has been scarped and the figure of colossal dimensions cut deeply into it. It is shaded by cypresses and willows which add to its mournful character. The idea is grand and the execution creditable to the native carver.

The bridges in Luzern are singular enough in their construction, being covered in with gable roofs and the girders adorned with ancient pictures representing in part scripture subjects, in part scenes from Swiss history. They are, however, execrably done, and, without the legends beneath, would be utterly unintelligible. The interiors of the churches are more ornamental than might have been expected in so small a town; but in all Catholic countries this will be found to be the case. In all entered by us waxen images were hung as votive offerings for the attainment of some wish expressed in prayer. They strongly reminded me of a similar practice among the ancients. Indeed no one intimate with religious observances in Roman Catho-

lic countries can fail to be struck with the close resemblance they bear to the rites of paganism. For the saint substitute a heathen deity, and the very forms seem almost the same. No doubt this only applies to the worship of the lower orders; but the same remark might be true to the vulgar of antiquity.

September 10th.

We left Luzern yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, in the carriage which conveys the mail to Zürich, at the comfortable rate of four miles per hour. This too is not the worst part of the matter; for as they travel only in the day time, the progress is miserably slow. I have heard many encomiums passed on Zürich, but what little I saw of it gave me no sort of pleasure. The streets are very narrow and very dirty. The sewerage, to judge by the smell given, is worse than usual; which is as much as to say that we were more than half poisoned during our stay here. We went to the hotel de l'Epée, which is the best in the place, but which nevertheless abounds in fleas, and under the window of the narrow double-bedded room into which we were thrust was a vast dunghill, not to mention a still worse annoyance in the immediate vicinity of our chamber door, so that we were unwillingly compelled to sleep with door and window both shut with the comfortable prospect of being stewed into a fever, if not suffocated. However, a few hours patience carried us through our difficulties, and we were safely ensconsed in the diligence for Schaffhausen at nine this morning. The country between Luzern and Zürich, though vaunted much in the guide books and by the natives, is of a very ordinary character, and from Zürich to Schaffhausen, for the greater part of the road, there is still less to attract the attention.

At Eglisau we first saw the Rhine, and crossed it on one of the covered bridges which are invariably found in this part of Switzerland. There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the river here, but the interest which is attached to the very name of the Rhine made it a welcome sight to the eager eyes of pleasure hunting travellers. We shortly after arrived in Schaffhausen, and after securing our places in the diligence for Kehl that evening, off we set to the famous Rhine-fall, which is about three miles from the town.

Part of our road lay along the banks of the river, which here races along in grand style, bounding down the rapids, pirouetting in eddies, and foaming over the uneven surface of its bed so as to give you an idea that something more than common is not far distant. The opposite bank too of the river is picturesque, which adds not a little to the enchantment of the scene. At last we approached the object of our search, and for once were not doomed to be disappointed. Indeed I think tourists generally lay far too little stress on the beauty of the falls of Schaffhausen. I for my part have seen nothing more sublime, more beautiful. The river, which is here of considerable breadth, and of a clear greenish hue for some distance, rushes down an inclined plane, and then pours its boiling but transparent waters down a sheer precipice of sixty-feet, the whole mass of fluid being at once converted into sparkling foam. The stream is broken in several places by rocks, which thrust their dingy heads out of the white tor-

rent which tumbles past them. The evening sun gilded the bright waters with his setting rays, and an ever varying rainbow hovered over the magnificent cascade. My American friend, who was certainly not over lavish of his praise, was as enthusiastic as myself in his admiration of the scene before him, and admitted that it might be enjoyed even by one who was familiar with the glories of Niagara. We quitted this region of romance with regret, and wended our way slowly back to Schaffhausen, musing on what we had seen, and, alas! should probably never see again.

September 11th.

At nine o'clock, on the evening of the 10th of September, we set out for Donaueschingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where we were to meet a diligence for Kehl. On crossing the frontier of Switzerland, we were detained for some time in a sort of wooden barn while the douaniers poked their noses into every corner of the diligence, and secured the luggage with a pack-thread and leaden seal. Our passports underwent an examination, and not being objected to, we re-entered our slug and crept on. On arriving at Donaueschingen, at four o'lock, we were shown into a bitterly cold room, and given to understand that we must exercise the virtue of patience during four tedious hours. After indulging myself with a few grumbles, à l'Anglaise, I laid myself down on the hard boards of the table, not being able to find any softer place, and slept soundly enough for two hours till the arrival of some coffee provided me with a more congenial occupation, till I was called on to attend at the examination of my luggage. This operation was performed in the most gentlemanlike manner possible. The lid of my trunk was lifted up; the question was asked, "Have you any merchandize?" and answered in the negative; and the box was closed. How different from the prying examination of Messieurs les douaniers Français. This too is the only examination the luggage will have to undergo till we arrive in the Dutch territory. Of a verity the equalization of the duties on the Rhine may be an inconvenience and loss to mercantile men, but for travellers it is the most delightful arrangement in the world.

This village takes its name from the Danube or Donau, which rises within its precincts. The source of this mighty river is a basin of no great size, out of which dribbles a not very deep or very clear stream. After our whole stock of patience had been entirely exhausted our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of four quadrupeds and postillion, in a yellow jacket, adorned with a profusion of worsted lace, and a horn, with tassel attached to it, nearly of the shape and dimensions of an English mop.

Our conductor, who was a smart looking fellow enough, mounted the coupé, and on we crawled with the comfortable prospect of reaching Kehl that evening. One of our travelling companions was a German, who spoke a little French, and after inquiring very particularly of me what was the state and station of an English earl, furnished me with the gratifying information that he was of that rank himself—a *graf*, to wit. Poor fellow, he must have had strange notions of our nobility when he thought of comparing himself with them. He wore a coat, the buttons of which had seen too much service to remain

entire,—over that a top-coat of a material resembling that which our butchers use for their blue jackets, but of a dirty brown colour, no shirt, and the remains of a hat. He was of some service to us as an interpreter, and afforded us continual amusement by his absurd remarks and grotesque ideas.

Part of our route lay through the remains of the Black Forest, or Schwartz Wald. The mountains on either side were thickly clad with dark trees to their very summits, but these mountains are sad dwarfs after those I have been lately accustomed to. However we must take things as we find them, not excepting the loathsome collection of filth and grease which is furnished you in some places under the denomination of dinner. At ten o'clock at night we arrived at Kehl, and forthwith retired to enjoy a sound sleep after thirty-six hours of bustle and fatigue.

September 12th.

Our object in stopping at Kehl, instead of at once proceeding to Strasburg, was to save the annoyance and inconvenience of an examination of passports and luggage by the French authorities, and a second edition of the same on our return into the German territory. As it was, after breakfasting and securing places by the diligence to Carlsruhe, we marched over the bridge of boats, and entered the French territory without let or hindrance. The bridge over the Rhine here is curious enough. About seventy boats or lighters are firmly moored up and down the stream, at short intervals from each other. These serve as piers to support large beams which rest on the gunwales of the barges, and athwart these beams are laid planks. Smoking is forbidden on the bridge, and the carriages walk at a foot pace, but for pedestrians it is convenient enough. The town of Strasburg is strongly fortified, and is defended by a numerous garrison. Some soldiers of whom I enquired the way to the cathedral answered me in good French, which was inconceivably refreshing to my ears after the jargon to which I have been for some time accustomed in Switzerland, and latterly in Germany.

I think the prints I have seen give a very fair idea of the exterior form of the cathedral. But of its beauty, independent of mere form, none can judge without the benefit of ocular examination. We were most struck with the transcendant brilliancy of the stained glass, some of which dates from the building of the cathedral. At the western end is a beautiful circular window divided into compartments by radii, and surpassing, if possible, even the splendour of this, in the southern aisle. At the south eastern extremity are other circular windows, subdivided into small circles. These are the most ancient in the building. Among the other lions of the cathedral was a pulpit carved in stone, and not only finely executed, but of considerable antiquity, bearing the date 1487, in curious figures. Elsewhere was a column adorned with statues which were cut out of the same block as the pillar, but totally separated from it except as far as was necessary to support the sculptured forms. We were more than usually scandalized at the dresses of the images, which were carried to a pitch of absurdity not readily imagined by those who are not accustomed to the mummeries of Roman Catholic churches in a Roman

Catholic country. For example, a waxen image of the Virgin was nursing a waxen infant Saviour, the one dressed in a hooped petticoat of faded silk, and the other in long clothes of the same material. In a compartment of the wall, in another part of the church, was a piece of sculpture representing the death of the Virgin Mary, and St. Peter bringing a vase of holy water to administer extreme unction previous to her demise. Alas! alas! that so noble a place of Christian worship should be thus assimilated to a heathen temple.

The organ is on one side of the centre aisle, and though it interferes a little with the symmetry of the building, this disposition has one good effect, namely, that you view the whole extent at once, the length not being broken, as with us, by the screen before the choir. The famous clock is a curious piece of mechanism, but fitter for the entertainment of children than for the contemplation of those who have arrived at mature age. In fact, a Dutch toy on a large scale, with moving figures and various peculiar ornaments, such as a cock, which crows at midday, or ought to crow, for the machinery is out of order, and a lion, which ought to roar the hours.

Having ascended to the platform of the unfinished tower, we had a capital view of the surrounding country and the town beneath us. One of the principal beauties of the cathedral, as we thought, was the union of mass and lightness; for, notwithstanding its vast magnitude and the unpromising material of which it is constructed (red sand stone), the whole of it, but more especially that tower which is completed, had quite an aërial character. It has at different times suffered much injury from lightning, which, among other devastations, has destroyed the window over the altar, which is about to be replaced at the expense of about 1200*l.* An inscription on the platform commemorates an earthquake which in the beginning of the last century shook the church to its foundation, and threw the water from a reservoir on the tower to a distance of eighteen feet from its base.

I should not omit to mention that we encountered our German baron again in Strasburg. But here he was more soigné in his personal appearance than when travelling, inasmuch as he had provided himself with a not very clean shirt, or at least a front, which expensive luxury he seemed to think quite a matter of supererogation in the diligence, inasmuch as he was not therein encumbered with any linen whatever, foul or otherwise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPIGRAM.

Our footman, John Thompson (deny it who can),
Since his nose is all gone, is a fright of a man;
To be rid of this fright, then, I humbly propose
That Thompson be ordered to *follow his nose.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

There is no memory of his fate,
No record of his name;
A few wild songs are left behind,
But what are they to fame? L. E. L.

The deep-toned knell again hath rung
Its melancholy chime;
And the funeral hymn again been sung,
For the young in manhood's prime.

Yet he heard it not, nor stayed
His earth-freed spirit's flight,
Through airy halls in glory 'ray'd
To gaze on mortal light!

His soul dwelt on the beautiful,
On earth and things above;
He drank their glories, and was full
Of sympathy and love.

The sorrowful ne'er slept in him,
In scenes of joy, or gloom,
And he ill could hide what hurried him,
Untimely to the tomb.

His restless spirit was not formed
For life's calm, quiet stream;
It sighed, it struggled, and it burned
For fame's ideal dream.

Hard, hard he fought, he struggled hard
'Gainst penury's cold blight;
But his wasted form unequal warr'd
With his daring spirit's might.

He knew but few, and no one cheer'd
The sadness of his heart;
He had no friend that was endear'd,
His sorrows to impart.

Yet still he toiled, nor thought of rest
His wearied frame to ease;
For his heart was broken, and oppress'd,
And nought it could appease.

He sank at last, yet dying, toiled,
Nor deem'd life ebbed so fast;
But slow decay was never foiled
Nor e'er its victim past.

Perchance, his was the common fate
That sweeps the loved away;
That circles all things, small, or great,
Nor falters on its way!

Yet that fate shall wake our sympathies,
Like the spring-dream of our youth;
For youth's dominion never dies,
When blent with simple truth! E. W. G

THE CENTRAL SOCIETY OF EDUCATION.*

"I DENY that the state has a right to punish crime unless it first has had recourse to Education for the purpose of preventing it." If these are not the words uttered, they, contain the enlightened sentiment deliberately expressed by Lord Denman (the first criminal judge in the land) from his place in the house of Lords—and we have the pleasure of recognising that learned nobleman as the President of a society lately established for the purpose of collecting, classifying, and diffusing information, with regard to the Education of all classes of society, how deep, how extensive, how difficult a subject this of Education is, we have long felt; and we have often painfully lamented the chilling apathy with which it has been regarded by a large portion of the nation, and the spirit of party and of rivalry which has influenced but too many of those who have interested themselves in it, just as if there were not in the subject itself, difficulties of sufficient magnitude without adding to it others with which it had no necessary connexion.

The Society we understand, proposes, if its funds permit, making minute enquiries into the actual state of Education and the adaptation of the systems at present practised to the wants of the nation. In order to render these enquiries of any value it will be necessary that the society should not confine itself to finding out merely the number of children, who can read and write or the number of schools. It must extend its investigation to the condition of the parents and the harmony of their knowledge, skill, industry, morals, and scenes of enjoyment with it, and from two printed papers of questions put forth by the Society we find that such is its intention with regard to the metropolis, the provincial towns, and the rural districts in particular. We have long been of opinion that education, unless it has a tendency to make the labourer more industrious, skilful, moral, and happy is of little avail, and we have always been at a loss to discover how mere instruction in reading and writing, alone can have this effect; we earnestly hope however that the enquiries of the society will be attended with beneficial results, which can scarcely fail of being the case if they are conducted with wisdom. Notwithstanding the extraordinary progress that we have made in extending our dominion over matter, it must be acknowledged that we are far behind many nations of the continent in extending our dominion over mind.

The report of the Manchester Statistical Society with regard to

* Our readers will recollect that our September number contained a somewhat lengthy article on education, in which principles were developed not very unlike those advanced by our present correspondent. We had not received a copy of the Society's prospectus, until the sheet had been worked off. We propose always to devote more or less space in each of our numbers to the consideration of education generally. Although we have no connexion whatever with the Central Society of Education, we claim to be regarded as their fellow-labourers, and we shall not forget to watch their proceedings and encourage them in the good work that they have so nobly begun in the face of a prejudiced public. Ed.

education in the Borough of Manchester is one of very painful interest, and marks in a striking manner, the guilty carelessness which has existed with regard to education in this centre of activity and supposed intelligence, and powerfully contrasts it with the care, diligence, and wisdom which has characterised the conduct of other nations. We beg to recommend this valuable little document to our readers for perusal. The Central Society of Education therefore purposes enquiring into the systems of education which are formed and the progress which has actually been made in "this most essential of all sciences and arts" in Prussia, Switzerland, France, and other countries.

Nor will the society confine itself to the education of the humble classes, it also purposes considering how far those whom circumstances have placed among the higher ranks of society are prepared by an extended education to exercise the influence with which they are invested to high and valuable purposes, so as to become happy in themselves, useful members of society, and "steadfast pillars of the state," seeking their pleasure in promoting that of others, and striving to be remembered by posterity for the good which they have done for it. Although this society will be neither "the partial advocates of certain methods, nor the blind assailants of established systems," our whole course of Public School and University Education will be carefully scrutinized by the Society; the arguments which make for as well as those which impugn any established and obnoxious practice being fairly stated and duly weighed.

The points of interest for the consideration of the society are innumerable.—As for instance—1. the absolute necessity there is of founding schools for schoolmasters, before any sound system of education can be carried on—2. the value of natural science in developing the youthful faculties, and awakening an interest in surrounding nature— 3. the discovery of extraordinary and valuable properties, which the senses were unable to take cognizance of without scrutiny, imparts an interest to every thing, and prevents "a person who travels from Dan to Beersheba from finding that all is barren," There will also be great utility in considering the expedients to which different experienced educators have had recourse in conveying distinct ideas, to those who are deprived of one or more of the senses, and teaching them to communicate them. For the blind can be taught to read and work—the deaf and the dumb, those who have never heard a sound to express their ideas in appropriate language. Deeply interesting as the subject is as regards the individuals thus unfortunately situated, an additional importance is attached to it, if it can be made subservient, as we believe it may, to the general purposes of education. The practice of resorting to flogging for the correction of mental and moral errors must not escape notice, any more than fagging—the exclusion of modern languages—the study of the standard writers in the English language—and the learning by rote. It has appeared to us questionable, whether, even the memory beyond that of words be strengthened by this last mentioned practice. The memory appears not to be one faculty of retaining ideas, but to consist of many :—the memory of words appears to be differ-

ent from that of place,—place from that of music,—music from that of form,—form from that of numbers,—numbers from that of moral principles. A careful consideration should be extended to the Physical Education,—exercise—clothing—ventilation,—as also to the cultivation of the sentiments, and the formation of character,—the causing children *to be* as well as *to know*,—the making what they learn enter into their habits. Many of the favourers of a change in education have of late years been impugning the value of the classics; and the directors of the Edinburgh academy complain of a prejudice against them in Scotland. If amid our changes we are tempted to neglect the study of those two noble languages of antiquity, the Latin and the Greek, it will be a subject much to be lamented;—for if there was not to be found in them a sentiment which is not embodied in modern literature, if the clearness and melody of the languages, their force and accuracy are as nothing,—still it is of the highest importance that we should be acquainted with the modes of thinking in ages far removed from our own times.—They afford us a point of comparison which greatly assists us in extricating ourselves from the peculiarities of particular Epochs, and in distinguishing the general principles of human nature from modes of the time in which we may chance to live, which become easily mistaken for them. But in attaching importance to classical studies, we do not allude to that slight and valueless acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages which is attained while at school by those who upon quitting it are obliged to enter immediately upon the active affairs of life, and there take leave of them for ever. The manly literature of the ancients contains stuff for the mature intellect to reflect upon.

The Society, we understand, proposes publishing from time to time in volumes, numbers, or small papers, according as its materials and other circumstances shall determine upon the following heads:—

1. Primary on elementary education.
2. Secondary education.
3. Superior or university education.
4. Special or professional education.
5. Supplementary education.

In the instance of a valuable article appearing upon any popular subject, it is proposed to publish it separately in a cheap form so as to be generally acceptable. Lists of valuable school books, and criticisms upon them will also be given, and publication we understand has also been contemplated, where a want of a work is felt and the society finds means of efficiently supplying it.

Mrs. Austin in her valuable preface to her translation of M. Victor Cousin's report says "constituted as the government of this country is, and accustomed as it is to receive its impulses from without (a state of things approved aud consecrated by the national ways of thinking), it would be contrary to reason and to experience to expect it to originate any great changes. This is not recognized either by governors or governed as any part of its duty. It is to the public mind therefore that those who desire any change must address themselves." And it is to the public mind that the Central

Society of Education has determined upon addressing itself. Let it awaken that, enlighten that, make that sensible of the not-to-be-resisted influence of education, of the extent to which the happiness and real greatness of the nation may be increased by its agency;—and then and only then can it hope to see some sound and comprehensive system adopted which shall impart happiness, intelligence, and a healthy moral tone to the English nation. Most heartily do we desire the success of the Society; and here let us urge all those who have an anxious care for the future welfare of mankind, to come forward in numbers and in strength, with information and with funds to its support. From the north, from the south, from the east, and the west let them pour in and convince the government that the nation is not indifferent to the cause of education; nor let religious or political differences deter them,—the Society has determined to keep aloof from all such considerations, and to follow out its one great question proposed—EDUCATION.

THE ACROPOLIS.

'Tis hallow'd ground. On yonder lofty hill
Which proudly rears its crest above the plain,
Whence, down the cleft, descends the gurgling rill,
Dwells one whose fame has travers'd every main,
And echoed o'er each rugged shore. Thy fane,
Bright Pallas, propp'd by fairy art, defies
The ravages of time. Hoar age hath ta'en
In his fell grip gay palaces. Thine rise,
Refreshed by cooling gales, when every other dies.

Where now the incense glowing at thy shrine
Great goddess, offspring of high-thundering Jove?
Off'rings and victims are no longer thine,
Nor high-borne banners round thy temple move
In victory's hour. Their warp so thinly wove
Hath perish'd. List! the impetuous warrior's cry
Resounds no longer from the dusky grove
Where th' academic throng oft lov'd to pry
In mystic lore, and hear the airy harmony.

The olden race is run—thy walls remain
Alone, and sighing to the winter's blast,—
While aged ivy wreathes his verdant chain
Silent memorial of thy greatness past!
Around thy marble columns richly cast.
Sole birth of noble Jove! though temples fall,
Mould'ring to dust, thy fane shall ever last;
Oblivion thy grandeur ne'er shall pall,—
And when thou perishest, at last, shall perish all.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte; written by himself. Translated under the author's superintendence. 8vo. Vol. I. Saunders and Otley.

Those who lived in the days of Bonaparte's prosperity, when his arms carried terror and desolation through Europe, need not be reminded of the interest and dread with which the mere mention of his name was attended, and with what eagerness every tale or anecdote connected with that gigantic being was caught up and echoed in every circle of English society during the French war. The sun of Napoleon has long set,—the willows are growing wild over his sea-girt tomb, but his deeds live after him and are recollected with an interest only inferior because not so dreadful or perilous as when the usurper's eyes looked from the cliffs of France on the shores of Britain,—but still with an interest which no other subject belonging to the same period can command. The Parisian press teems with works on Napoleon; and many of the best have been adopted on this side the channel, whose reception has been almost uniformly flattering to their respective authors. Much has been written, it must be acknowledged, but still the subject seems not to be exhausted. "Another and another still" we have seen; and we had nearly added, "I will see no more" when the announcement of Lucien Bonaparte's Memoirs from the bureau of Messrs. Saunders and Otley caused us to suspend our half uttered words.

These memoirs are not private and family details,—they are recollections of public affairs in France commencing with the revolution, and will be found extremely valuable as furnishing materials for the history of the republic and empire. The quantity of matter in the author's possession no doubt rendered it necessary for him to exercise some judgment in selection. In few books have we ever seen the interest so well maintained. The style of the author is generally simple and very graphic; and it is only occasionally that he adopts that very artificial style so distasteful to an English mind and so characteristic of French composition.

The whole narrative is so connected in all its parts, that only a very extended series of extracts would give any proper notion of the book before us; and we have not room for that analysis which might serve instead of such extracts. We leave this first volume of a most valuable and attractive work in the hands of our readers, trusting that they will not forget to read its pages with the attention that they deserve.

As a mere specimen of the style, we extract two portions,—one descriptive of Paoli, the patriot of Corsica,—the other an account of Madame Bonaparte's escape from Paoli's arrest.

"The village of Rostino is situated on the mountains, and composed only of cottages and some small houses. Paoli inhabited a convent, where he lived with a noble simplicity. He had every day at his frugal but well served table several guests. Every day a numerous crowd of mountaineers waited for the moment of his going out to see and speak to him: they surrounded him with filial respect. He spoke to all like a good father; but what at first surprised me extremely, was his recollecting and calling by their names the chiefs of families whom he had not seen for above a quarter of a century. Those calls, that remembrance, produced upon our islanders a magical effect. The fine head of the noble old man, ornamented with his long white hair, his majestic figure, his mild but penetrating look, his clear and sonorous voice, all contributed to throw an inexpressible charm upon what he said. To imagine a patriarch legislator in the midst of his numerous race, I do not think that either painting or poetry could borrow more noble features than those which I contemplated for several months at Rostino.

"Notwithstanding my enthusiasm, upon reflecting one day on the prodi-

gious memory of Paoli, I began to question myself how it was possible. That same scene, repeated several times at each walk, and almost in the same terms, ended by inspiring me with doubts. I was as much as I could be on the side of my hero. I began by observing all the preparations for these daily walks · a monk went always to the cabinet of Paoli before he walked out: I slily followed him, and I beheld him for several successive days descend into the middle of the crowd, and talk with the chiefs of those who were waiting for an audience. It appeared evident to me that the precursor monk supplied, by his confidential reports, the memory of the patron. I must own that discovery displeased me; although I observed how greatly that paternal friend rendered so many good old men happy, the shadow of a deception offended my young imagination, and cooled a little my enthusiasm. I quitted Rostino, and I returned to Ajaccio, to keep our friends in their duties. Joseph ceased to have any influence in the departmental administration. Napoleon rejoined the representatives of the people at Bastia. The opinion of Paoli influenced the whole island. On the 26th of April, 1793, Corsica renounced France."

The young Bonapartes, unwilling that Corsica should be severed from republican France, sent to Marseilles to solicit the aid of the Jacobins. Madame Bonaparte seemed to Paoli a fair hostage likely to deter her sons from their enterprise. She barely escaped from arrest.

"Awakened suddenly in the middle of the night, she beheld her chamber filled with armed mountaineers. She at first imagined that she was surprised by her enemies; but by the light of a torch of fir, which fell upon the countenance of the chief, she felt reassured: it was Costa of Bastelica, the most devoted of our partizans. 'Quick, make haste, Signora Letizia! Paoli's men are close upon you; you have not a moment to lose; but here I am with all my men. We will save you, or perish with you!'

"Bastelica is one of the most populous villages in Corsica, situated at the foot of Monte d'Oro, in the middle of a forest of chestnuts, the growth of centuries: it contains inhabitants renowned for their courage and audacity, and for unbounded fidelity in their affections. One of these intrepid hunters, while traversing the chain of mountains which separates the island into two parts, had encountered a numerous troop descending towards Ajaccio. He learnt that this troop were to be introduced during the night into the town by the party of Paoli; and to carry off our family prisoners to Mostino. He had even heard it affirmed that they were to take all the children of Charles alive or dead. To return like an arrow to his village, and inform the chief of our partisans, to arm all who had a gun or a poinard, and to traverse with hasty strides the forest of Bastelica, was but the affair of a moment. After a forced march of several hours, our brave friends entered the town during the night, about three hundred in number, having only preceded our enemies by a few miles.

"My mother and her children arose in haste, having only time to take their clothes with them, and, placed in the centre of the column, they left the town in silence, the inhabitants being still plunged in sleep. They entered into the deepest recesses of the mountain, and, at break of day, they halted in a forest, from whence they could discover a part of the shore. Several times the fugitives heard from their encampment the troops of the enemy traverse the neighbouring valleys; but Providence deigned to spare them from an encounter that must have been fatal. On the same day the flames, arising in thick columns from the middle of the town, attracted the eyes of our friends. '*It is your house that is burning,*' said one of them to my mother. '*Ah! never mind,*' she replied, '*we will build it up again much better: Vive la France!*' After two nights of a march, skilfully directed, they at length perceived the sails of the French vessels. My mother took leave of her brave defenders, and rejoined her eldest sons on board the frigate of the representatives of the people. The rage of our enemies was thus reduced to expend itself upon the stones of our house."

We cannot conclude this notice without alluding to the politics of the Prince

of Canino. He belongs to that trimming school termed the *Doctrinaires*, and throughout the volume his efforts to uphold such views are strongly manifested.

Library of Anecdote. Book of Table-Talk. 2 Vols. fcp. 8vo. Knight.

In lately reviewing a novel, from which we gave copious extracts, occasion was taken to insist on the general utility of anecdotes, as furnishing us with passages of life calculated to convey valuable information. The Percy Anecdotes—compiled as they were, not with any great attention to truth—were, there is little doubt, useful in conveying lessons respecting practical conduct. These volumes, though less systematically drawn up than the Percy Anecdotes, and therefore less conducive to moral improvement, will, we have little doubt, exercise a beneficial influence on society. At any rate, they will not fail to amuse many fire-side evenings of those families that can derive pleasure from the perusal of literary anecdotes.

We have read both volumes with some attention; we know not by whom they have been drawn up—although they look like Leigh Hunt's;—but certainly the second is not got up in the same beautiful easy style as the first. In fact it smells too much of the lamp, which in a book of this nature spoils the whole.

Still there is very much of highly amusing matter, which it would be ungrateful not to mention. In the jocose style we may name more particularly "Take care of your Heads." "Sir Walter Scott's Astronomy." "Anecdotes of Brunelleschi." "A Great Man in Disguise." "A Desultory Chapter on Eating." There are some good illustrations of history in these volumes, from which we shall venture to make some short extracts.

SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH, AND QUEEN ANNE.

"The following letter was written after her own and her husband's fall at court and in the cabinet. Sarah, though an acute woman, does not appear to have discovered all the weaknesses of royalty, and the miseries of being a queen's favourite, until she had ceased to be one. It was then 'sour grapes' with her. The copy of the letter in the Coxe papers is imperfect, and we have omitted a few lines that have no particular interest.

"'I have most of the copies of the letters that passed through my hands of any consequence; the letters I mention to the queen, upon the 12th of June 1710, were only copies of letters from Lord Rochester, Mr. Harley, and all parties, to show the great sense they had of Lord Marlborough's services to the queen and to England, all which I hoped might contribute to move her: but I fear you will have some contempt for me when you come to my last expression in my letter of the 12th of June, after so much inhuman usage, and I do assure you that I could not have done it for any thing in the world that related only to myself; and, after what has passed, I do solemnly protest that if it were in my power I would not again be a favourite, which few will believe; and since I shall never be able to give any demonstration of that truth, I had as good say no more of it. But, as fond as people are of power, I fancy any body that had been shut up so many tedious hours as I have been, with a person that had no conversation, and yet must be treated with respect, would feel something of what I did; and be very glad, when their circumstances did not want it, to be freed from such a slavery, which must be uneasy at all times, though I do protest that upon the account of her loving me and trusting me so entirely as she did, I had a concern for her, which was more than you will easily believe. And I would have served her with the hazard of my life upon any occasion; but after she put me at liberty, by using me ill, I was very easy, and liked better that any body should have her favour than myself at the price of flattery, without which, I believe, nobody can be well with a king or queen, unless the world should come to be less corrupt, or the wiser than any I have seen since I was born; and I was so far from having

any inclination to flatter, that I remember I read the Tatler, No. 14, with great pleasure, where he says, "Bless us! is it possible that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful?" and then goes on with a great deal very fine, and ends, that 'tis less despicable to beg a supply to a man's hunger than his vanity. I must add one thing more, which I had almost forgot, that the queen never gave any particular reason for all that violent proceeding against Lord Sunderland. She was angry with him about two years before, for something in the Scotch business, which was misrepresented to her, but she took his excuse upon it; and he certainly had said nothing disrespectful or uneasy to her; and she appeared so well satisfied with him, that, just before he was put out, (after she had allowed my Lord Godolphin to write to my Lord Marlborough upon it), she took care of his health, and advised some medicine for him to take, I think for a cold.

"'St. Alban's, April 23rd, 1711.'

"In many other of her letters Sarah treats her majesty much more severely; and, scattered through her numerous defences of her own conduct while favourite and comptroller of the queen's purse, there are numerous passages of the most bitter sarcasm and withering scorn. She paints the 'good Queen Anne,' as people once called her, as a selfish, sensual, and low-minded woman; ignorant and helpless in the extreme, a slattern, and a shrew; weak and yet obstinate; endowed with worse than plebeian vulgarity of manners, and yet entertaining the highest notions of royal blood, and gentility 'by the grace of God.' The grain of salt with which all this is to be taken, ought, no doubt, to be a large one.

"In one of the papers we have read in the Coxe collection, it is said, 'The queen's friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the prince (Anne's husband, the Prince of Denmark) seemed in the eyes of the world to be prodigiously great. But if the passion of grief were great, her stomach was much greater; for that very day he died she eat three very large and hearty meals: so that one would think, *that, as other persons' grief takes away their appetite, her appetite took away her grief.* * * * I know that in some libels she hath been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but *I believe* this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of *strong* wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her. * * * Her presents were generally very few and very mean, as fruits, or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in the former reigns.'

"We have mentioned in a former part of our Table Talk, that the duchess employed eminent literary men of the day to write most of her defences and attacks. The paper from which we have last quoted was supposed by Archdeacon Coxe to have been written by St. Priest, and to be part of the identical document Sarah showed to Mr. Walpole, who was somewhat discomforted thereat. What Queen Anne most dreaded after their rupture, was that the duchess would publish their correspondence, for her grace gave her to understand she had kept every silly letter her majesty had addressed her, as well as a copy of every letter she had written to her majesty. In the queen's letters there was much to blush at: her fondness of the favourite was puerile, and absolutely a doating; her language, orthography, grammar, and style were below *par* even at those days. Her majesty concludes a letter on 'church livings' with these words, in which the second and third persons of the possessive pronouns are amusingly confounded. "And this is all I can now trouble my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that *her* poor unfortunate Morley will be faithfully *yours* to her last moment.' In other parts of this correspondence her majesty's sensibility is still more maudlin, the tone in which she speaks of herself more abject, and her grammar worse.

"'As to our names—Morley and Freeman,' says Sarah, 'the queen herself was always uneasy if I used the word 'highness' or 'majesty,' and would

say from the first how awkward it was to write every day in the terms of princess, &c. And when she chose the name of Morley for herself, for no reason that I remember but that she liked it, or the sound of it, I am not sure that I did not choose the other with some regard to my own humour, which it seems in some sort to express.' For many years the correspondence of these high dames was in no other name or style. Mrs. Morley wrote to her dear Mrs. Freeman, and Mrs. Freeman to her dear Mrs. Morley, and under this travestimento they discussed great state questions, named generals, disposed of church livings, and made or translated bishops.

"The Marlborough correspondence, over which we have passed many amused hours, lets us into several secrets not generally recorded in history. We learn, for example, that the vile practice of opening private letters at our post-office, was as common in one part of Queen Anne's reign, as it was in France during that of Bonaparte, when, as Bourrienne tells us, the practice was universal. Thus, in a letter from the duke to the duchess, written from abroad on the 28th of August, 1710, just after he had heard of his wife's disgrace, and the sudden fall of the Godolphin ministry, his grace says, 'I would beg of you not to write any thing but what you would not care if it were seen, unless you should have a safe hand of writing.' And again, in a letter, bearing date November the 18th, 1710, from Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, and written to her grace by Dr. Hare, the duke's chaplain, who had got leave of absence from the army, there is this direct allusion to seal-breaking: 'But I have heard so much in the little time I have been in London of letters being opened, that I can't persuade myself to let any thing of that kind, which has the honour to be addressed to your grace, run the hazard of coming into other hands, especially since your return to St. James will now, I presume, in a very little time, give me an opportunity of transmitting to your grace, by a safe hand, my poor sentiments upon the subject.

"The 'thing of that kind,' which the reverend chaplain so prudently withheld, was a comparison between the Whig ministry that had gone out, and that of the Tories which had come in; a comparison, of course, not very flattering to the latter. In another letter to her grace this same political parson does not speak too favourable of the political abilities of the bench of bishops. After praising the *honesty* and *good* character of the archbishop of York, he adds: 'I only say this of him as to his being a good man, which does not make one a wise man; and 'tis so very rare to see much political wisdom or abilities of that sort in bishops, that I don't wonder that he has not more of it.' His reverence, however, deplores that the Whig and Marlbourough party 'did not keep their hold of a man who had so much influence in the clergy.' Dr. Hare bustled among parties to some purpose,—he became Bishop of Chichester, which elevation, by giving him a seat on the prelatical bench in the House of Lords, probably changed his opinion as to the political wisdom of bishops."

The following traits of Louis XIV are, probably, not generally known.

TRAITS OF LOUIS XIV.

"Louis XIV. issued an edict concerning duels, in 1679; in which it is said that 'whereas it has been reported to us, that there are men of ignoble birth, and who have, nevertheless, the insolence to call out noblemen, and when these noblemen refuse to give them satisfaction, on account of the inequality of their respective conditions, the said challengers engage other noblemen to fight on their behalf, which fights often terminate in murder, the more detestable that it proceeds from an abject cause: we will and ordain that, in such cases of challenge and duel, especially if followed by serious wounds or death, the said ignoble persons or *roturiers*, convicted of having excited and provoked similar disorders, shall, without remission, be hung and strangled, and all their property, moveable and immoveable, be confiscated; and with regard to the nobleman who shall thus have taken the part of ignoble and unworthypersons, they shall be also put to death in the like manner.'

This edict was confirmed under the regency in February 1723. Five centuries before, in times comparatively barbarous, and when the institutions of the country and the system of society were essentially feudal, Louis IX., on the occasion of an accusation by a villain against a noble, allowed them to try the truth of the charge by single combat, in which the nobleman should fight on horseback and the villain on foot; but he ordered at the same time that the loser, whichever he might be, should be immediately suspended to the gallows.

"The French feudal nobility, from the oldest times of the monarchy, were essentially fond of war through vanity, ignorance of the arts of peace, restlessness, or want of money, This ruling passion caused the crusades, the never-ending Italian expeditions, and the civil and religious wars in France itself. 'The French,' says Brantome, and in his time the French meant the French nobility, 'have always been ready to come to blows either against foreigners or against each other. For which reason the Burgundians and the Flemings are wont to say that when the French are asleep the devil is rocking them.' Louis XIV. broke the power of his nobility, and made courtiers of them; but at the same time he imbibed their prejudices and tastes. In his 'Instructions for the use of the Dauphin,' he says, that 'the sight of so many gentlemen around him ready to fight in his service, urged him to find employment for their valour.' He adopted the principle that 'a king of France is essentially military, and that from the moment he sheathes his sword he ceases to reign.' In his letter to the Marquis de Villars, dated January, 1688, he says, 'that the noblest and most agreeable occupation of a sovereign is to aggrandize his territory.' Accordingly, he was, during the greater part of his long reign, engaged in destructive war, in which he was generally the aggressor. His father left him an army of fifty thousand men, which he raised to four hundred thousand. He gave the first example, which he compelled other powers to adopt, of those immense standing armies which have cost Europe so dear ever since. He kept, likewise, foreign legions in which he enrolled Irish, Germans, Piedmontese, Corsicans, Poles, Hungarians, and even Swedes—all the malcontents and the run-aways of the rest of Europe. While he smothered all liberty in France, he excited revolt in Ireland, in Hungary, in Transylvania, in Sicily, and even in England against his submissive ally Charles II. 'I encouraged,' he says, in his Instructions to the Dauphin, 'the remnant of Cromwell's party, in order to excite through it some fresh disturbances in London.' He looked upon the words of treaties as 'forms of politeness which ought not to be taken to the letter.' Such was the 'Great King,' and such his policy, which Napoleon adopted a century later, and carried on on a much larger scale. 'I am the state,' said Louis XIV.: 'I am the representative of France,' exclaimed Napoleon. The influence of Louis XIV. on the politics of our own days has not been sufficiently noticed. The ruling demagogues of the French revolution, the men of the convention and of the directory, were disciples of that overbearing and unprincipled school founded by Louis XIV.; they followed the same principles of policy, under the name of liberty and republican forms. Their boasted equality was the equality of despotism—the equality of Turkey."

> The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game
> They burst their manacles, and wear the name
> Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain.
>
> COLERIDGE.

Of the same character are "Anecdotes of Oliver Cromwell;" "Divine Right of Kings;" "Cavaliers and Roundheads;" "Prynne's Histrio-Mastix;" "Diary of a Divine in the Eighteenth Century."

We conclude this too brief notice of the "Book of Table-Talk" by a few anecdotes of foreign gourmanderie.

"*The Count de Broussin.*—Most of the later writers on this great subject seem to have forgotten the Count de Broussin, who was, however, a very dis-

tinguished man in his day, and one of the great improvers of *la cuisine Francaise.*

"The count was accustomed to boast that he had acquired the fulness of culinary science, and yet he every day made some new discovery in the province of good eating. As an experimentalist he was indefatigable, devoting as much time and toil to find out a new dish as the alchymist did to discover the immortal elixir or the philosopher's stone. He could so disguise the natural taste of fish, flesh, and fowl that nobody could tell what he was eating. Whenever he had produced a new combination of sauces, or made any other lucky hit in gastronomy, he invited the friends of whose taste he had the highest opinion, to deliberate and pass judgment on the dish; and this was done with more solemnity, and with much more sincerity, than people felt in criticising an epic poem or a new tragedy. With the count, the word *goût*, or taste, had only its single, original, and physical meaning; and he esteemed men according to the delicacy and discrimination of their palates. His favourites were the duke de Lesdiguières and the count d'Olonne, who were critical and erudite in the science of cooking. When he had to give what he called a *repas d'érudition*, (a learned dinner) to the duke and count, he was up by four o'clock in the morning, directing, ordering, counter-ordering, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting; now puzzling himself as to the precise seasoning for a soup, and now racking his inventions to produce a new *goût* in an *entremet*. Like most good eaters, he was a good-natured man; but woe unto the *chef*, *garçon de cuisine*, or other servant, that neglected or disobeyed his orders on these occasions. He would storm like a madman; the least of his threats to the delinquent being to whip him, send him to the pillory, and cut off his ears.

"Nor did the count's cares end with the cooking of the dinner, he was equally particular as to the manner of its serving up; and, above all things, he was anxious that the table should stand most mathematically horizontal, as he had discovered that the least deviation from the straight line—the slightest dip on this side or that, affected the flavour and delicacy of some dishes. He was therefore to be seen with rule and line, compasses and level in hand, setting the dinner-table on what he called its proper legs.

"One day, when, as we may suppose, the erudite duke and count were not present, he said solemnly to his guests, "Gentlemen, do you taste the mule's hoof in that *omelette aux champignons?*" The guests were all astonished at this apostrophe. 'Poor ignorant creatures!' rejoined Broussin, 'must I teach you that the champignons employed in this omelette have been crushed by the foot of a mule? *That* brings champignons (mushrooms) to the last point of perfection!'

"Despréaux, who tells this story, was once obliged to give the *savant gourmand* a dinner. The poor satirist was terrified at the idea. 'You must send me a fairy,' said he, 'to enable me, with my simple household, to regale you according to your superiority of taste.' 'Not at all, not at all!' replied the count, 'give us just what you like; we shall be satisfied with a poet's dinner.' The duke de Vitry and Messrs. de Barillon and de Gourville, were of the party, which went off marvellously well. As he took his leave, Broussin said with much emotion, 'My dear Despréaux, you may boast of having given us a dinner without a fault.'

"*Diners-out.*—Some men, again, with a taste that might do honour to a prince, are so unfortunately situated that they can only afford to pay for the dinner of a peasant. Nothing, therefore, is left for them but to dine at the expense of other people, like Monsieur Pique-assiette in the admirable French farce of that name. But it is not every man that can gain an easy access to the tables of the givers of good dinners, or keep it when he has got it. To do this, patience, watchfulness, steadiness of purpose, complacent humour, and a variety of peculiar talents are required. There is, however, one little rule which

parasites will find useful, and that is, always to set off the savouriness of a good dish against the unsavouriness of a remark, and the smiles of a well-covered table against the frowns and sneers of the presiding Amphitryon and the rest of the company. 'The marquis calls me a fool,' said an abbé, a finished master of the art; 'but I am not such a fool as to quarrel with his *pâté-de foie gras*.'

"A man of this humour may do a great deal in the way of dining out, particularly in some countries on the continent, where each wealthy family keeps a sort of an open table one day in the week. Nothing more therefore is necessary to dine well every day, than to get a footing in seven houses having different feast-days; but we believe the more experienced and successful of these diners-out do not consider themselves well provided for unless they have nine or ten families to count upon, which leaves them two or three as a *corps de reserve*, in case of sickness, death, bankruptcy, or the like, in any of the other houses. 'Our day is Thursday,' said a good dinner-giver in our hearing; 'but you can't dine with us, as it is your day at the duchess's.'

"'I beg your pardon,' replied the parasite, 'the duchess has got the quinsy, and my Thursdays will be disengaged for two or three weeks to come.'

"'Then come and make penitence with us.'

"*The Abbé C——*. In our time an old abbé carried this art, '*di scroccare pranzi*,' to its utmost perfection; and he knew every man and woman that ever gave a good dinner. He kept a correct register of all the dishes for which each house was celebrated, and of the days when they were likely to have the best dinners. A *dîner maigre*, or repast without meat, is a serious thing with all gourmets, as it is exquisite, mediocre, or detestable, according to the science of the cook and the taste of his masters. Our abbé had therefore taken note, 'always to dine with the duke di C—— and the Countess R—— on Fridays and Saturdays, and oftener during Lent, because their *diners maigres* are the best!" He had also established a gossiping acquaintance with every cook of any distinction, and would generally contrive to learn from them what was in cogitation for the day's or the morrow's dinner. We met him one morning perplexed in the extreme: "Timpano of maccaroni with Abruzzi truffles, at Don Domenico's; red mullets and pheasants from Persano, at the baron's! Which shall I prefer?

"But the manner in which he cajoled and kept in good favour with the cooks, who, in the south of Italy are now, as in the days of the great Apicius, very frequently Sicilians, was truly admirable.

"'*In tempo degli antichi Romani*—in the times of the ancient Romans,' he would say, 'the Sicilians were the first cooks in the world. *Cuoco Siciliano*, that was enough! And they are the best cooks still. Ah, yes! the Sicilians were always a people of genius! and *di grazia*, Master Antonio, couldn't ye contrive to send up a double dish of chickens' livers the next time I dine at the house?'

'If good dinners could have kept a man alive, the abbé would have lived for ever; but, alas! it was not so, and one day he died. A wit composed his epitaph in Italian doggerel rhyme, the sense of which may be thus rendered into English:

"'Here lies the abbé, who lived seventy years and odd. And what in seventy years and odd did he do? He ate more good dinners for nothing than any man that ever lived, but at last he paid for a dinner and it choaked him.'

"He was certainly a great man in his way, though not particularly distinguished out of it. One of the best of his sayings was the following:

"'It is a vulgar error to say, that where there is dinner for two, there is dinner enough for three:—it ought to be, where there is dinner for three, there is *perhaps* enough for two.'

"*Cook versus Chaplain.*—The Prince di—, at whose table this prince of pa-

rasites often dined, although he paid for them, was as fond of good dinners as the abbé, and had a Sicilian cook of surpassing excellence. Once having occasion to visit his estates in the provinces, he sent on the *chef* and his assistants and casserols in a van some days before him, with orders to wait for him at a town near the foot of some mountains where the carriage road ended. When the prince reached the appointed place, his first enquiry was for the dear cook, the second whether the implements of his art had arrived safe. The next day, being mounted on mules, the whole party, including besides the chef and his aides-de-camp, the prince's chaplain, steward, valet, two footmen, a groom, and some soldiers as an escort, took a bridle-road across the mountains, which in many places was rather dangerous, being flanked by rocks and precipices. Having seen the *batterie de cuisine* safely packed on one beast, and the cook mounted on another, the prince said, 'Take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you, what shall I do for a dinner in these barbarous parts!' and having so warned the chef, he went and placed himself at the head of the cavalcade. As the road or path became worse and worse, he turned round now and then to cry, 'Have a care of those casseroles! Cook, mind what you are about!' But at a point where the path had turned round the shoulder of a rock, which prevented his seeing along the lengthened line, then marching in Indian-file fashion, his nerves sustained a sad shock, for on a sudden he heard the snort of a mule and the scream of a man, and then a plump and a splashing as if some one had fallen over the precipice into the torrent below. Pale, and with his knees knocking against his saddle, he turned back to see what it was, exclaiming as he went, 'The cook! the cook! holy Virgin, the cook!' 'No, your excellency,' replied a voice along the line, 'it is Don Prosdocimo!' 'Ah! only the chaplain,' said the prince, God be thanked!'

"*Montmor.*—It is quite natural that Paris, which boasts so many excellent cooks, should have a reasonable number of parasites and diners-out. There indeed the latter art has been systematised in that excellent and useful little book entitled '*L'art de diner en ville.*'

"In the old days of the Bourbons, few of the French parasites were more notorious than Montmor, who was, however, a man of wit as well as a scholar and glutton.

"One day that Lignière attacked him about his continual dinings-out, he said, 'What would you have me do? I am so pressed!' 'I believe you,' rejoined Lignière, 'nothing is more pressing than *gourmandise.*'

"On another occasion, he was asked why he ran so eagerly after good dinners and festivals; 'Because they will not run after me,' he replied, and then added this ingenious piece of etymology; 'Our ancestors called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, to hurry or make haste, in order to show that people ought always to make haste in going to them.'"

These two volumes of "Table Talk," however much they may show the ceremony of preparation and smell of the lamp, are well worthy of perusal; and as we are well assured that the stories may be depended on for truth, we shall not be guilty of too much confidence, if we sincerely recommend them to the notice of all our laughter-loving readers.

POLITICS.

Progress of the Nation in its Social and Economical Relations from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By G. R. Porter. 12mo. Knight.

It has been said by some foreign visitor, we forget by whom, that "the English are a nation of shopkeepers who care only for the realities of life." We glory in such an imputation. It is only within the last century that our countrymen have found out where their real strength lies,—in their manu-

factures and commerce. Long and obstinate were the struggles of the agricultural interest to set themselves up as the main-props of the British empire; and a generation or two must pass away ere the prejudices of the landowners can be subdued. Yet, the triumph is complete:—sea-girt England must be a nation of shopkeepers—or nothing. In fact, England never truly prospered, until she became such. Why then, should we care for the envious censures of foreigners?

The volume now before us is of inestimable value to a nation of shopkeepers, inasmuch as it shows the almost inexhaustible resources of a commercial population. We should like nothing more than properly to analyse this excellent book, to give an epitome of the extensive statistical knowledge possessed by the author;—but within the limits of a short notice it would not be possible to give even a very brief account of the contents of Mr. Porter's elaborate book.

Hoping that it may be in our power to give a more extended article in the ensuing number in favour of this volume of statistics, we just give a brief account of its chapters.

The subjects of this volume—the first, we hope, of a series—are—Population and Production. The former section (consisting of five chapters) includes all particulars on the population of Great Britain during the last thirty years and the effects of medicine, medical discoveries and medical establishments,—the occupations of the people, and particularly of the manufacturing people and traders,—the history and tendency of pauperism in England and the different methods of relieving the poor on the Continent,—the advantages resulting from Emigration, Statistics of Emigration, and of Criminal Emigration. The latter section,—that entitled Production,—considers *first*, the agricultural productions and the effects of different laws on the farming-population,—the effects of Machinery and of Revenue laws,—the proportions of cultivated and waste-lands in the United Kingdoms,—and the effects of an increasing population on the farming interest;—*secondly*, it treats of the different manufactures of Britain, those of the various textile fabrics, woollen, cotton, silk, and linen—as compared with those of foreign countries and those of the metallic description, as iron, steel, brass, copper, plated-goods, glass and hardwares. The author next proceeds to discuss the effects of machinery in our own country and the consequences likely to follow on its exportation and on the licence given to artizans going abroad. The concluding chapter gives many valuable details on the mining interests of our insulated empire, which are of no less importance than the points before mentioned.

We doubt whether, except Mc.Culloch's Dictionary, any work has been produced since Colquhon's of such real interest as that now under review.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Residence in France, with an Excursion up the Rhine and a second visit to Switzerland. By J. F. Cooper. 2 Vols. post 8vo. Bentley.

In our September number we gave to our readers some criticisms on Mr. Cooper's excursions in Switzerland which formed the first series of the writer's travels, and we took occasion to make some rather severe strictures on that production. All the faults and good points of the former work are visible in the present volumes; only, as the author has to describe what does not so much require the imagination of the painter or poet,—as he is in these later writings the describer of men and of manners rather than the landscape sketcher,—his faults are less prominent, while his striking and more winning peculiarities come forth in more prominent relief. Mr. Cooper has certainly considerable talent in the portraiture of men and manners, and the simplicity

of his narrative style adds to the fascination; and we only regret that his nationalism or rather his Americo-mania renders it impossible to give to those portions of his book our unqualified praise. The visit to Paris was in the year 1832 in the times of La Fayette and the cholera. The author is constantly with La Fayette and views through his medium the politics of the day. The insincerity of the "patriot king" is well described, and the account of the French court altogether may be read by courtiers and diplomatists in general with much advantage. The merely political details are somewhat *passé* and have been much better given. His second volume is devoted to an excursion up the Rhine from Cologne into Switzerland; and with respect to this portion of the work we shall not add a single word to our former observations.

Mr. Cooper's proper department is FICTION. The author of Waverley attempted history and failed. Let not the living romancist lose his well-earned laurels in a vain attempt to enlarge the sphere of his celebrity.

ABSTRACT AND NATURAL SCIENCE.

Silliman's Quarterly Journal of Science and Arts. U.S. July, '38

THE present number contains "Observations on Halley's Comet," by Elias Soomis, of Yale College, and also on the "Variation of the Magnetic Needle," by the same gentleman—a valuable geological paper, by Captain Bonnycastle, on "The Transition-Rocks of the Cataragui"—a very ingenious article on "Scientific Definitions," by the Rev. D. Wilkie, of Quebec (with some of whose conclusions we still beg to differ)—and another by J. D. Dana, on the "Formation of Twin Crystals."

Those papers which are most interesting to the well-informed general reader are—1. A communication by G. E. Day, of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, on "The late efforts in France and other parts of Europe to restore the *Sourd-meiats*." 2. Proffessor Simmons's "Notice of a Scientific Expedition to Nova Scotia."

It is a matter of regret that we cannot further notice this excellent transatlantic Journal, which ought immediately to command, as we believe it does, the notice of many of our scientific countrymen.

White's Natural History of Selborne; to which are added the Antiquities of Selborne. Edited by E. BLYTHE. 8vo. Orr and Smith.

MR. WHITE, the accomplished naturalist of Selborne, lived at a time when Zoology was not systematically studied as it is in our day. He had little aid from his predecessors, and in defect of that aid, instead of forming vain theories from short and imperfect observation, he was willing to devote his whole life to the watchful examination of the functions and habits of animals, and was content with transmitting in familiar letters the results of his inquiries to his brethren in natural science. We know scarcely any such instance of an investigator in natural science accomplished and perfectly competent, yet so modest and indifferent to self-adulation as Mr. White; and certainly no mere *observer* of animals has transmitted to posterity such valuable information on their functions and peculiar habits.

Mr. White's book has been often edited before. The present, however, is an entirely new edition. To say that the type is good, and that the illustrations, more than two hundred in number, are unexceptionable, is but insufficient praise. The notes, which are entirely new, form a very important feature in this elegant and cheap volume. The editor, we are certain, and this is but small praise, is not only a man of taste, but also of considerable scientific attainments. This edition is well fitted for the library.

The Naturalist,—conducted by B. Maund. F.L.S. &c. No. 1. 2. 3. Groombridge.
History of British Quadrupeds,—by T. Bell. F.R.S. Van Voorst.
History of British Fishes,—by W. Yarrell. V.P.Z.S. Van Voorst.

We ought to have given an earlier notice of these works; but our space has not permitted us to give them a niche among the reviews. Among the papers in the numbers of the Naturalist now lying on our table we have pleasure in noticing "Mudie's distinctions between vertebrated and invertebrated animals"—"Morris's account of Hatfield chase"—"Murchison's notice of the Dudley coal-field," and "Neville Wood's essay on the habits of the Coot (Fulica Atra) and the Ring-dove." It is to be hoped that the talented and industrious editor of this beautiful periodical meets with all the encouragement that his efforts deserve. The coloured engravings—especially that of the Ornithorhyncus Paradoxus—are especially good and true.

Mr. Bell's work,—of which we have before us the three first numbers,—describes the Bat, Hedgehog, Mole, Badger, Shrew and Otter. The author, whose scientific attainments are undoubted, has done what none of his predecessors in the popular line have accomplished before him :—he has succeeded in uniting an almost professional accuracy of description with that fascination of style and description which must ever make the book attractive to general readers. Yarral's book of Fishes is another book of the same character. No country gentleman should be without these pretty volumes.

CLASSICS.

The Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle :—Bakker's text, with prolegomena and notes by Brewer. 8vo. Slatter, Oxford.

Since the time of Bacon a very strong prejudice has arisen among the generally informed—and these with all deference we would call the uninformed—of the British community against the works of Aristotle ;—as if that great man,—one of the greatest,—if not quite the greatest of all the philosophers of ancient and modern times,—had been the cause of all the errors of his more unworthy followers,—errors which it was the glory of Bacon to dissipate. With the Organon of Aristotle—perhaps, on the whole, his greatest work,—it is not our province here to meddle. His ethical productions have raised for him a monument, which even under a Christian morality we dare not pass unhonoured. The Nichomachean Ethics, the Magna Moralia, and the Ethics addressed to Eudemus compose the moral writings of Aristotle ; and we may boldly say,—speaking from personal experience,—that the student's time will not be mis-spent in giving to these works, and especially to the first, a thrice repeated perusal. The τὸ ἄγαθον of Aristotle is practical as well as speculative.

Mr. Brewer was a first-class man at Oxford in 1831, and has been subsequently distinguished as a private tutor for those students who are ambitious of academic distinctions.

His work is practically useful; and although he be much the junior of Mr. Lancaster, we doubt not that it is far more useful than the production of the Bampton Lecturer.

The Student's Manual of Ancient History,—by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D. of Trinity College, Dublin. 8vo. Parker.

Some years ago Heeren's Manual was translated, and certainly to English students no boon could be more acceptable. The original work was not without its faults, and the translator might have done his work more cleverly ; but still, owing to its hints and copious references, it was a book deservedly popular in our Universities. The book before us has, we doubt not, taken its rise from that of Heeren; and the native compiler would fain supplant the foreigner. This will not do. Dr. Taylor's book is not without its merits. Its

details are, so far as we can see, tolerably accurate, the arrangement is lucid and judicious, and the style is on the whole attractive: but still it is not what we should term a classical student's manual. *In such a manual we expect the authorities for facts to be given and a course of collateral reading recommended as illustrative of the original historians in each period,*—not a course of German reading, but of English, French, or German reading, the best that might tend to throw a light on the more ancient writings. The writer borrows largely from Heeren and other Germans, but he fails in giving those broad views of ancient politics which are often furnished by a single word or sentence of the illustrious professor of Göttingen. Heeren's work might undoubtedly be improved; but we think that Dr. Taylor has not employed the proper means to accomplish that desirable end.

An Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By Alexander Allen.

The philosophical study of language appears almost unknown in this country. The barbarous grammars that still retain a wide and extensive circulation afford ample proof, if any were wanted, of the ignorance that prevails. Within the last few years a decided improvement has taken place. In Germany there have been works published, especially on the Greek language, which display a sound knowledge of the principles of philology, and of all the various forms which the words of the language have assumed in different periods. The names of Buttman and Thiersch must be familiar to every student, and the translation of MS. works of these distinguished scholars into the English language, has materially improved the method on which the Greek language is studied in this country; but while much has been done for the Greek, the Latin appears to have been almost totally neglected; we therefore have been much gratified by the perusal of Mr. Allen's work. It contains a sound analysis of the construction of the language, and an explanation of almost all the anomalies of its etymology. Though we may not agree with the learned author in every minute detail, yet we most fully concur in almost all his principles, and would recommend all scholars to peruse Mr. Allen's book, which will certainly instruct them in many particulars which have not heretofore been properly understood by English scholars.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

First progressive Latin Exercises,—adapted to Hiley's Grammar. By R. Hiley. 12mo. Simpkin and Marshall.

First steps to Latin-writing,—adapted to the Eton Grammar. By G. F. Graham. 12mo. Bailey.

It is an easy thing to turn over the leaves of a book on general literature, to get some crude notions of its contents, and to indite the results of so hurried a perusal. This practice is too frequently that of reviewers when writing recommendatory notices of school-books. Nothing requires talent and experience in teaching more than the writing of an elementary book. Merely to write a few exercises explanatory of a particular grammar, good or bad, is doing nothing. It is doing what is only one degree better than making boys commit to memory the dead formulæ grammar. To write a good elementary book on Latin-writing, and it is that which is so much wanted, the teacher should first consider the degree of receptivity usual with children, and the order in which the matter should be presented to young minds. In Mr. Hiley's book we find *fifty-seven,* in Mr. Graham's *fifty-eight* pages devoted to etymology only, without any reference to the construction of words in the most simple sentences. Now the opinion that we have always held in common with many teachers and literati of great eminence, about teaching

language, is that etymology and construction should go hand-in-hand, that children should in the earliest stages be provided with very easy examples of construction in short and connected sentences (such as stories or fables), and learn *simultaneously* the forms of the language. We do not depreciate the study of etymology, for it is indispensable. We recommend rather the adoption of an easy mode of imparting the knowledge.

Mr. Hiley's is by far the best of these books before us; but of course as we do not agree about the principle on which the books are based, the recommendation of either by us would be absurd.

FICTION AND POETRY.

Mrs. Armytage, or Female Domination. By the Authoress of "Mothers and Daughters." 3 Vols. 8vo. H. Colburn.

The taste of the light-reading public is so vitiated by the wretched productions sent forth as fashionable novels that it becomes necessary for the writer—unless he has talent and influence sufficient to enable him to turn the tide of prejudice—to pander in some degree to these ill-regulated fancies in order to ensure success. We feel little interest about novels, for they are generally mere repositories of scandal and common-place, inculcating a very dubious morality; and it always costs us some pain in discharging this portion of our duty to our readers. An ordinary reader may drop a stupid book at the end of a few pages and send the whole to oblivion. Not so the reviewer, who wishes to perform his duties honestly. He must read it through in order to find out the little good that may be scattered here and there in its pages, in order that the best parts may be served up in the shape of extracts, or honoured with a laudatory comment.

In pursuance of our duty we were induced to turn over the leaves of "Mrs. Armytage," and we saw that in it which induced us to think it worthy of attention. The book has been read with much attention and with more pleasure than any novel that we have seen during the present year. The story is well put together. The characters are well drawn and consistent, and the moral is exceedingly good. There are many Mrs. Armytages in society. Some we have seen; and certainly we never saw any happy results from parental domination. Want of confidence and undue severity in parents is the cause of a large portion of the vice and imprudence of young persons. When a parent acts as a friend and sympathizes with the feelings of his children, they will take their tone of mind from his, and communicate to him all their feelings, views, and expectations. The early happiness and the entire prosperity of children depends on a good understanding between them, and on the complete absence of reserve on the part of the parents. These observations will show the principle that Mrs. Gore has endeavoured to unfold in "Mrs. Armytage," a work which for its moral deserves a place by the side of Miss Edgworth's best productions. All parents are recommended to read "Mrs. Armytage."

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By C. Webbe. Post 8vo. pp. 335. Smith and Elder.

The volume before us is eminently illustrative of the fact that instruction and amusement may go hand in hand. According to the author's acknowledgment many of the papers have appeared before in various periodical publications; so that these at any rate cannot claim the merit of novelty. Still we are quite sure that the author will be "proven" to have furnished fitting amusement to those who would wile away an idle hour or seek relaxation from graver employments. The best of these stories, if we may give our own opinion, are "The Pimento Family," "My eccentric friend, Hippy," and the "Four Views of London."

Any extract that we could make from this amusing book must be brief. His elegant little paper on "Content" will not give a very incorrect idea of the peculiar turn of the author's mind.

"Content, 'thou art my lieutenant!' I have now and then, in the wantonness and ingratitude of my heart, cherished for a moment, or an hour, or a day, that moody and gloomy dissatisfaction, Discontent; but it is an ugly humour. Look at it, and you loath it. It puckers the lips, and twists the natural shape of the mouth, if handsome, into the shape of a vinegar cruet, which is ordinary; it pulls down the brows; lengthens the face; makes pits in the cheek; gives a Sir Andrew A—— severity of expression to the countenance, which frightens little children, who are great physiognomists; turns the sweet milk of humanity into a sort of unbearable curds and whey; and is altogether an ill-favoured, unsightly, and unhandsome indulgence.

"Besides these considerations, I have, so to speak, no reasonable reasons for discontent. Have I not every thing at my fingers' ends and about my feet, and within my reach, which can gratify man? I think so. It is for me that my opposite neighbours, the three Misses Stubbs (ugly, but well off), come out daily in all the glory of the rainbow and humility of the peacock; it is for me that they dress and bedizen themselves, and I acknowledge the genius of their milliner, and sometimes think seriously of her bill, and wonder how old Stubbs, who is but a hunks, submits himself to their extravagance. It is for me that the beauties of this great city (and where is the city that can exhibit more womanly loveliness?) walk abroad in May and June: I behold them with reverence and bachelorly devotion; for I have not yet warbled to the tune of 'Hail, wedded love!' and have never yet responded to that church service which begins with the words 'Dearly beloved' and ends with that ill-omened word, 'amazement.' But I am content, and still have a heart 'to let, coming in easy;' for 'cards of particulars inquire within.' For me the doors of taverns out of number gape their mahogany jaws, and invite me to walk in: for me the waiters stand ready to draw their white napkins in their right hands through their left hands; for me the larder is daily stored with flesh, fish, and fowl, the cod is crimped, the champagne iced, fruit-pies are kept cold, and that calf's-head has had a lemon between his tusks for these three days last past, and only waits my word to be dressed, and made meet and meat for me. When I grow weary with town-wandering, a carriage waits but the holding up of my hand, and a cry of 'coach!' and honest Jarvis (notwithstanding all the bad silver about him) draws up to the edge of the pavement, hoists me in, and I am wheeled and whirled off wherever I wish to go. If I desire to make a short cut into Surrey from the theatres, Waterloo bridge has been thrown across the river for me: it cost my too considerate countrymen too many thousands—the more their munificence and unsparing determination to do every thing to oblige me: I acknowledge their attention to my convenience, and drop a penny to Tilt, as a slight douceur for his civility in turning a stile to let me pass. St. James's Park was formerly a dirty duck-pond and a squashy cow-lair: it is now newly laid out and made cool, refreshing, and pleasant with shrubs, swans, and serpentining waters for my devious wandering and delectation. The Lord Mayor (no less a man) goes yearly, and every year in state from the good city of London to the tolerably virtuous city of Westminster—partly by land, and partly by water, being amphibious, that I may choose where I prefer to see the show, and behold him who is greater than 'Solomon in all his glory.' The Parliament-houses and play-houses are thrown open in their seasons, to gratify my alternate relish for politics and poetry. The king (God bless him!) goes to open the one in his best carriage and best clothes to gratify me; and would take it much to heart if I did not pay him the poor compliment of witnessing his state, and observing and acknowledging how rosy and hearty he looks, and how well he becomes his dignity—his dignity him. The managers open the others, and advertise me to 'come but and see' their Macready, and Ellen Tree, and Ma-

libran: for me that gentleman studies deeply and learnedly to perfect himself in his admirable art, which is so like to nature, and daily and nightly developes his true genius: the ladies enrapture my senses, thrill me with pleasurable emotions, stir my gentler passions, and send me home to my lobster supper too happy and gratified to eat, and then to bed, to dream over again the scenes in which they had so delighted me. Books are published almost hourly to instruct and please me: they are made cheap to suit my circumstances; and comely to take my eye. For me Wilkie, and Etty, and Calcott, and the Landseers paint; and Chantrey and Behnes chisel. The 'Morning Chronicle' is printed and published every morning, that I may know what news is stirring abroad and at home: if I am wrong in any political opinion, the editor sets me right: if I am indifferent to party, he rouses me up, and makes me a partizan. In the house Sir Robert Peel pretends to address himself to the Speaker, but it is to me that he speaks—it is me that he endeavours to convince—if he does not always do so, the fault is in me, not in his oratory.

"So much for town contentments. If I visit the country, Nature, the best florist and horticulturist in the world, places before me every object that can administer delight to my better senses. Rivers run in silvery splendour at my feet: flowers kiss 'the shadow of my shoe-tie;' trees lend me their umbrellas or their parasols, just as it happens to rain or shine: birds troll their songs—the oldest national melodies, if not the best: the air is made fragrant with perfumes which no pastiles can imitate: fields, leading to some rural resting-place, invite me to tread their soft, cool carpets, which those of Turkey cannot rival: banks, rendered pliant and easy as velvet with three-piled moss of the richest green and gold, tempt me to repose in the shade. I agree not with the lamentable poet who said or sung that 'the sun shone not for him:' on the contrary, I assert that that respectable luminary shines emphatically for me: the stars are equally good; and the moon lends me 'all her light,' and borrows more monthly when that grows insufficient.

"These marks of perpetual attention to my wants and wishes, in town and out of town, breed in me (who am easily pleased, and thankful withal) such serious reasons for content, that I envy not the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and still be a grumbler and a malcontent."

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. Edited by Boz. London. Chapman and Hall, 186, Strand.

We have before us seven numbers of a work which has attracted no little notice in the world of wit, and which certainly deserves the serious attention of all laughter-loving mortals. These memoirs contain some account of the adventures of Mr. Pickwick, the founder, and Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass, three of the members of the club, in search, not of the picturesque, like Dr. Syntax, but of information concerning men and manners, for the instruction and edification of the members of the society. Of course the story is merely a frame-work in which to exhibit pictorial representations of the incidents which befel these gentlemen in the course of their travels. The comedy is interspersed with some occasional touches of tragedy, which we do not think by any means so felicitous in their execution as the lighter and more humorous parts; and for poetry, at least poetry of a serious character, we recommend the author of these papers to eschew it for ever. To borrow the words which he has put into the mouth of the supposititious creator of the lines on the "Joy Green," when called upon to recite his offerings to the muse, "It's a very slight affair, and the only excuse I have for having ever perpetrated it is, that I was a young man at the time." The style of ideas brought into fashion by Monk Lewis, and sustained for a time by the vigorous pen and wild imagination of Barry Cornwall, has long since been forsaken under the influence of returning good taste, and consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets;" and young poets should recollect that the uneven lines of Thomas

Moore are excused only by their exquisite matter, or by the skill which has rendered a deformity of metre pleasing to the ear, as a skilful composer will enhance the value of his harmonies by the occasional interposition of the harshest discords. But such liberties with the rhythm of verse may only be taken by the lofty spirit of genius or the practised hand of long-tried ingenuity.

Having thus blamed what we consider blameable, it is but just that we should offer our meed of praise. The scenes from life are sketched with considerable graphic power and rich humour, showing an insight into the mechanism of human actions, and a knowledge of the workings of that incomprehensible cause, the mind, which give a more interesting character to the fun and frolic of these racy pages than if they were mere farce unseasoned with the sharp relish of a strong satirical vein. A scene in mimicry of the *tranquil and dignified* proceedings of a certain great house, not a hundred miles from Westminster-bridge, is well worthy of perusal; and in short, if we were to particularize all that is good, we should give the numbers of all the comic chapters; and if we were to select a specimen of every variety of merry jest, we should reprint half of the contents. We give one extract, which will serve to initiate our readers into the mysteries of the Pickwick Club, and refer them to certain little monthly numbers which are displayed in green coats in the majority of the booksellers' shops we have passed for some time since. It should not be forgotten that the illustrations of the earlier numbers proceeded from the pencil of the waggish Seymour, but since his lamented and premature death they have been of course transferred to another operator.

The portion we have chosen is a description of the chain of untoward circumstances by which Mister Weller, boots of the White Hart in the Borough, lost his chance of inheriting his father's wealth.

"My father, Sir, vos a coachman. A vidower he vos, and fat enough for anything—uncommon fat, to be sure. His missus dies, and leaves him four hundred pound. Down he goes to the Commons, to see the lawyer and draw the blunt—wery smart—top boots on—nosegay in his button-hole—broad-brimmed tile—green shawl—quite the gen'lm'n. Goes through the archvay, thinking how he should inwest the money—up comes the touter, touches his hat—'Licence, Sir, licence?'—'What's that?' says my father.—'Licence, Sir,' says he.—'What licence?' says my father.—'Marriage licence,' says the touter.—'Dash my veskit,' says my father, 'I never thought o' that.'—'I think you wants one, Sir,' says the touter. My father pulls up, and thinks a bit—'No,' says he, 'damme, I'm too old, b'sides I'm a many sizes too large,' says he.—'Not a bit on it, Sir,' says the touter.—'Think not?' says my father.—'I'm sure not,' says he; 'we married a gen'lm'n twice your size, last Monday.'—'Did you, though?' said my father.—'To be sure ve did,' says the touter, 'you're a babby to him—this vay, Sir—this vay!—and sure enough my father walks arter him, like a tame monkey behind a horgan, into a little back office, vere a feller sat among dirty papers and tin boxes, making believe he was busy. 'Pray take a seat, vile I makes out the affidavit, Sir,' says the lawyer.—'Thankee, Sir,' says my father, and down he sat, and stared vith all his eyes, and his mouth vide open, at the names on the boxes.—'What's your name, Sir?' says the lawyer.—'Tony Weller,' says my father.—'Parish?' says the lawyer.—'Belle Savage,' says my father; for he stopped there vèn he drove up, and he know'd nothing about parishes, he didn't.—'And what's the lady's name?' says the lawyer. My father was struck all of a heap. 'Blessed if I know,' says he.—'Not know!' says the lawyer.—'No more nor you do,' says my father, 'can't I put that in afterwards?'—'Impossible!' says the lawyer.—'Wery well,' says my father, after he'd thought a moment, 'Put down Mrs. Clarke.'—'What Clarke?' says the lawyer, dipping his pen in the ink.—'Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby, Dorking,' says my father; she'll have me, if I ask her, I des-say—I never said nothing to her,

but she'll have me, I know.' The licence was made out, and she *did* have him, and what's more she's got him now; and *I* never had any of the four hundred pound, worse luck. Beg your pardon, Sir," said Sam, when he had concluded, "but ven I gets on this here grievance, I runs on like a new barrow vith the vheel greased."

Lays of Poland,—by the author of the "Sea-wolf." 8vo. pp. 48. Smith and Elder.

This little pamphlet consists of eight pieces of poetry, all corrected with the unsuccessful struggles of Poland. We need scarcely say that such a subject ought to arouse the spirit of the highest poetry. To entertain the sentiments of an indignant patriot is one thing;—to express with fitting dignity and pathos is another. The author entertains high and noble sentiments on the subject of ill-fated Poland; and he is not deficient in those qualities of mind and language which constitute the true poet. "The pyramid of bayonets" and Remona—very different in subject and style—are, we think, the best of these effusions.

By the way it may be à propos to notice here "The Anglo Polish Harp." The pieces in this book are termed *poems*. We spare their author and hope that they may speedily pass to oblivion.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Covent Garden.—The "cheap" theatre was the first in the field, having added to its wretched and ineffective company three actors of various degrees of talent:—Macready, W. Farren, and C. Kemble; the latter of whom was suffered to afflict the town with his feeble personations of "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." The cast of the other characters in these sublime tragedies was quite in keeping with the mediocre performance of the hero—nothing could be worse. But as the theatre is *the cheap one*, we take it for granted the manager had made up his mind they were quite good enough for the low priced audience assembled to witness them. Suffice it to say, the mouthing of Mr. G. Bennet was relieved by the inanity of Mr. Pritchard, while Mr. Tilbury strutted as the representative of Polonius, working away with all his might to render the venerable gentleman a rich bit of low comedy and buffoonery.

That the authorship of the theatre might harmonize as thoroughly with the peculiar excellencies of the company as possible, "the English Victor Hugo," as Mr. Fitzball has christened himself, has been secured at a high price to produce a variegated mass of his peculiar excellencies whenever he is called upon so to do. His genius was not suffered to remain idle long, for on the 29th of September he brought forward a romantic melo-dramatic spectacle, called "The Hindoo Robbers, or the Leopards of the Jumna," which, from beginning to end, was as richly studded with absurdities as any drama he has yet produced. It was most deservedly and unequivocally condemned; but as it is from the pen of a friend of the manager, every attempt is still being made to thrust it down the throat of the innocent and unsuspecting public. As a set off to this revolting mass of trash, we are

gratified in being enabled to state that Macready played "King John" with all his wonted discrimination and excellence, being so ably supported by Charles Kemble in the chivalric "Faulconbridge," as to induce us to forgive him for the outrages he had committed on "Hamlet" and "Macbeth." Miss Helen Faucit was the representative of "Lady Constance," for which task she was wholly incompetent. The same week W. Farren made his bow in the "School for Scandal," Charles Kemble playing "Charles Surface." The remainder of the characters were sustained by a set of gentlemen, whose equals in point of histrionic talent are only to be found in a barn or a penny theatre.

The next novelty was the appearance of that over-rated tragedian, Vandenhoff, as "Adrastus," in the beautifully written tragedy of "Ion." This gentleman's lungs we think get stronger every season, and from the way in which he uses them, we should not be surprised if he was heard as distinctly outside the walls of the theatre as he is within them. A farce, entitled "Mutual Expense," a feeble translation from the French, supposed, from its extreme badness, to proceed from the pen of the manager, Mr. Osbaldiston, was summarily condemned. When nearly one third of this trumpery had been endured, and the hissing became loud and general, Mr. Osbaldiston consummated his good sense by coming forward and treating the audience with a long rambling story about a party having pledged themselves to damn the piece. This only increased the uproar, during which a policeman attempted with great violence to remove one of the dissentients in the dress boxes, which he did not accomplish. On the next morning the gentleman brought his assailant before Mr. Minshull, at Bow Street, who informed a Mr. Harris, Mr. Osbaldiston's *secretary*, that parties paying their money had an undoubted right to hiss whatever displeased them, and recommended the policeman to make an apology, which he instantly did, and thus the affair terminated. We take this opportunity of suggesting to Mr. Osbaldiston that if he must keep a secretary, there are plenty of lawyers' clerks out of employ who would write his letters cheap, and enlighten him on subjects like the preceding into the bargain.

Drury Lane.—After a series of swaggering announcements regarding the decorations of the house and the extraordinary talent to be found in every department of the company, this newly adorned edifice opened on the 8th of October. It certainly has been redecorated in the arabesque style, and there is an abundance of gilding, foliage, cameos, masks, and dancing figures, besides a series of scenes from Shakspeare adorning the pannels of the dress circle. The *tout ensemble* is gay and lively, but trifling and insignificant; every ornament being unsuited to so large a building as Drury Lane. The style in which every embellishment is conceived and executed is fitted only for a small theatre like the Olympic, or some slight temple of Thespis erected for his own performances by some stage-struck nobleman.

The first novelty of the evening was the *debut* of Mr. Balfe in "Michael," in his own opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." This gentleman, although new to the English boards, is an old Italian stager, where, by dint of practice, he has acquired confidence and a certain

portion of grace and gaiety. His voice is sweet and flexible, but deficient in power. He sang throughout the night with great taste, and has repeated the part several times since with increased effect. A piece of vulgar balderdash, translated by Mr. Beazley, and called "Every Body's Widow," was remorselessly condemned notwithstanding the exertions of all the performers concerned in it. Then came an incomprehensible mass of mummery, called "The Grand Commemoration of Malibran," consisting of a series of scenes in which that great actress had been concerned, which Mr. Cooper, dressed in a new suit of black, was kind enough to illustrate by reciting a series of doggrel rhymes, and waving at intervals a very fine piece of white cambric, which the manager had supplied him with for the occasion. This gallimaufry was endured for a week, and was then withdrawn.

October 17.—This evening a crowded audience assembled to witness the first appearance of Mr. Forrest, the celebrated American tragedian. He selected for his ordeal the part of "Sparctacus," in which he had been preeminently successful throughout the United States. In this tragedy, called "The Gladiator," proceeding from the pen of a countryman of the actor's, a Dr. Bird, "Sparctacus," who has been made a slave, consents to fight in the arena upon condition that his wife and child, who had also been made slaves, should be purchased by his own master, and the revolt of the gladiators is brought about by the prætor trying to compel "Sparctacus" to fight with his own brother. "Sparctacus" then heads an army of revolted slaves, and is at first victorious, but finding his wife and child are slain, he rushes headlong into the fight and falls covered with wounds.

The tragedy, although possessing many scenes of intense interest, is, in point of composition, a very mediocre affair, and is deformed throughout with the coarsest vulgarisms, which the author seems to have mistaken for strength of language. The part of "Sparctacus," however, is a very fine one for the actor, as all the interest centres in him, and he is scarcely off the stage for a single instant. Some of the situations are very skilfully contrived; such as the discovery of his brother in the arena, and his brother's death. But the poverty of diction in which they were arrayed lessened their effects considerably. Mr. Forrest looked the "Gladiator" to perfection. He is one of the most muscular men that ever trod the stage. His attitudes are at times graceful, and always natural and energetic. His voice varies; sometimes it is full and melodious, and occasionally inharmonious and sharp, while his face is strongly marked but not flexible, or capable of conveying the multitudinous passions that agitate the human breast. Throughout his performance he convinced us he was a man of intellect and good taste. His style is decidedly melo-dramatic, but his action being subdued fits it for the embodying of the highest range of characters the legitimate drama can supply. Contemporary critics have compared him to Wallack; but Forrest is a *far superior* actor, and produces the most powerful effects when standing still and appealing calmly, or, with the energy of true passion, to the feelings of his auditors. Wallack, on the contrary, possessing nothing beyond the attitudinizing starts of melo-drama, would have

flung his arms out like the sails of a windmill, and dashed about from one end of the stage to the other, as if pursued by a flash of lightning.

We are glad to perceive by the bills that Forrest is about to play "Othello," which will be a fairer standard to try his merits by than the transatlantic tragedy of "Sparctacus." He was most cordially received, and was called for afterwards and vehemently applauded.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

"During the early part of this month (October), conservative dinners took place at Hereford and Northampton."

Have the tories then at length discovered that toryism is on its last legs, or, that in fact it is dying a natural death and has but a short time to live? if so—they are wisely making the most of it, as long as it shall last. At Northampton about 700—and at Hereford about 600 rallied under the glorious and never to be worn out banner of "The Bible and Crown." It used to be christened "The Church and State;" but the MARCH OF INTELLECT has rendered these phrases obsolete. To record the nonsense uttered on these occasions, is—

"A flight beyond the reach of art."

Suffice it to say, the principle topic descanted on was what one of the speakers chose to call "the tottering state of the present revolutionary government." After this rational proceeding each man took wine sufficient to enable him to "rally round the Altar and the Throne," and all parties reeled home satisfied that the proceedings of that day had secured the safety of "THE BIBLE AND CROWN."

It would seem an ungenerous preference not to mention, that there has been "a display" at Aylesbury, where Mr. Maceworth Praed (the *ci-devant* M. P.) exhibited himself to peculiar advantage. After spouting forth a most nonsensical panegyric on Lord Chandos, he concluded with the following eloquent peroration, which it would be criminal not to record.—"As the countryman cried to Burke, 'Ditto. Ditto,'—so will I to the noble Marquis say: 'Ditto, Ditto.'"

October. 2.—"In the published Lists of Game Certificates for the county of Derby are twenty-two names with *Reverend* attached to them, and in the Yorkshire list are to be found ninety-one!"

That country clergymen may be much worse employed than in destroying hares and partridges we do not hesitate to admit, and we fear that many of them are so—still these are not precisely the recreations we like to see gentlemen *of their cloth* indulging in. We speak it with due deference; but we think they evince a lamentable deficiency of common sense in these days of sectarianism, in thus furnishing to the opponents of the Established Church any opportunities of animadverting on the consistency of their conduct.—Surely they must be aware of the strenuous attempts that are now being made to purify the protestant church in all its departments:—why then are they not more circumspect in exhibiting a good example to the various flocks under their instruction and guidance?

That clergymen need a relief from the monotony of preaching, sermon-writing, and other clerical duties, we do not hesitate to admit; but we would not have them seek it in the sports of the field. Can they not enjoy the beauties of nature without seeking the destruction of the feathered tribe—or pursue a healthful walk without feeling an impetus to slay the first hare that steals timidly across their pathways? This surely is not so very difficult a

self-sacrifice to require of them. If any one of these "Game-Certificated Parsons" would but apply this piece of advice to practice, we predict that he will return to his home better satisfied with himself than when he set out.

Oct. 7.—"Louis Philippe reviews a Body of Troops at Compeigne."

This hopeful monarch, who at the commencement of his reign could perambulate his good capital of Paris in a plain undress, with a gingham umbrella under his arm, recognised by all his subjects, and perfectly free from every apprehension of assassination;—by pursuing a career distinguished alike by its treachery and despotism has attained to so enviable a state of unpopularity as to be obliged to take remarkably good care that he shall not be shot at successfully. The Review in question must have been a military pomp, affording his Majesty a great luxury, as, during the whole of the perilous delight of the day, he was so fearful of a stray bullet as to be so closely surrounded that but few of his "faithful subjects" could obtain a view of his Royal Person. His Guards were even ordered to keep back all who might attempt to approach him. Such is the retribution laid up in store for tyrannic kings or sovereigns who act with treachery towards their people. The continued apprehensions that Louis Philippe must experience cannot fail to be most agonizing. The curse will pursue him while existence lasts, embittering every moment, and calling down ample vengeance on the victims of his treachery. We hope that ere many numbers of this Magazine may have gone forth, France may no longer be disgraced by the dynasty of the Bourbons.

Oct. 12.—"In the Alterations now making in Whitehall, the Royal Pew will be placed in the very window out of which Charles the First walked to the Scaffold."

This must be a somewhat unpleasant communication to make to His Majesty, if ever he is informed of it, and there is a possibility of its occasioning him a few extraordinary sensations while in the exercise of his devotions. The convulsions that shake empires have latterly been of such frequent occurrence, that the people of this country—and indeed every other—are apt to look upon such a coincidence as the above in the light of an ominous event.—"We defy augury" and have no foreboding:—still we think that better taste might have been exhibited in the selection of a spot for the Royal Pew.—There certainly was no necessity for making the temporary resting-place of our respected and popular Monarch in the very pathway one of his Regal Predecessors was obliged to tread when doomed to decapitation.

Oct. 16.—Dramatic Emigration.—The Contemporary Prints of this day furnish us with a tolerable *lengthy* list of English Actors and Actresses of every description who are exercising their callings in the United States of America. If Emigration is to be taken as the standard proof of a superfluity of population, what a huge surplus must there be of the Children of Thespis!—Theatres increase in this country; but they are still incapable of supplying with food those, whose existence depends upon them;—hence they ship themselves off to America—the New World being still in its infancy in regard to the breeding of Performers sufficient to supply the wants of the community.

Oct. 21.—A Great Meeting of the Tories takes place at the Mansion-House to enter into Subscriptions to erect a Statue in honour of the Duke of Wellington.

We have read over the Speeches made by these "Wise Men in the East;" and for the life of us we cannot discover what deeds the Duke of Wellington has recently achieved to entitle him to this distinction.—The chief ground of his Grace's distinction that we can discover from the *bourgeois* panegyrists, is, that he forwarded the Bill in the House of Lords for the re-building of London Bridge; and if this proceeding entitles a Nobleman to a Statue, every Peer who voted on the same side is entitled to a similar distinction. It is rather too late in the day to get up and talk about the Duke of

Wellington's military glory; which, by the way, the wealthy contractors who composed this meeting understood most about,—they having made colossal fortunes by the contracts given them by the Ministers who carried forward the wars in which Wellington was concerned with true Tory recklessness of blood and treasure. So far as regards the part which Wellington played in this great game of sanguinary contest and pillage, he has been most lavishly remunerated by his country. For some years past the military Duke's parliamentary career has been a continued warfare against the liberties of his countrymen. His hostility to the reformation of *every* abuse, however glaring and monstrous, has never for one instant slept; and it has been allowed by all parties, that his bigoted attachment to political corruption brought on the passing of the Reform Bill, and opened the door of those beneficial measures that have so pre-eminently distinguished the present Administration—we allude principally to the Poor Law—Corporation—and Commutation of Tithes Bills.

Should this Wellington Testimonial ever be erected, let the substance of these latter paragraphs be legibly sculptured on its base. Then future ages will be able to appreciate correctly which the inestimable blessings the Duke of Wellington has been the means of conferring upon his country.

Oct. 22.—"The King of the Belgians is at present at Paris. The ostensible motive for his visit is to talk over the marriage of the Princess Mary with Louis Philippe."

There is an atmosphere in France that we suppose is particularly favourable to the germinating of political intrigue. It is very probable that the *ostensible* and *real* motives that actuated the visit of this pensioner monarch were widely different from each other. It must however be confessed that he is very well matched when pitted against Louis Philippe. The king of the barricades is we suspect *au fait* at every dirty trick of French diplomacy, and if the king of the Belgians really does out-manœuvre him, it will be something worth boasting of.

Oct 24.—"The students of Glasgow University talk of electing Lord Lyndhurst to be their next Lord Rector."

"Oh what a falling off was there"—what a contrast do the memorable names of those great predecessors who so worthily occupied the Lord Rector's chair, afford in comparison with that of the leader of the Tory lords? Can the Glasgow students have forgotten Lord Brougham and Thomas Campbell, on whom they conferred this honour, and can they for one moment dream of profaning a spot rendered sacred by the solid learning and erudition of the one, and the exalted genius of the other, by the election of such a man as Lord Lyndhurst? Why his very name is synonymous with bigotry and oppression, his diminutive mind still reverences those ancient trammels and obsolete prejudices, which the more enlightened have long since cast aside with contempt and disgust. He does not even possess one redeeming trait in his *public* character, to warrant such a distinction; and as to his *private* virtues, the most brazen of our ultra-tory scribes has never had the hardihood to accuse him of possessing any.

Great Degree of Cold borne by the Human Body.—In the winter of 1833—4, Captain Back and his party while residing at Fort Reliance on the Great Slave Lake were exposed to an average temperature of 33° (65° below the freezing point,) during the whole month of January, and on the 17th the thermometer was as low as 70°, (102° fr. pt.) On the 25th of January, the thermometer was at 18° (50° fr. pt.), and on the 26th it had risen to +22° (10° fr. pt.), while on the day following it fell again to 49° (81° fr. pt.): thus in the course of twenty-four hours an inequality of temperature of 71° had been experienced.

"On the 4th of February, (continues Captain Back,) the temperature was 60° (92° fr. pt.), and there being at the same time a fresh breeze it was nearly insupportable.—On one occasion after washing my face within three feet of the fire, my hair was clotted with ice, before I had time to dry it.

GREAT DEGREE OF HEAT BORNE BY THE HUMAN BODY.—The duke of Ragusa in his travels in the East, states, that at the hot-baths of Kukurli at Broussa in Bithynia, (the natural temperature of which is as high as 183° to 189½° Fahr.) he saw a Turk remain for a long time in a water-bath whose temperature was 165° Fahr. Dr. Jeng, an Austrian physician, also witnessed this remarkable occurrence.

SGRICCI, THE IMPROVISATORE.—This extraordinary man who died a short time since at Florence, in his thirty-eighth year, astonished his audiences at Paris, in 1824, by the recitation of numerous five acts Tragedies, among which may be enumerated his "Bianca Capello," and "Morte di Carlo Primo." Some of his dramas were afterwards printed, having been taken down by a short-hand-writer during their recitation.

SMOKING IN AMERICA.—It appears from a treasury report furnished to the American Congress, that the importation of cigars into the United States for the year ending September 30, 1835, was no less than 76,761,000; of which upwards of 75,000,000 came from Cuba.

FLOGGING IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.—By a return laid before the House of Commons, it appears that during the five years ending the 30th of September, last, 1,227 soldiers suffered corporal punishment—and during the same period, 332 marines underwent the same discipline: out of whom 242 were flogged a second time, and 44 a third time.

GLASGOW STEAM ENGINES.—There are in Glasgow and its suburbs 310 Steam-engines, viz. 176 employed in manufactories—59 in collieries—7 in stone quarries—and 68 in steam-boats.

RAIL-ROADS IN CUBA.—A rail-road passing through the most fertile parts of the Island, and connecting two of the largest towns is nearly laid down, and in the course of a few months will be in full operation. Don Miguel Tacon (the Governor) has placed a considerable number of convicts at the service of the managers of the road, so that the works proceed vigorously.

METHOD OF FATTENING HOGS IN MEXICO.—In large establishments devoted to this very useful purpose, a number of young persons who have been selected on account of the strength of their lungs are employed *to sing the animals to sleep*, and in the intervals of their slumbers, and of their meals these youthful vocalists are busily employed in appeasing the little jealousies and quarrels excited among their charges by dyspepsia.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE TRANSFER OF PLANTS.—An interesting improvement in the mode of transferring plants which thrive best in a humid atmosphere, has recently been communicated to the Society of Arts.—They are merely to be planted in a box, filled with moist earth, and covered with a glazed frame, rendered as air-tight as possible; some plants thus preserved, have just arrived from Sydney, and are yet found to be in the most flourishing condition.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE VINE.—By some recent experiment made on this plant, it is ascertained that if two inches and a half be deducted from the circumference of the stem, the capability of it will be equal to the maturation of 18lbs. of grapes for every remaining inch of growth.

ELECTRIC SPARKS VISIBLE FROM THE TORPEDO.—M. Linari during some recent experiments, obtained from a single torpedo ten sparks in succession, every one very visible and brilliant;—A small torpedo of four inches and a half in diameter furnished him with a long train of brilliant sparks. They were also obtained from a torpedo which had been kept three days out of the sea, but the brine of his tubs was obliged to be perpetually renewed. As far as M. Linari could ascertain, neither the age nor the sex of the animal made the slightest difference in the production of the spark.

ENGLISH TRADING VESSELS.—The number of these (exclusive of the royal navy) amounts to 24,280. The capacity of these vessels is 2,553,685 tons, and they give employment to 166,583 men and boys. The British empire also possesses 3,579 ships of 214,878 tons, and 15,059 men which belong to her colonies.

VARIETIES,

SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

Chronometers,—Constructed with glass balance springs are now undergoing a course of trial at the Royal Observatory.—On comparing the glass with the metallic springs, it was found that while the loss in twenty-four hours in the gold spring was eight minutes four seconds, that of steel six minutes twenty-five seconds, and that Palladium two minutes thirty-one seconds, while that of glass spring was only forty seconds.

Newspapers.—In England there are 274 newspapers, in France 234, in Prussia 288, and in the other German States 305, in Holland 150, in Russia and Poland 84, in Austria 82, in Denmark 80, in Belgium 62, in Switzerland 36, in Portugal 17, in Spain 12, and in Australia 9. In Europe there are published 2148, in America 1138, in Asia 27, and in Africa 12.

Fires in London.—The number of fires which have occurred in London within the last twelvemonths is 642, and the property thus consumed is estimated at nearly 1,000,000*l.*, only one half of which was insured.

These facts are gathered from the report book kept by "The London Fire Establishment.'

Royal Printing Office at Paris.—This establishment contains the types of fifty-six founts of oriental characters, which comprehend all the known alphabets of the various nations of Asia, (ancient as well as modern). The consumption of paper in this office in a single year amounts to from 80 to a 100,000 reams per day, and the number of workmen regularly employed averages from 350 to 450.

Patronage of Artists in Russia.—During the stay of M. Horace Vernot in Russia, a Lieutenant General is said to have been attached to his person, and having expressed a desire to visit Moscow, the Emperor lent him his own relays by which he performed the journey between that city and St. Petersburgh in thirty-six hours. He received numerous proofs of the Emperor's munificence, amongst others a suit of Oriental armour enriched with precious stones, and had commissions given him to the amount of 300,000 roubles. M. Tanneur, a Marine Painter, has also received an order to paint the "Russian Ports," for which he is to receive 150,000 roubles.

Rapidity of Flight of North American Birds.—From a variety of experiments which have been made at different periods it appears, that the Hawk, the Wild-Pigeon and several species of Wild Ducks fly at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half—that is, at the rate of forty miles an hour—480 between the rising and the setting of the sun, and 960 miles in twenty-four hours.

Swallows fly at the rate of a mile in a minute, which averages 1440 miles in twenty-four hours.

Interesting Fact Respecting the Mastodons.—It has been remarked by De la Beche, and is in conformity with the received opinion of geologists, that the relative age of the deposit in which the remains of the mastodon maximus occur, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. Mr. Riddell however, in his "Remarks on the Geological Features of Ohio," relates that the tusk and decayed bones of an unusually large Mastodon were found about three years ago in a morass, near the Ohio canal, which from the character of the surrounding soil indisputably belongs to the group of modern formations. This fact tends to prove that the North American Mastodon became extinct in comparatively recent times.

Importation of Eggs from France.—Out of 73,000,000 of eggs annually imported into England from France, Germany, the Netherlands, Jersey, Guernsey, and other countries, France contributes 55,000,000. The import duty of French eggs landed in England is one franc fifty cents, consequently the annual sum received by the British Government from this source is nearly 500,000 francs.

Patients in Hospitals.—At St. Bartholomew's Hospital last year, 5275 in-patients, 7458 out-patients, and 15,137 casualty patients.

At St. Thomas's the numbers were 3165 in-patients and 20,627 out-patients, including casualties, making altogether, 53500 persons relieved in one year.

Middlesex Lunatic Asylum.—A parliamentary return furnishes us with the following statement.

Total number of patients admitted since 1831, 1183.—Readmissions 41, permanent cures 181, deaths 386, weekly charge for each patient during 1825, 6s. 5d., which is reduced this year to 5s. 10d.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The original edition of the Antiquities of Athens, by the celebrated Stuart, is now in course of publication, so arranged that each Edifice is complete in one Part or Number, with brief explanations of the Engravings; by this means the student can obtain the first authority in any particular order of Grecian Architecture, separate from the rest of a work of twenty-four guineas value, and now become very scarce.

A new Annual entitled the Sacred Album, with splendid embossed embellishments, by Messrs. Rock, is announced for publication in November. It is also calculated to serve all the purposes of an Album.

The Book of Christmas for 1837, descriptive of the Customs, Ceremonies, Traditions, Superstitions, Fun, Feeling, and Festivities of the Christmas Season, will appear with the forthcoming Annuals for the New Year.

A New Drama called the Dalesman, in Six Acts, on the eve of publication is favourably spoken of in literary circles.

A tenth edition of Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the Present State of Agriculture is announced.

A third edition of Dr. Lindley's Ladies Botany is in the press.

W. Clay, Esq. M.P. has in the press a work on Joint Stock Banks, &c.

Just published, The Botanist, Number One, by Professor Henslow and B. Maund, F.L.S.

The religious World will have an interesting Work presented to them in a few days, under the Title of "A Country Curate's Autobiography; or Passages of a Life without a Living." The following motto on its title page will convey some idea of its Contents.

Curo—curas—curavi.—*Var. Lect.* Curo—curavi—curas.

Translation.

"Cares are my lot, and cares have ever been—
A Curate I—"

An Essay on the Nature, the End, and the Means of Imitation in the Fine Arts. Translated from the French of M. Quatremére de Quincy, by J. C. Kent, Esq. will appear early this Month, in a Demy 8vo. volume.

Mr. James M'Dowall, the Accountant, has just completed A New and Practical System of Arithmetic," adapted to the Merchant and Trader, giving a Series of Tables and Rules, whereby most of the Calculations in Business may be either mentally performed, or so abbreviated as to save half the time usually occupied.

W. B. Galloway, M.A. &c. has now put a Work to press, which has been the labour and study of many years, and will be looked for by the religious world with corresponding interest. It will be comprised in a thick demy 8vo. volume, and ready for publication in the course of next Month, under the title of "Philosophy and Religion, with their Mutual Bearings."

The First Number of a New Work, by Mr. Osler, is now ready, comprising, with his Church and Dissent, the connexion of the Services of the Church for every Sunday and Holiday, the Catechism explained with reference to the Services, and a Series of Psalms and Hymns in illustration of them. To be completed in Twelve Monthly Numbers, under the title of "Church and King."

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue will publish, in a few days, an enlarged edition of his interesting Work, entitled "Marriage: the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty." Comprised in a neat foolscap 8vo. vol.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. XXII. DECEMBER, 1836. No. 142.

		Page
1	The Joint-Stock Banking System	535
2	The Last of the Umfrevilles	544
3	Frederick the Great, and the Jews of Berlin	545
4	Saint Martin's Eve, an Irish Legend	549
5	Morning	558
6	Washington Irving's Astoria	559
7	Extracts of a Letter from Dresden	562
8	History of the Ancient Philosophy, No. 3.	563
9	A Terrible Sight	574
10	The Watch-Tower of Koat-Ven (concluded)	575
11	The Star	589
12	Letters from a Continental Tourist	590
13	Silent Love	599
14	A Good Anecdote for Printers	599
15	MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.—*Statistics.*—The Great Metropolis—Almanach de Gotha, pour l'année 1837—British Atlas	600
	Natural Science.—A History of British Quadrupeds, by Bell—The Naturalist, by Maund and Holl	608
	Medical Science.—Magazine of Health—A Series of Anatomical Plates—by Quain	608
	Botanical Science.—Arboretum Fruticetum Britannicum, by Loudon	609
	Education.—Dictionnaire Universal de la Langue Françoise, by Boiste	610
	Religion.—The Christian Lacon, by Martin	611
16	FINE ARTS.—Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems—Finden's Ports and Harbours of GreatBritain—Shakspeare's Gallery—Winkle's Cathedrals	612
17	Theatrical Reviews	614
18	Notes of the Month	620
19	Varieties, scientific & amusing	623
20	Obituary	626
21	Literary Notices	627

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,

PATERNOSTER ROW.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"My late Lodgings" are not good enough for us at present. "A Tale, not Parliamentary," is declined.

Our obliging friends who send "Notes of the Month" for our acceptance are thanked, and their offers declined. Some of them are quite original, though not always grammatical.

"Vates" may be a prophet, but his effusions are too dark and mysterious for our plain and straight-forward notions. His Sibylline leaves await his pleasure.

Poetry, so called, is quite a drug with us. Our Newcastle friend, however, is an exception to the general rule. His letters are welcome.

"R. R." of Manchester, we beg to decline.

It is right that we should apologize to many highly reputable authors and publishers who have sent their works for notice in our Monthly Magazine. All we cannot notice; but there are some to whom we could not, from the press of original matter *to be finished in this Volume*, give that space which their merits require. We refer them onwards to the January number, in which they will meet with proper attention.

"F." is informed that we cannot insert any Reviews sent to us by parties not known,—*especially* when they are got up expressly for the purpose of advocating the interests of private individuals.

Our next number will contain a Review of the Politics of 1836, and a Chronicle of the Events of the year; Strictures on the Royal Academy; an Account of the Origin of the Jesuits; Criticisms of the Lake Poets, No. I.—Keats, &c

THE JOINT-STOCK BANKING SYSTEM.*

"In general, if any branch of trade, or any division of labour, be advantageous to the public, the freer and more general the competition, it will always be the more so."—ADAM SMITH.

IT cannot have escaped the notice of the least observant even of our readers, that there is much in the present state of the money-market and in the gloom generally impending over the Commercial world to create a very painful interest and alarm. That there is a great and increasing demand for the circulating medium in all parts of the country as well as in London and Dublin cannot be for one moment doubted by any one who reads the provincial news; and although we hope for the best with the most cheerful, yet we cannot avoid expressing what—we fear is a too well-grounded apprehension that a state of still greater embarrassment than the present must necessarily precede a return to prosperity.

It would take up more than our columns could afford to canvass the various causes to which these troubles are attributable; but we may at least enumerate some of them. Mr. Spring Rice is regarded by many as the chief author of all their misfortunes, and to him have they looked—and not looked in vain—for the remedy from the Exchequer:—a futile remedy, we fear. At any rate Mr. Rice must beware of his movements; for if from bankers and traders he needs to fear no outbreaks of discontent,—yet from the distressed manufacturers—an increasing pauper population—both in Lancashire and Staffordshire, the voices of two millions of hungry and sturdy petitioners will sound like thunder in his ears with a fearfulness that shall convince him of the fruitlessness of resistance. A second party (among whom is the Edinburgh reviewer) denounces as the cause of our troubles the public insanity on the subject of rail-road and other bubble schemes which promises to absorb, according to Mr. Poulett

* 1. Debate on Joint-Stock Banks in the House of Commons. Mr. Clay's speech, &c. Mirror of Parliament.
2. Edinburgh Review, July, 1836, pp. 419—441.
3. Joplin's Examination of the Commons' Report.
4. Clay's Speech—reflections and remarks on the Edinburgh Review.
5. Letter to W. Clay, M. P.—by Vindex.

Thomson, nearly two hundred millions, or *twenty times the capital of the Bank of England,*—an insanity which has had the baneful effect of creating a great rise in prices generally,—such a rise, indeed, as we are not at all able at present to sustain. Others are disposed to blame the facility with which some of our commercial men have allowed the market to be glutted with American produce and so permitted very large exports of gold to the United States;—and the same party look with jealousy to the financial aid that has been furnished to suffering Ireland, just as if our own interests were not inseparably linked, and as if such assistance were a matter of charity and favour rather than of imperious necessity. A fourth division of the complaining parties having more contracted views or considering the pressure only as temporary, lay much stress on the failure of the crops in the north of England and on the consequent rise of corn-prices—which will have the effect of opening the ports and of sending a large quantity of gold out of the country. A fifth party are willing to throw a large part of this unpleasant responsibility on the Joint-Stock Banking Companies in different parts of the country, and to attribute the evils that we now suffer to the imperfect financial arrangements made to restore public confidence after the frightful panic of 1825-6. Whether to these or any other causes separately taken, or to a combination of any number, or of the whole, we are to attribute the embarrassments now very generally complained of, we know not, nor is it our present intention to enquire. We turn with more confidence to a subject nearly connected with these financial troubles; and if any remark that may here be made shall contribute to the establishment of just views, the trouble that has been taken in drawing up these observations will not have been thrown away.

The Joint-Stock Banking System was the immediate result of the panic of 1825, produced by the over-trading and bubble-schemes of the previous year, and was contemporaneous with the suppression of country-bank notes of lower value than 5*l.* During this revulsion (one not less severely felt than that of 1792) and within a period of *four* months no less than *fifty-nine* commissions of bankruptcy were issued against country banks; and many others were in embarrassments which, though not plunging them in public disgrace, were not less inconvenient to those whose money was invested in them. A notion hence became prevalent that no sufficient security could be found in banking-establishments, the number of whose partners was

restricted to *six* by the existing laws; and a measure was brought forward under the patronage of the late Lord Liverpool and the present Lord Ripon (then Mr. Robinson) and with the consent of the Bank of England, which when carried into effect sanctioned the formation of joint-stock banks with power to issue notes—on condition that such banks were to be at least sixty-five miles distant from the metropolis. By the Act 3 and 4 of the present reign, c. 98, which settled many questions of importance to the country joint-stock banks, the establishment of joint-stock banks, with all privileges except that of issuing notes, was legalized,—even within the limits of the Bank of England's exclusiveness. Of this latter description is the London and Westminster bank, whose disputes with the Bank of England respecting the legality of accepting short bills of exchange have during the last few days excited much public interest. The settlement of this point will decide a question that has been much discussed among bankers.

Such were the chief legislative enactments which gave birth to the system, whose healthy action may be productive of so much national good, but whose abuse may plunge us into the deepest distresses, and involve even a general bankruptcy. That suspicions have arisen as to the existence of these abuses, and that these suspicions have not been altogether without ground, is clear from the results of the Parliamentary inquiry set on foot at the suggestion of Mr. Clay, the Member for the Tower Hamlets. We shall now venture a very few observations on these alleged abuses, then consider their reality, and subsequently state what we conceive to be their remedy.

The business of the banker consists of two separate departments,—*first*, the collection, and *secondly*, the distribution of monied capital. Every bank is, to a certain extent, one of circulation as well as deposit; but with a large class the circulation is confined to the monies of depositors; and these are called banks of deposit. Numerous other banks, however, at the head of which is the all-important Bank of England, do not confine themselves merely to the circulation of money deposited by their own customers, but issue notes or promissory bills on their own security and credit. The joint-stock banks (sixty-five miles from London) legalized in 1826, are of this class; and so likewise are all the country private banks to a certain extent. On the security and convenience that have resulted

from the banking system generally, we need not expatiate; for in the present complicated state of English trade and commerce, business could not be conducted without such adventitious aid. Without the private banks in the provinces the agricultural and manufacturing population could not be maintained; and we are bound to say, whatever the abuses may be, that very beneficial consequences have resulted from the establishment of banks founded on extended credit and security. That a regular banking system, one which shall not only circulate legal money, but vouchers also for convertible capital, such as bankers' bills, and bills of exchange, is highly useful, nay indispensable, in the present state of things, cannot be doubted by any man out of Bedlam. We now proceed more particularly to enquire into the alleged abuses of the Joint-stock banking system.

It appears that under the Act 7 Geo. IV. c. 46, no less than 98 joint-stock banks have been formed between June 16th, 1826, and September 17th of the present year, each bank on an average consisting of 270 partners, with an *average* capital of about 600,000*l.* each. Of these banks 50 only had been formed at the close of 1834, seven years from the passing of the act; the remaining 46 are the offspring of the speculative mania of the last and the current year; and 37 out of the number date their existence only from 1836. So unusual an excitement in favour of joint-stock banking companies, was beyond all doubt likely to produce a re-action, and to give to their opponents the opportunity of questioning the advantages derivable from them, and of magnifying the evils to be apprehended from their abuse. Accordingly, on the 12th of May last, Mr. Clay, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, made a motion in the House of Commons, in a speech since published by himself, for the appointment of a Committee to enquire into the operation of the existing laws concerning joint-stock banks, and the expediency of altering the provisions of that Act. This speech, and the discussion to which it led, have given rise to several interesting pamphlets, expressing conflicting opinions on this important point. Without adhering to the opinion of any party, we proceed to state very briefly our own views on the matter, modified by mature reflexion on the various doctrines already propounded.

Mr. Clay in his motion before the house insisted on three points as necessary to ensure the respectability and solvency of the Joint-Stock

banks,—first, LIMITED RESPONSIBILITY,—secondly, PAID-UP CAPITAL, —and thirdly, PERFECT PUBLICITY: we cannot therefore do better than discuss these points separately.

No practical man scarcely can help being astonished at the objection of the honourable Member, on the score of unlimited responsibility. It is this principle which gives efficiency to the business of all partnerships whatsoever; and indeed we cannot conceive the existence of partnership on any other principle without the most pernicious consequences. It is quite a fallacy to suppose that such a system affords no *real* security, and certainly untrue that men of capital are deterred from entering into these partnerships from the dread of so great a responsibility. If Mr. Baring and Mr. Huskisson, who in their places in Parliament advocated limited liability in 1826, had acquired the experience furnished by subsequent observation on the working of the system, their opinions would have been very different. The real value of such kinds of banks has been fully tried in Scotland, where an experience of above a hundred years has proved them not only to be safe but highly beneficial and *morally useful* to that community; and with respect to England and Ireland also, we are convinced that the mere examination of the partners' lists at the Stamp-office (a work rather of trouble than expense), would immediately show not only that there was a bonâ fide security for capital, but also a large connexion of men of property and character with these establishments. On the other hand the evils of a limited responsibility are so great, and the temptations to the managing directors to draw upon the credit rather than the capital in hand so seductive, that we can scarcely conceive an establishment to go on for any length of time on such a system, without first deluding the partners with large profits at the outset, and subsequently sinking every penny of capital and deposit. Mr. Clay says, that the present system is only a fraud on the public, a position exceedingly difficult to prove, it must be confessed, under any of the circumstances in which such banks are formed. The fact is, that the dearest interests of every partner are concerned in maintaining the stability of any particular establishment; and even supposing a majority of the shareholders to be needy persons incompetent to meet any sudden call to the amount of the advertised Capital, still in every or nearly every case a sufficient number of unquestionably monied partners will be found who for

their own interest will narrowly watch the management of the concern, and in the hour of need will come forward with the funds requisite to meet the Company's engagements. Without the co-partnership of such men a Joint-Stock bank could not maintain itself for a twelvemonth. That all the *ninety-eight* banks are respectable and solvent, we will not venture to say:—but there is no reason à priori for supposing them otherwise. What we wish, then, to impress on our readers' minds with respect to liability is this,—that *to lessen it would be madness*, and that *we should seek to increase rather than to diminish the responsibility.* The evils apprehended by Mr. Clay are at any rate more prospective than real; and we have good reason to believe them visionary. At any rate the experience of parties entitled to an opinion on the matter leads us to draw a very different conclusion from that of Mr. Clay on the credit and ultimate solvency of these banking companies.*

Can the honourable Member be really serious in making this statement, knowing, as he must, that it is the ultimate solvency or the credit of an ultimate solvency, that constitutes the general stability of every Bank—from the Bank of England downward to the smallest banking concern in these kingdoms? It is not necessary further to discuss such a question.

We advert, in the second place, to the necessity of the capital in Joint-stock banks being not merely nominal—but bonâ fide paid up and invested as stock in trade. In this respect we are happy to say that we perfectly agree with Mr. Clay:—for we know quite enough of Joint-stock banking, mining, and rail-road companies to be perfectly well aware that the *nominal* capital bears no proportion worth mentioning to that actually paid up by the bonâ fide subscribers. To our city readers such statements are stale and without interest; but to others they may let some light into the dark intrigues of the bubble schemes in the purlieus of the Stock-Exchange. Instances might be cited of companies boasting of a MILLION as a capital, having

* Here by the way we may advert to a very extraordinary assertion of the Member for the Tower Hamlets—namely, that the ultimate solvency of a bank is of no consequence to the public, if the payments of that bank are stopped even for an hour or a day. "Sir, we must carefully distinguish between immediate and ultimate solvency. With ultimate solvency, it is true, the public has no concern. Whether the assets of a bank stopping payment prove sufficient to pay one shilling or twenty shillings in the pound, is a question almost wholly without interest to the public."—*Mr. Clay's Speech, p.* 20 *in pamphlet.*

really not more than 2000*l.* to commence business with and depending for the rest merely on the presumed respectability of the partners. To bring such examples and to follow them out fully and satisfactorily would take up more space than can be afforded in our pages; and so we must be content with expressing our opiuion very strongly, and that too after mature consideration, that no banking concern whatever, private or joint-stock, can succeed, unless there be a large amount,—say at the very least two-thirds of the available, paid-up capital, continually kept either in land-investments or in government securities, for the extraordinary calls made on them in times of commercial exigences. It is a small matter, whether a bank at its outset has a paid-up capital of 500,000*l.*;—for what security have the public that the tithe of that amount will be in its possession in a twelvemonth? This security, however, must be given —and given for the full amount of its liabilities. Indeed nothing short of an Act of the Legislature can fully secure the commercial world against the imprudences of inexperienced or unprincipled bankers. It ought indeed to be provided by Act of Parliament without delay that those Joint-Stock banks which have already opened business should be obliged at an early period to invest at least two-thirds of their nominal capital in some easily convertible securities as a reserve fund to be ready at hand in case of any sudden emergency, and to lodge in the hands of responsible parties leases, title-deeds, or other securities from time to time proportional to the amount of their issues.

This arrangement should of course apply to all banks hereafter to be formed: inasmuch as all of them should be absolutely obliged before their opening to prove their requisite investments to the Bank of England or to the government, and be subject to the same restrictions respecting their issues. This opinion—if our own merely—would have been given with some diffidence; but we have on our side many highly respectable authorities on financial subjects.* The system, as it exists at present, at any rate provides no check on rash speculation and no security against embarrassment, if it does not actually offer a premium to fraud and imposition. If such a provision should be made, we shall see in one twelvemonth how rotten is the foundation on which a large portion of the *ninety-eight* banks now working rests.

* See M'Culloch's Dissertation on Money, appended to the last volume of his edition of Smith's Wealth of Nations.

We now proceed to the last point, and one insisted on by Mr. Clay with considerable tenaciousness,—the perfect publicity of accounts. If the honourable Member has *clearly* expressed his meaning, we must say that nothing can be more absurd or unfair than to expect that the general accounts of a banking concern should be open to the prying curiosity of two hundred partners,—any of whom might avail themselves of their knowledge in their own respective businesses. It is absurd to suppose that people would bank with such establishments, if liable to such unfair exposure. But supposing Mr. Clay to mean merely the periodical exhibition of a balance sheet,—what else but confusion of ideas to persons not behind the scenes can result from the most diligent examination of so general a statement of assets and liabilities, and what idea can a mere shareholder form from it of the real prospect of such a concern as a bank? And again, what facilities and temptations are offered for fraud and imposition to present an untrue statement,—to deceive and lull the partners into security when even on the brink of a precipice? To what then serves publicity? As a regulation it is *decent;* but its utility otherwise is wholly questionable. But supposing such a regulation to be made with reference to Joint-Stock banks, it is quite certain that it would be made to apply equally to private bankers, and so give publicity to accounts with which the nation have no concern. Mr. Joplin's remarks on this point are not unworthy of notice:—

"Publicity of accounts is the least exceptionable proposition of any importance we have examined. But banking, as has been already observed, is an irrational business. Every banker enters into obligations which on the face of them are altogether absurd, and the rules of prudence in banking are derived not from reason, but experience. We are now in the progress of a gradual change from a system of perfect secrecy, which is the parent of ignorance and prejudice, to one of greater publicity, and the question is, would it be prudent to tear the veil from the mysteries of banking too suddenly? Would it not be better to allow the new system, in which a certain degree of publicity is necessarily involved, to take deeper root before the principle of publicity be pushed to so great an extreme as appears to be contemplated? for private bankers must make up their minds that it cannot, for any length of time, be applied to Joint Stock Banks and be withheld from them. If the principle be once admitted, and the example be set of an interference with the private affairs of a safe system to make it safer, it will soon follow that a similar interference must take place with an unsafe system to make it safe. Besides, the principle upon which such interference takes place, applies more strongly to private banks than to joint stock companies. The public are entitled to interfere with the private affairs of individuals only when they interfere with

the public, and as Joint Stock Banks, not being subject to failures and panics, interfere less with the public, the public, in strictness of principle, have less to do with them. There can therefore be little doubt that the private Banks are just as deeply interested in any system of Legislation proposed for Joint Stock Banks, as the Joint Stock Banks themselves, for what is applied to the one must eventually be also applied to the other. It would be any thing but prudent for the private bankers to deceive themselves on such a point Admitting therefore, the principle of publicity of accounts judiciously applied to be a desirable one, and one which will no doubt eventually be adopted, the question to be considered is, whether it might not be premature at the present moment?"—*Examination of Report, p.* 49, 50.

We have thus, then, very lightly touched on the alleged imperfections of the new banking system, more, it must be owned, with the view of calling our readers' attention to so important a subject than of entering into a profound and learned discussion that would be quite out of place in a magazine. Our readers are recommended to the perusal of the authorities quoted at the commencement of the article. Mr. Clay is quite right in saying, that by licensing the formation of Joint-stock banks, we "called into existence an element of tremendous power;" but we cannot agree with him that it is at present without controul. Whether or not it is sufficiently controlled, we say not. If we may be allowed to know any thing of these matters, our opinion very briefly stated is—that it is highly inexpedient to shackle the movements of any body importantly connected with the commercial world, further than is absolutely necessary to secure the general safety. The public have a right to assure themselves of the fact that banks have an adequate security for the payment of their liabilities; but beyond this they have no right of interference whatever. Violations of natural liberty are sometimes necessary for the public good; but such liberty should be infringed with the utmost caution, and never without a positive necessity.

THE LAST OF "THE UMFREVILLES."

He was the last of a noble race
Bearing a name the envied boast
Of Border Chivalry in olden day,
Whose power had pass'd—and not a place
Remain'd for him on either coast
Of Scotland—or Northumbria:
Yet he felt strongly—drying the tears that came
To the sad mockery that time had wrote
On human greatness—nor spurn'd a name
That gave him honour, while it smote
His power to yield it back to Fame,
For he died young—'twas not upon the deep
In battle's fierce array, wherein he bore
The prowess of his lineage—Disease did reap
The green unripen'd harvest—thence to spring
No more!

E. W. G.

[The family of "Umfranville," or "Umfreville," Lords of Redesdale in Northumberland, and Earls of Angus, in Scotland, was introduced by William the Conqueror, and held the Castles of Harbottle, Warkworth, Prudhoe, and others now chiefly in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. "Robert with the beard," the first Earl, received all Redesdale, with the Castle of Harbottle, which stands on the Coquet, from the Conqueror, upon the condition of defending that part of the country from enemies and wolves. Gilbert, styled "The famous Baron, the flower and keeper of the northern parts of England," was in the reign of Henry III., in right of his wife, created Earl of Angus. John Brand Umfreville, the last lineal descendant of this ancient family, the son of William Umfreville, a chandler in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was born in May, 1784. He was one of three children, two of whom were daughters—Margaret and Eleanor, the last of whom only survives unmarried, and is at present an inmate of the Freemen's Hospital in Newcastle. When he was about the age of fourteen, the late Duke of Northumberland having heard of his lineage, sent for, and provided him a place in the Royal Navy. He served under the late Lord Exmouth in the East Indies, and from being first lieutenant in the "Ranger" sloop of war, rose to the rank of captain. Being placed on half-pay, he resided for some time before his death amidst scenes rendered famous by his warlike ancestors. He was of a frank and generous disposition, and died on the 6th of April, 1820, at Broomhaugh, near Hexham, at the age of 36, a bachelor, universally regretted, and was interred in the south aisle of Hexham Church, in the tomb of the Umfrevilles.]

EVENING.

The sunbeams sink behind yon purple hill,
Where sheep-bells toll the dying day's decay;
Crowned Vesper trims her lamp, the fickle ray
Pours from the azure arch so faint and chill;
The leaf-hung trees, with mournful music thrill,
Woke by the winds, or some sad night bird's lay;
And soft notes quiver from the murm'ring rill,
As o'er the pebbles bursts each wave away.
Dame Nature curtains in her misty vest,
And weary cattle court their coming guest.
Now fairies sport, grim ghost-formed shadows roam,
Lone "ploughmen whistle as they hurry home;"
And the young fond wife, with her sweetest smile,
Welcomes the son of Britain's peaceful isle!

U.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, AND THE JEWS OF BERLIN.

This monarch looked upon the Jews who settled in the capital and other towns of his dominions with a watchful eye. Unable to prevent the accumulation of immense wealth in the hands of many individuals of that nation, he, like John of England, generally contrived means to make them disgorge the riches they had amassed into the treasury of the state; or, like the Emperor Augustus, with regard to the *capitalists* of ancient Rome, he declared himself their sole heir and executor! By virtue of a decree of his chancery, and an advertisement thereof in the "Gazette," he swept their long hoarded heaps of *pistoles* into his own exchequer.

Many, but futile, were the endeavours at concealment and affected poverty on the part of the children of Israel; Frederick's system of *espionnage* was so adroitly managed, that he became intimately acquainted with the number and value of their money-bags, and the depth and contents of their coffers. If they attempted to export their precious stones and metals, his *douaniers* arrested them in their progress; and either seized them as contraband, and so confiscated them for the use of the state, or, on the plea that such exportation was too great a drain upon the available resources of the kingdom, they were borrowed for government use, at *nominal* interest: but seldom did it occur that either principal or interest was ever paid.

When gold and silver were concealed in vaults and cellars, or buried in the earth until opportunity should offer for clandestine exportation to Holland previously to their proprietor's meditated flight from the Prussian dominions, Frederick had *due notice*. If the deposit happened to be *small* in proportion to the means of the depositor, his Majesty considered the same merely as a *nest egg*, and he patiently awaited the completion of the hoard; the unerring indication of which was, the petition of Nathan Ben Samuel, or Joshua Ben Levi, for the *royal permission* to visit his *sick relatives at Amsterdam*. Whilst the said petition was under consideration, one of Frederick's agents usually made offer to purchase the house belonging to the retiring Israelite. This being accepted, possession, or at least examination, of the premises followed; and, *by the purest accident in the world*, the treasure was brought to light and conveyed without delay, by his Majesty's grenadiers, to the royal chancery. Remonstrances and explanations were in vain, for such *windfalls* were declared to be the inalienable *droits* of the Crown.

In short, the Goldschmidts and the Rothschilds of the present day would have stood no chance with him. He considered the moneyed Jews to be but as so many *sponges* for the absorption of the overflowings of the national wealth, which he could squeeze into his own reservoir whenever he wanted a supply.

One rich individual, who had already been mulcted to a vast amount in the shape of two forced *loans* (or, as Frederick quaintly styled them, the *voluntary contributions* of his Jewish subjects), was applied to a *third* time. What was to be done? He could not deny that he was in possession of the sum required, for he was known to

have several ships on the ocean as well as vast stores of merchandise both at Memel and Lubeck. After due consideration, he resolved to make a virtue of necessity. Heaving a profusion of heartfelt sighs, he counted out the sum from his strong box, and sat down to write a letter of *thanks* to his Majesty for the *honour* which had been done him in thus *signalizing* him from amongst his brethren; at the same time stating that his advanced age (75) requiring repose from the cares of the world, and his impaired health a *purer* air than that of Berlin; and hinting that having already contributed his *quota* for the service of so *magnanimous* and *generous* a prince, he humbly prayed the royal permission for his departure out of the kingdom.

Having despatched this petition to Potsdam, he immediately commenced preparations for removal. But, alas! the most reasonable expectations are liable to disappointment. As the thrice-fleeced Israelite was bustling about, giving orders for the package of his most valuable goods and furniture, and for the immediate sale of the remainder, an orderly of dragoons rode into the court-yard and put the following affectionate *billet-doux* into his hands:—

"Dearest Eleazar,

"My physicians have informed me that the air of Berlin is *purer* than that of Amsterdam; that the green fields around Potsdam afford more healthful recreation than the dykes of the Hague; and that the hilly and champaign districts of Prussia are more conducive to longevity than the flats and swamps of Holland. By my anxiety in ascertaining these points, thou wilt readily perceive, dearest Eleazar, how my heart cleaveth unto thee, even as the heart of the patriarch Joseph cleaved unto his brother Benjamin. I should, indeed, be loath to lose so dear, so *useful*, and so ancient a friend as thyself; my kingdom would be as a desert without the enlivening and *fructifying* influence of thy presence. Whilst thou art with me it is a very *Canaan*, a land overflowing with milk and honey! Content thyself, therefore, dearest Eleazar,—*nothing but death shall part us*.

"FREDERICK."

Sometimes, however, instances occurred in which the Jews evinced considerable tact in eluding the rapacity of the Prussian monarch and his myrmidons. The most successful means which they usually adopted were those of a feigned conversion to Christianity and submission to the rites of baptism; for, when an Israelite thus abandoned the religion of his fathers, he ceased to be amenable to the laws by which his brethren were oppressed.

An elder of the Levitical tribe, named Isaac Ben Salomon, who had led a very pious and exemplary life according to the utmost strictness of the Mosaic law, became suddenly the inheritor of his brother's wealth; which, added to what he himself had amassed, amounted to an enormous sum. Having frequently before contributed to the *wants* of the state, Isaac was, of course, solicitous to conceal the *amount* of his brother's legacy from a prying and a busy world; but the scent of Frederick's watch-dogs being very keen, they soon discovered the game, and kept a sharp eye on all his movements.

After often doubling them with considerable cunning and skill, the old fox at length thought that the hunters were tired out, and the chase at an end. But what were his astonishment and vexation, after *counting himself out* as the proprietor of more *pistoles* than any other Jew in Berlin, at receiving a summons from the officers of Frederick's chancery to pay *ten thousand* of the said coins within three days for the king's use; the same being the customary due or *offering* necessary to be made by one rich Israelite inheriting from another.

This was too much. Isaac consulted a friend or two, took his resolution without delay, and, going to the church of St. Martin, was publicly baptized, and received the cognomen of that famous patron saint. Although this rapid *conversion* created no small degree of scandal amongst the *peoplsh*, still the preservation of his great wealth formed a sufficient excuse with his more sensible and worldly-minded relatives and acquaintances. It being well known that if a converted Jew do but attend a distant synagogue *one day* in the year (that is, on the day of expiation), and there undergo the necessary penance and perform the customary ablutions and oblations, his sins of omission and commission will thereby be forgiven, and he is considered by the learned doctors and rabbins to be merely a renegado from *necessity*, and not from choice.

Our friend Isaac congratulated himself in the idea of being a match for the great Frederick, as well as at being thus left in the quiet and undisturbed possession of his vast property. The king, who was used to enter into familiar conversation with him whenever he met him on the public walks, took no further notice of the matter than one day to wish him joy on his *new* prospects of salvation; at the same time, however, he hinted that probably a love of *lucre* and an attachment to worldly interests had something to do with his conversion. This the Jew disavowed in the most strenuous manner, offering to take a solemn oath as to the *sincerity* of his change, and stated that, although his brother had been reputed rich, he had, in fact, died in but very indifferent circumstances. Nay, he even went so far as to endeavour to convince his Majesty that his own present possessions were so far from being affluent, and being now a *Christian*, he had serious thoughts of soliciting some place under government for his future support. Frederick shortly replied, if such were really the case, he certainly should feel great pleasure in providing for so old a friend and so *sincere a Christian*, by putting him into some office in the royal household, and near to his own person, for the remainder of his life. Isaac expressed his humble gratitude to his Majesty, and, bowing to the ground, retired from the parade, chuckling with joy at having *outwitted* Frederick, who, although a great captain in the field, was, in his (Isaac's) opinion, no match for a descendant of that famous patriarch who had induced his brother to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Two days afterwards Isaac was congratulated by his friends on the appearance of his appointment in the "Berlin Gazette," as *Courier extraordinary to his Majesty*, but all were puzzled to account for so *extraordinary* an appointment. They concluded that the printer of the "Gazette," or some other person, must have committed an error in the

publication, and that, instead of "Courier" Extraordinary, the word ought to have been *Minister*, *Secretary*, or *Chamberlain*, at the least.

On the same day, however, Isaac's doubts were dispelled; for, on being sent for to Potsdam, he was clad in the royal *livery*, and an ivory-headed cane being put into his hand, he was ordered to take his place with three other *running footmen* in advance of the royal carriage, which he was to precede, at his utmost speed (surrounded by a regiment of tall dragoons), on its passage to Berlin.

Isaac, overcome by fatigue, covered with sweat and dust, and panting from want of breath, his cheeks suffused with agony and shame, beheld his *quondam* brethren, the Israelites, flocking to the parade in front of the palace for the purpose of viewing the royal *cortege*, and to gaze with wonder upon "the man whom the king delighted to honour." What, then, were his feelings, when, instead of the fondly anticipated tokens of congratulation, he was greeted with loud shouts of laughter from both Jew and Gentile! Overpowered by amazement, shame, and vexation, he threw himself upon his knees before his Majesty, as he was descending from the carriage, and implored him to release him from so degraded, so wretched a situation.

"Why, my friend Isaac," replied Frederick, "I had hoped that I had hit your taste and abilities to a hair; for he that could use so much expedition in running *from one God to another*, can surely have no objection to fill the office of *running footman* to the king of Prussia."

The poor Jew was mortified to the quick; for the stifled laughter of his brethren plainly convinced him that Frederick had ordered them to assemble for the purpose of witnessing the merited disgrace of a *renegade* from the religion of his own and their fathers, in order to embrace one which, in his heart, he despised.

At the end of a month he was released from his (worse than Egyptian) bondage, on condition, however, of bringing forward *twenty thousand pistoles*, of publicly recanting his new *faith*, and of humbly begging the king's pardon for the deception which he had practised on his Majesty. He died soon afterwards, broken-hearted by the great sacrifice of his wealth; and though reconciled to the faith in which he was born and bred, he, until his last hour, bitterly cursed the policy which prompted him to desert it for another.

TO THE WIND.

HARPING at midnight with mysterious tone,
Thou bearest, O Wind! within thy viewless breast
A power that wakes, or sweetly lulls to rest
The spirit sighing o'er the past, and lone.
Howling and deep, yet mournful—ye invoke
The chords of grief—or with low breathing sigh
Transmute the sad and tearful into love
Serene and holy, as when first it broke
Upon the world in paradise. O, could I hie
Borne with thy zephyrs silently above
This dusky atmosphere of earthly care!
Yet whither? away—from o'er the spicy grove
To lands more bright amid the starlit air?
We pause—nor can thy birth nor destiny
Unseal—wrapt in a spirit's agency!

E. W. G.

SAINT MARTIN'S EVE.

AN IRISH LEGEND.—BY J. S. COYNE.

"Good luck to your fishing, what seek you to-night?"

THERE are not a few men in the world who, despite the humane dissuasions of Thomson and the angry sensibilities of Byron, continue to uphold the maxims of the quaint Izaak Walton against all argument, and to pursue his favourite pastime with the most exemplary patience and assiduity in all seasons, and under circumstances which might cool the enthusiasm of a martyr. I have often marvelled at the unwearied endurance of an established angler—standing perhaps knee-deep in the water like a solitary crane on the borders of a sedgy river, throwing his fly from sun-rise to sun-set, cold, wet, and famished; without one "glorious nibble" to repay his toil, or without the remotest chance of catching any thing but a desperate cold. Such a character was my friend Jack Wilson. No man in the country could cast a forty feet line with such precision, or make the fly descend gently as thistle-down upon the water, like honest Jack; his whole soul seemed centred in the pursuit of his darling sport, and the entire range of his reading was confined to the aforesaid Izaak Walton, whom he venerated more than Homer or Shakspeare, and to "The Angling Excursions of Geoffry Greendrake, Esq.," an author whom he had adopted as his model for all that is virtuous and excellent in man.

A circumstance unnecessary for me to relate here made Jack and myself *compagnons du voyage* to Limerick in the summer of 18—. We sojourned at the same hotel; each day we viewed together the remarkable antiquities of this ancient city, and every evening, after dining together, we leisurely imbibed our two bottles of port, during the discussion of which Jack always took occasion to expatiate in glowing language upon the delights of angling on a good fishing stream with a taking fly on a dark lowering morning in May, a gentle west wind rippling the water, and a delicious mizzling rain soaking to your very skin. Now, though I was obstinate enough to persist in the superior comforts of the well-furnished dining-room of the hotel, a cheerful companion, and the fish that Jack delighted to inveigle by insidious arts smoking on my plate, I somehow suffered myself to be seduced by my companion on a salmon-fishing excursion to Castleconnell, a village on the banks of the Shannon, a few miles from Limerick, celebrated in Ireland for the efficacy of its medicinal waters and the potency of its distilled waters. Anticipating a day's excellent sport, Jack, by five o'clock on the following morning, had equipped himself with the singular paraphernalia of the gentle craft. At his back, attached to a leathern belt, was slung an oblong wicker basket with an aperture in the top like a parish poor-box to receive his piscatorial spoils, a landing net surmounted the

basket, and his shoulder sustained a portable rod consisting of four or five lengths or joints kept together by a band of red tape, somewhat after the fashion of the painted riband on a barber's pole, or the fillet that bound the fasces of the Roman lictors. A pair of thick brogues* and warm Connemara woollen stockings incased his legs and feet, while his upper works were defended by a stout double-breasted frock remarkable for the number and variety of its interior and exterior pockets and pouches, containing the multifarious nick-nackeries of the brethren of the angle;—hooks, lines, silk, hair, bristles, gut, gimp, wax, feathers, fur,—artificial flies, black, red, and yellow,

"With all their relations, green, orange, and blue."

Thus accoutred, Jack aroused me from a delightful dream of Houris and hookahs, musnuds and music, to accompany him on his expedition. When I opened my eyes, and beheld before me the *outré* figure of my companion, I fancied it was one of those whimsical phantasmagoria of the night, and was about to close my eyes again, until a rough shake of the shoulder convinced me of the corporeal identity of my visitant, and recalled my senses from the land of dreams. I was on the floor in an instant; and, in some degree, encouraged by the inviting freshness of the morning-breeze pouring through my window, which had been thrown open by Wilson, I hurried on my clothes, and before I had time to reflect on the absurdity of a man profoundly ignorant of the distinction between a "black hackle" and an "orange palmer" joining in such a scientific pursuit, I found myself seated *dos à dos* to Jack Wilson on the scanty cushion of an Irish jaunting car, jolting, as fast as the united efforts of three legs of a melancholy-looking spavined *garran*, and two hands of our ragged little charioteer could impel us, towards the celebrated resort of Hibernian valetudinarians, latitudinarians, water-drinkers, other drinkers, law, spa, scandal, and salmon.

Scarcely had we drawn up before the door of "the first hotel" than our vehicle was surrounded by a group of sturdy mendicants, hostlers, stable-boys, helpers, porters, and waiters, whom our hasty arrival had roused from that state of lethargic idleness which marked their attitudes as they lounged lazily round the inn-door, gossipping, smoking, and jesting with all that characteristic defiance of care and contempt for the future which distinguishes this peculiar class of people in Ireland. My attention was particularly attracted by a young man dressed in a faded green hunting frock (a cast-off most probably of some of the neighbouring squires), with a hat, as destitute of a leaf as an ash-tree at Christmas, set airily on one side of his head, who, with a look of knowing intelligence, and a skipping motion which was neither a hop nor a step, but partook of both, approached the side of the car on which Jack was seated, and introduced himself briefly with an accompanying pluck of his *caubeen*,† as "Rattigan, the boy that guides the quality on the Shannon."

* A sort of strong shoe worn by the Irish peasantry. † An old hat.

"Is your name James Rattigan?" enquired Wilson.

"My mother calls me Jim Rattigan sure enough, but your honour may call me any thing that's plasing to you," answered Green-jacket with the evasive adroitness of his "order."

"Well, James, I have got a letter for you."

"A letter, your honour?" enquired he with an incredulous grin. Wilson put it into his hand; Jim received it with the most ludicrous solemnity: he first minutely examined one side and then the other, next he peeped into it at both ends, at length he cautiously opened it, but his countenance told that he was completely at fault respecting its contents.

"Perhaps, Rattigan, as you seem puzzled with your new correspondence, you might wish to have that letter read for you," said Wilson.

"Haith that's the very thing would be quite agreeable to me, yer honor, seeing that I didn't take to the larning, in the regard of reading cramp handwriting and the like," replied Rattigan, with another twitch at his *caubeen*.

"I can tell you beforehand," observed Wilson, "that it is from Mr. K—— of Limerick, requesting you to guide us to the best places on the Shannon for meeting fish."

"Tare an ounties!" exclaimed Green-jacket, crumpling up the letter and thrusting it into his breeches pocket, "sure Mr. K. needn't have troubled himself writing at all; I couldn't misbelieve the word from a gentleman's mouth. If it's a day's sport you want on the Shannon, gentlemen, Jim Rattigan is the boy will show you such illigant divarsion as you never saw the aiqual of since Antony and Clayopathra bobbed for eels in the river Ganges. Clear the door there, you onsignified vagabones, and let the gentlemen pass." With the assistance of Rattigan's shillelah, which speedily made a lane for us through the gaping idlers, we entered the hall of the hotel, where we found awaiting our arrival as unique a specimen of humanity in the person of our host as in our loquacious guide Rattigan. He was a stiff-looking man, whose erect carriage, black stock, and shabby blue frock, to which a few remnants of braid still adhered, were confirmation strong that he had *served;* but no doubt was suffered to remain on our minds on this important point, for before we had got into the parlour he had informed us that he had had the honour of serving his Majesty in—I forget what regiment; and, if we had not cut his military career short by ordering up a jug of egg flip, he would have entertained us with a history of the Marquis of Cornwallis and the landing of the French at Killala, to which Mr. Hardcastle's or my Uncle Toby's reminiscences of Prince Eugene and the Siege of Namur were but short and pleasant stories.

Whilst we were despatching our beverage, Rattigan was engaged putting his boat in order for our aquatic excursion, and in less than half an hour we had embarked on the noble river in a long narrow canoe, for the frail craft which carried the fortunes of Jack Wilson, Jim Rattigan (in whom were united the important duties of captain, pilot, and crew), and my humble self, deserved no better name. The day promised wonders to a practised angler—warm but cloudy,

with a light breeze curling the pools, as those parts of the Shannon are called where the waters are unbroken by rocks or falls. The apprehensions I had been under when I first entered the boat began gradually to subside, and as the confidence I felt in the skill and dexterity of our Palinurus increased, I abandoned myself to the full enjoyment of the splendid scenery by which we were surrounded. Every moment brought to view some noble feature in the landscape which had been hidden before,—rich vales, and dark green woods sloping down to the water's edge;—and while our hardy guide, standing in the fore part of the boat, poled it upward against the stream, now forcing his little bark through the full current of a miniature fall, now gliding into the still waters of some favourite eddy where fish were likely to be found, he retailed to us in a vein of rich drollery, innumerable anecdotes of the gentry to whom he had acted as fishing pilot on various occasions, interspersed with legends of every rock, bank, and point of land, as we passed them.

"This," said he, as he pushed his boat into a deep pool, whose waters slept in undisturbed tranquillity, "this, gentlemen, is the haunt of ould Sylvesther."

"Sylvester! who is old Sylvester?"

"Sure then it can't be that your honour is come to this time of day without knowing all about ould Sylvesther."

We assured him of our perfect ignorance, and begged him to tell us all *he* knew about him.

"Then it's myself will do that same, gentlemen,—jist keep casting the fly there towards that little ripple hard by the rock—that's it, Sir—now you have it—in troth then your honour throws a mighty purty line antirely for a gintleman. Howsomdever, as I was saying, ould Sylvesther is a great big salmon, and it 's beyant all knowledge how long he has kept in these parts, the best fisherman upon the Shannon is'nt aiqual to him at all, in the regard that he breaks the finest tackling like *borrogh*,* and makes no more of a saysoned ash-rod nor I would of a *trawneen*.† Many 's the one of the quality comes down from Limerick, aye and from Dublin itself, to try a hate with Sylvesther; but I'll go bail, he bothers them all, and sends them away with what the Connaughtman brought down when he shot at the moon. They all has the same story—that they *had* Sylvesther hooked,—only he broke away, with maybe ten yards of their best line along with him. Ha! ha! ha! That Sylvesther is the gallis quare fish."

"But does this often happen?" I asked.

"Troth does it, Sir!—it 's only a week agone now, Sir, that a dacent ould gintleman came down here with a bran new line and rod to try his luck with Sylvesther; and maybe it 's the boys that didn't make a holy show of him."

"The boys! whom do you mean?"

"Oh! some of the schemers that hires out themselves and their boats like me—only it 's not alike they are—in civility and behaviour to the quality;—for Sir, when they got the gintleman's hook fast in an

* The refuse of the flax—tow. † A slender stalk of grass.

ould stump or a rock, they calls out to him that he had Sylvesther fast, and bid him run off his line to give him play—while the thieves wor dropping the boat quietly down the river—until they saw all the line was gone out, and then staling up the stream again, they bid him to wind up; all the time the boys were breaking their sides with the laughing at the poor ould *gomilaugh** who thought he had nothing to do but to finish Sylvesther with the gaff hook, when they gave the boat a sudden jerk and snapped off his rod like a pipe stopper."

"Why have you given the name of Sylvester," I enquired, "to this untakable fish?"

"There 's some curosity in *that* too, Sir," replied Rattigan, "it 's an ould laygind they have about these parts, that in the *an*-tient times of all, when the good people wor very brief—."

"What do you mean by, 'when the good people were very brief?'"

"I mane, Sir, when the fairies—the Lord beteene us and harm,—were fine and plenty;—it was then, gintlemen, that this same Sylvesther was as clane and likely a boy as any in this barony or the next: he was called Syl Coogan, and he lived up beyant there near the falls of Doonass. Well, there wasn't the fellow of Syl in the three parishes for football, or hurling, or pitching the bar, or such like divarsions; and it 's he that was the dickens entirely after the *cailleens*,† for day an' night he'd be coorting and coaxing the darlings until he could wind them round his finger, just as asy as your honour winds that line upon the wheel in your hand.

"It 's no wonder that so much love brought a little fighting with it, and many 's the battle Syl had to stand with the sweethearts of the girls that threwn them up through the manes of his deluding tongue; but his head was as hard as his heart was tindher, and he didn't mind a crack or two on the skull no more than if it was made of brogue leather; and so he went on with his coorses, fighting and coorting the whole country out of a face till he was the admiration of all the kings and princes who hard tell of his doings, and even of the Pope himself, who, they say, had an eye on him to make a Plynnypotinshirry of him. Well, it 's an ould saying, it 's a long lane has no turning—as poor Syl soon found out. One fine Martinmas eve a thought came into his head that he 'd cross the Shannon to go to the wake of Biddy Hogan, a mother's cousin of his own, nigh hand to Ballyskillawn, where there was great givings out of whiskey and tobackay, and the greatest gathering of boys and girls that ever was seen in these parts. Becoorse wherever there was fun going on, Syl was sure to have his pig in the middle of the fair, and, though he was warned against going upon the water on St. Martin's eve,—that all the world knows is neither lucky nor right,—he would not be said by any of the neighbours, but off he sêts with a great *goiragh*‡ of a laugh, bidding them keep their *pisherogues* § for the fairy-struck cattle. Down he goes then to the river-side, whistling and singing all manner of rollicking tunes, and thinking what sport he'd have at the wake amongst the *cailleens* playing at *Shuffle the Brogue*, and *The Ould Man*, for he banged Banagher clean out at them sort of

* An idiot. † Girls. ‡ A roar. § Charms on spells.

games. Well, it was not long till he shoved his *corragh** into the stream, and pulled away bravely, and he got on illigant, though there was a heavy fresh in the river, and the falls of Doonass were roaring like tundher, until he reached the black eddy that curls under the lower side of yon little scrubby island, when, stopping to brathe a bit, he thought he heard a most melancholy screeching rise out of the water, and, turning his head to find what misfortinet Christian was in such dismal trouble, he saw—and sure the sight would melt the heart of a stone—a most beautiful young lady all in white floating down the stream, stretching out her milk-white arms to Syl, and calling to him by name to save her from the cruel waters. Well becomes Syl, who never wanted more than the wink of the word from a handsome *cailleen*—and what more would he want?—he didn't wait to think of what he was about, but pulled his *corragh* into the eddy close to the drownding lady, who laid hoult of the side of it, all the time calling to Syl with a voice so sweet and so deluding, that the poor boy leant over to help her out of the water, and stretching his hand to her, she caught it with a death grip beteene both of hers, and kept smiling in his face, but made no offer to get into the boat. Syl Coogan, as I told you, gintlemen, was as clever and able a boy as any in the three parishes, but he thought he never felt any thing so heavy upon his arm as that slindher-looking girl; the more he tried to lift her the weightier she grew, until at last the gunnel of his *corragh* was even with the water, and it was only then in the hoighth of his distress that he begged of the girl to let go his hand; but all his prayers were like chaff upon the wind, she only kept smiling and pulling him the more, till at last the *corragh* turned over and tumbled poor Syl into the Shannon.

"'God bless us!' says he, as the water came whistling into his ears, and he felt himself going down, down, down further nor I can tell, until at long last he found himself landed upon the bottom, a small taste out of breath by rason of his long journey through the water, but not much the worse for the dip.

"'Praise be to the Vargin! I'm on dry land at last,' says Syl, squeezing the water out of the tail of his blue coat,' but my illigant coat's spoilt for ever and a day by this job, it will never be worth a fryatee skin no more—och! ach! its a sorrowful day to me.'

"While he was lamenting this way, he took no notice of the white lady who was standing by his side till she pulled him by the sleeve, and says she, 'Consumin's to the coat, don't bother yourself about it, Syl jewel, you shall have ten better than that if you wish.'

"'And who's to give them to me?' asked Syl.

"'I will, Syl, *asthore*,' says the girl, looking quite loving into his face.

"'Is it you, *alanniah*?†—well, an' that's mighty civil of you; but, my beauty bright, maybe you could give me the hard word‡ where I could get a drop of nourishment, for I'm mightily afeard I'll take my death of cowld in this damp country.'

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* A small boat, made of wicker work and covered with stretched hides, sometimes used on the Shannon.

† My child. ‡ *Hard word*;—a hint.

"'Don't alarm yourself, Syl,' says she, 'no one ever takes cowld here, its the nathur of the place; but for all that I 've a small sample of real mountain dew in my pocket, for I knew you 'd be looking for it after the ducking you got;' and with that she pulls a tidy little bottle out of her pocket, and handed it to Syl, who took a hearty pull of it—and small blame to him, for better stuff never went inside his teeth. The whiskey having put *mesnagh** into Syl, he began to brush up to the lady, and throwing at her one of his *sleeveen* looks, says he,—

"'As you were the manes of bringing me here, *ma cailleen dhas*,† maybe you 'd tell me where I am? Is it in Jeruslum or Saint Helayna, or the Baltic sea; or whereabouts in the wide world is it I am at all?'

"'Don't be frikened, Syl,' says she, you're in the Water Queen's kingdom, and this is my palace, where you may live at your ase like any noble of the land."

"And sure enough when Syl looked up there was a mighty illigant house afore them, with chimbleys and glass windeys, a front door and a back door, and all other convayniencies that could be desired.

"'Is it game you 're making of me, my darling?' says Syl, opening both his eyes.

"'Devil a morsel of game, Syl,' says she, 'you're the master of all that place—.'

"'By the powers of turf!' shouted the *boughal*§, cutting a caper, 'it 's I that 's in luck; sure it wasn't for nothing I got out of bed back'ards for'ards this morning. And is your beautiful self to go along with that fine place, *ma cailleen bawn?*' whispered Syl in that wheedling voice that would coax the birds off the bushes.

"'We 'll talk of that by and by, Syl,' said the young lady laughing; and so by gorra they went on discoorsing as loving as you plase, until they got to the palace; and there 's no use in talking, it 's *it* that did bate cockfighting for all sorts of grandeur and beauty; but the thing that took Syl's fancy most was the sight of two murdhering big salmon standing one on each side of the hall door with great shilleyleys in their fists, and powdered wigs, and cocked hats upon their heads; and when Syl and the Queen went into the palace they bowed down to the ground as civil as you plase. If the outside of the palace was complate, the inside was ten times finer, and there was lashings and lavings in kitchen and parlour, and the hoigth of good usage for all that resorted the place: but what Syl thought mighty remarkable was, that the divel a Christian was to be seen about the house, barrin himself and the Queen, but fishes. The porter was as fine a turbot as you 'd wish to see, gintlemen, and the footmen were all illigant silver trout. Syl, however, kept his toe in his brogue, and said nothing, for he knew what was manners well enough. So he and the Queen went divarting themselves about the palace, and sure it isn't the half of its curosities they could see till they were called to dinner by a smart little sprat.

"At dinner the Queen, to show her regard for Syl, planted him

* Courage. † My beautiful girl. § Boy.

alongside herself on the sophy, and helped him to the best of every thing; but what was mighty quare antirely, the sarra morsel of fish was to be seen on the table, though it was Friday—a day, gintlemen, that no conthrite Christian would ate mate. As Syl was bred and born in the thrue Church, he was a little stomached at first to touch the vittals that was put afore him, until the Queen told him it was agin the laws of the country to ate fish, and there could be no harm in tasting a bit of fresh mate when there was nothing else to be had, even if the *soggarth more** himself was present. Well, fair persuadance from a honey mouth goes a great way with a man, and so it was with Syl Coogan, for he made no more bones about the business, but set-to upon a shoulder of mutton, and ate as hearty a dinner as the Pope of Rome himself. When it was over the Queen took a black bottle out of a corner cupboard, and, filling a glass from it, she first tasted it herself, and then handed it to Syl; and by all accounts it was most beautiful liquor antirely, and Syl was the boy could do it justice. Any how, he soon got mighty loving with the Queen, and they grew so uncommon thick together, that Syl, the bould rogue, afther one of his blarneying speeches, ups and gives her a smack upon the lips that sounded through the palace like a pistol-shot. After this to be sure there was no more to be said, and matters were soon made up as pleasant as you plase.

"Syl now lived like the son of an Irish prince, for the Queen doted down upon him, and thought nothing in life too good for him. However, at long last the Queen began to grow a little stout in the waist, and it was as plain as eggs that there would be shortly a little Syl to the fore. So when he saw how matters were likely to be, he began to think upon his coorses, and, though he was a wild harum-scarum devil, he thought it was high time to make the Queen an honest woman, so he tould her bouldly, one morning afore they got up, that he was detarmined to go back to his own parish, and get dacently married like all his people afore him. When the Queen hard this she set up the mischief's own *phillalieu*, and the tears run down from her beautiful eyes like a couple of mill-coorses; but Syl's mind was made up to go; so when she saw there was no use in talking agin it, bedad she consinted at last, and away they set out one fine morning together to return to Syl's parish.

"So far all went on well, but Syl, who had never tasted a morsel of fish all the time he had lived with the Water Queen, began to long for a male of it,—and as the dickens would have it, he thought it would be a good time for him to bring up a dish of fresh fish to his mother; so taking his advantage when the Queen wasn't minding him, packing up her little things in a handkerchief, he cotched a couple of the footmen (them was the silver trouts, gintlemen), and thrust them into his coat pocket unownst.

"When they were all ready, the Queen took Syl Coogan by the hand, and before you could bless yourself, they were standing forninst his own cabin door.

* The great priest, or bishop.

"'God save all here,' says Syl to his mother, who was smoking her pipe on the hearth.

"'God save ye kindly, genteels,' says the ould woman, taking the *dhudeen** from her jaw, and making a curtshey, for how could the crather know her son Syl in all his fine clothes, and his topped boots and carline hat?

"'Mother *asthore*, don't you know me?' says Syl.

"'Och ma *bouchileen bawn*,† Syl, is it yourself is in it? Och *wirra?* Where wor you all this time? And who is this *cailleen oge* you have brought back with you?'

"'Mother, dear, don't be axing me any more questions at the present, but get down half a dozen of geese and plenty of bacon and cabbage for dinner, and run up to Dan Costigan's and tell him to send me five gallons of his best whiskey; and you may as well call on Father Pether, and say that he's wanting down in all haste to marry me to a grand lady.'

"Away scampered the ould woman, and as she went along she tould all the neighbours of Syl's good fortune, and becoorse they came gathering to wish him joy until the house was as full as a bee-hive, all laughing, drinking, and talking together; and there was Syl in the middle of them, with the Queen sitting on his knee, but she kept a white veil over her face, because she was rather shy of the strange people, and Syl was in the heart of a long noration about his thravels when Father Pether's horse stopped at the door. So he went out to make his manners, and while he was helping his reverence off he whispered in his ear that as the warning for marrying him was something of the shortest, he had brought him a dacent fee, at the same time slipping a glove that had as good as twenty guineas tied up in it into the priest's hand.

"'By my breviary! Sylvesther, you're a big *sleeveen*‡ to be coaxing the girls this way; but since you have both set your hearts upon entering the holy state of mathrimony, I wouln't like to see you put to an amplush, and so,' says his reverence, thrusting the glove into his breeches pocket, 'I'll see what I can do for you. Where's the *cailleen?*'

"'Here she is, your reverence,' says Syl, pulling the Queen out of the corner where she was sitting. 'Hould up your head, *asthore machree;* I'll be bail you won't fellow her in the four provinces, and that's a big word. Take off this mischief's veil, *alliannah,* and let his reverence see your purty face.'

"With that Sylvesther took away her veil, and, as I have hard tell, there was not one there that was not knocked all of a heap with the sight of her beauty; but her face was as white as marvel, and her eyes were brighter and darker than ever was seen in mortal head.

"'More power to you, Syl,' says the priest, 'it's yourself made a good choice;—but, come, let us have the dinner at once, for I am getting cruel hungry, and I long to drink both your healths.'

"It wasn't long till the dinner was smoking upon the table; and, afther Father Pether said grace, they fell to work upon the geese and

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* A short pipe. † My white little boy. ‡ A sly fellow.

bacon like thrashers; but Syl didn't touch a morsel of the mate, as he had a longing to begin with the fish he had brought home, which his mother had fried with her own hands. When they were laid before him they looked so nice and brown that his teeth began to water, and he made no more ado, but, sticking his fork into the fattest of them, cut off a large slice, and clapped it into his mouth. But he had hardly touched the bit, when, all at once, the Queen screeched out—'Syl Coogan, you villain, is it ating my footman you are?'

"Poor Syl let his jaws drop, and was going to mollify the Queen, when he persaved that she had vanished suddenly away, and had left him sitting in his ould blue coat and corduroys instead of all the fine clothes he had on him a minute afore.

"To be sure there was wondhering and staring amongst the neighbours at this remarkable incidence, but all *their* wondhering nor all Syl's curses upon every fish that ever swam were of no use; the beautiful Queen never came next or nigh him again.

"Afther that evening Syl Coogan minded nothing but moping about talking of his hard fortune, and bemoaning himself, until the next St. Martin's eve, when he got his *corragh* and went upon the river to look for the Water Queen in the place where he had first seen her. What happened that night no one can tell for a sartainty. Syl's *corragh* was drifted ashore the following morning, but Syl himself never was seen or heard of since. Some of the ould people say that the Queen forgave him, and took him back to her palace; others say that she still kept spite again him, and that she turned him into the big salmon that we call Sylvesther. Any way, gintlemen, if Syl Coogan hadn't been in such a hurry to get married, and had kept his teeth off the Queen's footman, he might have lived and died a king, and his children after him. You may laugh, gintlemen, but ax all the neighbours, and they'll tell you the same."

Our *ciceroné* having concluded his legend, pushed his boat into another part of the river, where Jack Wilson soon succeeded in hooking a fine salmon; which, after affording him considerable sport, he at length succeeded in capturing, to the great gratification of Jim, whose conversation, during the remainder of the day, turned more upon sporting than legendary fables.

MORNING.

THE morning breaks, and, o'er the gleamy woods,
The sun-light pours its ever-burning floods.
But, beauteous morn, how dim to me thou art;
Those eyes that made the day-spring of my heart,
And fill'd my spirit with unmix'd delight,
They are not here to glad me with their light.

Now Nature wakes in song, and from each dell,
And bosky dingle, liquid warblings swell;
The murmur of the falling waters come
Like wand'ring spirits' music, and the hum
Of early bees are soothing to my ear;
But *where* the tender tones I lov'd to hear?

Give back but these—that voice of melody,
That look of love—and earth shall smile for me. HAFED.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S ASTORIA.*

THERE cannot be a more interesting subject of enquiry to the investigator of psychological history than the progressive improvement effected on the human mind by the gregarious propensities of the species. When we look back to the primitive condition of man, as the authentic records of profane and sacred history represent him; when again we consult the testimonies of travellers, and see him as he at present exists in different countries in all the progressive states of moral cultivation—from that of the naked savage to the more enviable condition of the personally free denizen of a continental despotism,—and compare all these improvements with our own state that so much more nearly approaches the acmé of moral perfection, —namely, *self-government*,—we cannot avoid the remark that there is much matter for the study of the moralist. Nor is the general reader indifferent to the interest of such enquiries. There is a feeling of curiosity deeply ingrafted on human nature,—a certain desire of knowledge that makes it delightful to a man to know, and disquieting to him to know imperfectly, while any thing remains in his power that can make his knowledge more accurate or comprehensive. It is this desire of stepping from the known to the unknown, which rivets the attention of the child to the recital of a nursery legend, and the gratification of his infant curiosity produces a pleasure which stimulates him to the further pursuit of the unknown. What the nursery legend is to the child, the romance, the drama, the book of travels is to the graver years of manhood. It was such a feeling that bid Brabantio oft invite Othello and question him the story of his life ; and, urged by a like prospective emotion, Desdemona would seriously incline and with a greedy ear devour up the Moor's discourse—

> Of antres vast and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
> And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
> The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Neither is it necessary even in this utilitarian and matter-of-fact generation, that even in the absence of truth probability should be substituted for it. What pleases more than a fairy-tale ? When will the thousand-and-one-nights cease to be the delight of young and old ? Who will deny to the fairy legends of Ireland their proper meed of praise ? And what refined taste can reject the *grim* tales of Germany ? No, they must be read ; they must be admired, and enthusiastically admired, as long as human nature continues what it is. The whisk of a comet, a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic, or an alteration in the laws of gravity may modify, change, or destroy the order of moral as well as material nature ; but while man con-

* " Astoria,—or Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains," by Washington Irving. 3 vols. Bentley.

Our readers will derive much assistance in understanding this excellent work from the consultation of the maps entitled ' British North America,' and ' Index Map of the United States' of the Sos. of U. Knowledge.

tinues such as he is and ever has been, notwithstanding all the changes superinduced by cultivation, this desire of knowledge (of what kind it matters not, for that must be decided by individual character and by education) must continue to exercise its sovereign and beneficial influence on society.

> For such the bounteous providence of heaven,
> In every breast implanting this desire
> Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
> With unremitted labour to pursue
> Those sacred stores that wait the rip'ning soul
> In truth's exhaustless bosom. AKENSIDE.

To trace the various modes in which this emotion is expressed in different individuals is not our present purpose. We content ourselves with having laid down the physical principles of the human constitution, to which we owe our love of the unknown and the marvellous; and proceed at once to remark, that there cannot be a more eligible mode of indulging this passion than by listening, like Brabantio's daughter, to the moving accidents by flood and field, recited in the travel's history of those who have crossed the Asiatic desert, or penetrated into the far-west of the American continent. The scenery is new, the adventures are new, the state of society is altogether different from that to which we are accustomed: there is all that can stimulate curiosity, and nothing that can offend the most scrupulous regard for truth and probability.

Our readers after so long a preamble will be inclined to say, What has become of Astoria and its author? Well, we proceed to introduce it; but a difficulty occurs as to what we shall call it. Think not, beloved readers, that we are going to mince up a three-volume romance and serve up to you the *disjecti membra poetæ* as another Thyestæan banquet. What then, ask ye, is Astoria? The reader will never guess; and so we shall forthwith enlighten him ourselves. It is not a legendary history of a Dutch town in America,—it is not a story of *bonhommie* and unreserved merriment like Braceridge Hall,—it is not a tale or a series of tales of sentiment such as we see in the pages of the Sketch-book,—it is not the description and history of another gorgeous Alhambra; it is quite *sui generis*, and claims for its author a new ground of distinction. The book before us is a very happy and spirited description of the rise, progress, and failure of a great commercial enterprise set on foot by a munificent trader of New York (Mr. J. J. Astor), having for its object to carry the fur trade across the Rocky Mountains, and to sweep the shores of the Pacific. Without answering the reader's question similar to that of the child after the relation of a nursery-tale of horrors—*Is it true, Mamma?* we proceed at once to give a somewhat detailed and perhaps prosaic account of the adventurers, and of all their "most disastrous chances."

Mr. Irving introduces his subject by a short history of Canadian commerce, and remarks particularly that the rich peltries of the north and the precious metals of the south are the two leading objects of commercial gain, that have given birth to wide and daring enterprise in the early history of the Americans.

"It was the fur trade, in fact, which gave early sustenance and vitality to

the great Canadian provinces. Being destitute of the precious metals, they were long neglected by the parent country. The French, however, who had settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence, soon found that in the rich peltries of the interior they had sources of wealth that might almost rival the mines of Mexico and Peru. The Indians, as yet unacquainted with the artificial value given to some descriptions of furs in civilized life, brought quantities of the most precious kinds, and bartered them away for European trinkets and cheap commodities. Immense profits were thus made by the early traders, and the traffic was pursued with avidity.

"As the valuable furs soon became scarce in the neighbourhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to take a wider range in their huntings; they were generally accompanied by some of the traders or their dependants, who shared the toils and perils of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the best hunting and trapping grounds, and with the remote tribes, whom they encouraged to bring their peltries to the settlements. In this way the trade augmented, and was drawn from remote quarters to Montreal. Every now and then a large body of Ottawas, Hurons, and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the great lakes, would come down in squadrons of light canoes laden with beaver skins and other spoils of their year's hunting. The canoes would be unladen, taken on shore, and their contents deposited in order. A camp of birch bark would be pitched outside the town, and a kind of primitive fair opened with that grave ceremonial so dear to the Indians. An audience would be demanded of the governor-general, who would hold a conference with becoming state, seated in an elbow chair, with the Indians ranged in semicircles before him, seated on the ground, and silently smoking their pipes. Speeches would be made, presents exchanged, and the audience break up in universal good humour. Now would ensue a brisk traffic with the merchants, and all Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop bargaining for knives, kettles, axes, blankets, &c.; upon all which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear at least two hundred per cent. There was no money used in this traffic; and after a time all payment in spirituous liquors was prohibited in consequence of the frantic excesses and bloody broils they were apt to occasion. Their wants and caprices being supplied, they would take leave of the governor, strike their tents, launch their canoes, and ply their way up the Ottawa to the lakes.

"A new and anomalous class of men gradually grew out of this trade. These were called *coureurs des bois*, originally men who had accompanied the Indians in their huntings, and made themselves acquainted with remote tracts and tribes, and who now became, as it were, pedlars of the wilderness. These men would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the mazy and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the natives. Sometimes they sojourn for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy felicity of Frenchmen, adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives. Twelve, fifteen, eighteen months would often elapse without any tidings of them, when they would come sweeping their way down the Ottawa in full glee, their canoes laden down with packs of beaver-skins. Now came their turn for revelry and extravagance. They lavish, eat, drink, and play all away as long as the goods hold out; and, when these are gone, they even sell their embroidery, lace, and clothes. This done, they are forced on a new voyage for subsistence.

"Many of these *coureurs des bois* became so accustomed to the Indian mode of living and the perfect freedom of the wilderness, that they lost all relish for civilization, and identified themselves with the savages among whom they dwelt, or could only be distinguished from them by superior licentious-

ness. Their conduct and example gradually corrupted the natives and impeded the work of the Catholic missionaries. To check these abuses, and to protect the fur trade from various irregularities practised by these loose adventurers, an order was issued by the French government prohibiting all persons on pain of death from trading in the interior without a license. These licenses were granted in writing by the governor-general, and were given at first only to persons of respectability. Each license permitted the fitting out of two large canoes with merchandise for the lakes; and no more than twenty-five licenses were to be issued in one year. By degrees, however, private licenses were also granted; and the number rapidly increased. Those who did not choose to fit out expeditions themselves were permitted to sell them to the merchants; these employed the *coureurs des bois* to undertake the long voyages on shares; and thus the abuses of the old system were revived and continued.

"At length it was found necessary to establish fortified posts at the confluence of the river and lakes for the protection of the trade, and the restraint of these profligates of the wilderness. The most important of these was at Michilmackinac, situate on the strait of the same name, which connects lakes Huron and Michigan. It became the great interior mart and place of deposit, and some of the regular merchants, who prosecuted the trade in person under their licenses, formed establishments here. This, too, was a rendezvous for the rangers of the woods, as well for those who came up with goods from Montreal as for those who returned with peltries from the interior. Here new expeditions were fitted out, and took their departure for lake Michigan and the Mississippi,—lake Superior and the north-west; and here the peltries brought in return were embarked for Montreal."—Vol. i. pp. 2—10.

The successes of the French adventurers, however, stimulated rivalry. The British merchants of New York and the Hudson Bay Company were for a long time troublesome competitors of the old traders, whose fortunes were still further broken up in 1762 by the cession of Canada to the English. When the trade revived it was pursued by individual merchants, who allowed the interchange of spirituous liquors among the natives, the consequences of which were scenes of drunkenness, brutality, and brawl in the Indian villages and around the trading houses. To suppress such irregularities, a partnership of merchants at Montreal formed the great "North-west Company" in 1787; and this trading body for a long time held sovereign sway over the lakes and forests of Canada. The partners, twenty-three in number, resided part of them at Montreal or Quebec; part, together with a numerous retinue of clerks, voyageurs, &c., at various posts in the interior. The luxury in which these partners indulged in their remote abodes, and especially at their great trading meetings, is well described hy Mr. Irving. This gigantic corporation met with opposition in their turn, and a rival association was established to carry on trade in countries to the south of those before visited, called the Michilmackinac or Mackinaw Company, who sent forth their light perogues and barks by Green Bay, Fox River, and Osconsin, to that great artery of the west, the Mississippi, and down that river to all its tributary streams. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the United States did not look on with indifference. As soon as their new government had assumed a degree of regularity, and a certain security had been gained for property, the merchants of the Union sought to rival the English by opening a commercial communication with the Indians. The efforts of Government failed, but the keen activity of private enter-

prise succeeded so far as to build up for its originator a princely fortune, and to establish a mighty influence, both of which were afterwards employed in supporting the expedition which it is the business of these volumes to describe. Mr. John Jacob Astor, a German, from near Heidelberg, after a short commercial career in London, went over to America in 1783, and, by accidental circumstances, was induced to embark his little property in furs, a cargo of which he brought to England the following year, and sold so advantageously as to induce him to engage seriously in that course of trade. In 1795, in consequence of a new treaty between England and the United States, Mr. Astor made a contract with the North-west Company that enabled him to import the furs of Canada to New York for reshipment to China and other parts; and by thus carrying on a foreign trade, he, in ten or a dozen years, amassed a princely fortune. Still he found in the Mackinaw Company an overwhelming influence that crippled his exertions to carry on a successful fur-trade in the interior. In such circumstances the enterprising and ambitious merchant requested the aid and protection of the government; and under their countenance was incorporated, in 1809, the "American Fur Company," the capital of which was wholly furnished by Mr. Astor, who also directed all its measures. In 1811 he bought out the Mackinaw Company, and merged it with his own into a new association, called the "South-west Company." The war of 1812 suspended, and the subsequent peace broke up this association. During this busy period the discovery of the western coast of North America had been making successful progress, under the direction of Gray, Vancouver, Carver, Mackenzie, Lewis, and Clarke; and the idea began to be entertained of the practicability of establishing a communication overland between the two great oceans. Mr. Astor's aspiring genius induced the wish of grasping with his individual hands this great enterprise.

"The main feature of his scheme was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts would be established in the interior, and on all the tributary streams of the Columbia, to trade with the Indians: these posts would draw their supplies from the main establishment, and bring to it the peltries they collected. Coasting craft would be built and fitted out also at the mouth of the Columbia, to trade, at favourable seasons, all along the north-west coast, and return with the proceeds of their voyages to this place of deposite. Thus all the Indian trade, both of the interior and of the coast, would converge to this point, and thence derive its sustenance. A ship was to be sent annually from New York to this main establishment with reinforcements and supplies, and with merchandises suited to the trade. It would take on board the furs collected during the preceding year, carry them to Canton, invest the proceeds in the rich merchandise of China, and return thus freighted to New York."—Vol. i. p. 44.

President Jefferson and the American cabinet warmly approved Mr. Astor's plans, and he forthwith proceeded to put them into execution, notwithstanding the threatened opposition of the North-west Company. Three discontented employés of the North-west Company, Messrs. M'Kay, M'Dougal, and M'Kenzie, easily embraced his handsome offers; and at the head of the enterprise, and as the representative of the merchant himself, was placed Mr. Wilson Price

Hunt, of New Jersey. On June 23, 1810, articles were drawn up between Mr. Astor and these four gentlemen, constituting them the "Pacific Fur Company," with a stock divided into a hundred shares, half of which were to be the merchants', half to be divided between the adventurers and any associates chosen by them; Mr. Astor to pay every expense of outfit, &c. and to bear all losses for five years.

Two expeditions were deemed necessary to the success of this great commercial scheme; one by sea, the other by land. The latter, which was to proceed up the Missouri and over the Rocky Mountains, was headed by Mr. Hunt. For the former a fine ship called the Tonquin was provided and well fitted out for its peculiar employment, and the services of Lieutenant Thorn, of the United States navy, were engaged as her commander. His strict views of naval discipline, so much at variance with the self-sufficiency and love of ease expressed by Messrs. M'Kay and M'Dougal (men who, according to their account, "cared for neither wind nor weather, could live hard, lie hard, sleep hard,—eat dogs"), led to some amusing scenes of bickering, described with the *naïveté* and quaintness so peculiar to the excellent Mr. Knickerbocker.* As servants in the naval expedition there were twelve clerks, several artizans for the supply of the projected colony, and thirteen Canadian voyageurs, of whose manners we offer a part of Mr. Irving's own graphic description.

"The 'voyageurs' form a kind of confraternity in the Canadas, like the *arrieros* or carriers of Spain, and, like them, are employed in long internal expeditions of travel and traffic: with this difference, that the arrieros travel by land, the voyageurs by water; the former with mules and horses, the latter with batteaux and canoes.

"The dress of the people is generally half-civilized, half-savage. They wear a capot or surcoat, made of a blanket, a striped cotton shirt, cloth trousers, or leather leggings, moccasins of deer skin, and a belt of variegated worsted, from which are suspended the knife, tobacco pouch, and other implements. Their language is of the same piebald character, being a French patois, embroidered with Indian and English words and phrases.

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* We cannot better explain the cause of difference between the parties than by stating the character of each in the author's own words:—"Captain Thorn was an honest straight-forward commander, who, having been nurtured in the system of a ship-of-war, was disposed to be absolute lord on board his ship. He appears, moreover, to have had no great opinion from the first of the persons embarked with him. He had stood by with surly contempt while they vaunted so bravely of all they could undergo—how they could face all weathers, put up with all kinds of fare, and even eat dogs with a relish. He had set them down as a set of land lubbers and braggadocios, and was disposed to treat them accordingly. Mr. Astor was in his eyes his only real employer, who furnished all funds and bore all losses. The others were mere agents and subordinates. He evidently had but a narrow idea of the scope of the enterprise, limiting his views merely to his part of it—every thing beyond the ship was out of his sphere, and any thing that interfered with his nautical duties put him in a passion. The partners, on the other hand, had been brought up in the service of the North-west Company, and in a profound idea of the importance of a partner. They already began to consider themselves on a par with the magnates of the North-west, and they were, perhaps, a little disposed to wear their suddenly acquired honours with some air of pretension. Mr. Astor, too, had put them on their mettle with respect to their captain, describing him as a gunpowder fellow, who would command his ship in fine style, and, in case of any fighting, would blow all out of the water."—Vol. i. pp. 73—75.

"The voyageurs are generally of French descent, and inherit much of the gaiety and lightness of heart of their ancestors, being full of anecdote and song, and ever ready for the dance. They inherit, too, a fund of civility and complaisance; and, instead of that hardness and grossness which men in laborious life are apt to indulge towards each other, they are mutually obliging and accommodating; interchanging kind offices, yielding each other assistance and comfort in every emergency, and using the familiar appellations of 'cousin' and 'brother,' when there is in fact no relationship. Their natural good-will is heightened by a community of adventure and hardship in their precarious and wandering life.

"No men are more submissive to their leaders and employers, more capable of enduring hardship, or more good-humoured under privations. Never are they so happy as when on long and rough expeditions, toiling up rivers or coasting lakes; encamping at night on the borders, gossiping round their fires, and bivouacking in the open air. They are dexterous boatmen, vigorous and adroit with the oar and paddle, and will row from morning unto night without a murmur. The steersman often sings an old traditionary French song, with some regular burden in which they all join, keeping time with their oars. If at any time they flag in spirits or relax in exertions, it is but necessary to strike up a song of the kind to put them all in fresh spirits and activity The Canadian waters are vocal with these little French chansons, that have been echoed from mouth to mouth and transmitted from father to son, from the earliest days of the colony; and it has a pleasing effect, in a still golden summer evening, to see a bateau gliding across the bosom of a lake and dipping its oars to the cadence of these quaint old ditties, or sweeping along, in full chorus, on a bright sunny morning, down the transparent current of one of the Canadian rivers. But we are talking of things that are fast fading away. The march of mechanical invention is driving every thing poetical before it. The steam-boats, which are fast dispelling the wildness and romance of our lakes and rivers, and aiding to subdue the world into common-place, are proving as fatal to the race of Canadian voyageurs as they have been to the boatmen on the Mississippi. Their glory is departed."—Vol. i. p. 60—64.

On the 8th of September, 1810, the Tonquin set sail. Without delaying our readers by a recital of all the désagréments between the stickler for naval discipline and the lubberly fresh-water sailors of the lakes, and passing with some unwillingness over the scenes enacted in Hawaii and others of the Sandwich Islands, which are full of genuine humour, we pass at once to the arrival of the adventurers at the Columbia or Oregon river; at whose mouth,—that is, at point George, they founded their trading house on April 12, 1811,—to which, as the embryo metropolis of the new colony, they gave the appropriate name of Astoria. The various stores in the ensuing month were disembarked; and, after various delays, on the 5th of June the Tonquin set sail on a coasting expedition northward, leaving Mr. M'Dougal and his followers to their own resources and the mercy of the natives and the north-westers. Alas! the gallant ship sunk for ever on the horizon of the land-party. In the harbour of Newetee the perfidious natives worked on the temper of the precise Captain Thorn: a quarrel ensued—the savages overpowered and massacred the adventurers, who met their death like heroes. One solitary interpreter conveyed the tidings to Astoria. Other causes of disquietude had occurred to Mr. M'Dougal and his followers, but they were struck with a dismay at this disastrous intelligence that almost paralyzed their exertions. We here leave for the present the settlers at Astoria; but

we cannot refrain from exhibiting Mr. Irving's description of a beaver-trapper who came to seek his fortune among the new settlers.

"Brugiere was of a class of beaver-trappers and hunters, technically called freemen in the language of the traders. They are generally Canadians by birth, and of French descent, who have been employed for a term of years by some fur company, but their term being expired, continue to hunt and trap on their own account, trading with the company like the Indians. Hence they derive their appellation of freemen, to distinguish them from the trappers who are bound for a number of years, and receive wages, or hunt on shares.

"Having passed their early youth in the wilderness, separated almost entirely from civilized man, and in frequent intercourse with the Indians, they lapse, with a facility common to human nature, into the habitudes of savage life. Though no longer bound by engagements to continue in the interior, they have become so accustomed to the freedom of the forest and the prairie, that they look back with repugnance upon the restraints of civilization. Most of them intermarry with the natives, and, like the latter, have often a plurality of wives. Wanderers of the wilderness, according to the vicissitudes of the seasons, the migrations of animals, and the plenty or scarcity of game, they lead a precarious and unsettled existence; exposed to sun and storm, and all kinds of hardships, until they resemble the Indians in complexion as well as in tastes and habits. From time to time they bring the peltries they have collected to the trading houses of the company in whose employ they have been brought up. Here they traffic them away for such articles of merchandise or ammunition as they may stand in need of. At the time when Montreal was the great emporium of the fur trade, one of these freemen of the wilderness would suddenly return after an absence of many years among his old friends and comrades. He would be greeted as one risen from the dead; and with the greater welcome, as he returned flush of money. A short time, however, spent in revelry, would be sufficient to drain his purse and sate him with civilized life, and he would return with new relish to the unshackled freedom of the forest.

"Numbers of men of this class were scattered throughout the north-west territories. Some of them retained a little of the thrift and forethought of the civilized man, and became wealthy among their improvident neighbours; their wealth being chiefly displayed in large bands of horses, which covered the prairies in the vicinity of their abodes. Most of them, however, were prone to assimilate to the red man in their heedlessness of the future."—Vol. i. pp. 194—197.

The land expedition up the Missouri (which by the way is prior in point of the time of its commencement) was headed by Mr. Wilson Price Hunt, the destined head of the Columbian colony—a man of great integrity and amiableness, but unfortunately not practically and personally acquainted with the Indian trade; and with him was associated Mr. Donald M'Kenzie, an experienced woodsman and Indian trader. After engaging the requisite band of voyageurs and fitting out a canoe, they set out from Montreal up the Ottowa to Michalmackinac, where they arrived on the 22d of July, 1810, and whence, after sundry delays and annoyances that are wittily described by the author, they set out on the 12th of August by the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and down the Mississippi to St. Louis, which they reached on the 3d of September. Here they first felt the opposition of the Missouri Company—a source of much subsequent annoyance. The party proceeded up the Missouri in three boats, overcoming with patient toil all those obstacles offered by the rapidity and turbulence of the river; and on the 16th of November they arrived at the mouth of

the Nodowa (or Naudaway), where they fixed their winter quarters in the midst of a good hunting country. The party was here increased by the addition of M'Lellan,—a trader of the Missouri, John Day, a Virginian backwood hunter, and a reinforcement of interpreters, guides, and naturalists, brought up by Mr. Hunt from St. Louis early in the spring. The Sioux interpreter Pierre Dorion is quite an original of his kind, and as he plays a conspicuous part in these volumes, we may be excused for presenting to our readers Mr. Irving's portrait of him.

"The individual in question was a half-bred and a striking specimen of the hybrid race on the frontier. He was the son of Dorion, the interpreter who accompanied Lewis and Clarke in their famous expedition across the Rocky Mountains. Old Dorion was one of those French creoles descendants of the ancient Canadian stock who abound on the western frontier and amalgamate or cohabit with the savages. He had sojourned among various tribes, and perhaps left progeny among them all; but his regular wife was a Sioux squaw. By her he had a hopeful brood of hybrid sons, of whom Pierre was one. The domestic affairs of old Dorion were conducted on the true Indian plan. Father and sons would occasionally get drunk together, and then the cabin was a scene of ruffianly broil and fighting, in the course of which the old Frenchman was apt to get soundly belaboured by his mongrel offspring. In a ferocious scuffle of this kind one of the sons got the old man on the ground and was on the point of scalping him. 'Hold, my son,' cried the old fellow, in imploring accents, 'you are too brave, too *honourable* to scalp your father.' This last appeal touched the French side of the half-bred's heart, so he suffered the old man to wear his scalp unharmed. Of this hopeful stock was Pierre Dorion, the man whom it was Mr. Hunt's wish to engage as an interpreter. He had been employed in that capacity by the Missouri Fur Company the preceding year, and had conducted their trading in safety through the different tribes of Sioux. He had proved himself faithful and serviceable while sober, but the love of liquor, in which he had been nurtured, would occasionally break out, and with it the savage side of his character. It was this love of liquor which had embroiled him with the Missouri Company."—Vol. i. p. 234.

Late in April 1811 Mr. Hunt's party, which had now swelled to sixty persons, of whom five were partners, one a clerk named Reed, forty Canadian *voyageurs*, and the rest hunters, resumed their voyage up the river, and on the 28th passed the mouth of the Platte. On the 10th of May they encamped at the Omaha village, more than 800 miles above the mouth of the Missouri, where they stayed five days. Contenting ourselves with the mere mention of the interesting anecdotes given of this tribe, we must accompany the adventurers on their course, which henceforward was not without peril from the Sioux Tétons—the pirates of the Missouri. On the 31st of May, the day before passing the great bend of the river, Mr. Hunt and his party were surprised by a large war-party troop of 600 Sioux warriors who gave unequivocal signs of hostility, which was only disarmed by the firm and prudent conduct of the leading trader. The Sioux in the end, on condition that the traders will not aid the Mandans—their enemies, allow them to pass unmolested. After a few annoyances—partly from the natives, partly from some intractables of the trading crew, partly from Mr. Lisa, the agent of the Missouri Company, Mr. Hunt's canoes reach a part of the river near which is a village of

the Aricara, or Rickaree tribe, with the chiefs of which the voyagers hold a council attended with ceremonials not materially differing from those of the other Indian tribes. During their stay here a battle was fought between the Aricaras and the Sioux, in which the former were victorious. A native triumph, the never-failing result of a successful encounter, is well described from the observation of the voyagers.

"It was near noon that a mingled sound of voices and rude music faintly heard from a distance gave notice that the procession was on the march. The old men and such of the squaws as could leave their employments hastened forth to meet it. In a little while it emerged from behind the hill, and had a wild and picturesque appearance as it came moving over the summit in measured step, and to the cadence of songs and savage instruments; the warlike standard and trophies floating aloft, and the feathers and paint and silver ornaments of the warriors glittering in the sunshine.

"The pageant had really something imposing and chivalrous in its arrangement. The Aricaras were divided into several bands, each bearing the name of some animal or bird—as the buffalo, the bear, the dog, the pheasant. The present party consisted of four bands, one of which was the dog, the most esteemed in war, being composed of young men under thirty, and noted for prowess. The bands marched in separate bodies under their several leaders. The warriors on foot came first in platoons of twelve or fifteen abreast, then the horsemen. Each band bore an ensign—a spear or bow decorated with beads, porcupine-quills, and painted feathers. Each bore his trophies of scalps elevated on poles, their long black locks streaming in the wind. Each was accompanied by its rude music and minstrelsy. In this way the procession extended nearly a quarter of a mile. The warriors were variously armed, some few with guns, others with bows and arrows and war clubs. All had shields of buffalo hide, a kind of defence generally used by the Indians of the open prairies, who had not the covert of trees and forests to protect them. They were painted in the most savage style. Some had the stamp of a red hand across their mouths,—a sign that they had drunk the life-blood of a foe.

"As they drew near the village the old men and the women began to meet them; and now a scene ensued which proved the fallacy of the old fable of Indian apathy and stoicism. Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters met with the most rapturous expressions of joy; while wailings and lamentations were heard from the relatives of the killed and wounded. The procession, however, continued on with slow and measured steps in cadence to the solemn chant, and the warriors maintained their fixed and stern demeanour.

"Between two of the principal chiefs rode a young warrior who had distinguished himself in the battle. He was severely wounded, so as with difficulty to keep on his horse; but he preserved a serene and steadfast countenance, as if perfectly unharmed. His mother, who had heard of his condition, broke through the throng, and rushing up, threw her arms round him and wept aloud. He kept up the spirit and demeanour of a warrior to the last, but expired shortly after he had reached his home.

"The village was now a scene of the utmost festivity and triumph. The banners, and trophies, and scalps, and painted shields, were elevated on poles near the lodges. There were war-feasts and scalp-dances, with warlike songs and savage music; all the inhabitants were arrayed in their festal dresses; while the old heralds went round from lodge to lodge, promulgating with loud voices the events of the battle, and the exploits of the various warriors."—Vol. ii. pp. 50—53.

The Aricaras were seated on the frontiers of the great western desert,—that natural barrier which is opposed to the communication of civilization to the inhabitants west of the Rocky Mountains. Of the

various perils and hardships which Mr. Astor's land adventurers encountered it will not be in our power to give a connected account. We shall just sketch out the rugged track of the adventurous traders over the mountains and down the western rivers, until their arrival at Astoria with all the brevity that is necessary to an analysis confined within the limits of a few pages.

We preface this short sketch of the adventurers' track with Mr. Irving's description of the great American desert.

"While Mr. Hunt was diligently preparing for his arduous journey, some of his men began to lose heart at the perilous prospect before them. But before we accuse them of want of spirit, it is proper to consider the nature of the wilderness into which they were about to adventure. It was a region almost as vast and trackless as the ocean, and, at the time of which we treat, but little known, excepting through the vague accounts of Indian hunters. A part of their route would lie across an immense tract stretching north and south for hundreds of miles along the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the tributary streams of the Missouri and the Mississippi. This region, which resembles one of the immeasurable steppes of Asia, has not inaptly been termed 'the great American Desert.' It spreads forth into undulating and treeless plains and desolate sandy wastes, wearisome to the eye from their extent and monotony, and which are supposed by geologists to have formed the ancient floor of the ocean, countless ages since, when its primæval waves beat against the granite bases of the Rocky Mountains.

"It is a land where no man permanently abides; for, in certain seasons of the year, there is no food either for the hunter or his steed. The herbage is parched and withered, the brooks and streams are dried up: the buffalo, the elk, and deer, have wandered to distant parts, keeping within the verge of expiring verdure, and leaving behind them a vast uninhabited solitude, seamed by ravines the beds of former torrents, but now serving only to tantalize and increase the thirst of the traveller.

"Occasionally the monotony of this vast wilderness is interrupted by mountainous belts of sand and limestone, broken into confused masses, with precipitous cliffs and yawning ravines, looking like the ruins of a world; or is traversed by lofty and barren ridges of rock, almost impassable, like those denominated the Black Hills. Beyond these rise the stern barriers of the Rocky Mountains, the limits, as it were, of the Atlantic world. The rugged defiles and deep valleys of this vast chain form sheltering-places for restless and ferocious bands of savages, many of them the remnants of tribes once inhabitants of the prairies, but broken up by war and violence, and who carry into their mountain haunts the fierce passions and reckless habits of desperadoes."—Vol. ii. pp. 55—57.

It is not surprising that the jealous insinuations of Mr. Lisa's people with respect to the dangers to be apprehended from the Indian tribes and privation worked with very unfavourable effect on the Canadian members of Mr. Hunt's party.

From the Aricara village Mr. Hunt's party thinned by the secession of some of the less resolute members began their expedition by land over the great ridge of America. Their cavalcade consisted at first of eighty-two horses, most of which were employed to carry the necessary baggage of the travellers; and nearly all of them, alas, fell a prey to their starving appetites during the journey. In the mountains they met with a marauding tribe of Indians—the Crows, by whose bullying pertinacity they were much harassed during some days. After enduring many hardships, they arrived on

the 16th of September at the head-waters of one of the western streams—the Colorado, on whose banks a plenty was enjoyed that recompensed them for their previous troubles and privations. Little did they then dream of the hardships and perils yet to be encountered by them in the frightful wilderness between them and the Pacific. The travellers on the 24th reached one of the southern head-waters of the Columbia,—the Mad river, whose rugged track, however, they left for a shorter and easier passage across the mountains. On their arrival at Fort Henry, a deserted log hut, four of the party went off on a trapping expedition, and the rest prepared canoes to descend by water to the main stream of the Columbia.* On the 18th of October fifteen boats, paddled by the voyageurs, descended into the Snake river, a stream whose headlong and broken course proved the cause of many disasters. Obliged to desert their canoes after a voyage of more than three hundred miles from Fort Henry, and pursuing their forlorn journey over an unknown and rugged tract, they saw the need of lessening their baggage, and accordingly they set to work to prepare *caches* in which to deposit their superfluous property. Mr. Irving's description will explain much better than our own briefer definition.

"A *cache* is a term common among traders and hunters to designate a hiding-place for provisions and effects; and it requires the utmost skill to render these places of concealment invisible to the lynx eye of an Indian.

"The first care is to seek out a proper situation, which is generally some dry, low bank of clay, on the margin of a water-course. As soon as the precise spot is pitched upon, blankets, saddle-cloths, and other coverings, are spread over the surrounding grass and bushes, to prevent foot tracks, or any other derangement; and as few hands as possible are employed. A circle of about two feet in diameter is then nicely cut in the sod, which is carefully removed, with the loose soil immediately beneath it, and laid aside in a place where it will be safe from any thing that may change its appearance. The uncovered area is then digged perpendicularly to the depth of about three feet, and is then gradually widened so as to form a conical chamber six or seven feet deep. The whole of the earth displaced by this process, being of a different colour from that on the surface, is handed up in a vessel, and heaped

* The territory of Oregon (defined by a treaty with Spain in 1821) stretches across the Pacific nearly 900 miles, and comprises an area of about 440,000 square miles. This extensive region is drained by the numerous affluents of one great river—the Columbia. Its extreme northern source is laid down in 54 degrees north, and 117 degrees 2 minutes west. After flowing southward for 400 miles it unites with Clarke's river. The main stream then assumes a S.W. course for 200 miles, and then receives Louis river. In latitude 46 degrees north the river turns westward, in which direction it flows for 300 miles, till it reaches the Pacific. Louis river, which, rising in north latitude 40 degrees and west longitude 107 degrees, runs north-west for about 650 miles, and then westward into the main stream, is the largest affluent, and is upwards of 800 miles long. "The remote region of Oregon," says Mr. Darby, in his View of the United States, "appears at present as if on another planet. A line drawn across the United States from Cape Hatteras to the mouth of the Columbia would measure 2700 miles, nd the middle point of such a line would be found in the valley of the Missouri, 200 miles from Council Bluffs. St. Louis, on the Mississippi, is not one-third of the distance from Cape Hatteras to the mouth of the Columbia; and if the whole surface were inhabited and politically organized, the capital, if central, would stand upwards of 600 miles N.W. of St. Louis. When such a route is opened and becomes generally practicable, it will in its interminable range and ramifications realize in America a picture similar to the vast inland commercial roads and channels of Asia."

into a skin or cloth, in which it is conveyed to the stream and thrown into the midst of the current, that it may be entirely carried off. Should the cache not be formed in the vicinity of a stream, the earth thus thrown up is carried to a distance, and scattered in such a manner as not to leave the minutest trace. The cave being formed, is well lined with dry grass, bark, sticks, and poles, and occasionally a dried hide. The property intended to be hidden is then laid in, after having been well aired: a hide is spread over it, and dried grass, brush, and stones, thrown in, and trampled down until the pit is filled to the neck; the loose soil, which had been put aside, is then brought, and rammed down firmly, to prevent its caving in, and is frequently sprinkled with water, to destroy the scent, lest the wolves and bears should be attracted to the place, and root up the concealed treasure. When the neck of the cache is nearly level with the surrounding surface, the sod is again fitted in with the utmost exactness, and any bushes, stocks, or stones, that may have originally been about the spot, are restored to their former places. The blankets and other coverings are then removed from the surrounding herbage: all tracks are obliterated: the grass is gently raised by the hand to its natural position, and the minutest chip or straw is scrupulously gleaned up and thrown into the stream. After all is done, the place is abandoned for the night, and, if all be right next morning, is not visited again until there be a necessity for re-opening the cache. Four men are sufficient in this way to conceal the amount of three tons weight of provision or merchandise in the course of two days."—Vol. ii. pp. 183—186.

The party, now divided into two companies, set out on the 9th of November on their several courses,—Mr. Hunt, Pierre Dorion, and eighteen others keeping on the right bank,—Mr. Crook and the others pursuing their journey along the left or southern bank. Eight weeks of disaster, privation, and almost literal starvation, at length brought the weary explorers to a more genial climate and to comfortable quarters among the Sciatoga Indians on the banks of the Umatella, an important tributary of the Columbia, whose long sought waters were at length reached on the 21st of January 1812, after six months of perilous wayfaring over seventeen hundred miles. We hurry on to the happy meeting of the two parties—Mr. Hunt's landsmen and the passengers of the ill-fated Tonquin at Astoria.

"On the afternoon of the 15th of February, the canoes swept round an intervening cape, and came in sight of the infant settlement of Astoria. After eleven months' wandering in the wilderness, a great part of the time over trackless wastes, where the sight of a savage wigwam was a rarity, we may imagine the delight of the poor weatherbeaten travellers, at beholding the embryo establishment, with its magazines, habitations, and picketed bulwarks, seated on a high point of land, dominating a beautiful little bay, in which was a trimbuilt shallop riding quietly at anchor. A shout of joy burst from each canoe at the long wished for sight. They urged their canoes across the bay, and pulled with eagerness for shore, where all hands poured down from the settlement to receive and welcome them. Among the first to greet them on their landing, were some of their old comrades and fellow-sufferers, who, under the conduct of Reed, M'Lellan, and M'Kenzie, had parted from them at the Caldron Linn. These had reached Astoria nearly a month previously, and, judging from their own narrow escape from starvation, had given up Mr. Hunt and his followers as lost. Their greeting was the more warm and cordial. As to the Canadian voyageurs, their mutual felicitations, as usual, were loud and vociferous, and it was almost ludicrous to behold these ancient 'comrades' and 'confrères' hugging and kissing each other on the river bank."—Vol. ii. p. 260.

Leaving these newly-met friends to all the pleasures of their merry meeting, and leaving our readers to guess the manner in which the various parties would enjoy their reunion,—we pass at once to the intermediate speculations of Mr. Astor—the great speculator whose almost inexhaustible funds defrayed all the expenses of these great undertakings. Another part of Mr. Astor's plan was to fit out an expedition able to furnish the Americo-Russian colonists with supplies; in order to forward which, agents were sent to the Russian capital in the spring of 1811: and he next despatched his yearly ship to the Pacific, with the view of strengthening the interest already formed on that coast. This vessel—the Beaver under Captain Sowle—first touched at the Sandwich Islands, where unpleasant tidings were heard respecting the Tonquin, and this intelligence led them sooner than their intentions to the mouth of the Columbia on the 9th of May, 1812. The arrival of the Beaver cheered the spirits of the Astorians, and infused a new vigour into their movements. Two parties were despatched up the river to establish trading posts above the forks, in such situations as would give them an advantage over the North-west Company; a third set out with supplies to the post on the Oakinazan; and a fourth was commissioned to proceed by land with despatches for Mr. Astor. Of this latter, the chief expedition, which was conducted by Mr. R. Stuart, we shall give some brief account. They, seven in all, left Astoria on the 29th of June, and after tracking the river for a couple of days took a south-eastern course towards the Snake country, the scene of their former hardships. After a weary journeying of five weeks under a burning sun, and on an arid soil, the adventurers reached the Snake river and fell in with a Snake or Shoshonie encampment, who gave tidings of white men supposed to be Mr. Miller and his trapping comrades. One of these Shoshonies followed them in their march. The result of the interview speaks highly for the ingenuity of the Indians, if not for their honesty.

"In the course of the morning, an Indian came galloping after them; Mr. Stuart waited to receive him; no sooner had he come up, than, dismounting and throwing his arms round the neck of Mr. Stuart's horse, he began to kiss and caress the animal, who, on his part, seemed by no means surprised or displeased with his salutation.

"Mr. Stuart, who valued his horse highly, was somewhat annoyed by these transports; the cause of them was soon explained. The Snake said the horse had belonged to him, and been the best in his possession, and that it had been stolen by the Wallah-Wallahs. Mr. Stuart was by no means pleased with this recognition of his steed, nor disposed to admit any claim on the part of its ancient owner. In fact, it was a noble animal, admirably shaped, of free and generous spirit, graceful in every movement, and fleet as an antelope. It was his intention, if possible, to take the horse to New York, and present him to Mr. Astor.

"In the mean time some of the party came up, and immediately recognised in the Snake an old friend and ally. He was, in fact, one of the two guides who had conducted Mr. Hunt's party, in the preceding autumn, across Mad river mountain, to Fort Henry, and who subsequently departed with Mr. Miller and his fellow trappers, to conduct them to a good trapping ground. The reader may recollect that these two trusty Snakes were engaged by Mr. Hunt to return and take charge of the horses which the party intended to leave at Fort Henry, when they should embark in canoes.

"The party now crowded round the Snake, and began to question with eagerness. His replies were somewhat vague, and but partially understood. He told a long story about the horses, from which it appeared that they had been stolen by various wandering bands, and scattered in different directions. The cache, too, had been plundered, and the saddles and other equipments carried off.

"In the course of conversation, the Indian informed them that the route by which Mr. Hunt had crossed the Rocky Mountains was very bad and circuitous, and that he knew one much shorter and easier. Mr. Stuart urged him to accompany them as guide, promising to reward him with a pistol with powder and ball, a knife, an awl, some blue beads, a blanket, and a looking-glass. Such a catalogue of riches was too tempting to be resisted; beside, the poor Snake languished after the prairies; he was tired, he said, of salmon, and longed for buffalo meat, and to have a grand buffalo hunt beyond the mountains. He departed, therefore, with all speed, to get his arms and equipments for the journey, promising to rejoin the party the next day. He kept his word, and, as he no longer said any thing to Mr. Stuart on the subject of the pet horse, they journeyed very harmoniously together; though now and then the Snake would regard his quondam steed with a wistful eye. They had travelled many miles, when they came to a great bend of the river. Here the Snake informed them that, by cutting across the hills, they would save many miles of distance. The route across, however, would be a good day's journey. He advised them, therefore, to encamp here for that night, and set off early in the morning. They took his adviee, though they had come but nine miles that day.

"On the following morning they rose, bright and early, to ascend the hills. On mustering their little party, the guide was missing. They supposed him to be in the neighbourhood, and proceeded to collect the horses. The vaunted steed of Mr. Stuart was not to be found. A suspicion flashed upon his mind. Search for the horse of the Snake! He likewise was gone,—the tracks of two horses, one after the other, were found, making off from the camp. They appeared as if one horse had been mounted, and the other led. They were traced for a few miles above the camp, until they both crossed the river. It was plain the Snake had taken an Indian mode of recovering his horse, having quietly decamped with him in the night."—Vol. iii. pp. 25—30.

The loss of a horse, and one of the best horses in the party,—one too intended for the great nabob, Mr. Astor,—to a corps of adventurers over the hilly regions of the Rocky Mountains, can only be properly estimated by those who have been placed under circumstances equally critical and necessitous. The same day, however, —to balance, as it were, their ill-luck,—they fell in with four of their old comrades, who had left them in their first journey from St. Louis in order to go on a trapping expedition, these gentlemen being yclept Miller, Rezner, Hoback, and Robinson, the latter three being professionals. Passing over the amusing adventures of these accessories we accompany the main party up the Snake river to their arrival at the Salmon falls on the 25th of August, and on the 29th at the Caldron Linn, the scene of so many of their former sufferings, and the immediate neighbourhood of the caches made by Mr. Hunt's direction. With that portion of deposit that had escaped Indian and wolfish curiosity, the three trappers were again equipped, and soon took their congé. The remainder, seven in number, resumed their route up the river and into the mountain regions, where they met with many reverses of fortune from the insolence and robbery of the Crows, and scarcely less from the wilfulness of some members of

their own party. M'Lellan left them and "flung himself off alone in a savage region where solitude itself was dismal, and every encounter with man full of peril." Mr. Crooks fell ill of a fever, and on the 1st of October a halt became absolutely necessary. An "Indian sweat" proved serviceable to the invalid, and on the fifth the party moved onwards. Passing over a fortnight of suffering and almost actual starvation, so intense as almost to remind us of the heart-rending anecdotes of Franklin's Narrative, we retrace them with pleasure in the company of a friendly tribe of Snakes, who however proved to be but Job's comforters to our forlorn wanderers in the desert. On the 19th the refreshed travellers were again on the route, and on the 26th they struck one of the head-waters of the Platte, a branch of the Missouri, near a cataract named by them "The Fiery Narrows." Near this spot on the 2d of November Mr. Stuart determined to fix his winter quarters as being the most eligible in the hilly regions. The land, indeed, appeared one of promise; for they now revelled in abundance. But, alas, how soon was that promise destined to be broken in the sequel! A troop of Indian warriors interrupted the winter festivities, a herd of gourmands who, if not in quality of taste, could in the quantity of consumption more than vie with many of our aldermanic feasters, by whose unwelcome gormandizing the winter stores were consumed, and all their hopes nipped in the bud. The promise of a second visit to such good quarters from such visitants was quite sufficient to set the wanderers again on the move; and accordingly on the 13th of December they with many regrets left their comfortable five weeks' quarters. The weather now became severe, the snow lay deep, but not hard, the frost was severe, timber and fuel became scarce, game scanty; and at length they were without resources. It then became necessary to retrace a three days' journey to a more desirable spot, where on the last day of the year 1812 they fixed their winter quarters. The march was resumed on the 20th of March 1813, and continued for upwards of a hundred miles along the naked prairies. On the banks or in the neighbourhood of the Platte they kept on travelling till the 16th of April, when they took to their canoes, which speedily brought them to the Missouri and past Fort Osage to St. Louis, where they arrived all safe and sound on the 30th of April, after a perilous expedition of ten months.

Having thus traced Mr. Stuart's party from Astoria to St. Louis, we consider ourselves obliged, in deference to the great nabob Mr. Astor, to notice the home department of the undertaking. He, as president of the American Fur Company, had entered into certain pacific and commercial agreements with the Russian company. Many hopes were entertained from the success of this agreement; but, alas, all were destined to be blighted in the bud. War broke out between the United States and England; and some active measures for the security of the colony became necessary. In a case of such emergency the most active measures were necessary, and Mr. Astor was not a man to sleep on his post in the hour of peril. Captain Sowle of the Beaver was advised to proceed forthwith from Canton to the Columbia with supplies for the colony.

Months elapsed, and yet no tidings. More energetic movements were requisite. The war continued, and the North-west Company "made hay while the sun shone," by commissioning Mr. "Lawry Todd" to go round to the mouth of the river of promise. The times were still more alarming, and Mr. Astor applied to the United States government; but in vain,—for other and higher views engrossed their attention. A fast-sailing vessel, yclept The Lark, was commissioned, and after some delay put to sea early in March 1813. Mr. Astor's despatch to Mr. Hunt is memorable. It is as follows, full of confidence, even in the midst of difficulties:—"I always think you are well, and that I shall see you again, which, Heaven, I hope, will grant. Were I on the spot and had the management of affairs, I would defy them all; but as it is, every thing depends on you and your friends about you. *Our enterprise is grand and deserves success, and I hope it will meet it.*" Mr. Astor very soon after received accounts of Mr. Stuart's safe arrival at St. Louis; and these happy tidings were a gleam of sunshine dispelling every cloud and giving hopes for the accomplishment of all his plans,—hopes, alas, that were doomed never to be realized. On the 27th of October 1813 The Lark was wrecked off the Sandwich Islands.

If we were to follow this interesting, but perhaps, rather apocryphal narrative through all its windings and digressions we might occupy a much greater space than our readers would desire. We leave, therefore, untouched a long episode respecting the adventures of M'Kenzie, David Stuart, and Reed. Neither is it our intention to accompany Mr. Hunt on his voyage aboard the Beaver, and to detail his adventures among the Russians at New Archangel; nor will we entertain our readers with the debauches of the Kamtschatkadales. We return rather to Mr. M'Dougal, the great Erie of the American Fur Company, a gentleman, we fear, not altogether well-affected towards the good cause, but still nominally attached to it. Passing over the unpleasant and suspicious transactions of that gentleman, we proceed to a part of his biography which, as it presents something original in the way of matrimonial anecdote, may not be unacceptable to our lady-readers. Mr. M'Dougal, who turns out after all to be a traitor, and worse than all an ally of the North-west Company, eschews celibacy and courts the alliance of a native. The following scene is, we think, worth reading:—

"M'Dougal, who appears to have been a man of a thousand projects, and of great though somewhat irregular ambition, suddenly conceived the idea of seeking the hand of one of the native princesses, a daughter of the one-eyed potentate Comcomly, who held sway over the fishing tribe of the Chinooks, and had long supplied the factory with smelts and sturgeons. M'Dougal, in the course of an exploring expedition, was driven by stress of weather to seek shelter in the royal abode of Comcomly. Then and there he was first struck with the charms of this piscatory princess, as she exerted herself to entertain her father's guest.

"The 'journal of Astoria,' however, which was kept under his own eye, records this union as a high state alliance, and a great stroke of policy. The factory had to depend, in a great measure, on the Chinooks for provisions. They were at present friendly, but it was to be feared they would prove otherwise, should they discover the weakness and the exigencies of the post, and

the intention to leave the country. This alliance, therefore, would infallibly rivet Comcomly to the interests of the Astorians, and with him the powerful tribe of the Chinooks. Be this as it may, and it is hard to fathom the real policy of governors and princes, M'Dougal despatched two of the clerks as ambassadors extraordinary, to wait upon the one-eyed chieftain, and make overtures for the hand of his daughter.

"We have more than once had occasion to speak of the shrewdness of Comcomly; but never was it exerted more adroitly than on this occasion. He was a great friend of M'Dougal, and pleased with the idea of having so distinguished a son-in-law; but so favourable an opportunity of benefiting his own fortune was not likely to occur a second time, and he determined to make the most of it. Accordingly, the negotiation was protracted with true diplomatic skill. Conference after conference was held with the two ambassadors; Comcomly was extravagant in his terms; rating the charms of his daughter at the highest price, and indeed she is represented as having one of the flattest and most aristocratical heads in the tribe. At length the preliminaries were all happily adjusted. On the 20th of July, early in the afternoon, a squadron of canoes crossed from the village of the Chinooks, bearing the royal family of Comcomly, and all his court.

"That worthy sachem landed in princely state, arrayed in a bright blue blanket and red breech clout, with an extra quantity of paint and feathers, attended by a train of half-naked warriors and nobles. A horse was in waiting to receive the princess, who was mounted behind one of the clerks, and thus conveyed, coy but compliant, to the fortress. Here she was received with devout though decent joys by her expecting bridegroom. Her bridal adornments, it is true, at first caused some little dismay, having painted and anointed herself for the occasion according to the Chinook toilet; by dint, however, of copious ablutions, she was free from all adventitious tint and fragrance, and entered into the nuptial state the cleanest princess that had ever been known, of the somewhat unctuous tribe of the Chinooks."—Vol. iii. p. 188—192.

So much for Mr. M'Dougal, the unworthy partner of the expedition, who was undoubtedly the main cause of its subsequent abandonment to the North-west Company. Leaving him to the enjoyment of his squaw, we proceed, however briefly, to notice the indefatigable exertions of the zealous and conscientious Mr. Hunt, who went through a variety of adventures in different parts of the Pacific with the view of enlarging the Company's commercial connexions, "that might have furnished a chapter in the wanderings of Sinbad." What must have been the surprise and grief of this active partner on his arrival at Astoria in the Albatross on the 20th of August 1813, to find that all his brightest hopes had been frustrated by the timidity or misconduct of his coadjutors in the Astorian company? Indeed, from the date of his departure in the Beaver, nothing seemed to go on well. Fears from the Indians, the uncertainty of supplies by sea, and a considerable portion of a negative quality, viz., dishonesty, caused him to become very easily the dupe of a certain Mr. J. G. M'Tavish, a partner in the North-west Company, who fooled him and his comrades to the top of their bent with all kinds of unwelcome intelligence. Frightened out of their common prudence, they agreed to surrender at discretion, and arrangements for breaking up the establishment were actually on foot, when Mr. Hunt arrived at the colony. Mr. Hunt, it appears, was in some measure infected with the North-westo-phobia, or perhaps he bent to an imperious neces-

sity; at any rate he was induced to consider seriously the question of abandoning Astoria.

To wind up the Company's concerns with the least possible loss to the chief party interested was his first object; and the most probable method of effecting it seemed to be to dispose of the furs and other valuables in the depôt at the best possible market. With a view to this he again set sail in the Albatross, after a stay of only six days; and on his arrival at the Marquesas learnt tidings of hostile movements on the Pacific, which seemed to be the death warrant of unfortunate Astoria. On the 23d of November Mr. Hunt left the Marquesas and proceeded to the Sandwich Islands, where he heard of the catastrophe of The Lark, and the destruction of his only remaining hope for the ill-fated colony. On his return in a hired brig called The Pedlar, he found the enemy on the ground. The warrior spirit of Comcomly had not been able to infuse the courage of resistance into the lily-livered Erie of the Fur Company, and he found indeed, too late, that he had married his daughter to a squaw. The rest is soon told. A losing bargain was struck with the wily Mr. M'Tavish, for the sale of stock, &c., and the disaffected, with M'Dougal at their head, went over to the enemy and acquired great riches, so that at last they became chief partners in the North-west Company; another illustration this, would a quaint thinker say, of the great proof in favour of the soul's immortality, deducible from the unequal distribution of rewards and punishments in the present life.

Thus were all the sanguine hopes and magnificent schemes of Mr. Astor annihilated, partly through the wilfulness and want of principle exhibited by the various persons to whom the conduct of the expedition had been committed; partly, however, owing to circumstances which, although foreseen and dreaded, could not be overcome by a greater power than Mr. Astor. An English settlement now stands where before was Astoria. More than twenty years have now elapsed, and from the friendly relation existing between the two countries, it is fair to anticipate an unwillingness on both sides to moot an invidious question of territorial rights.

Such is Washington Irving's "Astoria." Whatever of dulness our readers have seen in our analysis of this excellent book, they must lay to the reviewer's charge; for certainly there has nothing appeared in the present century to which it can be said to be inferior in the several regards of naïveté, originality, and truth. We hope that the author will not be offended if we reckon his merits as very nearly equal to those of one of our greatest favourites, Daniel De Foe.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM DRESDEN.

The Gallery here is very splendid. It contains a world of pictures, a few of them are universally allowed to be the best the art has produced; but they are ill arranged and badly preserved, or rather not preserved at all, for many are rotting on the walls, others are perishing from damp, and all look dull and dead for want of varnish. A thorough reformation is wanted and wished for, as well by foreigners as natives, but the government profess to be too poor to undertake the *re*lining, *re*pairing, *re*framing, *re*varnishing, and *re*novating that is necessary. In another fifty years they will have none to preserve.

The religion of the people of Saxony is Lutheran, while that of the court is Catholic, yet they never clash; and although the royal family are great bigots, and the last king in particular, who died a few months ago, and who did nothing but confess and hear mass; yet he had the good policy to let his people go to heaven their own way. It would be hard indeed if they were to lose the rights for which their ancestors struggled so long and so ardently with the armies of Charles V.

In going over the Rustkammer, which is the first collection of armour in Europe, I was much interested in the few relics that have been preserved of the great champion of the reformation, Maurice of Saxony, whose name and memory all good Protestants love and revere. There were others of Augustus the Strong, who could snap horse-shoes asunder and roll up a thick silver plate as easily as another would a sheet of paper, and whose weapons were of such a weight as the degenerate moderns are unable to wield. In the last room I noticed a pair of modern-looking boots, somewhat the worse for wear, in a glass-case in a corner. They appeared rather out of place amidst the arms of the Crusaders, and helmets and horse-trappings of the olden time. I found they had belonged to Napoleon Buonaparte, and had been worn by him when Dresden was his head quarters, during his last German campaign, in 1813.

There are a great number of English here, and amongst them two or three families I knew in Italy, while at Vienna there is scarcely a single Englishman now I have left, for I don't count L—— as any body, because he is such a disagreeable fellow.

I am disappointed with the neighbourhood of Dresden, which I had expected to find much more beautiful than it is. The scenery is pretty, but tame, and bears no comparison with the varied and picturesque environs of Vienna—no more than the placid and tranquil waters of the Elbe do with the broad expanse and rapid rushings of the mighty Danube. There is no end to amusements at Vienna; the suburbs abound with extensive gardens, well laid out, and they are all gratis and always open; and when sometimes they have bands and fêtes the expense of entrance is so trifling that all can afford to go. The Viennese dearly love to amuse themselves, and think and care about little else, and certainly there is no other town in Europe that would answer their purpose so well as their own.

Living is very cheap here. I get an excellent dinner at a table d'hôte for one-third of a thaler, or about a shilling English. I might dine for less, but I like to fare sumptuously every day, and for dining cheap and well commend me to a German table d'hôte.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.—No. III.

School of Pythagoras.

The school of philosophy in Italy was nearly contemporary with that of Ionia, though perfectly independent of it, as they had no communication with each other. We must recur to Pythagoras, to explain the doctrines which were peculiar to it. The subject however is one of considerable difficulty, for we are almost entirely ignorant of the doctrines originally communicated by Pythagoras to his first disciples, which ignorance is mainly to be attributed, among other causes, to their mysterious nature, and the strict silence imposed upon his pupils. Even to the Greeks themselves they were a subject of unsatisfied curiosity, and no one will consider it an easy matter to disperse the shadows which have been gathering impenetrable darkness for thousands of years over the opinions of this sage.

But as the originality and influence exercised by this system of philosophy have given it a very important place in the progress of the mind, it is necessary to fix as far as may be possible the principal elements which distinguish its character. To be enabled to attribute to the school of Italy its peculiar character, before the opinions of Plato produced a change in it, is the solution of a problem of no trifling interest.

The isle of Samos, which had the honour of giving birth to Pythagoras, and where he received his early education, was then under the sway of Polycrates, both rich and powerful. Commerce, industry, and the fine arts flourished here. Theodorus had adorned it with his sculptures, Anacreon had made it resound to his lyre. Even a library had been formed by Polycrates. Pythagoras had profited by the instructions of Pherecydes, a philosopher of whom we know nothing but that he admitted these three principles: God, time, and the earth or chaos. Endued with an ardent imagination, great natural abilities, and imposing exterior, eloquent and passionately fond of study, Pythagoras made a voyage to Asia Minor and Phœnicia,t hen arrived at the highest pitch of its prosperity; visited all the temples of Greece, and was initiated into the mysteries of Bacchus and Orpheus. It is even doubtful whether he did not extend his travels into India. However, the journeys which it is certain he undertook, were sufficient to bring him into contact with the mysterious doctrines which were among other philosophers of his time nearly exploded. The project he conceived was certainly one of the most noble that could inspire a human being: he designed to carry the benefits of civilization into countries already favoured by nature, to invest philosophy with this beneficent office, and founding a code of laws, on principles of morality, to use it for the improvement and advantage of humanity. One of the most brilliant epochs in the history of antiquity, is formed by his creation of these institutions. One blot only stains the fair page which would other-

wise be consigned to the relation of the excellent acts and superior ideas of Pythagoras. Either his fear of the blind opposition which vulgar superstition would set in his path, or the example of the priestly castes and mysterious initiations, or perhaps their joint influence, induced him to collect a number of disciples in whose fidelity he could rely, a secret association, in which he introduced various extraordinary practices and exercises, and to whom alone were imparted his political and philosophical instructions. The end was admirable, the means execrable, and such as produced in some measure the same effect as did in the East the privileged castes and the monopoly of knowledge. The scholars of Pythagoras were obliged to submit to a course of life, and their studies tended to a point which were singularly favourable to meditation, but which were calculated also to nourish a high degree of pride.

In examining such parts of the doctrine of Pythagoras as our very limited information on the subject supplies us with, we find there are two prevailing characters: the one relating to the essence of the ideas contained in his doctrine, the other to the form under which they appeared.

The most abstract notions, the most general relations which could offer themselves to the imagination, were included in the doctrines of this school. The systems which arose from this order of considerations were clad in the envelope of mystery and symbolical forms, under the active influence of an enthusiastic imagination. We will proceed to explain how this double tendency manifested itself.

The most universal relation we meet with is that of quantity. It presides over the dimensions of bodies and their number: it governs motion, space, and time. Pythagoras and his school, having given themselves up to the study of mathematics, became familiar with this species of abstract thought; they perceived the necessity and generality of its truths, and desired to enhance their value by the application of them to matters of real existence. It was by this method that the philosophers of modern times have arrived at the most valuable discoveries. But they in their impatience, by endeavouring to shorten the distance which lay between them and their object, failed in its attainment, and were lost in a labyrinth of wild ideas by leaving the beaten track and attempting to proceed by a short cut. In lieu of using mathematics as an instrument by which to decompose and investigate the facts supplied by observation and experience, they applied them directly to the solution of the great problem of the origin of existent matter.

Numbers, arising one from the other in a regular order, seemed to bear a typical relation to the generation of beings; hence the fundamental Pythagorean doctrine: "numbers are the principle of all things."

The indeterminate nature of this axiom gave scope for vague and various explanations. The word "principle" was made to express at once the integral element and the efficient cause. Similarly "number" had not merely the signification which we commonly attribute to that word, but was made to express every possible relation or combination of magnitude and quantity. The properties of

numbers were transferred to the objects themselves. The formulæ of mathematics were converted into arbitrary laws.

Nor did the mischief end here. Mathematical reasoning cannot from its precise nature be applied to the elucidation of ethics. But the Pythagoreans, regardless of distinctions, broke down this barrier, and physical phenomena and ethical abstractions were alike subjected to the laws of number and magnitude.

The *monad* or unity with them occupied the highest place. Every thing they said was derived from it, for all numbers are formed by the repetition of it; it is simple in itself, for it is the result of no combination; it reproduces itself only by successive multiplication, as it is its own mathematical exponent; it is then the essential element, the active principle, the universal cause, and therefore eminently perfect.

The *duad* or two is on the contrary imperfect; it is produced by composition; it is the passive principle, chaos or matter.

There are two species of number, even and odd; the first are imperfect, the second perfect. For the first are formed from the second by multiplication or addition, which is not the case in the converse.

The next two numbers also had their mystic properties, three as being the sum of the first and second; four as the first square number; ten, the sum of the four first numbers, constituted the decad, a symbol which played an important part among the Pythagoreans. They applied it to every branch of knowledge, and reduced all fundamental nomenclatures to it. We will now turn from the consideration of these strange fancies, to that which is really worthy of praise in their doctrines. They perceived that independently of the primitive element in the formation of all bodies, there was a species of collective unity, under which objects and effects of the same nature were to be arranged. They then applied this extended view to nature: "Existent beings are bound together by a chain of affinities similar to that which unites numbers; all these affinities tend to one centre; the world thus forms a symmetrical whole, in which no one portion is perfectly independent of another." Nothing can be more sublime or majestic than this picture of the harmony which exists in the universe. Having approached thus nearly to the idea of the divine First Cause, it is a matter of astonishment that they did not actually arrive at it. But their fantastic ideas on the powers and properties of number excluded them from feeling the want of any further cause. The immutable and eternal character which, as they conceived, attached itself to this unity, was sufficient to explain all that was requisite; they did not attempt to separate the idea of the divinity from a material object, but identified it with fire or light; they admired the antique tradition of the world's soul, and conceived the universe to be an animated being. They adopted a pantheism (which Virgil and Ovid afterwards adorned with the most brilliant poetical images), that bears a striking analogy to the system of emanations before mentioned, and perhaps was borrowed from it. Pythagoras and his disciples admitted hierarchies of genii and inferior deities scattered over space. They attached much importance to dreams and predictions, and Pythagoras himself pretended to the

gift of augury. Their notions of Providence may perhaps be weighed in the balance against their belief in popular superstition. "We are," said they, "the property of the gods who govern us, and watch over and provide for our necessities." Truth and goodness were the attributes of divinity recognised by them. The ideas of the Pythagoreans on ethics bore a far riper fruit. Judging by the rules to which Pythagoras subjected his disciples, he considered moderation as the essential character of virtue, self-government the means of obtaining it, internal peace the consequence. The genius of Pythagoras was principally directed to practical precepts, which he enforced by the rigorous exercises he required from his disciples, namely, retirement, silence, obedience, and a severe dietetical regimen. The following beautiful thought has been attributed to Pythagoras, by Jamblicus, in his Life of him, and may be considered as the soul of the regulations of his order: "The love of truth, and zeal for the performance of what is good, are the most precious gifts accorded by Heaven to man."

Their psychology is not destitute of sagacious ideas. They considered the human mind to possess two parts: the one instinctive, the other reasonable: the one the instrument of physical wants and blind passions, the other of the calm meditations of wisdom. To the first of these faculties may be traced the resemblance attributed by the Pythagoreans of man to the rest of the animal creation, as it contained an exciting cause common to both. The first period of the school of Italy terminates with Eudorus, at once an astronomer, a geometer, a physician, and a lawyer. Of him we know no more. In comparing the school of Ionia with that of Italy, we perceive at once that they followed very different paths. The first applying to nature and its sensible phenomena, drew their explanations from these sources themselves; the latter, laying down certain abstract rules, accommodated nature to them. Both endeavoured to discover general laws, the one by analogy, the other from mathematical relations. The one borrowed the aid of observation, the other of calculation. With the one, facts and their contingent truths only were admitted; with the other, absolute and necessary truth prevailed. The one endeavoured to restrain, the other to extend, such speculations as were purely intellectual. Both identified the first cause with the primitive element; but the first admitted no supernatural agents: the latter allowed of subordinate deities. Both considered the universe as a whole, allied in all its parts: but the school of Ionia established this unity by the material links of phenomena: that of Italy, by the order and harmony of system.

Schools of Elea.—*Heraclitus.*

In like manner as buildings were erected long before the principles of mechanics or the laws of equilibrium were known, so also philosophical theories were established long before men had learned to measure the extent and powers of the human understanding. As, then, we study the style and principles of the ancient architects from the monuments which remain of their production, so we should judge of the logic of their philosophers by the systems they discovered or invented.

It is in the records of the two schools of Elea that we first meet with systematic and distinct researches on the nature of human knowledge. There is also this remarkable characteristic in their philosophers, that though proceeding on the same road, they were not enslaved by the same ideas: they borrowed from their predecessors examples rather than traditions, benefiting themselves by their experience, yet endeavouring to create science by their own efforts. In fine, their theories are better developed, their reasonings more complete, and their whole doctrine more homogeneous and harmonious in its several parts, than in either of the great schools we have hitherto treated of. The Eleatics are usually distributed into two great classes, the ancient and modern. We must not, however, include Heraclitus in either of these classes, who by the originality of his views has effectually separated himself from both.

Thales and the Ionians, more occupied with the study of nature than of abstract ideas, in seeking for the first principle, did not enquire how that principle itself came to exist, nor by virtue of what law the primitive elements were converted into other substances.

Pythagoras identifies the first cause of things with the first cause of understanding, and he placed this last among the rational combinations: but he referred all these combinations to sensible objects as a means of classing them and marking their relations.

The Eleatics addressed themselves to the question which the Ionians had neglected: they sought for the "wherefore" of the existence of all things: they enquired how the commencement of their existence could take place, and that point being settled, how they could be subjected to revolutions and changes.

Following the example of Pythagoras they sought for the solution of the problem in rational truth: they sought to determine à priori, by the force of thought alone, how the universe came to be: but more methodical, if not less enthusiastic, their speculations, instead of running wild in the realms of imagination, were kept within the bounds of reason and rigorous connexion. The Pythagoreans attended chiefly to the affinities of things; the Eleatics investigated their substance and their essence.

Although the Eleatics were the first philosophers who attempted to trace out a positive theory of the human understanding, they by no means made it the preliminary of their metaphysical speculations. This would, no doubt, have been the natural course of things according to the logical order of ideas: but it must be remembered that they had the system to create, and were not, therefore, able at once to arrange its different portions in the places which were afterwards allotted to them.

Xenophanes was a native of Colophon in Asia Minor, which seems to have been the cradle of all the Greek philosophy. He quitted his country to establish himself at Elea, occupied by a colony of Phocians. Like Thales, he had no disciples; and a friend was the depositary of his opinions.

He was the first who gave an absolutely à priori argument as the foundation of knowledge; a purely speculative syllogism, anterior

to all facts, that it may consider those facts, and which pretended to determine all that existed from the ideas which the reason forms on what ought to exist. Like his predecessors in antiquity, he went back to the generation of the universe. But they enquired, what that generation was? He, whether there really had ever been any? Why that which did not exist commenced its existence? How that which does exist suffers change? How came into operation the transition from non-existence to existence, from one sort of existence to another? He consulted the explanations of his predecessors, but with them he was not satisfied.

He then endeavoured himself to penetrate the mysterious darkness —to discover the reason of existence, the manner of it, and its changes. From the apophthegm, "Nothing comes of nothing," he deduced this consequence, that "one thing could not arise out of another;" for that in the second which differed from the first and was now, could not then have wherewith from which to date its origin. One thing could not produce another, which was either dissimilar or merely analogous to itself. It could only reproduce itself identically. Hence resulted this general consequence, that all which is, is eternal, unchangeable, and must remain so. As the things which exist can never change, so they cannot be different from each other; we cannot therefore conceive dissimilar beings: it follows, therefore, that being is unique. Thought, according to Xenophanes, was the only real, constant, and unchangeable substance.

In his notions on natural theology he was elevated far above the superstitions of the vulgar. "There is but one God," said he, "who is perfect: we cannot conceive him under a human form, nor can the ordinary limitations of space and motion have any affinity with him." He is vulgarly supposed to have worshipped the Deity under the form of a sphere: but doubtless he only used this mode of explaining his ideas of perfection and unity, for the idea of the material shape which the Deity is thus supposed to assume is not countenanced by any part of his doctrine.

After having pursued the account of Xenophanes's system thus far, we are surprised to find him treat of a physical cosmology in which he distinguishes four different elements, speculates on the laws of nature, and affirms (though this last opinion rests on doubtful authority) that all things come from the earth, and return to it, and that the body of man is composed of earth and water. The difficulty, however, vanishes on a little further consideration. He distinguished the physical from the intellectual world, and entirely separated the one from the other, making them the objects of two distinct sciences. To the latter alone he allowed a real existence, in which he recognised a permanent and unique substance. To the former, the material universe, he gave a phenomenal value, subordinate and inferior to the world of reason.

Parmenides, the confidant of Xenophanes, built up the edifice whose foundation he had laid, developing his ideas, and giving his opinions a systematic form. From him emanated the first distinct theory on human knowledge; it is characterized by great precision

and boldness, referring all authority to the testimony of the senses or experience, and reserving to the powers of reason the privilege of attaining true knowledge.

In a poem of his which yet remains, and which, like all other philosophical works of the time, bears for its title, "On Nature," the first part treats of "truth," or the "unity of that which is."

In this he asserts, that "that which is, is," that that "which is nought, cannot be conceived,—that speech, thought, and being compose all that is in reality,—that men, blinded by the evidence of their senses, confound that which is with that which is not. There are many causes for believing that that which is never began and cannot cease to be. It is entire, it is one, it is immutable and infinite. For else, whence was it derived, from what source can it borrow the nourishment for its growth? Surely not from that which is nought. For who can conceive a power which can make any thing which is not, arise out of a state of non-existence, and appear at a certain moment, neither sooner nor later, ready fashioned and complete? Being must then be eternal, or not be at all: for this maxim is irrefragable, 'Nothing can of itself arise out of nothing.' Founded in itself, the universal being rests on itself, and exists permanently. Thought and the object of thought are one; for there can be no thought without a reality on which it seizes. Those who speak of beginning and end, of change of place and transformation, yield to the suggestions of human prejudice, and employ words destitute of meaning. The form of the whole is perfect: it resembles the sphere, whose centre is equally distant from every part of the surface. There is no void to interrupt the continuity of that which is real."

The second portion of the work is entitled, "Opinion:" it is a picture of the sensible world, of material nature, a suite of hypotheses on its principles and laws. It assigns two opposing principles to the universe: the one a subtile and ethereal fire; the other, night.

Such were the notions of Parmenides, who is usually considered the founder of idealism among the Greeks.

Two other philosophers of the school of Elea, opposing all doctrines founded on experience, avowed themselves partisans of the absolute and intelligible unity, Melissus and Zeno. The former confines himself to a commentary on the system of Parmenides; the latter undertook its defence from the attacks made upon it. Melissus almost only reproduces the proposition of his predecessor: he asserts that something must exist, for we cannot attribute a quality to a thing without conceiving it real. But that which is real cannot end; and is infinite, not in space but in duration: it fills up the whole of time and is always like to itself. That space and void are equally impossible. Since what is, is indivisible and composed of parts, he concludes that it cannot admit of form nor dimensions, a consequence of the principle of Xenophanes and Parmenides, which, however, they had not themselves deduced.

A doctrine which attacked so boldly the general and constant testimony of experience, and the evidence of the senses, could not be published without meeting the most energetic contradictions. The instincts of nature and internal consciousness were the opponents set

up against this novel system, and thus arose the first regular controversy that is met with in the history of philosophy.

Zeno was the champion who rose up to defend the difficult position of the Eleatics. In order to perform this duty in the most effective manner, he undertook to attack the enemy on his own ground. He pretended to derive from all phenomena which were perceptible to the senses, and especially from those of motion, a series of paradoxes, which he very artfully put together. Each side seemed more anxious to destroy the system of the other than to defend that which themselves professed. This seems to be the course of human nature; for it is more easy to refute the arguments of another than to justify the truth of your own. The following are examples of Zeno's subtle attacks. "Every body," said he, "occupies a space equal to itself. It is every instant at rest. But, if it moves, it must move every instant, or it moves and is at rest at the same time." Again, "If space is a real thing, it must be somewhere: for all that exists must be in some place: therefore this space requires some previous space, and so on to eternity." Zeno endeavoured to prove that absolute unity could not be found in sensible objects, and employed a most ingenious argument derived from the infinite divisibility of matter. "For," says he, "if you arrive at unity in sensible objects, you will come to a mathematical point, which has no real existence."

By this mode of controversy Zeno was led to the invention of logic, which at first was considered rather as the art of disputation than as a direct method of arriving at the truth, which character, indeed, it has constantly preserved, and is made use of now as it was then as a weapon for combat, not as an instrument for investigation. In drawing up the first sketch of this art, Zeno gave it three principal branches: the art of deducing consequences; the art of conversing; the art of discussing.

The first of these branches consists in establishing, by way of supposition, the two opposite propositions, and then, in attacking the corollaries which result from each, considering it as true. This method Zeno honoured with the name of dianoetic, which implies that it contains the art of thinking well.

The second method was styled the dialectic, and comprised the art of putting questions and making answers, for which purpose Zeno drew up a set of rules, which had so great a success that the didactic form of communicating knowledge, hitherto adopted, was no longer made use of.

The third division, or the art of discussion, which has been confounded with the second, consisted of artificial subtleties, the nature of which can be best understood by attending to the following example attributed to Zeno:—"Achilles, who was distinguished for his swiftness, could never catch a tortoise. For a body in motion must pass over the given space, and over half the given space. But space is infinitely divisible, like time. Achilles must run over an infinite space before he could come up with the tortoise."

We perceive that Xenophon, Parmenides, Melissus, and Zeno, form a group by themselves in the annals of philosophy. They all agreed in founding their philosophy on the idea of a real absolute and

unique substance, and in demonstrating that the principle "nothing comes of nothing" could not be applied to experience and observation without giving rise to manifest contradictions. Xenophanes identified God, the universe, reality, in the unity of the being, attributing to it omnipotence and intelligence. Parmenides admitted the same idea, but applied rather to the universe than the Deity, to the existence than the cause. Melissus perceived this consequence, and Zeno developed its bearings, namely, that the simplicity of the sole being did not allow of its occupying space. Thus, the more determinate this idea became the more rigorous the deductions from it; it by degrees lost every attribute, and, from abstraction to abstraction, at last vanished as a conception devoid of sense and value. These philosophers form the heads of the metaphysical school. We will now turn our attention to Heraclitus. There remain to us but some faint outlines of his opinions, which, however, carry with them the evidence of a grand character and sublime conception.

He seems to have directed his attention peculiarly to the investigation of the laws of the universe. He affirms "that all nature is governed by immutable laws: the very phenomena which appear most discordant arise out of and contribute to the harmony of the whole. Thus the different beings, whatever may be their variety, united in the same place, form one whole and tend to the same end." Heraclitus thus avoided the rock on which Xenophanes split, comprehending how unity and diversity may be assimilated, and penetrating the principle on which the great problem hinges. Destiny, according to Heraclitus, is only this great harmony, or rather its principle; not a blind power, but the general law imposed upon the universe by the supreme Intelligence.

"All things are subject to a continual change; the torrent rolls on incessantly, but in the midst of these revolutions nature moves with an equable step. The operations of attraction and repulsion combine and separate the indivisible and elementary particles (ψηγματα); an endless and universal activity sets these great springs, condensation and evaporation, in motion; we cannot then so properly say that things are in existence as that they pass through an existence. This indefatigable source of reproduction is, according to his theory, fire, which causes expansion, penetrates all recesses, dissolves, volatilizes, and transforms. Not fire, such as it appears to our senses, but an ethereal exhalation or vapour—an immaterial, intelligent, luminous, and igneous power: in short, a soul.

Heraclitus explains more distinctly than the other Eleatic philosophers the distinction between the two worlds: the one invisible and only accessible to the reason, the other physical and perceptible to the senses. He says that the human soul, inasmuch as it is endowed with reason, is an emanation of the universal soul,—that it is united to another animated substance, which we have in common with other animals of a different nature, and material. He asserted that the same could not be conceived but by the same, which opinion led him to reject the evidence of the senses and trust entirely to reason. He, however, admitted the senses as open channels by which we might

receive the aspirations of the divine reason. He gave great authority to the evidence of common sense. "For," said he, "the judgments on which all men agree bear strong internal testimony of truth. The ray which enlightens them all at once is but an emanation of the divine reason spread through all thinking beings."

Heraclitus defined virtue as the empire which men exercise over their passions. His morality was a corollary of his principal theory, from which he deduced this excellent maxim, "That human laws derive their authority from that divine law which governs all at its will, and holds all in subjection."

Hippocrates has been by some supposed a disciple of Heraclitus. The father of medicine deserves a high rank among philosophers; in all the branches of medical science he set an admirable example of the method in which all other sciences should be pursued. He collated and compared the results of his own observation, and all others of which he could obtain a knowledge, and taught that true research consisted in associating reason with experience. His system is contained in a few words: "All rules must be drawn from practice, not anterior reasoning, but from experience directed by reason. The judgment is a sort of memory which collects and puts in order all the impressions it has received from the senses; for, before thought is produced, the senses have experienced all that which furnishes it, and through them are materials conveyed to the understanding."

However, all the philosophers of the school of Elea did not follow this course of beginning with absolute rationality and ending in doubt.

Leucippus endeavoured to stop this war among the partisans of reason and of experience, and he thus endeavoured to reconcile their conflicting doctrines: "Experience shows us numerous and distinct objects, motions and changes, productions and destructions; reason seems to require unity, infinity, and permanence." Leucippus distinguished the things composed from the elements of which they were formed. These elements possessed a few peculiar properties, such as motion and form, were simple and indivisible, and infinite in number. Thus the hypotheses of reason were satisfied; the combinations of these particles were continually varying; their junction and separation caused the generation and dissolution of things. Thus the senses were not outraged. This was the hypothesis by which Leucippus considered he had solved the fundamental problem of the Eleatics. He did not differ much in his system from those of his metaphysical predecessors; but Democritus advanced still nearer to them. He pretended to prove the existence of those atoms à priori by the aid of the principle "nothing comes of nothing." He supposed that time had no beginning. "We cannot," says he, "enquire why things exist, since they have always existed. We can only enquire, what reasons we have for supposing that they exist at all." His theory on sensations is curious, and is the first which is to be met with in history.

"The soul, the common principle of motion and thought, is material and composed of atoms of fire. It is entirely passive in its intellectual

functions, and all its knowledge is acquired from without; but objects act upon it in two very different manners: bodies, by their violent action on its organs, transmit to it divers impressions; certain media, such as air and water, are necessary for this communication. These impressions, colours, smells, sounds, &c., do not correspond to any real object: they even exist after the body itself has disappeared by the effect of a vibration which is prolonged in our organs. Real objects which are invisible to our senses, namely, atoms, act directly on the understanding, and transmit to it in their passage images of themselves, which serve to retrace them on the spirit.

In another place he draws a line between the senses and reason. "The first," he says, "are imperfect, obscure, and deceptive: the second all fit for the impress of truth, for atoms, which are the only real objects, are not perceptible to the senses." We here see that Democritus falls back upon the rationalism of the Eleatic metaphysicians.

Empedocles displays in his philosophy a mixture of the tenets of all the schools which preceded him. To the three elements of the Ionians he added the earth. Following the example of the Eleatics, he considered these elements as composite matters. The unity of the Pythagorean monad was the first principle in his eyes. He considered the exercise of thought as a function of the physical organs, subjected to all their laws and all their accidents. While he materialized existence, he filled the air with spirits and genii. His principal merit was the having carried to greater extent the analysis of Democritus of sensations.

Zeno, by defending a bad cause with great skill, attacking the instincts of common sense with much art, and designedly multiplying paradoxes, showed by his examples and formulæ rather the method of abusing logic by means of subtleties than the method of rendering it a guide to truth.

The Sophists hastened to profit by these lessons. They were essentially rhetoricians, who taught the art of speaking at a time when all parties in Greece were ambitious of attaining this power. The Sophists made use of the art of reasoning, or rather of disputation; but they rendered it subordinate to their captious rhetoric, and only used it as a fit instrument to second their views and interests. Zeno armed reason against the senses; Gorgias armed it against itself. He found plausible reasons to prove, 1st, that nothing real exists; 2d, that, if any thing real did exist, we could not know it; 3rd, that, if we had any such knowledge, we could not transmit it to others on account of the uncertainty attached to language. These three maxims served for the three divisions of the book he wrote on Nature. He established these axioms on the strength of the argument drawn from the mobility of all things, and certain subtleties which he presses into his service.

Protagoras asserts that the understanding, the whole soul, consists in the faculty of sensation. Applying to this hypothesis all that had been said by the Eleatics on the mobility of sensible objects and the relative character of sensation, he is led to results which, though they differ in expression, do not in character, from those of Gorgias.

Critias added to these ideas that of the seat of the soul being in the blood.

The Sophists invented certain formulæ, by the aid of which every species of paradox could be demonstrated, and which have received from them the name of sophisms. They are founded on the abuse of the meaning of words. These soi-disant philosophers had this common property, that they rendered opinions and morality alike subordinate to individual interests. Callicles did not fear to avow all the consequences of this doctrine.

"Morality is only the effect of fear and custom. Physical necessity is the only interest of man; and the wisest man is he who puts no bounds on his desires."

The entire system of the second school of Elea is only a suite of the ideas of Pythagoras reduced to a more material form. In truth, unity is the principle of all things: all things are derived from it by the laws of combination. These two systems are to each other what geometry is to mechanics. What most of all disturbed these philosophers was the apparent mobility of sensible objects, and the variety of their aspects. For one cannot honour, by the name of science, that knowledge whose object is not fixed, constant, and the same to all. They thus excluded sensible phenomena from the order of our real knowledge, or forced themselves to represent them as the results of invisible but permanent principles. Although they adopted a course which promised better results, yet deceived by their prejudices, they, like their predecessors, lost themselves in a sea of vague ideas which left them no certain clue to judgment—in arbitrary hypotheses which turned them from useful research.

(*To be continued.*)

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.

I saw, when beneath the midnight moon,
The witches joined in their hellish croon.
When churchyard lights burned dim and blue,
And shadowy forms in the grey light flew;
When the raven flapp'd o'er the gibbet tree,
And the murd'rer's knife gleam'd fearfully—
I saw, when wolves howled long and loud
As they ript the ghastly wretch from his shroud,
And death birds shrieked, and portals crash'd,
And flaming forms through the opening dash'd;
When the sad bell toll'd from castle wall
For the haughty baron's funeral,
While mournful monks of order grey
In spectred aisles for his spirit pray;
In the dun black valley's deepest gloom,
Where skeletons dance o'er the creeping tomb:
'Twas dead of night—as trembling and hid,
With horror I gazed on the terrible deed.
'Twas blackest night, like funeral clothing,—
I saw, good reader, what you see—nothing!

THE WATCH-TOWER OF KOAT-VEN.

(Continued from page 365.)

It must be ascribed to the then existing laxity of moral discipline in the fashionable circles of Paris, that the adventure of the Count de Vaudrey became his best introduction to the most elegant coteries. Every one displayed an anxiety to be acquainted with the brilliant deceiver, and that which should have heaped upon him the contempt and abhorrence of society formed on the contrary his proudest claim to distinction. The ladies too, ever foremost in the contest for invidious distinction, gloried in the hope of bowing the exalted prize before their feet.

The Countess d'Emard was the centre of the most brilliant circle in Paris, and was distantly related to the count. She had passed the age when love and the buoyant feelings of youth stimulate to the pursuit of pleasure, but held her sway by means of a powerful and educated mind, and that fair proportion of elegant intrigue upon which the busy exchange of fashionable life so much depends. She had invited a select party of her friends for the purpose of considering some secret matters of state importance, which was suddenly interrupted by the announcement of the Count de Vaudrey.

Henry was superbly dressed in a court costume of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and made his salutation with an air of calmness and dignity which produced the greater impression upon the fair bosoms of the assembled guests, as it was the most unexpected. The Baroness de Cernan had just entered her twentieth year, and was beautiful as an angel. She, more than any of the ladies present, felt indignant at the proud bearing of the count, but could not suppress an agitation in his presence and a wonder at the splendour of his appearance which shed a light blush of crimson o'er her cheek and heightened the brilliancy of her charms. This was not unobserved by Henry, and he determined to make use of it; though from his cold and polite deportment no suspicion could be entertained of the impression which he had received. He hardly addressed himself to her during the whole evening, and bowed frigidly as the party broke up, and she was conducted by her husband to the carriage.

The Count de Vaudrey had been engaged by the Countess d'Emard to execute a favour for the Baron de Cernan, which required that he should apply to his friend the Marshall de Castries, his majesty's prime minister. He had too contrived to ascertain that the baroness was engaged to dine with Madame la Maréchale on the following day. It was not therefore so astonishing that the Count de Vaudrey should be sustaining a lively conversation with the Marchioness de la Vaillé, who sat upon his right at the table of the Marshall de Castries, while upon his left sat the Baroness de Cernan, responding in unconnected phrases to the observations of an old counsellor opposite, while her main attention was engaged by the

witty sallies of the count. Henry appeared to avoid entering into conversation with her; and, as she had determined to revenge herself for his coldness the previous evening, she was still more mortified by not finding occasion in rebuffing his advances.

Nearly opposite to Henry sat an English officer, of noble figure and fine expression of feature. He appeared absent and melancholy, and did not seem aware that he was a guest at the dinner-table of a powerful minister, where all was gaiety and happiness. "Do you know," said Cecile, addressing the counsellor, "who that officer is?" "Yes, Madam. He is Sir George Gordon, lieutenant in the English army, a prisoner of war. His warrant of freedom has just been signed; and he may now return to his native country as early as he please." "It is extraordinary to see a prisoner at the moment of being presented with his liberty so sorrowful." "Sorrowful, indeed," answered the counsellor, "one would think he was oppressed by some dreadful misfortune." "Cannot you guess, counsellor, you so well versed in the affairs of men?" "Alas! Madam, one had needs be a sorcerer, a magician—" "Sorcerer! what would I not give to be a sorceress, a fairy, to read the inmost pages of the heart," cried Cecile, looking mechanically towards Henry; "to know, for instance, the secret misery which seems to overwhelm this poor Englishman. Indeed I feel most curious to know his history, I would give much to discover his tale of woe."

Henry did not permit a single syllable of this conversation to escape him, and easily succeeded in leading the curiosity of Madame de la Vaillé to the same expression of desire. "When I was young, ladies," said he, addressing himself to Madame de la Vaillé and Cecile, "I would have sworn to possess myself of the secret which you are curious to know. In hearing a lady express such a wish nothing should have prevented my discovery either by talent, confidence, or force. But at my age, turning to Cecile, one loses the romance of early days, and we leave such matters to youthful scions who have yet to establish their credit."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the marshall's secretary, who presented despatches detailing a battle which had ensued between the Iphigenia and a part of the fleet of Admiral Rodney, in which the Iphigenia had proved victorious. The marshall's delight upon such news had induced him to read the intelligence to the company, forgetting at the moment the presence of Sir George, to whom he most politely apologized. Sir George appeared confused, and replied hesitatingly, for he had been so much engaged with his own sorrow that he had not heard a syllable of the communication. 'Tis strange, thought Henry to himself; so melancholy, so pale, his brow furrowed with care, I begin to feel with the ladies; I must learn the cause of all this wretchedness.

They all arose from the table; the marshall proceeded to the king to make him acquainted with the joyful news, and Henry, presenting his hand to the marchioness, led her to the drawing-rooms. "Do you know this English officer?" enquired Henry of his friend the Duke de Saint-Ouen. "Very well," answered Saint-Ouen, "I met him at Genlis's, where he was a frequent visitor—an excellent card-

player—he is Sir George Gordon." "Aye, aye! I have often heard of him; then La Jaille captured his brig. He is a gallant seaman, and intrepid as a lion. You must introduce me, I am anxious to be acquainted with him." "Nothing is more easy," answered Saint-Ouen, as they approached Sir George, who was leaning abstractedly against a window. "All is well," thought Henry, "the Baroness de Cernan is aroused to the highest point of excitement, only succeed in obtaining Sir George's secret and she is mine."

The Count de Vaudrey found much more difficulty than he had expected in subduing the chilling politeness of Sir George; his personal offers of friendship, and compliments upon his engagement with La Jaille, were alike unsuccessful in approaching the desired secret. And, upon Henry's offering him his hand with his most cordial wellwishes, Sir George took it with emotion, expressed his thanks, regretted that he was unable to avail himself of his generosity, and retired from the apartment.

Henry stood confounded for an instant; and he next saw him by the side of Sir George at the foot of the grand staircase of the prince's gallery. "You must not escape me so," cried Henry, holding Sir George by the arm, "I want to speak with you." "What have you to say to me, count?" said the Englishman with the most disconcerting calmness. "Why! I wish to say—" "I listen, Sir," said Sir George. Henry, seeing his advances thus constantly repulsed, began to despair of success, when a bright thought flashed across his mind. "I have to tell you, Sir," said he eagerly, "that I must demand an explanation from you, on the subject of the engagement of your brig; but let us retire to the garden." The Englishman listened with attention. "Yes, Sir," continued Henry, "my friend the Marquis de la Jaille told me that you fired upon him at the moment that he came unsuspectingly within your luff, and when you had hauled down your ensign,—and that this unfairness on your part alone gave you the advantage of the battle." Sir George's cheeks coloured, his eyes brightened with excitement, as he listened to this accusation; he nevertheless answered Henry calmly, "Count de Vaudrey, the Marquis de la Jaille is a liar!" "A liar!" cried Henry, "a liar! do you know that this insult is personal?" "Take it, Sir, as you translate it. Your conversation has been for some time most annoying to me." "Follow me then, Sir," said Henry. "It must be moonlight in the avenue of Saint-Cloud; we will repair to the residence of the Prince de Montbarry, who has company, and seek seconds." "I am at your service, count," answered Sir George, making a salutation. I shall indeed be unfortunate if I do not gain this precious secret now, thought Henry, for this Englishman interests me extremely, and I never felt so lively an impression of friendship for any man. In two minutes after their arrival at the prince's, two carriages rolled rapidly along the road to Paris: in one was Lord Fellows and Sir George Gordon; in the other the Count de Vaudrey and Marquis Rullecourt. They stopped near the chateau of Chenil-neux. "As soon as you please," said Sir George, placing himself before the count. The seconds gave the signal and the swords of the opponents clashed. Henry was evidently the better

fencer of the two, and avoided the chance of wounding his antagonist vitally, his object being merely to wound him slightly. But, for an instant after he had guarded successfully an attack from his adversary, he neglected the riposte. Sir George took advantage of the delay, and aimed so sudden a thrust against the unguarded chest of his antagonist that Henry fell. "Enough, enough, gentlemen," exclaimed the seconds. "Alas! Sir," cried Sir George, "why did you so unreasonably provoke me? I swear to you by my honour that a very different feeling than that of hate induced me to accept your challenge." "Par Dieu! and me too," replied Henry, feebly, "and on that account—" He could say no more, but fainted from loss of blood. Four hours afterwards he was in his own hotel at Paris, in the care of his surgeons.

The day after the duel the Count de Vaudrey was sleeping in the large apartment hung with red damask, where he had received the astronomer. Rumphius was still there, resting on his elbow and reading with attention an immense folio, turning at the same time a tea-spoon in a cup which stood on the table by his side. The hand which moved the spoon, the arm which moved the hand, all moved together producing an automaton rotation that must have worked wonders at the bottom of the cup. "Ah! mon Dieu! what have you been about?" exclaimed the old valet Grosbois in a great fright, as he pulled the savant by the cuff of his coat. "Hey! who is it? what's the matter? I am—I have just finished—I am only examining what the most reverend father Hortius, in his remarks upon Brahma, thinks of Gourou. Tarpa Gamana, who treats the question, whether one may take the wife of one's Goron or—" said the astronomer gazing vacantly at Grosbois and stirring still more sedulously in the cup. "But, M. Rumphius, it is quite useless to make such a clatter with your spoon in that cup; see there, it's empty, and you have upset the syrup and the draught upon the table; and there too, all upon the carpet; 'tis always so, M. Rumphius, when I ask you to do any thing."

"Dear me; so it is, M. Grosbois," said Rumphius, as he proceeded to verify the fact; "I have upset it all, over the margin of the cup. Well, well! there is a symbol in the Veikoula exactly similar. The juice of the palm-tree falls by the side of the basin, says the ritual of Brahma; the Nittia-Carma, the juice of the palm falls—" "We have nothing to do with the juice of the palm, M. Rumphius; the count ought to have had his medicine an hour ago." "But, Grosbois, the great and genuine Gorou—" At this moment Henry awoke and interrupted the astronomer's digression. "Where am I? What time is it? Is it night or day?" enquired Henry. "Thank God, he speaks again," said a voice, and Sir George approached the wounded count. "Bravo! Sir George, I am delighted to see you; but you have a strong wrist; but it's all quite right, I think." "Yes, yes," said Sir George, "there is no danger; the surgeons have declared all well, a rib has been violently thrust. Therefore, fear not; adieu; I wished to see you before I left, and now that I fear not for your life, adieu." "You are then returning to England?" said Henry. "Leave us, Rumphius. I must request

you to listen to me a moment, Sir George. When I saw you for the first time, your reputation as a gallant seaman was already known to me; and the admiration which I felt for your courage and your brilliant combat inspired me with the singular interest which I feel for you. I moreover read upon your features that you were the victim of some deeply-rooted sorrow. In the hope of drawing from you a confidence which would have enabled me to be useful to you, I made advances which were properly repelled, for you could not know me sufficiently to entrust me with the secret of your grief. I therefore attempted another means; and in calumniating my poor friend La Jaille, who admires your loyalty more than any other man breathing, I found an opportunity of fighting with you; I determined not to wound you, but act only upon the defensive. It is true I placed my life in hazard, but I am little accustomed to reflect upon inconveniences of that sort. Now you will ask me what my interest for your welfare has to do with this duel? I will explain it to you, Sir George. In France, as soon as two gentlemen have crossed their swords for a misfortune, they become friends for life and for death; for mutual confidence such an occurrence is equal to twenty years of intimacy. Therefore, Sir George, as we have now been intimate for twenty years, can you think me a worthy depositary of your secret? and you suffer, I am certain, because you are perhaps without a friend in whom you may confide. Therefore, Sir George, if it be possible for you to open your heart without inflicting a wound upon your honour or betraying a sacred vow, I beseech you do so, in the name of friendship; for I would not display so indomitable an obstinacy in attempting to render myself worthy of your confidence, did not a secret presentiment assure me that I might be useful to you. Is it a mistress that you would possess? we will carry her off. Is it a troublesome husband? we will engage him. Is it—?"

"So much generosity shall not be lost," answered said George, interrupting Henry. "Since you will know this secret that ought to die with me, you shall hear it. I have played, Sir, I have played on promise, and have lost a considerable sum, four thousand louis. Lord Gordon, my father, is governor of the East Indies; it is impossible for me to collect the sum necessary to pay this debt of honour before my departure, for I must return to England instantly or incur the disgrace of a coward. I went to Lord de Castries in the hope of meeting our ambassador; unfortunately he is absent from Versailles. To him alone could I unfold my heart: our relation by family permits it. This is my secret, Sir; and as to-morrow I must pay, and depart, and am unable—as to-morrow I am dishonoured, this night I must die. Now then, Sir, you know all; adieu, and many thanks for your interest in my behalf. I shall die content with the reflection that I am regretted by another friend."

"Parbleu! I was quite certain," exclaimed Henry, "that your confidence would be of use, and if not to yourself, at the least, to me." Sir George gazed with surprise upon the count. "Yes, indeed, truly, we may as intimate friends converse on family matters; listen to me then, my dear George. I have 50,000 crowns a year and an honest steward, which about doubles my income. I am on shore not

more than six months out of two years; it avails nothing to toss my money out of the window. I always contrive to have several thousand louis in hand, and, without even taking that into consideration, I have an old miserly uncle, the bishop of Surville, who is immensely rich, and always complains to me that his relationship as uncle is a mere sinecure. Now see, Sir George, how you can oblige me very much. The funds in France are not over secure; and I have long wished to be able to invest some property in the East India Company of England; now, as your father is Governor of India, be good enough to arrange this affair for me. I will give you a bill at sight for 100,000 francs on Bourette, and you will be doing me an extraordinary favour in transacting this commission in the East India Company's office." Sir George stepped back. "Refuse me not," cried Henry with emotion; "may I not be one day prisoner of war in England? Come, be not selfish, Sir George; do you hesitate in doing me a service? On my honour I promise you not to prove ungrateful, should I ever be happy enough to meet the occasion of being useful to you in return."

There was so much delicacy in the manner in which this offer was made that Sir George was unable to refuse. He seized Henry's offered hand, while an unwonted tear stole from the eyelids of the noble pair. They read each other's soul, and Sir George accepted. For with hearts such as these there is neither benefactor nor obliged; the happiness of giving only measures the happiness of the giver. Sir George started the same day for England, after having paid his debt. Henry, left to his meditations, rubbed his hands with delight as he exclaimed, "Par Dieu! I knew I would possess the secret; now then is Cecile mine."

But we must return to the little chamber on the third pair opposite the Hotel de Vaudrey. The unfortunate Duchess of Almeda was still its inmate. She had been made acquainted with all the circumstances connected with the duel of the count, and had early assured herself of the nature of the wound. Indeed an inward and powerful presentiment convinced her that he could not be snatched from her vengeance by death. It would have been easy to kill him, had that alone sufficed for the Spaniard's vengeance, that would have been happiness itself compared with the fulfilment of her fearful designs, and the day arrived when their execution was to be attempted. "The Princess de Vaudemont gives a ball the day after to-morrow in her gardens," exclaimed Rita after a pause. "Yes, Madame." "Listen then, Perez, to my project. The Count de Saint-Germain has rendered magic fashionable, and a fête is rarely given now without its magician. You must see the intendant of the princess, and tell him that an Italian will fulfil this office, that he seeks for no payment, and wishes only to make himself known by the reputation of his science. I will personate this Italian. My costume will be my disguise. The whole court will be there. He also will be there; and I mistake much if he be not among the first to enquire into futurity; then, Perez, I shall say to him, 'Thy star is fatal to them thou lovest or whose fortune thou seekest to possess; in three days, thy friend, Lelia, and the Bishop de Surville are no more; like, as

thy hate hath slain thy brother, and as thy love destroyed the duchess.'"

"You may conceive his disdain and raillery; but if thou art devoted to me, Perez, in three days it shall all happen as I have predicted."

"I await only thy commands, Madame." "The Chevalier de l'Eprin, Perez, his friend, this loyal gentleman, who engaged himself so nobly in this honourable league against a poor woman,—this chevalier, I say, in visiting Madame de Valentinois, passes by the side of some deep and dismal quarries, and generally alone." "'Tis so, Madame," answered Perez, with a peculiar curl in the upper lip, at the same time patting the broad forehead of his enormous greyhound; "and here is Etrik who has many times seized a bull by the throat, and trust me, Madame, do I but give the word the brave beast would not fail to hold the strongest horse by the throat, or fix him by the flank; and if the horseman should perchance be wending near the startling precipice or rugged quarry's brink—there would be peril, Madame—the rider's death would be certain." "Yes, yes, Perez, Etrik is a gallant hound, but Lelia?" "She takes me for a Peruvian, Madame, and by force of gold promises to receive me to-morrow." "The poisons of José Orbez are sure, leave no trace behind, and act at the appointed time by increasing or diminishing the dose."

"'Tis well, tis all well," exclaimed Rita eagerly, "and now for the bishop." "This poor old man, what has he done to offend me? Why should he be my victim? Alas! Perez, 'tis indeed dreadful." This burst of feeling was soon at an end; Rita had suffered too much herself not to be able to subdue an ill-timed impression of compassion. "We will follow the Bishop de Surville to his chateau, Perez. Once then in the village, thou or I will find the means of approaching him; then—"

At this moment a violent knocking was heard at the street door, succeeded by the rattle of musquetry upon the pavement, and a commanding voice exclaimed, "Open, in the king's name!"

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The little chamber was presently filled by twenty soldiers of the watch commanded by a sergeant of gendarmes. They were engaged, some in whispering low to each other and pointing towards Rita; others in examining the furniture of the room. Seated at the little table was a man of vulgar appearance, fat and dirty, clad in a greasy black gown: the commissary of police. Before him stood Rita and Perez. "Your names?" enquired insolently the little black man. "Perez de Sibeyra." "Business?" "Negociant." "Oh, negociant; very fine, a pretty merchandise; your papers?" "I have lost them." "Exactly, that's what I expected. And you, la belle? Come take away your hands and do not conceal that handsome face; your name? Speak then," said the commissary passionately, as he raised himself to pull down the hands which concealed the face of the duchess. "Wretch! touch her not," cried Perez as he rushed towards the commissary. "Secure him, pinion him," said the little black man calmly. "You refuse then to speak, Madame! 'tis well;

we shall see if the diet and discipline St. Lazarus will work an effect upon you; once in the bridewell, you can make up your mind. Let her be secured." When this part of the ceremony was completed, Rita's desk was examined; the immense sums of money contained in it made the little man's eyes sparkle with delight, as he exclaimed, "Ah! ah! a theft; for certain a robbery." Perez's solicitations for his mistress were vain. They were marched between the soldiers to their imprisonment.

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In a magnificent bourdoir, ornamented with white satin hangings, embroidered with large damask roses, and fringed with silver lace, interspersed with large pearls, upon a large ottoman lay the divinity of this fairy scene luxuriously reclined. Instruments of music were scattered here and there, superb china vases, filled with choicest flowers, were tastefully disposed around the apartment; delicious perfumes mingled in the air; and the subdued light beaming through the painted oriel window, gave to the enchanting scene the warm blush of a summer sunset.

"A letter from the Count de Vaudrey, for the Baroness de Cernan," said a powdered valet, as he handed a scented billet to his lady. Cecile took it eagerly: it was from Henry.

"At dinner, at the Marshall de Castries, you said. 'What would I not give to know the secret cause of grief which preys on that poor Englishman's heart!' These words, unimportant to you, but precious for me, since they expressed your wishes, I remembered. The secret I have discovered. When may I tell it you?"

This, then, is the cause of his duel with the Englishman," cried the baroness, "and for me. I, who thought myself despised! delightful!" She ran to the table, and wrote in haste, "*Instantly!*" rang the bell, and handing the billet to the lacquey, said, "For the Count de Vaudrey."

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The laconic answer was far on its way before she bethought herself on the indiscretion of her proceeding, and she was indecisive as to the manner in which she should receive the count, when he was suddenly announced.

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"And this was Sir George's secret," said Cecile, seated by Henry's side; "the secret which you feared not to snatch from him at the peril of his life; and that to gratify a vain caprice—and that for me."

The count wasted not the time that he passed by the side of Cecile. He was too well practised in the stratagems of love not to destroy the weak barriers which Cecile had vainly hoped would ensure her defence. The avowal which she hoped to command from him was yielded spontaneously by herself. She discovered her weakness when retreat was impossible, and had scarcely wiped the tear drops from her lovely cheeks when the Baron arrived.

"I come from Versailles, Count," said the baron, "and bring you despatches from the marshal; they are of importance. Madame de Cernan will excuse you." "'Tis the order for my immediate departure; I am to join my ship at Brest, and there await my orders.

The order is prompt," added he, as he exchanged a look with the baroness. "Ah!" said the Baron, "how can I be ready in forty-eight hours?" We do not, as I imagine, Baron, go to sea immediately. In a note appended to my commission is a hint from the marshal that I am ordered thus early to Brest to superintend the fit-out and direct the equipment of my frigate. We propose to organize a new system of artillery." "In that case," replied the baron, "I shall have time to arrange my affairs. But I must leave you, Madame, it is the hour of meeting at the club."

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"In two days, then. you depart?" said Cecile.

"I depart," said Henry, gaily, "and take with me your husband. You ought to be obliged to me for that, for I shall ensure the happiness of some fortunate lover. Ah! parbleu,—I guessed aright," exclaimed Henry, as he unfolded a half-burnt letter which lay within the grate. "Was I wrong, then, in disbelieving your protestations?" "This letter from Colonel de St. Cyr contains nothing that I fear to avow," replied Cecile. "He corresponded with me before I knew you; his letters are full of delicate friendship, nothing more. But you will not believe me; you will not believe in my affection," cried Cecile, bursting into tears. "Yes, Cecile, I will believe thy love if thou wilt grant me indubitable proof. You say you love me; prove it then. In two days I quit for a hazardous warfare; I may never see you again. Let me then bear the conviction within my breast that I have once been loved—and truly loved. The sacrifice is immense, Cecile, but I demand it of you as an atheist demands a miracle from heaven that he may believe;" and Henry kissed Cecile's hands and seemed to shed tears.

"'Tis impossible," exclaimed Cecile, urged to despair; "it must never be. Besides, the preparations for the voyage will keep the baron near me more than ever."

"A pretext," said Henry. "Good God, Henry! a pretext; no."

"If then it be no pretext, Cecile, I have thought on a mean of removing your husband. You have often written to St. Cyr?" "I have said it." "He has your letters?" "I believe so." "You have his?" "Yes." "Nothing in them can compromise you?" "No, no, no, here they are, read them." "Well, then, when your husband shall return, throw yourself at his feet, confess your correspondence, tell him that at the moment of his departure for America you would discover to him a secret which disturbs your peace. Tell him you have been imprudent; that you have stopped at the edge of the abyss at the moment you might have fallen. Give him the letters to prove it to him, and request him to place you in a convent during his absence." "Well?" "Then request him to obtain your letters from the colonel, and return his. Implore him to start for Nevers immediately, and we shall gain twenty-four hours to ourselves, Cecile, and you will ensure the future confidence of the baron." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Cecile, "the demon of darkness alone could have inspired such ideas. The scheme is infamous. God forbid that I should ever consent. I will not; never. Rather may you doubt my love."

The next morning the Baron de Cernan was posting along the road to Nevers.

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At the end of the Faubourg St. Antoine was situated a dismal building which was called at that time *l'hôpital*, and was used as the retreat of vicious females and such as had been convicted of petty thefts. In that building was confined the Duchess of Alméda. On this night, dark and rainy, the circuit of that wretched dwelling appeared deserted. A narrow winding passage encircled the foot of the wall of one of the outer courts of the prison. In this passage was a man, wrapped in a dark mantle. His eye was ever and anon directed towards the top of the wall, and he listened to the slightest sound with seeming anxiety, as if he expected some signal. After about a quarter of an hour, a stone, to which was affixed a long cord, fell at the feet of the man. He seized the stone, throwing off his cloak, and gave a slight pull, which was immediately returned from the other side. Then Perez, for it was he, quickly affixed a knotted rope to the extremity of the cord, which was gradually drawn across the wall. At this instant the rain pattered with redoubled violence, and the sudden gusts of wind raised a thick mist which added still more to the horror of the night. A second stone fell near to Perez, which he immediately seized, and by the impression made upon the rope, he felt that the prisoner had commenced to mount on the opposite side.

But what was his horror when the rope yielded suddenly to his weight and came in a great measure into his hands; and a heavy fall was dimly heard through the wall. He applied his ear vainly against the stone; all was silent. The prisoner had lost his footing, and had fallen wounded —perhaps killed.

A new hope awakened Perez to life when another stone fell near to him. The rope was again stretched by the mounting weight, and in a few minutes Perez kneeled at the feet of the Duchess of Alméda.

The rain still poured down in pitiless torrents. Rita, fainting with fatigue and pain, supported herself upon her faithful servant's arm. There was no coach to be found, and Perez feared for the life of his mistress.

Suddenly a coach turned from one of the small streets in that remote district, and moved towards them. "Stop!" said Perez. The coachman answered not. "Stop! stop! if your coach is disengaged," repeated Perez. At the sound of his voice the window of the coach was lowered. "I am full," roared the coachman, as he urged on his horses, which Perez was now holding by the reins. "We must on," cried the duchess, advancing towards the window. A head immediately appeared at the window, exclaimed, "Mortdieu, if you value your life, Sir, move on." The unhappy Rita shrieked with surprise and horror, and fell backwards on the pavement. 'Twas he! 'twas Henry, with Cecile enveloped in his ample roquelaire.

'Twas a magnificent sight to behold the roadstead of Brest in the early part of January 1781. Twenty-five ships of the line and nine frigates were riding at their moorings, whilst a considerable number of smaller vessels were anchored here and there, or were

cruizing between the land and the fleet. In the very midst of this forest of masts lay the Count de Vaudrey's beautiful frigate La Sylphide.

The first lieutenant, John Thomas, was standing on the poop, observing with attention the signals which were rapidly transferred from a watch-tower, which stood upon a projecting point on the north-west, to the marine telegraph on the tower of Brest. At this moment the distant booming of artillery was heard in the direction of the watch-tower; "It must be the Minerva," exclaimed the lieutenant, "contending with a superior force." The rest of the officers had by this time assembled round the lieutenant, and were eagerly conjecturing the locality of the combat, and the chances of the engagement.

They were suddenly aroused from their discussion by the sentry announcing the approach of the commander. Indeed, they were all so much occupied in watching the signals, that the captain's barge was within two cables' length of the ship before she was perceived. The crew were rowing rapidly, and almost before the main ropes could be thrown over the side, the barge was alongside, and Henry on deck.

"The admiral has given orders to the Vengeur and the Thunderer to sail instantly," exclaimed the count to his first lieutenant. "A French frigate is sustaining an unequal encounter with two English frigates. You must despatch for sea; the commander of the Thunderer has already called all hands."

"My trumpet," said he to a messenger; and turning to the lieutenant, "the wind's fair and we have the ebb tide, Sir, you must put a spring upon the cable, and pass a hawser through the quarter-port on the starboard side; then cut the cable and away."

"Cut the cable," exclaimed the lieutenant, "how shall we replace it, Sir?"

"The English have always plenty," said Henry gaily; "and if they hav'n't, their first frigate will serve us as a mooring buoy."

"The spring is passed around the capstan," reported Saint Sauveur to Henry. The count raised his trumpet to his mouth and exclaimed, "Stand by there to hoist the gib, and set the fore-sail; and heave briskly upon the spring." Then seeing the ship sufficiently paid off, he cried, "Stand by to hoist the flying gib and cut the cable;—cut there!"

"Now cut the spring—cut away," cried Henry, in a tone of voice that showed with what pleasure he gave the order.

The Sylphide keeled lightly to the breeze, then luffed to the wind, and made a board towards the Mingen rock to clear the roadstead. This manœuvre had been so well and so expeditiously executed that the Thunderer was still lying at her anchors, while the Sylphide had cleared the strait. The ship of the line, as if piqued at the promptitude with which the frigate had executed the order of the admiral, made a signal to the Sylphide to back her sails and lay to; for the commander of this ship being the oldest captain of the fleet, had the little squadron under his orders, and carried the broad pennant.

The Thunderer was soon under weigh and hoisted the signal for the chase; "All hands to quarters," cried the count, addressing the crew, "Hurrah, my boys, farewell to France; now for your enemies, let us fight bravely for our king."

"Vive le roi," shouted the crew with all their force. The count left the ship in charge of his lieutenant and descended to the main deck to inspect the preparations for action.

"Why are you pale, Sir?" enquired he somewhat harshly of the second gunner on the leeward quarter, who was supporting himself by his gun. "I have just recovered from illness, Sir," answered the man. "From what illness?" "From this, Sir," returned the man, as he laid bare his breast and pointed to a newly healed wound. "Why did you leave the hospital then?" "Because the surgeon told me that I only required exercise to get strong again, so I chose that of the cannon, Sir, for I know I shall have exercise enough in fighting the English." "Your name?" "Lucas, Sir!" Henry patted the man on the back as he continued his round.

"Your battery is in excellent order," said the count, addressing the gunner. "And I hope that you have not embarked any of that vile ammunition, nails and broken iron, that make such horrible wounds." "Yes, Sir," answered the gunner, "a quarter of the charge is of that kind." "Then," said the count, turning to Mouval, "I desire that such ammunition be used on board my ship only as a last resource; it is no better than heavy shot for combat, but it produces such distressing effects, that I consider its use an unpardonable cowardice."

The count was interrupted by a noisy uproar on the forecastle, and as he proposed finishing his inspection with that part of the ship, he hastened towards the fore-hatchway. In stepping up, he was nearly overturned by a man rushing violently against him, and seizing the steps for the purpose of securing his flight; it was the philosopher Rumphius. Rumphius was half through the hatchway; the other half was grasped forcibly by his brother Sulpice, who endeavoured in vain to keep him back. "How's this, master?" enquired Henry, "why do you disobey my commands; why do you not remain as I desired you in the hold, where you would be in safety?"

"I hear, Count," answered Rumphius calmly, "that we are going to have an engagement, in which the men will fall on all sides like grains of maize shaken from their stem by the spirit of Naraca, as Patala describes. So I conceived that I might try an experiment, which I have long time had in my mind, of seeking the means of measuring the velocity of the displacement of air, produced by the detonation of the artillery." "You are out of your mind, my worthy master," answered Henry; "the shots—you have not once bethought yourself of the shots. Return then to your cabin; and do not again show yourself on deck till after the engagement." Henry now turned his attention to the cockpit; the surgeon disposed his instruments of pain with the most imperturbable calmness, while he abused his assistants for not using more diligence. "Have you all you are likely to require, Doctor?" enquired the count. "Every thing, Sir." "I need

not then," continued Henry, "recommend the wounded to your assiduous care, but should any come down that are not wounded, though I do not expect it, give them over to the master-at-arms, that they may be immediately shot."

On his return on deck, the Sylphide was considerably a-head of the two ships; the cannonading was not heard so distinctly, and the telegraphs had ceased to communicate signals. "Another tack, Lieutenant: we cannot carry more sail, so wet the canvass. That perhaps will give us one or two knots more."

"The fire pump is not rigged, Sir," answered Thomas. "How's that, Sir? I expect it to be in constant readiness, under my orders." "It shall be attended to, Sir."

By this time the Sylphide had approached very near to the point de Vouessant; and had learnt from the signals on the telegraph, that the French frigate had escaped from her enemies by entering a most dangerous passage, where the English vessels could not dare to pursue. Signals from the Thunderer ordered her to keep out to sea, and serve as decoy to the English vessels, to bring them out from beneath the Cape, and lead them into the track of the two larger ships. The English ships soon perceived the frigate, and, trusting in their superior force, made sail towards her. The Sylphide luffed up in the wind to approach the enemy, until they were hardly more than a quarter of a mile apart; then, as if undecided, gradually slackened sail. The English, on the other hand, pressed all canvass, brought their broadsides to bear, and fired two shots, which fell at a short distance from the frigate. The Sylphide, appearing to be for the first time sensible of the approach of danger, bent all her canvass, and made all sail towards the fatal point, where the two ships lay concealed. The English frigates imitated the manœuvre of the Sylphide, and pursued her closely for the purpose of placing her between two fires, and preventing her from regaining port. But scarcely had they doubled Cape Porclus before the Sylphide veered suddenly round, ran out to windward, hoisted the royal ensign of France, and fired a broadside in midships. The two ships were now seen bearing down with all sail upon the frigates; and finding themselves thus hemmed in on all sides, without the slightest chance of escape, the English frigates hauled down their colours after but a slight resistance. This unexpected expedition having terminated so satisfactorily, the flag-ship made signals to the count to go on board the Thunderer. "Bravo, Count de Vaudrey," exclaimed the commander of the ship as Henry stepped on deck, "you have executed our intentions admirably." "I could have wished," answered Henry, "to have avoided so inglorious a command." "Pshaw! man," replied the commander, "it is fair war; one French frigate of four-and-twenty guns were ill matched with two English frigates of five-and-thirty. But I have despatches for you from the admiral, and you are not to break the seal until you reach the latitude of the Azores."

* * * * *

The sun had just set beneath the western clouds, and the shades of evening were beginning to creep over the face of nature, when

Henry was aroused from a dream of thoughtfulness by the sudden entrance of his second lieutenant, Mouval. "The watch-tower on the coast demands our number, Sir." "Well, give it, then," said Henry, a little vexed at being at this moment disturbed in his reverie. "What is this curious watch-tower?" "It is the one recently established on the tower of Koat-ven, Sir," answered Mouval; "see, Sir, you can see it from here."

It would be difficult to describe the sensation which this name, pronounced at this moment, and in this train of mind, produced upon Henry. He knit his brows, made a bow to his officer, and paced his cabin rapidly. But the transient emotions aroused by the appearance of Koat-ven, shaded in its present gloom, were felt by others as well as Henry. There was Rumphius, who had passed away many a long night upon its platform, examining the stars. There was Sulpice, too, who had also watched through long nights, anxious for his brother's safety. And there was Rita; and her squire.

For Rita, still bent on revenge, had by the good management of Perez, been admitted on board under the title of supernumerary clerk to the purser. This post gave her power over the provisions for the ship's company, and she had conceived the horrible project of mixing poison with the food which was eaten by all but Henry, and in this way bring him beneath the bann of their suspicion. With this diabolical intention a large quantity of an African drug, Tshettik, of which she had studied the nature in the book of José Ortez, had been mixed with the bread and brandy. The effects were speedily evident among the men, and the prophecy of Ortez seemed all but accomplished: "Their faces shall become livid, and their sleep interrupted by horrid dreams; they shall lose their strength, their spirits; the brave shall become cowards, and the hands of the young shake like palsied age; and they shall wax thin and appear like spectres; their eye-balls roll within their hollow orbs; and they shall die o'erwhelmed with the ghastly torments of distraction."

* * * * *

In an obscure retreat at one extremity of the larboard wing were assembled a small knot of Bretons, who met in council every evening to converse upon the likely cause of their common misfortune. One among their number, who associated in his proper person an assemblage of anomalous oddities, had amused himself by exciting the most powerful superstitious alarms in the minds of his companions. This person had contrived to make them believe that he had obtained the diploma of Lieutenant of Magic, and was capable of unfolding the most hidden mysteries, provided they would deposit in his hands certain monies and eatables with which he was obliged to fee the Captain of Magic. To add still more to their belief in his power, he had made use of the strange language and strange conversation which frequently passed between Rita and Perez in their small cabin, when they believed themselves unheard and unnoticed. It was in reference to a late espionnage upon their movements, that the leader of this small party exclaimed, "I tell you that I saw him myself, through a small opening in the corner of the Spaniard's cabin!" "What," cried several voices at once, "saw the—the Devil!" "Yes,

I saw him; he wore a large black mantle; I thought I should have died of suffocation from the smell of sulphur that poured through the hole." This last fact was convincing proof of Daniel's assertion; the heated and deceived minds of the party were still more inflamed against Perez; in whom they now saw the cause of all their miseries.

* * * * *

A still dark night had succeeded to the fiery and threatening gleams of the setting sun. These signs betoken to the experienced mariner a coming storm, of which the light and fitful gusts that ever and anon chased each other through the sky, might be considered the certain forerunners. The storm had begun to rage with violence as the six Bretons had concluded their denunciations against Perez. The timbers creaked beneath the growing tempest; the rage of the mariners acquired new force in the prospect of a tempest adding still more to their woes. "Overboard with the Spaniard," exclaimed Daniel; "we are lost unless we rid the ship of this devil's hind." "Overboard with him," responded his companions. In two minutes thereafter, the cabin door was burst open, and Perez dragged from within. Daniel seized the duchess by the throat, and forced his rosary around her neck; in the mean time the others had pinioned Perez; they were then tied back to back, rolled in a large tarpauling, enclosing two heavy shots; the foremost part of the main-deck was opened; the mariners fell on their knees, took off their hats to offer up their prayers to the Virgin for delivering them from the power of sorcery; made the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and with a loud shout forced the fearful bundle into the sea; it disappeared in the midst of the boiling element; thus terminated the wrongs of the Duchess of Alméda and her faithful esquire.

THE STAR.

CLEAR twinkling star! thou midnight sentinel!
Thou trembling beauty, floating 'mid the hush
Of heaven's azure vault; in veiled ambush
'Tis thine enchanted lot unseen to dwell,
Wrapped in the slumbers of thy silent spell,
While the bright sunbeams to the wild earth rush;
Yet, now, thou wak'st to gaze upon the blush
Of folding flowers, and light the dew-dropp'd dell;
Fond mortals vowing by thy fairy ray,
Whisper love tales 'neath the weeping willow;
'Tis by thy lamp when murk storms hold their sway,
And hoarse and angry winds sweep o'er the billow,
The toss'd bark stems her solitary way,
Spirit watcher of the sailors' pillow! U.

LETTERS FROM A CONTINENTAL TOURIST.

(Continued from page 501.)

After leaving the cathedral we paid a visit to the tomb of the Mareschal Saxe in the church of St. Thomas. It certainly is imposing in its appearance, but would excite little attention in any but a provincial town, where every thing *hors du commun* is viewed through microscopic glasses. It represents the marshal, surrounded by allegorical figures, stepping into the grave, which is held open by a skeleton for his reception. No doubt it is skilfully executed, but it is very far from being, as they call it, unique. A far more interesting sight was the mummy of a count of Nassau, whose body had been embalmed some four hundred years since, and was still in a state of perfect preservation, even to the lineaments of the face: nay, the hair on the upper lip was distinctly perceptible. The shoes were the same he actually wore; something like what we call Blucher boots in their cut, but with heels three inches high. The rest of his clothes were made after the model of those he was found in, and consisted of a very ordinary pair of brown breeches, with a doublet of the same, ruffles, frill collar, and slate-coloured silk stockings. In another glass-covered coffin near at hand was his daughter. The face was much decayed. Perhaps it had not been varnished, as was the case with the father. Be that how it may, all the flesh had rotted away and left the bones only behind. The hands, however, were remarkably perfect, and on one of the fingers was, or seemed to be, a brilliant ring. The dress, which had not been changed, was of a light-blue silk, ornamented with flowers. Four centuries had not much injured the tints or texture of the robe, and the colours of a bouquet attached to the forehead were scarcely faded.

After the labours of the day (for even pleasure is fatiguing) both my companion and myself required some refreshment, and for that purpose entered the most respectable café we could find. Nothing could be more characteristic than this scene. At each of two billiard tables were posted two players, each of them smoking, not even laying aside the pipe to make their stroke. Around them stood other smokers, watching and commenting on the games. At one of the tables was a party, smoking of course, but two of them, a sub-officer and a burgher, engaged in a game at cards. As the fortune varied, so varied their tempers; and every turn in the favour of one seemed to give rise to an angry reclamation on the part of the other, or an appeal to the decision of the lookers-on. There was not an individual in the room who was not sucking tobacco smoke. Indeed, the pipe is a necessary appendage to a German; and the Alsatians, though French by law, are in manners and habits, in nature and appearance, thorough Germans. The pipe, I say, is as necessary an appendage to a German as a shirt to an Englishman. Morning, noon, and night, they are whiffing the vile weed through a foul tube redolent of the stale residue of successive years' smoking, and scattering around them an effluvia indescribably offensive to the less blunted organs of their more cleanly visitors.

We returned to Kehl before nightfall, and left it for Carlsruhe by the Eilwagen at ten, which for once exceeded the pace of a tortoise, inasmuch as it traversed the ground at the rate of six miles per hour. At Carlsruhe my fellow voyager was to remain, in order to submit his passport to some necessary examinations, and obtain certain signatures to enable him to continue his journey. The Prussian minister at Berne had refused to sign his passport because he was an American; I suppose on the plea, that a native of the United States lived under too free a government to render him a fitting person to travel in the territories of the despotic monarch of northern Germany. As I had friends to see at Heidelberg, I engaged a conveyance, and hurried on. My agreement with the voiturier was to be carried to Heidelberg for six florins, that is, about ten shillings English; he having liberty to take another traveller if he could find one, and to stop one hour on the road to refresh his horses. However, at eight in the morning I started alone, and arrived at Bruchsal, our baiting place, about fourteen miles from Karlsruhe, by half-past ten. After waiting here till my patience was exhausted, that is to say, twice the time agreed on, I at last insisted upon the fellow's starting with or without another freight; and by dint of scolding, in French and English, interlarded with such German as I could muster, enforced by sundry threats of an application to a magistrate, I contrived to get his high mightiness in motion by one o'clock, and reached Heidelberg in time to see the castle before sunset.

While I am on the subject of voituriers, I may as well state, that without a very exact agreement and some firmness in resisting their attempts at imposition, you are sure to be egregiously cheated, for if you fall in with an honest, civil driver of horses, you have met with an exception to the rule.

To return to Heidelberg. The ruins are magnificent, though when viewed from a distance the dingy red stone of which the castle is built gives it a gloomy aspect, and renders it somewhat difficult to trace the form. It has suffered severely, having been dismantled and in part blown up in 1692 by the French under Turenne, when he laid waste the palatinate, it being the seat of the Elector, husband of James the First's daughter, from whom our present royal family derive their title to the British throne. Description and depiction have been lavished on these ruins, so that any minute particulars would be tedious. To my mind the most lamentable part of the scene was the bruised and mutilated state of the marble ornaments, once the delight of princes, and now scarcely affording a resting-place for the birds who nestle in the walls. Among the legends connected with the castle is one of a princess who leaped from the top of the chapel to the platform beneath, where she has left a foot print at least twelve inches long and six inches deep in the stones. Another story tells of a knight and maiden whose plighted vows were disregarded by some superior powers; wherefore, he, to cure his melancholy, hung himself, and the lady, in despair, threw herself headlong from the terrace. Of course her ghost haunts the vicinity of the spot. In the cellars of the castle they show you the great tun, which every fool goes to see, because other fools have talked about it. I expended

a few kreutzers on this lion, and should recommend every one to avoid a similar expense, inasmuch as no pleasure is to be derived from its disbursement. They show you too the knight's hall, and the interior of the chapel, and an ivy tree the stem of which is as thick as a man's thigh—a famous plant of the species. From the bridge over the Neckar is the best general view of the ruins, but it should be visited when the sun shines on them, so as to enlighten a little the dusky masses, which appear much too heavy when viewed from this spot. By far the most interesting object to me in Heidelberg was the Gasthof zum Ritten, or the Knight's Inn, which is the oldest house in the town, and is built as usual of red stone, but in a style of architecture as light and elegant as it is picturesque. I am surprised that it is not more frequently noticed by tourists. But let any traveller who admires its exterior be careful not to be led away by external beauty, for its accommodations are said to be worse than are commonly met with even in the worst hotels.

My compagnon de voyage overtook me again this evening. His journey had been the reverse of agreeable. Heavy rains, which amended not the appearance of a very uninteresting road, which offers but one good view in its whole course, namely, Colmar, on the other side of the Rhine: and no one to exchange an idea with, for the postilion knew but one word of French or English, which was, "Yes." Of this he was so proud, that he used it upon all occasions. Thus in answer to the oft-repeated question, "This Heidelberg?" he invariably replied "Yes;" though, to the inexpressible mortification of the enquirer, he found the director of horses was only displaying his abilities as a linguist, and his acquaintance with the principles and practice of the English language.

September 14th.

We left Heidelberg shortly before noon, and arrived at Mannheim in time to embark in the steam-boat for Mentz. These Dampschiffs, as they call them here, boast of a vastly superior degree of comfort and convenience to that of any other German public conveyance. In the first place, smoking is actually forbidden in the cabin. Now, though in the paper they give you on securing your place in the diligence they insert among other bye-laws that no smoking is permitted without the consent of all the passengers, the rule observed is to ask the leave of the ladies present, and if they do not object, out comes the tinder-box, and one is forthwith stunk to death with the noisome vapour these worthy Deutschers puff from their smoke-sodden tubes. I suppose the dry smoke is a necessary correction of the grease and sauer kraut, that is, rotten cabbage and other messes with which they cram their stomachs at their meals.

The country between Mannheim and Mantz, that is, the banks of the Rhine, are utterly devoid of interest—flat and muddy. The cathedral of Worms is the only noticeable object, and that is seen from too great a distance to be properly estimated. Something of the general outline may be made out, but the details of course are not discernible.

At Maintz we had some trouble in procuring rooms, but ultimately

were accommodated at the Hotel d'Hollande. I believe in a German salle à manger you may make out the number of natives present by counting those who are sucking pipes ; and in the coffee-room of one hotel the presence of ladies in nowise interfered with their enjoyment of this fœtid weed.

Among the many ladies present was one German girl, whose beauty would have stood the test of comparison with that of my fairest countrywomen, and her manners and dress were to my mind as far superior to those of the majority of the sex as her person was; gay, yet unobtrusive, the one simple and decent, but elegant the other. Such are the bright visions that pass before the eyes of a wanderer; and, real though they be, they flit from before him, and, as though they were indeed "tricks of the fancy," the airy nothings of a dream, leave no trace behind but a passing regret, a somewhat more lasting remembrance of the beautiful phantom. Even this soon passes away, as the present light of some new planet overpowers the fading brilliancy of the parting star.

September 15th.

Descended the Rhine from Mentz to Coblentz. From Bingen the famous scenery begins; but Switzerland has spoiled me. I am ashamed to confess that I was disappointed. There is not one object of general admiration which has left a strong impression on my memory, save the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The mountains seemed but mole-hills when compared with what I had lately seen ; and, as specimens of the picturesque, were utterly destroyed by the stiff terraces of vines which clothed them to their very summits. The ruined castles, so much vaunted by the Rhine travellers, have a wonderful family likeness ; and I do not think that after an introduction to one member, you have much reason to desire any further acquaintance. The steep Lurley rock and its echoes, and the Pfalz Tower, on a small island in the middle of the river, were all that I should have remarked upon, had it not been for the notifications in my guide book. We arrived at Coblentz soon after mid-day, and landed there, leaving the majority of our fellow-travellers to pursue their route to Cöln without let or stay, except for the embarkation and debarkation of passengers.

On our arrival at Coblentz, notwithstanding the rain, which came on shortly after our landing, we traversed the town in search of beauties, though I cannot say that we found any thing worthy of remark. So, having perambulated the streets, we returned to our hotel, and found permission, which had been procured on the credit of our passports, to visit the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The view from the high rocks on which it is built is truly charming. Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein (the town) are seen beneath you as though they were modelled representations and not real masses of stone and mortar. Opposite was the confluence of the Moselle and Rhine,* a much more interesting sight I thought than that of the Rhone and Saone. The line of demarcation is distinctly visible ; and, from that

* Coblentz is a corruption of the Latin word, *confluentes*, "flowing together."

height, it may be traced for many miles down the river before the waters become amalgamated.

An unmilitary eye cannot judge fairly of the strength or weakness of a fortress; but I may as well mention that when I had managed to explain to a bandy-legged serjeant who acted as our cicerone, that I thought a portion of the wall on which we were standing not quite inaccessible, he pointed, with a grim smile, to the embrasures, from which every shot that was fired would sweep the ascent from end to end. The views I have seen of Ehrenbreitstein, it must be confessed, are flattering likenesses, though it is not impossible that under a bright sun it may show to more advantage.

The floating bridges on the Rhine are among the most remarkable objects that a traveller may see. They are arranged in the form of a crescent, the convex side turned up the stream. The flooring is supported on beams which rest on lighters moored in the direction of the current. To enable the steam-boats and other large vessels to pass, a brace of the supporting boats on either side of the river have windlasses attached to their mooring chains, so that by letting the cable run out they float down the stream, carrying with them that part of the bridge they support, and leaving a clear passage. As soon as the vessel has passed, the cable is wound up again, the barges resume their position in the crescent, and the communication between the banks of the river is again perfect.

There are several of these wooden bridges, and many more flying bridges. These consist of a large vessel, with a stage or deck to contain passengers, whether of the human species or not, and merchandise if it be needful. To this is attached a chain which is supported on a series of boats to prevent it from dragging along the bed of the river, and is moored fast in the middle of the water-course. When they wish to cross, the head of the great vessel at the extremity of the chain is turned up the stream slantwise, and the current pressing on the broadside of the barge carries it over to the other bank.

We were too late to see any thing of the reviews at Coblentz, and were obliged to content ourselves with criticising the appearance of two or three regiments which marched past our windows in the morning. The men are much larger than the French troops, but have not the air of activity and intelligence which so pre-eminently distinguishes the scarlet-breeched warriors of modern Gaul. On comparing the men one can readily conceive how Napoleon paralyzed his German antagonists by the celerity of his movements, if one were only to judge by the tools either party worked with.

We left Coblentz for Cöln at noon, and arrived in six hours, during the greater part of which time the rain fell in torrents, no very pleasant adjunct to the crowded state of the packet. The Drachenfels, and the scenery immediately in the neighbourhood before reaching it, are beautiful. I know not whether the mist and clouds in which it was enveloped added to or detracted from its charms, but I saw nothing else on the Rhine to be compared with this rugged crag and its environs. The ruin on the summit of the rock furnishes an object of definite magnitude by which to judge of the height of the

mountain, and reciprocally its great elevation adds much to the commanding dignity of the shattered wall. On we swept, passing Bonn with a momentary stoppage, and reaching Cöln shortly before sun-set, wet and tired, but as gay and contented as if we had been indulged with a blue sky and bright sun throughout our voyage.

Cöln, *Sept.* 17.

I sallied out this morning and secured my passage to London, that is, I secured my place direct to London, with a check on the Batavier at Rotterdam, a proceeding which saved me a guinea or a day, whichever I might find most valuable. After that necessary piece of business had been transacted, and a similar arrangement made for my companion, but in another direction, we proceeded to have our passports countersigned, and set out sight-hunting.

The cathedral of course was our first point, and thither we bent our steps. It is but a fragment, and that too a not very large one. One tower is half-finished, and only a portion of the nave. But just enough has been done to show what might have been effected, had the whole been completed. That part of the tower which has been built and is at the south-western end, is very striking. My first exclamation was, "How infinitely superior to Strasburg!" Yet when the first burst of admiration was over, and we examined more closely the scene before us, disappointment took the place of amazement. The world may cry out *Expede Herculem*, but either the foot is not enough, or the foot is not that of Hercules. I am ready to join most heartily the world of cognoscenti in their praise of the mutilated Torso. I think the ruins of Heidelberg magnificent. But these are not the remains of what has been, but the commencement of what was to be, and beautiful as is the workmanship, stupendous as is the design, I confess I left the cathedral of Cologne dissatisfied.

It is built of grey stone, and the tower is very rich in ornament. In the interior is the famous tomb of the three kings, holy in the eyes of the Lanz Knechts of yore, reckless as they were of God and man. The tomb was removed on the approach of the French in the wars of the first revolution, and in the course of its migrations the skulls of their majesties lost their golden crowns, and part of their jewels. However, these precious relics of the magi, who worshipped the infant Saviour, have been again enshrined in their resting-place with new ornaments of less value, but which no doubt answer the purpose equally well. By the side of this precious puppet-show is a picture attributed to a painter of the name of Kalf, and dated or said to be dated 1410. However that may be, it is of very beautiful execution and deserves attention. The subject might be easily guessed, namely, the worship of the wise men of the East. Part of the choir of the cathedral has been so far completed, that service may be performed in it, and it is used for the celebration of mass. A few windows, partly glazed with painted glass, and the wooden arches which connect the entrance with the choir, are all else that exist of the cathedral of Cologne.

In a street in the town is a house with two inscriptions on one side of the door, stating it to be the birth-place of Rubens, which is not

true ; on the other, the death-place of Mary of Medicis, the mother of Louis XIII., which may or may not be false. Not far from this house is the church of St. Peter, where they show the font in which Rubens was baptized, and the altar-piece which he painted out of affection for the spot of his nativity, representing the martyrdom of the saint. The subject is horrible, and he has selected the most painful moment. A man is driving a large nail through one foot, and another is straightening by force the left arm for the purpose of inflicting the same torment : the right arm and leg are already attached to the cross in like manner. The other functionaries are engaged in fixing the cross in the earth with the head downwards. The convulsive action of the tortured limbs, the agonized countenance of the sufferer, the demoniac expressions of the executioners, are all depicted with a truth and force which cannot be surpassed, and the colours are as brilliant and vivid as though it had been painted in this century. But the subject is revolting to the last degree, and I would not again visit the picture were it even finer than it is—and many think it the masterpiece of Rubens. My blood curdled as I looked on it. It was stolen by the French in Napoleon's time, and, when restored, was not as before exposed to public view, but an execrable copy made and attached to the back of the original, the whole being made to turn on a pivot, so that the copy appears in general, and the original only on the proper application of two shillings English, prix fixe, for the gratification of individuals particular.

We did *not* visit the bones of St. Ursula's 11,000 virgins, and we did visit the magazine of the representative of the late Jean Marie Farina, opposite the Julius platz, to purchase some of that perfume for which this town has become so celebrated.

For the rest, whatever Cologne may be in fine weather, in wet it is a very uninteresting place, and as all the sweets have been extracted to scent its fragrant water, an extra quantity of filth is left behind, the unsavoury steams of which almost scarify one's nostrils.

In the evening we saw a troop of Prussian convicts pass. They were dressed in parti-coloured garments—black and yellow—with fetters on their ancles, connected by a short chain. One had a bell attached to his cap, which ever and anon, as he walked forward, tinkled : whether this was a mark of distinction or infamy I could not discover. A few soldiers sufficed to guard a considerable body of them, and they marched on, " walking wide with their gyves on," as Falstaff describes it, cheerfully enough, and, to all appearance, utterly unabashed at their disgraceful situation.

One of the especial annoyances at Cologne arises from the vast number of persons who hover round the gates of the hotels, and pester you with offers of unrequired service as guides. And if at last their importunity goads you into a submission to this infliction, you follow like a tin kettle at the tail of a dog, a mark for astonishment and observation to the passers-by ; differing, however, in one respect, namely, that in the one case the animal is ashamed of the appendage ; in the other, the appendage is ashamed of the animal.

It has now rained almost without intermission for the last fortnight, and I have every expectation of finishing my journey not only by

water but in water—no very comfortable prospect—mais vogue la galère. These annoyances are but trifles, if you keep your temper, and recollect the good advice of the old and homely song :—

"A light heart and thin pair of breeches
Will go through the world with brave boys."

Sept. 18.

Descended the Rhine. The day was wet and dull, and the banks of the river flat and uninteresting. Nothing could by possibility be more insipid. The only moving objects that met the eye were pot-bellied Dutch barges, with their sails puffed out like the square flaps of a burgomaster's coat in a high wind, displaying like him too a round stern behind of no ordinary dimensions.

On entering the territories of the king of Holland at Lobeth, we were detained for some time, while the papers and passports were being examined, a period which I shrewdly suspect was not a little extended in order to include the consumption of sundry pipes of tobacco and drams of Scheidam. Many of the passengers, myself among the rest, landed and peered about the neighbourhood, which turned out to be a swamp. But the miasmatic vapours do not appear to be unwholesome, for a healthier, rosier-cheeked set of villagers I never beheld. Two of a party of women (young and old) who had assembled to gaze on the strangers, would have passed for handsome in England, which is more than I can say of any peasants I have seen in France, Savoy, Switzerland, or Germany. It is true it was Sunday, and as they were dressed in their best, they might have looked better than on ordinary occasions. But clear red and white, round plump limbs, laughing eyes, and pouting lips require but little ornament to make them agreeable.

At Nimwegen we put up at the hotel des Pays Bas, where every thing was as scrupulously clean as might have been expected from Dutch neatness. But the supper was such an one as few English dogs would have swallowed, except on the persuasion of excessive hunger. Nota bene—it was not less expensive than elsewhere. Two Prussian officers who were bound for Amsterdam, and had left Coblentz at the same time as ourselves, here quitted us, and as I am not likely to meet with any man of their class, I shall take the present opportunity of paying what I consider a just tribute to the merits of the only men I have met with on the continent, who are, in my opinion, of unexceptionable manners and aspect. Their appearance is highly favourable to them, so that you might almost suppose them picked men for their form or stature. So far from carrying into society the brusque habits of a militia, as might be expected under a military government, and as is actually the case in France, they invariably, as far as I could myself observe, or learn by enquiry, endeavour to promote a quiet sociability and good feeling in those with whom, for the time being, they are associated. The very reverse of rude or dogmatic, they are neither forward nor retiring, neither talkative nor taciturn, equally free from the vain-glorious presumption of their Gallic neighbours, and the exquisite exclusiveness of our dandy guardsmen. In Prussia, for every grade an officer is obliged to pass

an examination which, I am informed, is tolerably severe, and as book-learning of any kind must necessarily improve the mind, and as good breeding is the mark and result of a cultivated intellect, this high tone of character may be the natural consequence of their enforced studies. Be it how it may, the fact is as I state it, and as my own impressions were confirmed by the experience of others, and as the parties, from the observation of whose conduct I found my opinions were numerous at Coblentz—thence to Cologne, and these last two as far as Nimwegen—and were, for several days, in constant contact with me, in the limited circle of a steam-boat, or seated at that great touch-stone of a man's temper, a table d'hôte, I have no reason to think I have formed too hasty an opinion of the affability and courteousness of these truly respectable and unassuming gentlemen.

September 19.

Again at day-break were we roused to embark in our cold damp steam-boat, and hurry down the Waal and Maas to Rotterdam. The river was covered with vessels, and the number of loaded barges, stemming the stream, gave earnest of the commercial wealth of the country. At half-past twelve we saw the tower of the cathedral of Rotterdam, and arrived there about two o'clock. The forest of masts that surrounded and divided this floating town recalled vividly the image of old England, and the clean brick houses and rosy-cheeked damsels added to the strength of the reminiscence.

There is little to see in Rotterdam. The great church which, externally and internally, is utterly destitute of beauty, contains the monument of Admiral de Witt, which is, perhaps, to an Englishman the most interesting object. They profess to have a much larger and finer organ than that of Haerlaem, and it certainly occupies an immense space in the building; but I did not hear it, and can, therefore only judge of its outside qualities. The pipes are silvered, not gilt, after the fashion of, or setting the fashion to, the great Birmingham organ.

The dampness of Rotterdam may be readily conceived by any one who can imagine a town more than half the site of which being occupied by water, the atmosphere is constantly impregnated with particles of evaporated fluid. But a Dutchman as well as a bull-frog thrives in a marsh, for a fatter, healthier-looking people I never beheld, and there is a general appearance of wealth and activity about the busy quais which bespeaks as healthy a state of financial matters as of persons. We saw no idlers except such as ourselves, who wandered over the town to kill time in looking for curiosities which were not to be found, or, when found, proved not worth the looking after.

I must not, however, forget a tolerably good statue of Erasmus, which is most unpoetically placed in the centre of a vegetable market, or, at least, is surrounded by venders of the produce of the Dutch gardens. It deserved a better fate.

The canals which run through the streets are for a while new to the eye, and therefore amusing. But after you have seen a few

vessels pass the uplifted drawbridges which keep up the communication between the opposite sides of a street, they lose their attraction.

Sept. 20.

I WRITE this on board the Batavier, descending the Maas, hastening over to the white shores of our happy island. If no other benefit be derived from foreign travel, a position which I should be one of the first to deny, it is worth the money and time expended to have learned, by comparison, the superior blessings and advantages of merry England. Long may she send forth her children to see the world, and sure may she be that they will return to her maternal care with a just sense of its value, and a consciousness of her superiority in every essential excellence to every other land in the world.

SILENT LOVE.

FAIREST! do not thou believe
The whispered tale, that I am changing;
I could not for my life deceive,
And call thee mine, and yet be ranging.
If I seldom talk of love,
Oh! do not think my vows are broken;
I swear, by every power above,
They're firm as ever, though unspoken.

Gushing from its puny source,
The shallow streamlet hurries over
Its pebbly bed, in noisy course—
Such is the ever-chattering lover.
Mighty rivers onward sweep,
Resistless, yet in silence flowing;
As silent, ceaseless, strong, and deep,
The love that in my heart is glowing.

A GOOD ANECDOTE FOR PRINTERS.

"One day an old woman from the clachan of Campsie entered Mr. Reid's book-shop at Glasgow, inquiring for 'a Testament, on a mair than ordinar round teep?' One of the largest size was shown to her, which she carefully examined, exacting a serious tribute on Mr. R.'s patience. 'This ane 'ill no do—it's a pity noo, for it's a bonnie book—hae ye ony the same size, but wi' the print just about twice as grit?' 'No such Testament printed in Scotland,' was the reply. 'Weel, I'll tell ye what ye may do, sin' I hav gien you a' this trouble! I'm gaun wast a' the gate to Anderston, to see a brither's bairn that I maun see afore I leave the toun, an' ye can just put your stampin'-irons in the fire, and cast ane aff to me by the time that I come back—we'll no cast out about the price."

LAIRD OF LOGAN.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

STATISTICS, &c.

The Great Metropolis. 2 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Ottley. 1836.

The volumes now before us are from the pen of Mr. Grant, author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons," a work which met with considerable success, partly due to the novelty of the subject which it treated, and the curiosity of the public with respect to those persons whose appearance, character, and manner, were portrayed in these sketches, and partly, no doubt, to the talent and vivacity with which they were written. The author himself, in his present work, has made so free with the names of all the parties connected with the daily and periodical press, that we feel no delicacy in publishing his own, though he has not attached it to his volumes.

"The Great Metropolis" is a book which will find numerous readers among our country cousins, who eagerly catch at every scrap of information concerning our vast capital, and it is well calculated to satisfy the cravings of their appetite for metropolitan wonders. And even those parties who are well acquainted with London and its vast machinery will derive much entertainment from the lively descriptions of scenes and circumstances within the sphere of their knowledge, which are contained in its pages. We are surprised, however, to find a man who has lived so many years in London, and who has had such excellent opportunities as Mr. Grant of acquiring that kind of information of which his volumes are made up, should have fallen into so many errors, on points where there is scarcely any excuse for making a mistake. With such errors the first volume teems. The second is not quite so amenable to criticism on this point, but is by no means guiltless of the same offence.

We shall proceed to point out some of the most glaring instances we have met with in the course of perusing them, at the sametime that we give a brief analysis of its contents. The first chapter, which is exceedingly short, confines itself to the statistics of London. Mr. Grant computes the present population at two millions, finds fault with the want of architectural beauty in the majority of the streets, and asserts, we think without sufficient foundation, that not more than three or four per cent. of its inhabitants "first drew their breath in London." No doubt it annually receives a great accession to its population from the rural districts, but Mr. Grant's position is most absurdly exaggerated—nay, he virtually contradicts himself almost in the same page, for he calls London, and truly calls it, the healthiest metropolis in the world, and states that the births exceed the deaths by 2000 or 3000. If this be the case, what becomes of the natives? Are they all so obliging as to quit the great city, and give up all the advantages to be derived from an early acquaintance and connexion with its inhabitants, and the modes of arriving at wealth and distinction, or, in an humbler sphere, of gaining a comfortable livelihood, with the prospect of future competence, merely to make room for the gaping countrymen who crowd up to make their fortunes in streets which many of them believe to be actually paved with gold? However, there is some foundation for that which Mr. Grant puts forward, inasmuch as the rapid increase in the population is entirely attributable to the numbers who flock in from all parts, though they certainly do not compose the half, perhaps not more than the fourth part, of its residents.

The second chapter is devoted to the theatres. We differ much from Mr. Grant in his estimate of the theatrical propensities of the Londoners. It is a notorious fact that the theatres of the present day are, with few exceptions, either filled with orders, or, if we may be pardoned an Irishism, filled with emptiness; and he himself gives a mournful account of the heavy losses that have been suffered of late years by the speculators in theatrical property; and

as for the enthusiasm with which successful performers are received, it is not to be named in comparison with the excitement of the French or Italians under similar circumstances. In Paris, at Milan, and in Naples, on occasions of great attraction at the larger theatres, the tickets are sold at a high premium, sometimes three or four times the ordinary price, and even then you must receive as a favour the permission to purchase.

The King's Theatre has precedence given it, either on account of its size or gentility, and here we meet with the astounding assertions that the pit "is frequented by the middle classes," and that the gallery "is chiefly intended for, and principally attended by, the servants of the aristocracy." We imagine, if Mr. Grant were to take the trouble of a personal examination next season, he would find very few gentlemen of the party-coloured fraternity in the gallery, and more of the middle classes than in the pit. It is also said to be "very largely attended by merchants and others who do not know a word of Italian, from a disposition among persons of wealth, however limited their education and humble their origin, to follow in such matters in the wake of the aristocratic portion of society." Why here is a jumble of error and ignorance! Our merchants are seldom of limited education or humble origin, and are much more likely, from the very nature of their occupations, which render it necessary for them to be acquainted with the language, than the aristocracy, who seldom know more of it than they have picked up from music-books and the librettos of the operas. And after all, no one goes to the King's Theatre to hear or understand the words, which is not easy even to an Italian, when they are chaunted in recitative or sung; but some to listen to the music, and the majority, as Mr. Grant himself says, to gaze on the dancers. We agree perfectly with his observations on the indecency of the ballets as they are now performed, but fashion will always triumph over good taste and propriety, even where they are sacrificed without an equivalent in return for their abandonment; but the exquisite grace and finish of such a dancer as Taglioni, if they do not justify, at least palliate, the offence of an exposure which all must confess is disgracefully immodest.

In speaking of the Olympic Theatre, Mr. Grant states that Elliston "produced a piece called Rochester, grounded on a well-known anecdote of Henry the Fifth." Of course this means Charles the Second; we suppose the fault lies with the printer. In his enumeration of those actors who have realized an independence, he has neglected to set down the name of Charles Young, who would, we imagine, be very unwilling to take thirty thousand pounds in exchange for his property, and he altogether overlooks the causes of the general poverty of the class, namely, their extravagant and improvident habits. The late dramatic licenser is styled "Mr. George Colman, son of the celebrated dramatist of that name." Now both Colmans were celebrated dramatists, the elder being the author of The Jealous Wife, and, jointly with Garrick, of The Clandestine Marriage. George Colman the younger produced John Bull, The Poor Gentleman, The Heir at Law, and The Iron Chest, all of which keep possession of the stage, while The Battle of Hexham, The Surrender of Calais, Inkle and Yarico, Ways and Means, and The Mountaineers, although most successful in their time, and, like the others, teeming with humour and sparkling with wit, not unmixed with scenes full of poetry and pathos, are for the present lost to the stage. We may add, that George Colman the elder was more renowned for his excellent and judicious translation of Terence than as a dramatic author, a species of celebrity to which the son had a far better title than the father.

In the third chapter, the clubs of London are made to pass in review before the public, and here we are sorry to see that Mr. Grant's political prejudices have carried him beyond the limits of truth. He must know that in the transactions of private life, in the payment of bills, and the settling of accounts, the Whigs are just as dishonest as the Tories, and the Tories just as

honest as the Whigs, yet he insinuates the contrary in good set terms, and adds that the cellars of the Carlton Club are indifferently stocked, because, forsooth, the Tories are no longer in office—that is to say, because they can no longer apply the public money to pay their wine-merchants' bills. Now this is petty, and we did not expect it, for the general character of the volumes is any thing but virulent. Political differences should never interfere with the relations of private life; and it is indeed an abuse of party spirit to allow it to engender accusations of moral turpitude which all the world knows to be utterly groundless.

In the account of the causes of the breaking up of the Literary Union, and the formation of the Clarence Club from its relics, there is inserted a vile libel on Thomas Campbell, which is so very gross that we cannot help supposing it to have proceeded from some personal enmity. He is accused of romping in the club kitchen, at the servants' annual ball, kissing the maids, and hustling the widows. If this be true, it was not handsome to rake up the ashes of such a story, with a view to the discredit of a poet of unquestioned merit, whose genius might have purchased him immunity from such an attack. And if it be not true, which we have good reason to suppose is the case, it is as malicious a lie as the devil could have suggested to one of his own dearly beloved. There are many other observations in the chapter on clubs which we find great fault with, and if the author of these volumes is not an already disappointed man, a fox abusing the grapes he cannot get at, we think he has ensured himself a most comfortable majority of black balls if he ever be proposed at any one of the societies for a member. The chapter that follows is occupied with the gaming-houses. As this is a subject with which we are in no wise acquainted, either personally or by report, we are not in a situation to criticize the remarks in this section of the work.

The remainder of the volume discusses the physical and moral condition of the higher, middle, and lower classes. At least one third part of each of these three divisions is devoted to an investigation of the causes and prevalence of the crime of adultery. Why our author should have made conjugal infidelity so important a subject in a place where we are surprised to find such a matter noticed at all, we cannot conceive. The book is of course intended to be read by young females, married and unmarried, and surely there is no propriety in informing them how frequently this offence is committed, or how lightly it is thought of. It puts us in mind of the Irish hostler, who went to confession, and after running through the catalogue of his sins, was asked by the priest if he never greased the horses' teeth to prevent their eating their oats. "No, your rivrence," said he of the curry-comb, and received absolution. The next time he repaired to the confessional, this was added to the list of wrongs he had done. "How's this?" said the astonished auditor, "Why! your riverence, I never knew of it till your riverence put it into my head." We trust, however, that none of Mr. Grant's readers will follow the example of the dishonest hostler. However, setting aside the bad taste of introducing the subject at all, we think he is wrong in his estimate of the frequency of commission or the view taken of the parties by the world. In the first place, we do not think the females of our aristocracy at all more prone to infidelity than those of the other classes of our country-women. If any thing of the kind occurs in high life and is discovered, from the prominent station the parties hold in society they are more liable to be brought before the public eye, and, indeed, a faux pas is seldom committed by a titled lady but sooner or later the newspapers blazon is abroad, and all the world cry out what shocking profligacy. If there be any truth in the assertion of the more frequent occurrence of infidelity in women of rank than in others, we should be apt to attribute the circumstance to far different causes from those assigned by our author. Our aristocracy have usually more leisure or idle time on their hands than those of the middle classes, and as they are generally well informed and of agreeable manners, that alone would in many cases account for a preference shown them

by the other sex: besides which, and this especially, if there be any difference of station in the parties, the splendour of their rank dazzles or their gold purchases the embraces of her who yields to the seducer. It is well known that all women of character hold a wanton in detestation, whatever her rank may be; and as for the dictum of Lady Blessington quoted in confirmation of his view, that the crime of conjugal infidelity on the part of aristocratic ladies does not, in the estimation of the members of their sex, consist in the mere *fact* itself, but in allowing it to be *detected.*" God save the mark! if her authority is to be taken for law on such matters. There may be some truth in the assertion that rakes are always considered the most agreeable members of society; but it must not be forgotten that the same warmth of constitution that hurries men, at least young men, into vices of the class here alluded to begets also wit and vivacity of conversation, and that your cold-blooded calculating saint is usually the dullest proser in Christendom. Not that we would defend vice in any shape; we merely wish to account for the anomaly, without attributing to both mankind and womankind on universality of depravation. Without pursuing this subject any further, we will turn to some other points which jar on our sense of truth most amazingly.

"We should like very much to know where Mr. Grant has picked up his notions of the manners of our female aristocracy; certainly not among themselves, or at least in the company of a very equivocal portion of them. There may be some *parvenues* most probably who indulge in the gross language attributed to them, but it is a most disgraceful libel on them as a body, to suppose them capable of using such language as the following.

"'What savage is that with a face like a boiled lobster?' inquired Lady Mortimer, of one of her female friends at the last Almacks of the present year, pointing at the same time to a gentleman sitting opposite.—'My goodness! my dear Marchioness,' said the Honourable Miss Lundy to the Marchioness of Leamington, as they both sat together a few weeks since in the opera-box of the latter, 'my dear Marchioness, who is that she-bear, with her blowsy hair and face like a pickled cabbage, sitting in the Duchess of St. Alban's box?'—'*That* Miss Cleveland, with her overgrown crop of hair hanging about her neck, looks like a water spaniel.'—'Oh, I can't endure the sight of that mountain of humanity; that beetle-squasher, Lord Henry Manning.'—'The very sight of that ugly wretch, Miss Bruce, makes me sicken.'—'Look at that laughing hyena; that piece of vulgarity, Miss Tomkins.'—'Did you ever see such a brute as that Lord Brondon is?'—'I could dig that horrid woman's eyes out; she is always talking so maliciously of me.'—'I am sick to death of that vulgar beast, Lord Montgomery; did you ever see such a booby?'—'O, I could box the ears of that wretched creature, Miss Vernon!'"

And what after all is the authority for these gross and indelicate expressions? Some silly tales forsooth, written by two bread and butter misses, yet in the school-room, if not the nursery, at the time they put forth their precious farrago of all that two very young ladies ought *not* to have written.

The stigma too cast on the mode of arranging marriages among the aristocracy is, we think, undeserved. Whether or not their unions be the result of previous affection, we are quite sure that for the most part they make exemplary wives and mothers, and none are more fond of their children or more constantly with them, than those who are not compelled from lack of means to a personal superintendence of their offspring. The fact is, that love matches are not generally very happy ones. The parties before their union have an exaggerated idea of each other's virtues, and after time has cooled the ardour of passion, they find out that their partners are not such faultless beings as they had imagined, and the natural consequence is a re-action—an ebb in the tide of affection. Now in prudential marriages, most commonly it happens that the parties are as fully alive to each other's failings before as after the knot has been tied, so that on that score there is not likely to be any diminution of mutual respect or esteem; and as we all know what time will effect, we can easily conceive that it will soften down any little asperities or disso-

nance of temper, that may have interfered with the perfect agreement of the parties, and engender a lasting friendship, if we may so call it, which is less likely to pass away or change than the selfish passion called love.

The middle classes fare no better than their superiors. Immorality, falsehood, and inhospitality, are charges almost indiscriminately applied to the whole body, and as for the third estate, the commons, nothing seems bad enough for them. Cheerfulness, under the pressure of misfortune, is the only redeeming quality allowed them, and as for their morals they seem to be like negative quantities in algebra, subtractive. As proof of this, the first fact brought forward is that few or no young men among the lower classes "can plead innocence of sexual intercourse" at the age of twenty years. Not to mention the indelicacy of harping on this string through page after page, we would ask why this accusation is made against the lower classes only? We do not deny the truth of the allegation. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." But are the youths of the higher and middle classes immaculate? The fact is, young blood is young blood, and will obey the dictates of nature, unawed by the warning voice of the moralist, or the probable and immediate evil in prospect. We condole with Mr. Grant on the wickedness of mankind, and repeat with poor Ophelia:—

"Young men will do't
When they come to't."

What more is to be said?

That spirit-drinking is a pernicious habit almost entirely confined to the vulgar, we are ready to admit. But all men, civilized or savage, seem to have a natural taste for strong liquors, and we do not conceive that a greater proportion of the populace indulge in drams of gin, than among their betters, or at least those who ought to be their betters, carouse in healths drained pottle deep. Still there is no denying, the prevalence of this most pernicious vice.

In his enumeration of the humbler classes, and his sweeping assertion that they are all in a state of miserable poverty, Mr. Grant seems to have forgotten that a very important item in the population of London consists of mechanics and artisans, who earn their thirty shillings and from that to three pounds a week, which is quite enough to procure them all the necessaries, many of the comforts, and some of the luxuries, of life, and enables them to bring up and educate a young family decently and creditably. No doubt among these men there are many bad characters, but the majority are decidedly a very respectable set of men, and ought not to be included in the ranks of dram-drinking paupers, thieves, and Sabbath-breakers. And this reminds us that much fault is found with those who, on that day which God has appointed for the rest and recreation of man and beast, quit the smoky precincts of London, and themselves and families endeavour to breathe a little fresh air in the suburbs. They must not, forsooth, smoke their pipes and drink their pint, while their wives gossip with their neighbours, out on the same errand of health, over a dish of tea, and their little ones rejoice in the free space they have to gambol in and stretch their innocent limbs. This out-Agnews Agnew: we'll have no more on't. And, as for the startling dogma, that nine-tenths of the operatives of London are professed infidels, it bears its own refutation in its extreme absurdity.

Justice is done to the ready wit of the lower classes, and we insert the following extract, which is characteristic enough.

"Some of the similes or imagery which the lower classes of London are in the habit of using, are exceedingly happy.

"'Harry, my boy,' said a cobler, the other day, to a journeyman tailor, 'can you lend me a shilling?'

"'Bless your soul,' said the knight of the thimble, 'I have not got so much about me as would pay the toll at a turnpike-gate for a broom-stick.'

"'Ned, my jolly old fellow,' said one cartman to another, as they both sat quaffing a pot of porter in a tap-room—'Ned, won't you have a slice of this here loaf?'

"'I'm not a bit hungry,' said Ned.

"'Take a slice; there's a good fellow.'

"'Well, if I do,' said Ned, 'let it be only the bigness of a bee's knee.'

"'Holloa, Jack, is that you?' said one country-looking personage with a smock-frock to another in the same dress, while both Houses of Parliament were on fire in October 1834.

"'Vy, Jem,' said the other, 'I did not expect to see you in this here crowd.'

"'There's a fine go of it—eh!' meaning the conflagration.

"'Vy, yes, Jem, I calls that a little bit of a blaze, and no mistake. It will soon take the shine out of those there engine-men.'

"'I should think so. They'll never put it out; they might as soon think as how they could extinguish it by spitting on it.'

"'Put it out! Heaven bless you, Jack, they wouldn't put it out, though they were to pour the whole Thames on it like a sack of potatoes.'"

We now turn to the second volume, which we shall be compelled to despatch more hastily, for want of space.

The second volume initiates the world in the mysteries of newspaper and magazine editing. As this is a subject which comes peculiarly within the province of our author, probably we shall not meet with so many incongruities as in the former sections. The general estimate of the qualities, good and bad, of the different newspapers, is given with singular impartiality, and the account of their origin, progress, and present state, interesting enough, particularly to those whose occupations have not made them acquainted with the machinery by which this powerful engine is set in motion. One remark on the Observer we feel inclined to cavil at, namely, that "It is an excellent paper for families, the greatest care being always taken to exclude any thing which could bring a blush to the cheek of female modesty." Now the Observer is notorious for always publishing the best and most accurate accounts of crim. con. and seduction cases, to administer a satisfactory dose to the prurient curiosity of middle-aged virgins and elderly gentlewomen, who are understood to be its staunchest supporters. There is, however, no question as to its excellence as a Sunday paper, and its superior means of information on Saturday subjects of interest.

The reporters, as a class, are men of undoubted ability and fairness, but with an excusable *esprit de corps*, Mr. Grant attributes to the "gentlemen of the press," an influence which they certainly do not possess. As to the nonsense of their reports being the medium through which the public are informed of what is going on in the Houses of Parliament, and *therefore* that they might, if it so pleased them, misrepresent the sentiments of our senate, and produce a mischievous effect on public opinion; all the world knows that if a reporter be accused of incorrect statements and the charge be proved, he is liable to be, and in some cases actually has been, discharged from his situation. One might as well say that our judges have license to be corrupt, and could, if not restrained by a sense of justice, pervert laws from their true meaning and intent without incurring any responsibility. That the parliamentary reports are so excellent, so correct, so copious, and so rapidly produced, is indeed matter of astonishment; but that the reporters should do their best to be impartial and exact is a necessary consequence of their engagements.

In the statistics of the Quarterly Review some assertions are made highly laudatory of the present Editor's severe impartiality.

As for Mr. Lockhart's impartiality, we thought it was generally understood that the fault of that gentleman as Editor of so important a periodical as the Quarterly, was a too great tendency to gloss over the failings of his personal friends in lieu of dealing out to them with unsparing severity the lash of criticism. But we speak only from report, and we rather think Mr. Grant has no better authority. Some other stories of the Quarterly we believe to be incorrect, but so strict a secrecy is preserved with regard to the contributors

that the falsehood of his statements is not easily proved. We may, however, mention that in one particular case where we were acquainted with the contributor of a certain article, we heard that article, which was not a little talked of, attributed to various parties by those who professed to have good information on the subject, and yet these conjectures were all of them as far from the truth as the antipodes.

We will not pursue our painful task of criticism any further. It is at least but an unthankful office to find fault, and we are heartily glad to have done with it. We turn with pleasure to the more agreeable part of our duties—commendation. It is superfluous to say that there is much ability displayed in these volumes. The author has already passed the ordeal of public favour, and is no longer a virgin candidate for popularity. Our limits prevent us from indulging our readers with any further extracts, and we refer them to the work itself, which we can promise will yield them abundant entertainment.

Almanack de Gotha, pour l'année 1837. Gotha Justa Perthes.

This is the seventy-fourth number of this celebrated ephemeris. Besides the usual astronomical data to be found in the best class of almanacks, there are numerous portraits of the magnates of Europe, which, if not very well executed, are well enough adapted for the purpose, inasmuch as nobody looks in an almanack for specimens of engraving.

Then we have a very complete list of all the sovereigns of Europe, together with their wives and families, and the dates of accession, marriage, and births. A sort of abridged—not peerage, but princeage, and a catalogue of the ambassadors, envoys, and other diplomatic agents employed by all the courts both of Europe and America. These, with an account of the existing orders of knighthood throughout the world, a short chronicle of events in the past year, and a few statistical tables, form the bulk of the work. We should be happy to see an English almanack published on this model, which contains the most useful and appropriate information that can be looked for in such a periodical, though, if any publisher should take the hint and follow our suggestion, we recommend him to eschew the embellishments, or else get better engravings than those which adorn the volume now before us. It will be seen by the heading of this article that we have the copy in French. It is scarcely necessary to say that it is also published in German.

British Atlas. A set of County Maps of England and Wales. No. 1—21. Imp. 4to. By J. and C. Walker. Longman.
Geological Map of England and Wales: with Canals, Railroads, &c. By J. and C. Walker, 3, Burleigh St. Strand.

Good maps were, a very few years since, deemed an expensive luxury: and the exorbitant price charged even for books of very inferior value rendered an intelligent acquaintance with geography unattainable by persons of moderate resources. The public are in a great measure indebted to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge for the favourable change that has taken place in this department of literature. It is true, they have published bad maps occasionally; but this must always be the case where so extensive a series appears. Still the impulse has been given, and those who are connected with education must know how beneficial is the effect. The Messrs. Walker, whose co-operation with the Society has been regular since its commencement, have done well to follow out on their own responsibility a set of maps similar to the Society's. There is an old and vulgar saying, that "too many cooks spoil the broth;" and it would not be difficult to point out certain maps in the Society's series that have been spoiled by the clashing of opinions. In a short

notice like the present it would be out of the question to enter at length into the merits and demerits of these maps, although we could easily fill several pages with strictures and suggestions. Suffice it to say, that for all general readers enough and more than enough will be found to serve their purpose; while the scientific student will find in them far more to praise—far less to condemn, than in any set of maps of England, except those of the Ordnance. The very low price of this Atlas, consisting of forty-six maps, at nine-pence each, shows the proprietors not to be without enterprise. Their efforts deserve patronage, and *nothing but a very large sale can repay the outlay.*

The Geological Map of England and Wales (4½ feet by 5½), though by the same draughtsmen, is of a very different character. It is considerably scientific; and as respects the geology and mineralogy some important improvements have been made on the map of Greenough, though here and there we have found several errors in the colouring of the strata. The canals are marked and their levels are given in feet from Bradshaw and Priestley, and with respect to the rivers, the extent of their navigation is marked. The railroads are laid down—not only those actually in construction, but those in contemplation. Here we think is a mistake. Perhaps for a month or two the itch for railroad novelties may be played on, and so a few more copies be sold; but the stirling character of the work is sacrificed, and its value as a permanent work of reference is lessened. The railroads actually in construction should be most accurately laid down with levels in feet; but the map should not be disfigured and obnubilated with an interlacing of blue lines that mark nothing beyond a few bubble schemes blown together by a handful of jobbers to gull the ignorant and fill their own pockets.

On the whole this map is very creditably got up. Perhaps, if room could be found at the corners, a table of extreme gradients on the different railways, length, &c. &c., would be an improvement:—but as it is, we have every reason to wish well to this undertaking. No inquirer or indeed any one professionally or pecuniarly concerned in canal, railroad or mining speculations, ought to be without this very useful map.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, F. R. S., &c. Parts 4, 5. Van Voorst.

We are ever ready to hail with pleasure any new literary undertaking which may have for its object the extension of moral and scientific information, and the training of the mind to the early and practical exercise of improving study, that enables it

> To spring aloft, with elevated pride,
> Above the tangling mesh of low desires
> That move the fluttering crowd.

But it is matter of especial gratification to us to see men of acknowledged talent and learning direct their serious attention to the popular illustration of a science in which they are admitted to excel. And indeed it demands no small mental attainment to be able to conjoin so usefully the tasteful description and engaging style of the accomplished popular writer, with the severer science and learning of the professor. Of this kind is the very excellent work before us—a work that cannot be too widely circulated; for, while it corrects the mischievous prejudices of ignorance, it supplies to education a means of accomplishment that has not hitherto existed.

The numbers before us contain the history and habits of the weasel, the marten, the cat, the dog, &c. The engravings are well executed, and the vignettes prettily designed. When completed it will form an excellent and useful volume, deserving of a place upon every drawing-room table. We would refer our reader, for an illustration of the value of the work, to part 3, on the mole:—"The moles gnaw the roots of plants, for the purpose of ex-

tracting from them such larvæ and worms as feed upon them; they likewise seize upon earth-worms which are entwined among the masses of fibrous roots, &c. The principal object of its search, however, is the earth-worm."

We shall observe from time to time the progress of this work, as the subject is one of especial interest to ourselves.

The Naturalist. Conducted by B. Maund and W. Holl. Nos. 2, 3. Groombridge.

A worthy companion to Mr. Bell's "British Quadrupeds." The plates are admirable, and the work most scientifically conducted. No. 3 opens with an account of a very interesting animal, the ornithorynchus paradoxus, one of the anomalous monotrematous animals of Australia, which combines in itself the peculiar characters of a mammiferous animal and a bird, suckling its young like the former, laying eggs and having a flattened bill like the latter.

A few years since the habits and characters of this animal, even its existence, were almost hypothetical to naturalists: now we have presented to us, in an agreeable and popular form, the most positive and complete information respecting it. Further on we find an excellent essay by a distinguished physiologist, Langston Parker, on the circulation of the Invertebrata.

Works of this kind cannot be too much encouraged; we wish it every success. When we have less press of matter than at present, we will again recur to it.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Magazine of Health. By a Practising Physician. Nos. 9, 10. Tilt.

There is undoubtedly no subject of greater importance to an enlightened public than that which points out to them the nature of the machinery of their corporeal frames, the natural movements which constitute health, and the irregular actions that give rise to disease; that explains, on a reasonable understanding of structure, the best rules for cherishing health, and the painful consequences of an infraction of nature's laws. We must admit that upon such points the majority of society—some even amongst medical men—are lamentably ignorant; and a magazine well directed towards the enlightenment of the public upon such subjects would, by a reflected action, prove an excellent stimulus to a class of men to whose skill the public health is entrusted. Upon these grounds we acknowledge the value of a publication of this sort; but at the hands of a physician, or of a medical author, we expect no common instruction. We have a right to demand from men of education and of severe thought, an information in their own peculiar province, and a simplicity and distinctness of argument, that shall place their work upon the surest ground-work of popular favour.

With these remarks we close our present notice of the work before us, advising the nameless Editor to remember the warning of the Scottish bard:—

> "A chiel's amang ye, takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it."

A Series of Anatomical Plates. By Jones Quain, M. D., and William J. E. Wilson, M. R. C. S. Fasciculus 42. Taylor and Walton.

This beautiful work still continues to maintain the ground which the name of its distinguished Editor induced the medical world to expect.

It was commenced with the express intention of placing within the reach of the educated gentleman, the barrister, and the public, the means of becoming easily acquainted with the important structures of the animal machine, as well as to serve as a continual reference to the student and the prac-

titioner. This intention is completely fulfilled in the numbers now lying before us, wherein the veins of the face and neck, the arm, and the chest and heart, are admirably delineated. These plates are accompanied by descriptive letter-press, and a luminous reference to each plate, in which the vessels and muscles are referred to by their English titles.

We recommend this work to those among our readers who feel curious in the construction of our corporeal part, and who would learn without difficulty the distinctive titles of the different parts of our structure. To barristers such a work must be as necessary as to the medical practitioner, for how can he form a fair judgment in medico-legal cases where the soundness of the body is concerned, without being himself acquainted at least with the general outlines of its anatomy?

We shall furnish our readers with occasional remarks upon the progress of this work.

BOTANICAL SCIENCE.

Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum; or, the Trees and Shrubs of Britain. By J. C. Loudon, F. L. H. G. and L. S. Nos. 26, 27, 28. Longman and Co.

However incorrect it may appear in a conscientious reviewer to express an agreeable bias towards the subject which his duty to the public calls upon him candidly and impartially to discuss, we must confess that, with the above beautiful work before us, our native hills and our native woods appeal strongly for an opinion consistent with our appreciation of the agreeable task. It has been our fortune to have had our attention drawn to the classical and intellectual labours of Mr. Loudon for several years past; we have had, moreover, in our occasional tours though England and Scotland, gratifying experience of the practical ability of that gentleman in the ornamental designs which decorate many of the villas and parks of our nobility.

Mr. Loudon conjoins with a perfect knowledge of the peculiarities of trees, the nature of the soil which they demand, and the aspect the most favourable to their growth and perfection, an acquaintance with rural architecture which enables him to harmonize the graceful forms which compose this branch of architectural and landscape gardening.

The fame of English taste in the branch of ornamental design and cultivation has made its way even to the frigid climes of St. Petersburg, and we find the emperor at the present moment engaging the services of a British landscape architect in his imperial park.

But the value of the labours of Mr. Loudon is best observed in the continual errors which have been committed in Scotland, in the selection of plantation lands. Fruitless have been the attempts of our northern neighbours to raise their country from the stigma which Johnson cast upon it, by making its soil available to the propagation of timber trees, from ignorance of the "history and geography of trees," which forms a main feature in the intentions of this work.

We feel, therefore, that we are not saying too much when we advise that the "Arboretum" be admitted to a place on the library table of every educated gentleman who feels an interest in the cultivation and beauty of his country. He will find within its pages concise and popular descriptions of all the British trees and shrubs; their English, French, and German synonymes, with the derivation of their common names; botanical and scientific characters, divested of all unnecessary technicalities; directions for their propagation and culture, with historical notices of their use, their character in their native countries, and their introduction into Britain.

The letter-press is attractive and engaging; each plant is enriched with a portrait from nature, on the scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot, and the

work is illustrated with engravings of rare or fine specimens of trees. The three numbers before us contain five-and-twenty beautifully executed plates.

We regret that want of space prevents us from saying more of this work, but we shall return to it with pleasure at a future period.

EDUCATION.

Dictionnaire Universel de la Langue Française. Par P. C. V. Boiste. Revue par Ch. Nodier. 8th edition, 1 vol. 4to. Firmin Didot Frères. Paris.

This is decidedly the best, if not the newest, dictionary we are acquainted with—sufficiently large to contain all that can be required in a work of reference for ordinary readers, but not too cumbrous for use, and too expensive for men of moderate income. Of course our readers will understand that it is a French French dictionary, that is to say, the explanations of the words and their etymologies are given in the language itself. But this can be no objection to those who are tolerably well acquainted with French, and for others it is neither meant nor adapted. We shall best explain its merits by enumerating the more important sections of its contents.

1. The Dictionary itself, the corresponding Latin word being always given in those cases where it exists.

2. A Dictionary of synonymes, one of the most valuable and best executed divisions of the work. All men who have studied a foreign language, not like parrots, by ear and memory only, but have investigated its principles, are capable of appreciating the value of a table which explains the exact equivalents of words too often confounded in their meanings, even by uneducated natives.

3. A Dictionary of the difficulties of the language, equally useful with the last section.

4. A treatise on French versification, a subject little understood by Englishmen, and with which they ought to be acquainted if they wish to enjoy to the fullest extent the chef d'œuvres of the poets of France. We are informed, by most competent judges, that this is the most comprehensive and excellent essay on this subject in their language.

5. A Dictionary of rhymes, which should be appended to every lexicon of every language, not for the sake of furnishing poetasters with endings for their verses, but on account of the terminations which form the most important part of the etymology of every tongue, and which are thus arranged, and only want a little further classification to be available for the purposes of the philologist.

These are the principal divisions, though there are many other departments, each in its way eminently useful, as, for example, a Vocabulaire Geographique, giving the names of places, and the kingdom or section of a kingdom, in which they are to be found. Taken all in all, Boiste's Dictionary is not only the best French dictionary, but the best of any kind, both as regards arrangement and execution, that we have ever seen. We recommend all those of our readers to whom their inclination or pursuits render a critical acquaintance with the niceties of the language desirable, to provide themselves with this volume; and, in cases of doubt and difficulty, they may be sure of finding in it an unerring guide, or at least one in which they may safely confide.

Chambers's Educational Course. History of English Literature—History and Resources of the British Empire—Introduction to the Sciences—Rudiments of Chemistry—Elements of Geometry. Five small volumes. Edinburgh: T. and R. Chambers.—Orr.

The various endeavours that have been made by Messrs. Chambers to diffuse and popularize information are highly laudable, and it would have been well if all their praiseworthy intentions had been substantially carried out. In his

"Information for the People" there was indeed much that was good and useful; but it is impossible to avoid remarking that there was much slovenliness in the mode of getting up the subjects. We have some doubts also as to the real value of such vague information to any class of his Majesty's subjects. These observations apply in a great measure to the books before us. The idea, for instance, of giving "A History of English Literature" in a couple of hundred loosely-printed pages is perfectly absurd. It would have been better to leave it alone altogether. The "Introduction to the Sciences" is somewhat better, and *in the hands of a judicious teacher* may be useful; but the book is not carefully arranged. The "History and Resources of the British Empire" is done in a manner scarcely less slovenly as respects the arrangement; but the facts of history, if decently told, must ensure to the book a certain value,—and in the latter part the compiler has managed to group together a good many facts of very general interest. The book is used, we understand, very largely in some of the more modern schools; and certainly much credit is due to those who have substituted this litttle volume for the trashy books of Mr. Pinnock and Dr. Goldsmith. There might have been a better one very easily; but in these days we must be thankful for small things. In noticing the remainder of these little volumes, we have a more pleasant task to perform. "The Elements of Geometry" is a short but good and cheap edition of Euclid's Elements; and some of the additions are good. There are others, however, for which we cannot account at all,—unless indeed they be intended to increase the bulk of the volume. The dozen pages devoted to Trigonometry would have been much better omitted altogether. By far the best of all these little treatises is that on "Chemistry." It is not out of respect to a name that we praise the book. Facts have come under our observation that fully prove it to have answered its end,—that of instilling a taste for experimental chemistry into the minds of young people. It has done more, however, for it is utterly impossible for any young person to read this treatise and accompany the reading with the few inexpensive experiments here suggested without acquiring a very respectable knowledge of chemistry.

If Messrs. Chambers employ competent men, and grudge not the necessary *frais* for good workmen, the series may do well. The late numbers have decidedly improved.

RELIGION.

The Christian Lacon; or Materials for Thinking in a Christian Spirit. By W. Martin. 32mo. W. Darton.

On first turning over the leaves of this little volume we thought that there was much of pedantry and affectation in the dogmas and in the style of their expression. An hour or two of leisure has led to a favourable change of our opinion. There is in the book much that has led *us* to think; and if we may count on our readers' minds as being at all similar to our own, it is probable that they also may find that which may serve for the materials of thought. Thinking is indeed a spontaneity,—we cannot help it. This faculty, and the inevitable employment of it, constitutes our distinctive quality:—and thanks are due to those who by suggestive hints call forth the dormant powers of the human mind. Much more are thanks due to that writer who can elicit trains of human thought that prepare a moral being for a happy immortality.

FINE ARTS.

Sir Thomas Lawrence's Cabinet of Gems. London. Ackerman & Co.

This volume consists of a number of fac-simile imitations of some sketches in chalk by Sir T. Lawrence. The plates are by J. C. Lewis, and are such faithful copies that for every essential purpose they answer quite as well as the drawings themselves. The reputation of the late president of the Royal Academy as a draughtsman ranked very high, and his power of drawing was certainly very great, but there is a factitious ideal character about the productions of his pencil, which deprive them of much of their merit as transcripts of nature. It is an admitted aphorism that *ce qui n'est pas vrai, n'est pas beau*, and by how much a pictorial representation of any kind is wanting in truth, by so much at least is it removed from perfection. We do not wish to deny or derogate from the elegance and refinement of the works of Lawrence's pencil, but we do assert that there is a mannerism and affectation about them which most certainly does not enhance their value. To proceed to the work under our inspection, we would in the first place notice the portrait of Sir Thomas which faces the title-page. We should not have recognised it in any other situation, but as it bears some resemblance to the late Mr. Canning, and as they were said to be like each other, the defect may be in our vision, not in the portrait. This want however, if it be a want, is supplied by the first drawing, a portrait of his father, from which if you take away the wig, and add a neckcloth, you have an excellent likeness of the great painter himself. The third in the collection is his much vaunted portrait of the beautiful Lady Hamilton—Nelson's Lady Hamilton. We are not inclined to fall in with the general opinion of its merits, thinking that there is less of truth and more of a visionary character in this than in any other specimen in the collection. Of so light and flimsy a texture is the drawing, that you can almost see through it, more like a spirit of air than an embodied soul. Artists, and especially young ones, should never forget that the markings of nature are strong and decided, and that her lights and shadows are, to use a French term, plus prononcée than any thing that the most skilful artist has yet ventured to exhibit. These films then, these gossamer webs, are but weak shadows of reality, and as truth is enduring, so will their falsehood render them evanescent.

However, as a whole, this work is eminently beautiful, whether as regards the material or the execution, and the admirers of Lawrence will find in it by far the best remembrancer extant of his genius, and the only one that we know of, of his skill in the use of the crayon.

Finden's Ports and Harbours of Great Britain. Part 3. Charles Tilt, 86, Fleet Street.

In these days of poverty and economy, none will think of laying out their money for works of art, except perchance those of a very distinguished merit, and that too, supported by the name of an artist of established reputation, unless they have a good penny-worth for their penny. It accordingly happens that the town is inundated with rival productions of permanent or temporary interest, as it may be, but all of them at a very low price. Each successive candidate for the favour of the public, being, if possible, at a more reasonable rate than its predecessors. The employment of steel instead of copper, for the materials of the plates, enabling a proprietor to obtain as many thousand impressions as he formerly could hundreds, has materially affected the price of engravings of this class. The expense of production is not very much increased, and if the sale be sufficiently extensive, the aggregate of very small profits on each individual print will make a sum large enough to justify the investment of capital. It is true that small engravings, book plates, and such others, have considerably deteriorated as works of art, inasmuch as no connoisseur cares to exhibit as a choice specimen of his collection, a print of

which twenty thousand other persons may possess as good a copy.* The almost undeviating similarity of the embellishment of the annuals, and other like works on steel, combined with their extraordinary number, has in a great measure satiated the curiosity which was formerly felt on such matters. Steel plates are almost as like each other, as soldiers of the same regiment, and they are now so common, that, like a red coat in a garrison town, their appearance produces no excitement whatever. The only mode of securing a sale, is to publish them at so very moderate a price, that people will buy them as much for their cheapness as for their excellence.

Of all the numerous monthly publications which come under the class of which we have been speaking, the best and cheapest is that whose title appears at the head of this article. Five spirited engravings, and which too are not amenable in a high degree, if at all, to the general reproach cast on such works, that they have all a strong family likeness, are offered for half-a-crown —sixpence apiece. It is almost incredible. But Charles Tilt is the publisher, and we suppose the proprietor, and he seems to have a patent for producing a better article at a lower price than his neighbours, and yet to make it pay well in the end.

The views are two of Dunstan borough Castle, one of the Castle on Holy Island, one of Blythe, and one of Berwick, from drawings by Mr. G. Balmer, and they bear the names of William and Edward Finden, that is to say, they are got up under their inspection, and they are responsible for the satisfactory performance of their deputies, a duty which they have, in the present instance, well and faithfully discharged. We consider this work entitled to success, and we have no doubt that it will meet with its deserts.

Shakspeare's Gallery, Part 4. Charles Tilt, London.

This number contains three female heads, purporting to be Desdemona, Jessica, and Lavinia. Of course they would do as well or nearly as well for any three others in the whole range of Shakspeare's female characters. The object however of the publication is answered. That is to say, three very pretty faces are represented in what is called the dot or chalk style of engraving, and sold for a very moderate price. The execution of the plates is very neat, and the designs very elegant. This is one of the prettiest and most eligible drawing-room table ornaments of the many that are now periodically, we might almost say daily, supplied to the never-failing appetite for novelty of metropolitan cognoscenti.

Winkle's Cathedrals. English and Continental. No. 25, & 11. Charles Tilt. Fleet Street, and Effingham Wilson, Royal Exchange.

No. 25 of the home department contains one exterior, and two interior views of Chichester Cathedral. No. 11, of the foreign part, the west front of Rouen Cathedral, and the interior of its Lady Chapel, besides ground plans of the Cathedrals of Notre Dame at Paris, and of Beauvais. The work is very carefully gotten up, and the objects very faithfully represented. The exterior of Rouen Cathedral is a very elaborate work, and is creditable to the artist. Considerable expense must have been incurred in procuring the drawings for the foreign numbers, and altogether the price is so moderate as compared with the outlay which must necessarily have been made, that without a very extensive sale, not only will there be no adequate remuneration, but no remuneration at all, for the capital embarked in this speculation. We trust that the proprietors will be duly rewarded as they deserve for their enterprise.

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* Another cause for the contempt in which steel plates are held by amateurs and judges is the inherent intractability of the metal, which prevents the production of an equally good engraving. Whatever talent and labour may be expended on it. We need only refer our readers to the works of the same man on the different metals for a confirmation of the truth of our assertion.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Drury Lane.—Since our last number was sent to press, Mr. Forrest has appeared in the part of "Othello." So wretched a play as that in which he first trod the English boards did not afford a fair opportunity of judging of his talent. It might be great, it might be little—the best jockey of Newmarket would make but a poor figure if he rode over the course on a jackass, and the American doctor's Pegasus appears to be one of the long-eared tribe. At all events such a mass of balderdash as the "Gladiator" perhaps was never brought forward before under the specious designation of a five-act tragedy. However, we are not here to trench upon the literary department of the Magazine, and must leave "Spartacus" to his fate.

Shakspeare is the touchstone of genius in the higher walks of histrionic art, and if a tragedian can bear that test, he may he fairly set down as composed of sterling metal, and not a base alloy. With a view, then, to form a more exact judgment of the merits and demerits of Mr. Forrest, we looked forward somewhat anxiously to the time when he would take upon him to enact the dingy Moor. We are sorry to say that we were utterly disappointed. Never was there a more complete failure. It is true Mr. Forrest has many natural defects to struggle with, but it is the attribute of genius to triumph over difficulties, and had he possessed that invaluable treasure of the mind, the obstacles we speak of would have been as nothing in the scale. It will be as well to enumerate the disadvantages under which this gentleman labours, that we may not seem to speak so harshly without good grounds for our severity. Mr. Forrest's voice is unmelodious and grating to the ear, when forced, monotonous and inexpressive, add to which his pronunciation is not by any means pure—not that we would insinuate that this defect is to be laid to the account of his native land. We happen to know that a well-educated American's language is undistinguishable from that of a well-educated Englishman, except perhaps in so far as they lay a strong emphasis on pronouns, which we do not. But we should say, if he (Forrest) were an Englishman, that he had a strong provincial accent. Then, he has no ear for rhythm; for example, he reads,

"She *is* like a liar,"
"Gone to burning hell,"

and,

"Othello's occupation *is* gone,"

without any regard whatever for the metre, and the same thing occurred in other places. His person, which has been talked of as fine, is certainly very ill adapted for the stage. No doubt the proportions of his limbs are gigantic, but they are not cast in the heroic mould, and what would be a model of beauty in a bruiser or wrestler, is coarse and unseemly in the semblance of a noble warrior or high-born gentleman.

But, to come to the main points, in his reading and enunciation of the

magnificent part of "Othello" we have much to blame, and, sorry are we to add, little to praise. Mr. Forrest is utterly incapable of level speaking. In the scene with the senators his declamation was painfully emphatic; almost every other word seemed to be marked by a stress of the voice. The simple dignity of the single-hearted Moor was entirely lost. We could scarcely believe that the actor comprehended the meaning of the words. He seemed on thorns lest he should not make himself sufficiently prominent, and in the effort to be distinguished, overwrought the character most woefully. In the drunken scene he was not satisfied to quit the stage, as his predecessors have done, without saying more than is set down for him, but must needs stop short in his exit to interpolate such iniquitous stuff as this—

"Cassio, I make an example of thee.*

Shade of the Swan of Avon! hear not the violence done to thy immortal song.

In the third act, which is usually considered the test of ability in the actor, he fell still farther from the high mark he aims at. His attempts at pathos were much on a par with the sorrows of an oyster crossed in love, as some of our readers will recollect Grimaldi singing them. He seems to think that heart-rending grief can only be portrayed by a convulsive shivering of the frame, and a queer kind of sob, like a schoolboy whimpering after a sound flogging. He mistakes grimace for expression, and violence for passion. Even in the burst of feeling,

"Villain, prove my wife a whore,"

and what follows, which it must be confessed was not wanting in energy, he so out-did and over-acted the part, that the momentary feeling of satisfaction engendered by the force and vigour with which he uttered the threat was succeeded by regret that he should have so far overstepped the limits of good taste. The same remark applies to his reproaches of Desdemona, and indeed to all that remains of his part. Having carried our analysis thus far, it will scarcely be necessary to add that we consider Mr. Forrest but an indifferent second-rate actor; and as he is at present very much overrated, so in a short time, when the nine days' wonder has ceased, he will sink much too low in the public estimation. Those who are old enough to remember Kean in his prime, would scarcely believe that so low a quality of talent could be endured a second time in that rank in his art to which this gentleman aspires. But John Bull is always gaping after novelty, and would rather wear a new

* In the play—not as it is acted, but as Shakspeare wrote it—after the words,

"Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine,"

"Desdemona" enters and "Othello" continues,

"See how my gentle love is raised up;
I'll make thee an example."

We mention this because though the sentiment is excited by a cause which is entirely new, it is just within the sphere of possibility that Mr. Forrest may have converted the words,

"I'll make thee an example,"

into the trash we have already quoted, thinking that he was playing up to the text.

coat of second cloth than an old one of superfine. So much for Mr. Forrest. For the rest, Warde played "Iago" better than we thought he could have played any part at all, and especially in the speech,

"Put money in thy purse,"

was excellent. Cooper was respectable in "Cassio" as he is in every thing, though he seems to have studied drunkenness in the purlieus of Drury, not among rakish gentlemen. Miss Taylor, in "Desdemona," was, as usual, ridiculously affected; and Miss Huddart played "Emilia" with so much spirit that we actually forgot her unfortunate lisp.

Mr. Forrest has since played "Lear," and an old play, "Damon and Pythias," has been revived for him. We will not, however, weary our readers by any further criticisms, which would only consist of repetitions of what we have already said, modified by the different situations and circumstances.

A Mr. Hill, an American representative of the peculiarities of New England, has met with deserved success. He made his debut in a piece called "The Yankee Pedlar," which has no other merit than that of serving as a vehicle for his acting. A Yankee clock pedlar comes on the grounds of a Virginian planter, who has an antipathy to his class, and threatens to shoot him if he does not quit his neighbourhood. The fun of the piece consists in the expedients by which the cunnring rogue outwits "Colonel Bantam," and first tricks him out of a dinner and then sundry dollars. Mr. Hill has much quiet humour, and when an English audience become more familiarized with the nature of the class he represents, and who are to other Americans what the canny Yorkshireman is to a south Britain, we have no doubt he will be highly relished. As it was, he has no reason to complain of his reception in the old country, which was "partiklar gracious I reckon."

November 8th.—The lamented death of Malibran must have seriously deranged Mr. Bunn's arrangements for this season, the more so that, counting upon her attractions, he had allowed the most valuable members of his *corps dramatique* to secede from his theatre, and enter into engagements at the rival house. He has, however, set about remedying the loss, and if he has not been able to do so we are not to find fault with his exertions, but remember the limited means placed at his disposal.

With an operatic company, strong in mediocrity, but containing no very distinguished talent, he has contrived to get up an opera requiring very superior talent to give it due effect, in a manner which, to say the least of it, is highly creditable to his industry, though we do not anticipate a long run or an abundant flow of grist to the mill, that is of cash to the treasury.

The difficult task of adapting words to music already composed was entrusted to Mr. Planché, and he has acquitted himself as well as the circumstances would permit. The story of Byron's poem has been strictly adhered to, but we are by no means advocates of the adaptation of his inspirations for the stage. So far short must the play fall of the original as to provoke comparisons which are not at all conducive to the reputation either of the adapter or the adapted.

The plot, if plot it may be called, is soon told. The Turks, under Al Caumaurje, are besieging Corinth. A Venetian renegade, who has joined their ranks, and by prodigies of valour acquired considerable influence in their councils, is an old and favoured lover of the daughter of the Venetian governor of the Greek city. In the course of the siege she falls into the hands of Alp, and is restored by him to her father, a sense of duty having overcome her affection for him, and induced her to threaten her own life if he persists in detaining her. The conflict between filial love and passion breaks her heart, and her spirit visits the musing renegade amid the ruins of the half-destroyed town. He refuses salvation at the expense of foregoing his revenge, and is shot in the assault.

Such is a brief outline of the framework of the opera. The music is for the most part taken from Rossini's "Maometto Secondo," or "Assedio di Corinto," and contains many passages of great beauty, though it tastes somewhat too strong of the double drums for our appetite. The finale to the second act is a most spirited and original chorus, and was encored, as it used to be at the King's Theatre, when first produced, two seasons since.

We shall not make any individual comparisons, for our *corps chantant* is so infinitely inferior to that of the Haymarket, that it would be invidious to draw parallels. We are happy to be able to speak in commendation of the different performers, though our praise will not be altogether unqualified. And first for Miss Shirreff "*car les dames avant tout*," as our polite neighbours say. This lady has been of late making rapid progress; we do not know, but we conjecture, that she has quitted the tuition of Tom Welsh, and either trusts to her own judgment or has got into hands better acquainted with the modern style. Her present fashion is very pure and chaste, but not so much of the old school: more spirit and "*abandon*"—less of pedantry. She has had, however, an arduous task to fulfil, treading in the footsteps of such an artist as Malibran, and occupying that strain which would have been graced by Madame de Beriot, had she been spared to us. Much, however, as we regret the loss of that incomparable singer, it is but justice to Miss Shirreff to state that she displayed great abilities in her performance of "Francisca," and if it cannot be said that she left nothing to be desired, at least she leaves no unpleasant recollections to obtrude themselves on the imagination. Her voice would be all the better if it were a little stronger, but, on the whole, her acting and singing was such as gave great satisfaction, though no particular portion of her performance was transcendently good. Mr. Balfe played "Alp," the renegade, and if a finished execution and a refined taste, perfect self-possession and a complete knowledge of the business of the stage, were enough to ensure the attainment of the highest rank in his profession, he would already have been at the pinnacle of his ambition: but Nature has denied him physical power; and in a part such as "Alp," vigour and energy are absolutely necessary to make the points tell. His "Sorgete" (the well-known chef d'œuvre of Tamburini) was feeble. In the duet with Miss Shirreff he was more successful. A ballad, we suppose of his own composition, introduced in the third act, and adapted to some of Byron's words, was very ori-

ginal—that is to say, we never heard any thing like it before, and we hope never to hear any thing like it again, and so the audience seemed to think too. Wilson sang a song at the beginning of the third act with much fire, and was loudly applauded; and as for Templeton, he improves upon us every time we hear him. We begin to think that if he studies hard and continues to profit by his assiduity, he will, some of these days, make a distinguished figure. He has a very fine voice and a good person; he is beginning to lose that wording style of acting, and to seem, if not to feel, more at home on the stage. We hope our prognostic will be verified, for at present there is a sad dearth of first-rate singers, and more particularly tenors.

Madlle. Duvernay made her re-appearance on these boards. She looked very well and wore longer petticoats than heretofore. Her dancing was very neat and very graceful. Not equal to Taglioni's or even Fanny Elsler's, but yet very good, and well worth going to see, though we do not think the dance arranged for her was remarkably pretty. She is not, however, amenable for that fault, which rests with M. Anetole. We trust soon to see her in some piece which will display her powers to more advantage.

The choristers were well drilled, the band effective, and for a first night there were very few boggles with the machinery. The assault of Corinth at the end of the first act was capitally managed, and a view of Corinth met with deserved applause. But the triumph of the night was in the view of Arrocorinth, than which we do not recollect to have seen any thing more beautiful even from the brush of Stanfield. We say brush, for pencils are not used on such occasions.

It was truly a fine picture and was greeted with the most hearty applause of the night. The explosion at the end was very well managed, and, if it did not give a good idea of the destruction of a citadel by gunpowder, was perfectly satisfactory as a piece of stage effect. However, we could have dispensed with part of the sulphur and salt-petre which filled the house with a suffocating smoke and set all his majesty's lieges a-coughing.

Cooper announced the opera for repetition, and we expect it will draw pretty well for a few nights until some other novelty can be prepared for the insatiable appetite of the public. The house was full, but not crowded; for example, there was good standing room in the pit till half-price began, and even then many more might have been squeezed in. Mr. Bunn must not consider this as any thing more than a stop-gap, but must follow it up with a succession of good things, or we think he will have to strike a heavy balance against himself at the end of the season.

Covent Garden.—Macready, C. Kemble, Farren, Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Glover, have been running a round of Tragedy and Comedy, restoring to the Garden its character as a potent theatre and giving the public an opportunity of patronising the legitimate drama, if they will. We wish them much success and a long continuance of it.

Olympic.—Charles Mathews has appeared in a part new to the English stage in a translation from the French, styled "He would be an actor." When a mere boy some years since he performed the same part in the original piece, which he now does in the adaptation;

with this difference however—that he then appeared as an amateur before an audience of private friends, and now he presents himself for approval before his friends the public. Many of our readers will recollect the eclat with which the prudent lessee of the King's Theatre played the "Comedien d'Etampes" some twelve years since at the Queen's Theatre, when the French company was in its most flourishing state, enjoying a run of good fortune which seemed to desert *them* when *they* deserted the scene of their early successors and pitched their camp elsewhere in what appeared more favourable positions, but in none of which did their affairs thrive as in Tottenham Street.

When Perlet, the prince of Comedians, arrived in England to be the centre of attraction among the world of French-play goers, the part which Laporte had hitherto filled was restored to him, its original representative. None who have seen his performance of that character will ever forget the rich but unobtrusive humour which he threw into the part and the fidelity with which he represented the peculiarities of the different individuals he undertook to personify. In Paris it was considered one of the chef d'œuvres of his art, and as he was censé to hold the first rank in his profession, not even excepting the famous Potier, this was as high a compliment as could be well rendered to his merit. In England he played the part with the most distinguished success, and many of C. Mathews' audience must have been familiar with the excellence of his unrivalled prototype.

Now as there is a considerable personal resemblance between C. Mathews and Perlet, and as they are precisely in the same line, not forgetting either that both sing much better than comic actors usually do (though here Perlet has the advantage of possessing one of the finest voices ever heard), the mind fell to comparison in spite of itself, and granting that our young Englishman is not equal to his forerunner in this piece, there is no reason to blush for his inferiority. His versatility seems to be an inherited quality, as well as his peculiar rapidity of articulation, and whether as the wandering player, the Welch gardener, the old gentleman, or the distressed lady, there was abundant food for the appetite of laughter-lovers. Indeed epicures of this class are always provided with a good meal at the gay widow's public-house.

For the information of those who are not acquainted with either the French or English piece, we will give a sketch of the plot. An actor, from motives of economy or for his pleasure, sends his trunk on to a village inn he had formerly put up at, and follows it on foot; the inn, since his last visit, has been purchased and converted into a villa by a grocer who has retired from business. He is away from home, gone to visit his intended son-in-law at Liverpool. The player makes himself so agreeable to the gardener and his wife that they invite him to stay and refresh himself, and she, fancying that she traces in his countenance a remarkable resemblance to her master, insists upon his putting on the old gentleman's wig and dressing gown, to which he consents, and amuses them by assuming the manner and language of the testy old man. Just then enters a suitor of Mr. Currant's daughter who has never seen him, and who is received by the ficti-

tious papa much more graciously than expected. In the course of conversation with this gentleman Motley (C. Mathews) discovers that the rival who is favoured by the father is one Dicky Darling (Oxberry), a person he has particular reasons for disliking, and whose marriage he accordingly determines to break off if it be possible. Just as he is wanted according to the good old custom of the stage Mr. Darling, who has unwittingly passed his future papa on the road, makes his appearance, and after being made a fool of by Motley in the assumed characters of the gardener and a French danseuse, is induced by this last personage to write to old Currant an impertinent letter abusing his daughter, and resigning his pretensions to her hand. Of course this is conveyed to the party to whom it is addressed, and produces the effect desired by the intriguing actor, namely, the dismissal of Darling and the acceptance of Sinclair in his stead.

The plot is as improbable as it well can be, but it serves the purpose of introducing the actor in different guises. Mr. Mathews was eminently successful in a Welch ballad which was very deservedly encored, and in the French woman kept the house in a roar of laughter, no bad test of the merit of the performance. Mrs. Orger played well as she always does, though her part is not very prominent. However, she made the most of it, and who could do more? Oxberry's part did not we think exactly suit him: at least we have been much better pleased with him on other occasions. The other parts are merely introduced to fill up the outline, and could be made nothing of, even if they were filled by first-rate actors, which of course they were not.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE LATE LORD COPELAND.—This lately defunct civic lord appears to have had a particular turn for engineering and mechanics, acquired we presume in various excursions which his Civic Highness may have taken in the "Magnet" and various hireable steamers, that the inexhaustible purse of London's far-famed city can command. We had previously, no doubt that the son-in-law (if we mistake not) of the great Spode would be able by the touch of the knuckle to decide on the value of a piece of crockery or porcelain; and we are not unwilling to concede to the head of the largest crockery-shop in London the credit of being able to determine the merits of those highly valuable articles that the enterprising spirit of Wedgewood and Spode brought first before the public. It was left to us, however, to discover even at the eleventh hour that Lord Copeland—alas, now no more—was a man of exquisite genius in respect of mechanical science. One of the last acts of his reign was to give his lordly "Imprimatur" to the Symington paddle-wheel.

It may be that we—radically inclined—set the mayoral talent at too low an estimate: but we certainly do say that the proprietors would have done much better for the interests of their patent, if they had consulted the steady and abiding reputation of our best engineers instead of the ephemeral dignity of a now defunct Lord Mayor. The vessel—which is only a tug-boat—has been christened at the usual expense of a bottle of port and a dejeuner a la feurchette "The Lord Copeland." Thus, and only thus, will the late Lord Mayor's good qualities be transmitted to posterity. "Sic transit gloria Copeland-*i*. A. K.

VALUE OF FAME.—It is an extraordinary coincidence that within fourteen days the great Forrest of Drury Lane, and Price the equestrian clown of

Brighton, should for their respective talents have been presented each with a silver snuff-box. Whether or not the former has exhibited tragic qualifications that would entitle him to a *penny* subscription *before* the scenes, we think exceedingly doubtful:—certainly the laughter of the clown has great influence in extricating the half-pence. Mr. Price would perhaps have a better chance than his brother of the doleful countenance on the audience side of the curtain. We understand that the Carlton Club are sadly in the dumps at present. It is scarcely necessary to say that the services of a late member for Oxford city and an eminent conservative might be eminently useful—if employed in broad farce, undress à la John Reeve—towards restoring the dilapidated fortunes of that unfortunate society, especially if he were allowed to present the hat for the half-pence.

Aristocratical Amusements.—Before the publication of our last number, we noticed in the daily journals a police account affecting very materially the character of an aristocratical *soi-disant* Mr. Smith. We would not generally interfere with the pleasures of the aristocracy, any more than we should wish them to interfere with our own; but when those pleasures disturb the general order of society and outrage public decency, it is not inconsistent with our duty as moral censors to interfere. We are not disposed, besides, to be over-particular on these subjects, so long as persons confine their failings or crimes to their own caste or the defendants of their own castes. A minister of state may have his amatory propensities attracting him toward Brompton,—another public functionary may be magnetically drawn towards Story's gate by the "flowers of modern literature,"—a certain Irish Marquis may be fond of frequenting well-known flash houses, and taking the place of his own jockey on his race-horses,—an ex-lord-chancellor may be oblivious of the seventh commandment,—the second *Law* Lord in the kingdom may be addicted to certain melancholic emotions that cause his eyes to leer downwards into the Lady's maid's rooms in Grosvenor Square and Cheltenham:—with these and other amusements, we would not in common charity interfere. But when these insolent aristocrats, negligent of the facilities that the *grisettes* of their female companions furnish to their animal propensities, are so far regardless of common decency as to insult and expose respectable females in the public streets,—we say:—For shame. To the magistrates also who allowed these miscreants to escape, we repeat the cry:—For shame. T. P.

The new Theatrical Censor.—The author of the "Broadgrins;" the perpetrator of immoralities, and the censor of morals, is now no more. To him has succeeded another censor,—no less a person than the redoubtable Charles Kemble, the last of the school of dramatic formalism. With his talents as an actor we would not willingly interfere any further than to say that of all his attempts at tragedy none ever rose above the namby-pamby, while his comedy parts are worthy of the highest admiration on account of their spirit and brilliancy. His qualifications as a dramatic censor are rather questionable, if at least he be disposed to measure the abilities of the candidates by the very mediocre talents of his own family considered as authors. It is true, however, that he has had some experience as a manager,—a bitter experience, we think, that rendered a temporary banishment expedient, if not necessary. How many more deserving actors will envy the younger Kemble his honourable and pensioned retirement. Oh, for the honour of our degraded English drama! E. K.

Importance of the King's Hounds.—The papers of a very late date tell us that a certain ex-page of our gracious Queen, who was amusing himself in the Park, inflicted a severe horsewhipping on a woodsman who threw a stone at one of the hounds in his noble company. It is not possible wholly to exculpate the woodsman: but we cannot avoid expressing our strongest indignation at the conduct of this court-minion, who considers the feelings of a mere dog as of minor importance to the personal liberties and privileges of a British subject. Will her majesty retain a secretary so publicly disgraced by a verdict

in a court of justice? For the honour of England it is hoped not. We are very glad that the insulted yeoman did not transgress those bounds of prudence, which are necessary to be kept by those who would successfully indict such privileged aggressors on the public peace. O. W.

Doings among the Glasgow Students.—One of the last among the academical misdoings worthy of being shown up was the barbarous treatment of Dr. Hampden by the bigots of Oxford. That is past. We have now to notice a plot got up in this abode of the "canny Glasgow-men" to produce what is called a re-action in favour of conservatism. We are well assured by a correspondent that knots of professors and students were seen in council deep and solemn, and that many a head was scratched 'ere the *moral* Lord Lyndhurst was proposed. The mere idea was enough, we should have thought, to have set our moral men of the north quite aghast. It was no mistake:—the speculation was a weak invention of the Tories, and would not do. Still they were not contented:—and nothing less would serve them than to prove the re-action so much boasted of. Sir Robert Peel was put up; and after a vast deal of puffing and blowing and some exertions that will shorten the lives of more than one professor, the jesuitical ex-minister was chosen by a very small majority. We do not trouble ourselves with speculating how large a majority Sir J. Campbell would have had, if all had been fair and above board. At any rate he had one venerable and highly intelligent professor on his side—Prof. Milne,—whose opinion is of itself more than equivalent to the drunken dogmas of a parcel of boys. To what miserable shifts are these Tories reduced,—when they deem so paltry an affair fit matter for triumph!

Mr. Lechmere Charlton.—This excellent young man began with being a reformer; but either with a view to interest, or for lack of courage, he left the ranks, and took an humble place in the "Dilly." To have thought him clever in his best days would have been impossible. For what has he done? Any good opinion, however, that we might have formed of this worthy has been entirely blown away, since we heard of his conduct the other day before the Master Brougham. As good luck would have it, he managed to get a brief: but his good cards wanted a good player to play them. The facts of his outrageous misconduct are before the public. The self-willed culprit might have crept out of the loop-hole that the Chancellor's compassion left for him; but no,—he has plunged himself more deeply into the mire. A few weeks' solitude may, perhaps, restore this unhappy gentleman to his *senses*. But after this, we think, he may whistle for *briefs*.

Robbery in the British Museum.—A few days ago an act, that by every man of letters must be deemed one of sacrilege, was committed by one of those wretched beings who live on the crumbs that fall from the tables of the more talented, more fortunate, or better principled members of the literary profession. If an ignorant and uneducated apprentice visiting the Museum had defaced the statues, his want of knowledge respecting their value would have been some palliation of his offence; but when a professionally literary man, however low in the ranks, mutilates the volumes, no punishment short of transportation or hanging can be too severe. How did the culprit escape? The officers of the Museum actually interceded for him with the magistrate, and got him off simply *on condition of paying the estimated damage*. We cannot account for such leniency, except on the principle that as they overlook their own official blunders they are willing to extend the same indulgence to the peccadilloes of others. If, instead of robbing the country of property that perhaps might have been incapable of being reinstated, this individual had written strictures on the management of the establishment, and had fought the good fight in favour of national improvement, these gentlemen would not have exhibited such lamb-like conduct. There may have been some secret cause for the officers' lenity, of which the public know not.

VARIETIES,

SCIENTIFIC AND AMUSING.

Analysis of Fluorine.—"Fluorine is a gaseous body of a deep brownish yellow; its odour is similar to that of chlorine, or to that of burnt sugar; *it does not act on glass;* it deprives indigo of its colour, and combines directly with gold." M. Baudrimont has recently obtained it by treating a mixture of fluoride of calcium and peroxide of manganese, with sulphuric acid in a glass bottle; the excess of one of the substances employed would produce either oxygen or hydro-fluoric acid, and this last, by its action on the glass, would be changed into silicated-fluoric gas. His first method of extracting the fluorine consisted in decomposing fluoboric gas by means of the deutoxide of lead heated to redness.

M. Pelouze has lately announced another mode; he decomposed fluoret of silver in water, by means of chlorine—the result, according to M. Baudrimont, ought to be a compound of hypochloric and hydro-fluoric acids.

A great difference is deserving of remark between the fluorine obtained by these processes and that which might have been expected to be the base of fluoric acid, so well known for its energetic action on glass.

We may hope, therefore, soon to be better acquainted with fluorine than with fluoric acid itself, which can neither be prepared nor preserved in glass vessels.—*Journal of Popular Science.*

Migration of North American Birds.—From a variety of accurate experiments which have been made at different periods, it appears that the hawk, the wild pigeon, *(Columba Migratoria)*, and several species of wild ducks, fly at the rate of a mile in a minute and a half; this is at the rate of forty miles an hour, four hundred and eighty between the rising and setting of the sun, and nine hundred and sixty miles in twenty-four hours. This would enable birds to pass from Charleston, U. S., to the distant northern settlements in a single day, and easily accounts for the circumstance that geese, ducks, and pigeons have been taken in the northern and eastern states with undigested rice in their crops, which must have been picked up in the rice-fields of Carolina or Georgia but the day before.

There is a well-attested account of a falcon from the Canary Islands, sent to the duke of Lerma, which returned from Andalusia to the Island of Teneriffe in sixteen hours, which is a passage of seven hundred and fifty miles. The story of the falcon of Henry II. is well known, which pursuing with eagerness one of the small species of bustards at Fontainbleau, was taken the following day at Malta, and recognised by the ring which she bore. Swallows fly at the rate of a mile in a minute, which would be at the rate of one thousand four hundred and forty miles in twenty-four hours.

Surface of Sweden.

	British sq. miles.
Wood	137,420
Lakes, marshes, &c.	21,900
Meadows, pastures, &c.	7,350
Arable	3,480
Total	170,150

Potash from Beet-root.—The beet-root is about to acquire an additional title to the attention of agriculturists, by the new produce which, besides molasses and sugar, it is now found can be extracted from it. One of those productions, potash, will be, like sugar, the rival of an exotic commodity. M. Dubrunfant has been the first to discover the means of advantageously extracting this substance from the *residuum* left after the distillation of molasses. To give some idea of the importance of this new source of national wealth, it will be sufficient to say that the quantity of potash yielded by M. Dubrunfant's process is equal to one-sixth of the quantity of sugar extracted from the beet-root: thus, admitting the fact that 80 millions of pounds of indigenous sugar are annually produced, we may expect to obtain from the primary materials 14 millions of a saline substance equal in every respect to the best potash imported, besides alcohol and other productions.

School of Industry.—At Winkfield, near Windsor, is a school of industry. It has been opened somewhat more than twelve months. Around it are two acres of land. There are about thirty boys and forty girls. In addition to the ordinary subjects of school instruction, the boys are employed in cultivating the two acres of land. They have now an excellent crop of carrots, and of beet-root, red and white; from the latter sugar is made. The profits derived from the garden are considerable; and by its cultivation habits of industry are form-

ed, the mind is agreeably occupied, and a very important branch of knowledge for rural persons is obtained. The boys are taught to make baskets and various other articles. They are happy, and prefer being at school to staying at home. The scholars pay 2d. per week, a penny of which is appropriated to the purchase of clothes; the other penny, with the profits of the garden and a subscription of about 100*l.* per annum, covers the expenses of the establishment. Such a school is an important move in education. There is still much remaining to be done; but something is accomplished when, in addition to words learned by rote, the pupil gains instruction in useful arts, and knowledge that will teach him to earn his bread and save his pence.

Indian Preparation of Salmon.—The salmon are cured and packed in a peculiar manner. After having been disembowelled, they are exposed to the sun on scaffolds erected on the river banks. When sufficiently dry, they are pounded fine between two stones, pressed into the smallest compass, and packed in baskets or bales of grass matting, about two feet long and one in diameter, lined with the cured skin of a salmon. The top is likewise covered with fish-skins, secured by cords passing through holes in the edge of the basket. Packages are then made, each containing twelve of these bales, seven at bottom, five at top, pressed close to each other, with the corded side upward, wrapped in mats and corded. These are placed in dry situations, and again covered with matting.

Each of these packages contains from ninety to a hundred pounds of dried fish, which in this state will keep sound for several years.—*Astoria.*

Hot water versus *Steam.*—It appears that equal quantities of fuel will give out in combustion nearly equal quanties of heat, whether it be transmitted by steam, hot water, or smoke flues. Steam, however, is dangerous, and gives out only an intermittent heat; air flues are still more dangerous, and are liable to become offensive, owing to the oxidation of the pipes, whether copper or iron; hot water produces a slow, safe, and continuous effect, and the machinery is not liable to mismanagement.

Cure for Venomous Bites.—A Mons. Tschiffely, during his stay in Brazil, cured fourteen negroes bitten by venomous serpents, by the external application of essence of turpentine. He continued the application for an hour, and even succeeded when the wound had been inflicted forty-eight hours before. He has cured the stings of scorpions, &c., in the same manner, and believes that this remedy would be efficacious for the bite of mad dogs.

A new Article for stuffing Mattresses, &c.—The article alluded to is the fibrous covering of the cocoa-nut; and though it has been long used in India and China for almost every purpose for which a fibrous material can be employed, yet its application to those purposes in this country seems to have been reserved for Captain Wildey. The advantages which this substitute for horse-hair possesses over all other materials used for similar purposes are,—that it can be furnished at less than half the price of horse-hair,—that its elastic properties approach that material nearer than any other substance known,—that it is both sweet and wholesome, as it will not be affected by moisture, neither can it be injured by salt or fresh water, possessing advantages over every other substance, as vermin will neither harbour nor breed in it. It will be unnecessary, from the durability of this filament, to make any change in it till the covers are completely worn out, when the stuffing, on being immersed an hour or two in water (with a handful of salt thrown on it), and dried in the sun, may be put into new covers; this simple process being quite sufficient to restore all its elastic qualities.

Improvements in St. Petersburg.—Within the last three years this capital has extended itself greatly. New streets have been erected in various directions, and numerous other improvements are taking place, one of which is to convey an abundant supply of water from the Neva to all parts of the town. The works of the St. Isaac's Church are now proceeding with great rapidity, no fewer than 3000 men being employed on them daily. Of the twenty-four granite columns (each of a single piece, forty-two feet high) which are to adorn the exterior of the dome, fifteen are already erected and the remaining nine have been prepared at the quarries. There is little risk in predicting that, when completed it will prove the most stupendous architectural monument of modern times; not, indeed, altogether the rival of St. Peter's at Rome, as far as depends upon actual dimensions alone, but eclipsing it both in splendour of materials and in grandeur of style.—*Architectural Mag.*

Atmosphere of the Moon.—M. Gruithuisen, the indefatigable professor of Munich, now publicly declares that the moon has an atmosphere, and, consequently, clouds. He says that he has seen annular mountains, which are named Eudoxia and Aristotle in his map, covered with a number of points which in anterior observations had occupied a different position.

These moveable points the Professor thinks can be nothing else than the clouds in the moon's atmosphere.

London Mechanics' Institution.—It appears from the paper handed in by Mr. Toplis, to the Commons' Committee on Arts and Manufactures, that it has no less than 4070 members, each contributing yearly 1*l.* 4*s.* The library contains upwards of 6000 volumes, and its collections of mineralogy, geology, &c., are both extensive and valuable. The philosophical apparatus is one of the best in the metropolis. Eleven evening classes are constantly maintained, on English, arithmetic, mathematics, practical geometry, drawing, modelling, French, Latin, &c. The greatest number of class-members in any one class is seventy-three, the smallest twenty. A class of music (extra) boasts of ninety members. Away then with the drivellers who affect to despise the "great unwashed." We question whether many members of the legislature could compete in talent and intelligence with the sensible mechanics of this institution.

Improved Method of Ventilating the House of Commons.—Extensive alterations have been for some time going on, under the direction of Dr. Reid of Edinburgh, with a view to the improved ventilation and transmission of sound. It may interest the reader to read the following report of the experiments tried at the House of Commons:—

"The trial was made with the house filled by individuals to an extent exceeding the usual number of members in attendance at a time, and accordingly, at three o'clock, drafts from the foot-guards were marched down from their barracks and placed seated in the body and galleries of the house. Their number, with the officers in command, amounted to 412, and of the civilians present, the total was ascertained by a 'division' at the close of the experiments we are about to describe, to be exactly 128, so that the 'house' may be said to have consisted of the unusual number of 540 'members.' Dr. Reid stated that the main object was to introduce imperceptibly a vast body of fresh air, either cool or heated, as the state of the weather or the number of members in the house might require. The original floor had not been moved, but at a short distance beneath it a second floor had been formed, in which were between twenty and thirty large apertures of about eighteen inches in diameter. Through these apertures the cool or heated air was in the first instance admitted, and immediately over them were placed large platforms sustained by short feet, which had the effect of dispersing the great body of air which the large apertures admit. The air then enters through perforations made in the actual floor of the house—perforations to the almost incredible number of 350,000. These lesser apertures are about the sixth of an inch in diameter. These are the means provided for the ingress of the fresh air. Its egress is provided for by means of each panel of the centre compartment of the ceiling being raised by blocks several inches above their 'styles.' The next difficulty to overcome was the promotion of such a circulation as would pump out with rapidity foul air and introduce fresh, and this object the professor effected in the following manner. A large circular shaft erected at a distance of about 20 feet from the eastern wall of the building, was constructed so as to contain at an elevation of 10 feet from the surface of the earth an exceedingly large coal-fire, the operation of which is to rarefy the air within the shaft, a portion of which below the fire has a communication with a square shaft in immediate contact with the house, and is continued to the space above the inner ceiling. The result of these arrangements was, that when the air in the circular shaft became intensely heated, and, therefore, exceedingly rarefied, there would be produced a downward draft through the square shaft, and the effect of that operation would be the rapid withdrawal of the air within the house and the substitution of fresh air for foul. The action of both shafts was of course regulated by dampers.

Several experiments were made by Dr. Reid, which triumphantly proved the success of his plans so far as regards ventilation. Of his acoustic improvements we hesitate to speak until we shall ascertain their practical results at the opening of the Session.

OBITUARY FOR NOVEMBER.

On Sunday the 13th, died, at Cambridge, in his 78th year, the Rev. Charles Simeon, A.M., Senior Fellow of King's College in that University. Mr. S. had held the living of Trinity Church in Cambridge 54 years, and is well known to have exercised a very powerful influence over the Church of which he was a distinguished member during that long period. The number of young candidates for orders who attended his public ministrations was immense, and increased rapidly during the latter years of his life, and after the cessation of the opposition that was raised against him in his earlier days. This was no doubt excited in some measure by eccentricities of character which it would be vain to deny; and there was to the last a singularity—not to say a grimace—of manner about him, both in the pulpit and in private, which impeded his usefulness; but no one who knew him could doubt for a moment of his piety as a Christian, or of his untiring zeal in whatever he deemed essential to the best interests of the Church. His writings are voluminous, comprising, we believe, 26 volumes 8vo., and are chiefly confined to illustrations of important passages in Scripture, which he entitled "*Helps to the Composition of Sermons*," "*Horæ Homileticæ*," and an "*Appendix to the Horæ:*" these are all works of great general merit, and have been and are much prized and studied by a large body of the ministers of the Church, especially of those who were students of his own university. Mr. Simeon appears to have been the acknowledged head or organ of a society established some years ago, for the purchase of livings in influential situations, in order to place in them ministers of what are termed evangelical principles. With this view Cheltenham advowson was obtained by Mr. S. several years since, and he lived twice to nominate incumbents to the living. His last acts, in reference to this society, were, we believe, the purchase of the Abbey at Bath, and of the Old Church in the populous manufacturing district of Macclesfield. He was emphatically a good man, and is now gathered to his reward. Mr. S. was uncle to Sir Richard Simeon, Bart., M.P. for the Isle of Wight.

Since our last number appeared, George Colman the younger has been gathered to his fathers. He was born on the 21st of October 1762, and lived seventy-four years. In very early life his convivial talents recommended him to the society not only of the distinguished bon vivants of the time, but to the notice of George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, and the unthrifty, perhaps we may add dissipated conduct of his earlier years, may be mainly attributed to his having been received and welcomed by a class of men whose means were above his own or whose pride did not hinder them from living at the expense of their tradesmen. He was not long unknown to the public. The success of "Inkle and Yarico," aud "Ways and Means," secured him their patronage in his character of a dramatic author, and he followed up his first triumphs by a series of plays each of which seemed to be an improvement of the last. Many of them were written with a view of favouring the peculiar merits and capabilities of individual actors, but they have not proved so ephemeral as must necessarily be every *corps dramatique* which of course breaks up as the members die off. The only one which was not well received on its first representation was the "Iron Chest." He afterwards at the Haymarket, when Elliston played Sir Edward Mortimer, it proved a most favourite piece. The first condemnation was attributed by its author to John Kemble's inadequate personation of the principal character, and to the first edition was prefixed a most virulently abusive preface, which in his cooler moments Colman regretted and apologized for having written. However that may be, the "Iron

Chest," as was said at the time, proved a leaden coffin to poor Stephen Horace, the composer of the music, who caught his death by attending the rehearsals when suffering severely from the gout. To give an example of the style in which some of his plays were performed, we need only mention some of the actors who appeared in "John Bull," one of his most successful comedies—Job Thornberry, Fawcett, Hon. Dick Shuffleton, Lewis, Dennis Brulgruddery, Irish Johnstone, and Peregrine Cooke. When will such a galaxy of talent again appear? Besides his plays, all the world is acquainted with his licentious but witty "Broad Grins." For many years, however, he had retired from the trade of authorship, and enjoyed the office of Licenser of Plays, which he exercised with a severity one may almost say prudery, that ought not to have been unexpected, for says the proverb, "The greatest sinner makes the greatest saint." Whatever failings he may have had, it is not generous now to dwell on them, and it will become us to recollect how few could have resisted the temptations he was exposed to with more if so much firmness. Let us honour his genius and respect his memory, and so farewell to George Colman the younger.

Not many days after the death of Colman, he was followed in that long journey which none twice travel over, by his friend and contemporary John Bannister. John, or as he was more commonly styled Jack Bannister, was intended by his father for an artist, a destination not to be wondered at when we consider that a taste for the fine arts is generally diffused among actors and the cheapness of the initiation into the mysteries of the pencil. We say cheapness, for the *necessary* expenditure is less than that required in any other liberal profession. Jack's stars however decided that the stage should be the scene of his triumphs, and we accordingly find him at an early age enacting serious parts in tragedy, to which line he devoted himself for some years. It was not till after he had acquired some reputation as a hero of the buskin, that it was discovered how much better adapted the sock was for his dimensions, and even to the last his favourite parts—those in which he obtained the highest distinction—were semi-serious, such for example as Walter in the "Children in the Wood," and Wilford in the "Iron Chest." To his distinguished reputation as a comedian, Bannister united the highest repectability in private life, a character which added not a little to the interest felt in him by the public. And here we may observe, that although the profligacy of a public person is usually thought to be a matter with which we have no concern, it invariably happens that all the world takes an interest in the details of scandal, and are not a little influenced in their judgment by the good or bad report in which the individual is held among his intimates.

Jack Bannister had long retired from the stage, having amassed a competent fortune. He was, however, not long since again brought into public notice by Leslie's portrait of him as my uncle Toby, the resemblance of which was very striking. "Honest Jack" has gone to his long account, leaving behind him no successor nor emulator, and it will probably not occur that the place he vacated on the stage will be filled again as ably during the existence of the generation who remember him. It is but too probable that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again." He was born in 1758, and died on the 8th of November 1836. Peace be to his ashes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received several new Works for Review; but, unfortunately, that department of the Magazine was so soon filled up this month that we have not had room to notice a great number of them. Among them we may just mention "Raumer's Political History of England" (which will in our January number be fully reviewed); "Hoppus's Tour on the Continent;" a tale of fashion, called "The Forsaken," which, by the way, has been very unfairly abused by some of our contemporaries; Mr. Smith's poem of "Guidone;" "Rigdum Funnisidos's" last, but not least amusing, "Comic Almanack," from which we regret we cannot make some "right merrie" extracts to wile away dull December; two or three well-written pamphlets on politics, to which we have bid adieu for a short season, and a score or so of books of engravings, &c. We regret our inability to do what is expected this month, and beg for an earlier transmission of new publications in future.

Tonbridge Society of Literary and Scientific Enquirers; Tonbridge Wells Literary and Scientific Institutions. Since the past year two Literary and Scientific Institutions, under the above titles, have sprung into existence in the Weald of Kent. We learn that they have been actively and numerously supported. The former holds its meetings in the Town Hall, and the latter in a building which has been founded for the express purpose. A lecture, by one of the members, has been delivered pretty regularly every week. The subjects have been, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Music, Logic, &c. They have also availed themselves of the assistance of two public lecturers from London. Mr. Heming delivered a course of Lectures to both Institutions on Chemistry; and Mr. William J. E. Wilson is at present engaged in delivering before them a course of Lectures on Natural History.

At the Literary and Philosophical Institution at Cheltenham, which was begun with some éclat immediately after the Bristol Meeting and opened under the prtronage of some of the learned *lions*, things continue to be conducted with some spirit. Lectures are regularly given on various scientific subjects; and they are well attended. Among the lecturers we may notice Dr. Boisragon on different topics of Chemistry, Mr. Wright on Zoology, Mr Paul on Architecture, &c. Our *looker-on* will not let them sleep at their post.

NEW BOOKS.

Immediately to be published, Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians. By E. W. Lane. 2 vols. post 8vo.

A Statistical Account of the British Empire. Edited by J. R. M'Culloch. 2 thick vols. 8vo.

Book of Human Character. By C. Bucke. 2 vols. fcp. 8vo.

Mrs. Maberly; or, the World as it will be in 2836. 3 vols. 8vo.

Crichton. By W. H. Ainsworth. 3 vols. 8vo.

In the Press, in one volume, 12mo., with numerous engravings, "The Wonders of Geology;" by Dr. Mantell, F. R. S. F. G. S. &c.

"Little Tales, for Little Heads and Little Hearts;" companion to "The Story without an End." From the German. With wood-cuts. 18mo.

"Floral Sketches, Fables, and other poems." By Agnes Strickland. With wood-cuts. 18mo.

"Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator;" a tragedy in five acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq., Barrister at Law.

Early next month will be published (with twenty-five beautiful illustrations) "Beauties of the Country; or Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons." By Thomas Miller, author of "A Day in the Woods."

END OF VOLUME TWENTY-TWO.

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